



THE GIRL'S OWN

ANNUAL





Girls own Paper

ALF COOKE LEEDS,

London.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.
FROM THE PAINTING IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
— by —
JAMES SANT, R.A.
Principal Painter in Ordinary to Her Majesty.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

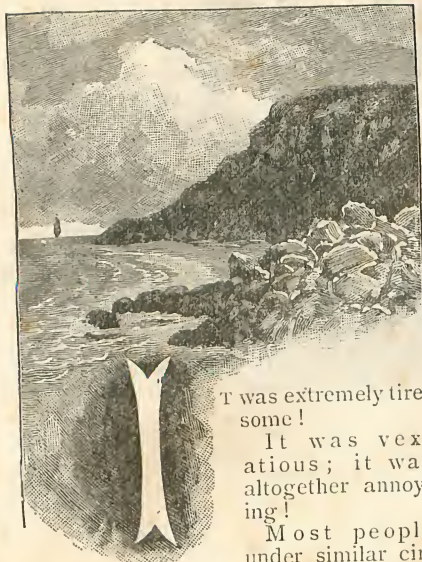


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"NO, YOU SHALL COME HOME WITH ME," RETURNED BESSIE."

CHAPTER I.

BESSIE MEETS WITH AN ADVENTURE.



I was extremely tiresome!

It was vexatious; it was altogether annoying!

Most people under similar circumstances would have used stronger expressions, would have bemoaned themselves loudly, or at least inwardly, with all the pathos of self-pity.

To be nearly at the end of one's journey, almost within sight and sound of home fires and home welcomes, and then to be snowed up, walled, imprisoned, kept in durance vile in an unexpected snowdrift—well, most human beings, unless gifted with angelic patience and armed with special and peculiar fortitude, would have uttered a few groans under such depressing circumstances.

Fortunately, Bessie Lambert was not easily depressed. She was a cheerful young person, an optimist by nature; and thanks to a healthy organisation, good digestion, and wholesome views of duty, was not given to mental nightmares, nor to cry out before she was hurt.

Bessie would have thought it faint-hearted to shrink at every little molehill of difficulty; she had plenty of what the boys call pluck (no word is more eloquent than that), and a fund of quiet humour that tided her safely over many a slough of despond. If anyone could have read Bessie's thoughts a few minutes after the labouring engine had ceased to work, they would have been as follows, with little staccato movements and pauses—

"What an adventure! How Tom would laugh, and Katie too! Katie is always longing for something to happen to her; but it would be more enjoyable if I had someone with me to share it, and if I were sure father and mother would not be anxious. An empty second-class compartment is not a particularly comfortable place on a cold afternoon. I wonder how it would be if all the passengers were to get out and warm themselves with a good game of snowballing. There is not much room though; we should have to play it in single file, or by turns. Supposing that instead of that, the nice, white-haired old gentleman who got in at the last station were to assemble us all in the third-class carriage, and tell us a story about

Siberia: that would be nice and exciting! Tom would suggest a ghost story, a good creepy one; but that would be too dismal. The hot water tin is getting cold, but I have got a rug, I am thankful to say, so I shall not freeze for the next two hours. If I had only a book, or could go to sleep—oh!" in a tone of relief, as the guard's face was suddenly thrust in at the open window.

"I beg pardon, miss, I hope I did not startle you, but there is a young lady in the first-class compartment who, I take it, would be the better for a bit of company, and as I saw you were alone I thought you might not object to change your carriage."

"No, indeed, I shall be delighted to have a companion," returned Bessie, briskly. "How long do you think we shall be detained here, guard?"

"There is no knowing miss, but one of our men is working his way back to the signals; we have not come more than three miles since we left Cleveley. It is only a bit of a drift that the snow-plough will soon clear, but it will be a matter of two or three hours, I daresay; but it has left off snowing now."

"Will they telegraph to Cliffe the reason of the delay?" asked Bessie, a little anxiously.

"Oh, yes, they will do that right enough; you needn't be uneasy; the other young lady is in a bit of a fuss, too, but I told her there was no danger. Give a good jump, miss; there, now you are all right. I will take care of your things; follow me, please; it is only a step or so."

"This is more of an adventure than ever," thought Bessie as she followed the big burly guard. "What a kind man he is! Perhaps he has daughters of his own." And she thanked him so warmly and so prettily as he almost lifted her into the carriage, that he muttered as he turned away—

"That is a nice, pleasant little woman; I like that sort!"

The first-class compartment felt warm and snug. Its only tenant was a fair, pretty-looking girl, dressed very handsomely in a mantle trimmed with costly fur, and a fur-lined rug over her knees.

"Oh, thank you! How good of you to come," she exclaimed, eagerly; and Bessie saw at once that she had been crying. "I was feeling so frightened and miserable all by myself. I got it into my head that another train would run into us, and I was quite in a panic until the guard assured me there was no danger. He told me there was another young lady alone, and that he would bring her to me."

"Yes, that was so nice of him; and of course it is pleasant to be able to speak to somebody," returned Bessie, cheerfully; "and it is so much warmer here."

"Take some of my rug, I do not need it all myself, and we may as well be as comfortable as we can under the miserable circumstances."

"Well, do you know I think it might be worse!"

"Worse! How can you talk so!" with a shudder.

"Why, it can hardly be a great hardship to sit for another two hours in this

nice warm carriage, with this beautiful rug to cover us. It certainly was a little dull and cold in the other compartment, and I longed to get out and have a game of snowballing to warm myself." But here her companion gave a little laugh.

"What a funny idea! How could you think of such a thing!" And here she looked for the first time rather scrutinisingly at Bessie. Oh, yes! she was a lady—she spoke nicely and had good manners; but how very shabbily she was dressed!—at least not shabbily, that was not the right word; inexpensively would have been the correct term.

Bessie's brown tweed had evidently seen more seasons than one; her jacket fitted the trim figure, but was not made in the last fashion; and the brown velvet on her hat was decidedly worn. How was the young lady to know that Bessie was wearing her oldest things from a sense of economy? and that her new jacket and best hat—a very pretty one—were in the neat black box in the luggage van?

Certainly the two girls were complete opposites. Bessie who, as her brother Tom often told her, was no beauty, was notwithstanding a bright, pleasant-looking girl, with soft grey eyes that could express a great deal of quiet sympathy on occasions, or could light up with fun. People who loved her always said Bessie's face was better than a beautiful one, for it told nothing but the truth about itself; it did not say, "Come, admire me," as some faces say, but "Come, trust me and like me, if you can."

The fashionably-dressed young stranger had a very different type of face. In the first place, it was undeniably pretty; no one ever thought of contradicting that fact, though a few people might have thought it a peculiar style of beauty, for she had dark brown eyes and fair hair—rather an uncommon combination.

She was small, too, and very pale, and yet not fragile-looking; on the contrary, she had a clear look of health, but there was a petulant curve about the mouth that spoke of quick temper, and the whole face seemed capable of great mobility, quick changes of feeling that were perfectly transparent.

Bessie was quite aware that her new acquaintance was taking stock of her; she was quietly amused, but she took no apparent notice.

"Is Cliffe-on-Sea your destination?" she asked presently.

"No, is it yours?" with a quick note of alarm in her voice. "Oh, I am so sorry!" as Bessie nodded. "I hoped we should have travelled together to London. I do dislike travelling alone, but my friend was too ill to accompany me, and I did not want to stay at Islip another day; it was such a stupid place, so dull, so I said I must come; and this is the result."

"And you are going to London. Why, your journey is but just beginning! Cliffe-on-Sea is where I live, and we cannot be more than two miles off. Oh, what will you do if we are detained here for two or three hours?"

"I am sure I don't know," returned the other girl disconsolately; and her eyes filled with tears again. "It is

nearly five now, and it will be too late to go on to London; but I dare not stay at an hotel by myself. What will mamma say? She will be dreadfully vexed with me for not waiting for Mrs. Moultrie; she never will let me travel alone, and I have disobeyed her."

"That is a great pity," returned Bessie, gravely; but politeness forbade her to say more. She was old-fashioned enough to think that disobedience to parents was a heinous offence. She did not understand the present code, that allows young people to set up independent standards of duty. To her the fifth commandment was a very real commandment, and just as binding in the nineteenth century as when the young dwellers in tents first listened to it under the shadow of the awful Mount.

Bessie's gravely disapproving look brought a mocking little smile to the other girl's face; her quick comprehension evidently detected the rebuke, but she only answered flippantly—

"Mamma is too much used to my disobedience to give it a thought; she knows I will have my way in things, and she never minds; she is sensible enough to know grown-up girls generally have wills of their own."

"I think I must have been brought up differently," returned Bessie, simply. "I recollect, in our nursery days, mother used to tell us that little bodies ought not to have grown-up wills; and when we got older, and wanted to get the reins in our own hands, as young people will, she would say, 'Gently, gently, girls, you may be grown up, but you will never be as old as your parents—'" But here Bessie stopped, on seeing that her companion was struggling with suppressed merriment.

"It does sound so funny, don't you know! Oh! I don't mean to be rude, but are not your people just a little bit old-fashioned and behind the times? I don't want to shock you, I am far too grateful for your company; mamma and I thoroughly understand each other. I am very fond of her, and I am as sorry as possible to vex her by getting into this mess," and here the girl heaved a very genuine sigh.

"And you live in London?" Bessie was politely changing the subject.

"Oh, no, but we have some friends there, and I was going to break my journey and do a little shopping. Our home is in Kent; we live at Oatlands—such a lovely, quiet little place—far too quiet for me; but since I came out mamma always spends the season in town. The Grange, that is our house, is really Richard's—my brother's, I mean."

"The Grange, Oatlands! I am sure I know that name," returned Bessie in a puzzled tone; "and yet where could I have heard it?" She thought a moment, and then added quickly, "Your name cannot be Sefton?"

"To be sure it is," replied the other girl, opening her brown eyes rather widely; "Edna Sefton; but how could you have guessed it?"

"Then your mother's name is Eleanor."

"I begin to think this is mysterious,

and that you must be a witch, or something uncanny. I know all mamma's friends, and I am positive not one of them ever lived at Cliffe-on-Sea."

"Are you quite sure of that? Has your mother never mentioned the name of a Dr. Lambert?"

"Dr. Lambert! No! Wait a moment, though: mamma is very fond of talking about old days, when she was a girl, don't you know, and there was a young doctor, very poor, I remember, but his name was Herbert."

"My father's name is Herbert, and he was very poor once, when he was a young man; he is not rich now. I think many years ago he and your mother were friends. Let me tell you all I know about it. About a year ago he asked me to post a letter for him. I remember reading aloud the address in an absent sort of way: 'Mrs. Sefton, The Grange, Oatlands, Kent,' and my father looked up from his writing and said, 'That is only a business letter, Bessie, but Mrs. Sefton and I are old correspondents. When she was Eleanor Sartoris and I was a young fellow as poor as a church-mouse, we were good friends, but she married, and then I married, but that is a lifetime ago; she was a handsome girl though.'"

"Mamma is handsome now. How interesting it all is! When I get home I shall coax mamma to tell me all about it. You see we are not strangers after all, so we can go on talking quite like old friends. You have made me forget the time. Oh, dear, how dark it is getting, and the gas gives only a glimmer of light."

"It will not be quite dark because of the snow. Don't let us think of the time; some of the passengers are walking about. I heard them say just now the man must have reached Cleveley, so the telegram must have gone—we shall soon have help. Of course if the snow had not ceased falling, it would have been far more serious."

"Yes," returned Miss Sefton, with a shiver; "but it is far nicer to read of horrid things in a cheerful room and by a bright fire, than to experience them oneself. Somehow one never realises them."

"That is what father says—that young people are not really hard-hearted, only they do not realise things; their imagination just skims over the surface. I think it is my want of imagination helps me. I never will look round the corner to try and find out what disagreeable thing is coming next. One could not live so and feel cheerful."

"Then you are one of those good people, Miss Lambert, who think it their duty to cultivate cheerfulness. I was quite surprised to see you look so tranquil, when I had been indulging in a babyish fit of crying, from sheer fright and misery; but it made me feel better only to look at you."

"I am so glad," was Bessie's answer. "I remember being very much struck by a passage in an essay I once read, but I can only quote it from memory; it was to the effect that when a cheerful person enters a room, it is as though fresh candles are lighted. The illustration pleased me."

"True, it was very telling. Yes, you

are cheerful, and you are very fond of talking."

"I am afraid I am a sad chatterbox," returned Bessie, blushing, as though she were conscious of an implied reproach.

"Oh, but I like talking people. People who hold their tongues and listen are such bores. I do detest bores. I talk a great deal myself."

"I think I have got into the way for Hatty's sake. Hatty is the sickly one of our flock; she has never been strong. When she was a tiny, weeny thing she was always crying and fretful. Father tells us that she cannot help it, but he never says so to her; he laughs and calls her 'little Miss-Much-Afraid.' Hatty is full of fear. She cannot see a mouse, as I tell her, without looking round the corner for pussy's claws."

"Is Hatty your only sister, Miss Lambert?"

"Oh, no; there are three more. I am the eldest—'Mother's crutch,' as they call me. We are such a family for giving each other funny names. Tom comes next. I am three and twenty—quite an old person, as Tom says—and he is one and twenty. He is at Oxford; he wants to be a barrister. Christine comes next to Tom—she is nineteen, and so pretty; and then poor Hatty—'sour seventeen,' as Tom called her on her last birthday; and then the two children, Ella and Katie; though Ella is nearly sixteen and Katie fourteen, but they are only school-girls."

"What a large family!" observed Miss Sefton, stifling a little yawn. "Now mamma has only got me, for we don't count Richard."

"Not count your brother?"

"Oh, Richard is my step-brother; he was papa's son, you know; that makes a difference. Papa died when I was quite a little girl, so you see what I mean by saying mamma has only got me."

"But she has your brother too," observed Bessie, somewhat puzzled by this.

"Oh, yes, of course!" But Miss Sefton's tone was enigmatical, and she somewhat hastily changed the subject by saying plaintively, "Oh, dear, do please tell me, Miss Lambert, what you think I ought to do when we reach Cliffe, if we ever do reach it. Shall I telegraph to my friends in London, and go to an hotel? Perhaps you could recommend me one, or—"

"No, you shall come home with me," returned Bessie, moved to this sudden inspiration by the weary look in Miss Sefton's face. "We are not strangers; my father and your mother were friends; that is sufficient introduction. Mother is the kindest woman in the world; everyone says so. We are not rich people, but we can make you comfortable. To be sure there is not a spare room; our house is not large, and there are so many of us, but you shall have my room and I will have half of Chrissy's bed. "You are too young—and here Bessie was going to add "too pretty," only she checked herself—"to go alone to an hotel; mother would be dreadfully shocked at the idea."

"You are very kind, too kind; but your people might object," hesitated Miss Sefton.

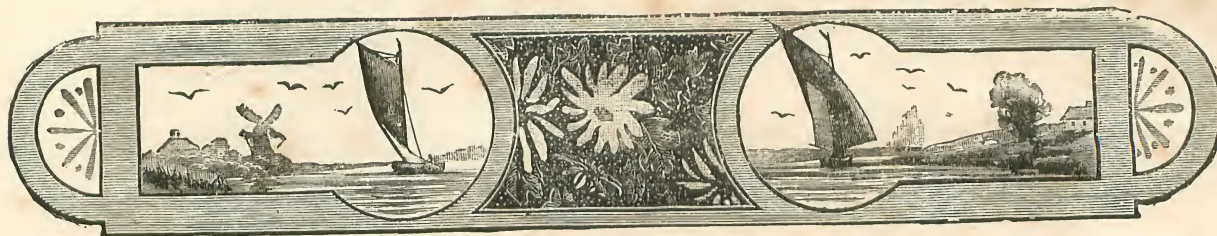
"Mother never objects to anything we do; at least, I might turn it the other way about and say we never propose anything to which she is likely to object. When my mother knows all about it, she will give you a hearty welcome."

"If you are quite sure of that, I will accept your invitation thankfully, for I am tired to death. You are goodness itself to me, but I shall not like turning you out of your room."

"Nonsense! Chriss and I will think it a bit of fun—oh, you don't know us yet."

So little happens in our lives that your coming will be quite an event, so that is settled." And Bessie extended a plump little hand in token of her goodwill, which Miss Sefton cordially grasped.

(To be continued.)



THE ART OF TRANSLATING VERSE FOR MUSIC.

By LADY MACFARREN.

IF my accepting an invitation to write a paper on "the art of translating verse for music" should appear somewhat invidious, I will take courage in the belief that those who practise may preach, rather than the sign-post class, who point to the way they never travelled—and record the aim and the method I have pursued with this kind of work during many years.

Translation is not imitation, not the paraphrasing of a set of lines from one language into another; it is the transference of its underlying meaning and intention. Words are but surface; there is that behind them, their "human nature," which has to be seized, clearly seen by the mind, and from this central living germ the poem has to be reconstructed with as much of its original colouring as can be assimilated in the new idiom.

Many charming expressions are quite untranslatable; they convey nothing in another tongue, and as many volumes of "English as she is spoke" could be produced as there are different languages, by a literal translation of their idiomatic phrases. These can only be rendered by analogous expressions, if such exist, or rejected as detail, together with similes, expletives, etc., when their literal translation would give a forced or foreign air to the phraseology. Literal exactness should be secondary to the spirit and intention of the whole, which is the main point to hold in view. And here comes the consideration: in what association is the central idea to be expressed? The translator must be sure whether his original is literary or popular, archaic or romantic in character, and adjust his diction accordingly.

Every language possesses a verbal oasis, where, amid the vast desert of colloquial common-place for purposes of business, chatter, and the like, the emotional side of life is conveyed from spirit to spirit—the heart-language; this is the language of song. It is the language of imaginative children, and of all Volkslieder in whatever land. The Folksong deals with the lyrical side of life only—the dawn of love, unkindness, faithlessness, parting, regret for the loved one through absence or death, etc. The intellect has no part in them; it is the poetry of every day, the central feelings that stir us to life and action, whether on the sunny seas of sympathy or under the low grey skies of alienation. Books and newspapers, social gatherings or political meetings tell us nothing of this primal element, but it underlies them all, for without it there is nothing but death. The people, whilst yet in

the rudimentary stages of undeveloped thought, are the everlasting children of humanity and the fountain of song. What art has ever equalled the greater part of the Irish melodies? Though we mostly know these bereft of their original pentatonic limitations, and thus of their specially Celtic character, for variety and richness of invention, of rhythm, of all that is enchanting in music, they are without parallel. And the words of such songs are always simple, with few tropes, and these of the most obvious nature, and with no many-syllabled words.

But there is a universal tendency to outgrow this natural song-language as civilisation advances, and to become literary and artificial. How this tendency works its fatal way we can see in the lyrical poetry of Italy within this century. From the sweet conventionalities of Metastasio, whose world is bounded by "amore" and "dolore," scarcely a trace of individual temperament rippling the smooth monotony of his verses, up to the magnificent libretto of Bellini's *Norma* (the finest, perhaps, ever written), we have in the last important work young Italy has produced, the German-Hellenic intricacies of Boito's *Mefistofele*, music most stirring and suggestive to read, but for the most part not sympathetic to sing or hear.

But perhaps we should not look for the development of lyrical poetry to the opera, which has from the first been only an air-plant of fashion; the great treasury of home song is the German Lied, and here, too, we see that, though remaining true to the natural lines of human emotion, this emotion has been infinitely ramified and differentiated also within this last century. This growing complexity of feeling and of individualisation in the words has led to a corresponding "pointedness" (as a transition from 13th to 16th century Gothic) in the voice part, so that every minute wave of the poetry might be fitted by the melody, which often sacrifices continuity in consequence, and to a more and more complicated background in the accompaniment. In Schubert's and Schumann's first songs we have the culmination of the Lied; it is not yet overloaded with detail outside the governing sentiment, and as typical of their most admirable art we may take the *Winterreise* and *Dichterliebe*. In each of these masterpieces, consisting respectively of twenty and of sixteen songs, the underlying feeling is absolutely the same—regret for a false love. Yet in the twenty of one and in the sixteen of the other, each song has a distinct physiognomy of its own whilst subtly related to all the others. These works

are unique; as Jean Paul says of the angels, each is its own species, and their worth will last while music is an art.

Two equally perfect works by the same masters, *Müllerlieder* and *Frauentiebe und Leben*, show the development of a feeling from its first inception to its fatal doom. Wilhelm Müller and Heinrich Heine spoke the heart-language, and the musicians found the heart-accents to fit them.

Will the reader ask, "What! has all this to do with the method of translating?" Yea, indeed it has. Out of an intelligent love of the masterpieces, out of a thorough knowledge of them only, can we form a standard by which to make our humble replicas. "Is it necessary to study the music of a song in order to translate it?" I have often been asked this question. Most assuredly it is imperative that the music should be read or known in all its details, or the translation will be cold and foreign to its nature.

Sense and song must be severally grasped and flow back together into sense, then all is well. Syllable for syllable, rhyme for rhyme, accent for accent, and, wherever possible, analogous vowels to the original ones on the culminating notes of phrases, and then it is a translation. My rule is when I understand a poem, to write it all out into prose, choosing as simple Saxon words as I can find, avoiding all colloquialisms, and then, holding in mind the character of the original, to assimilate my rough version to the music and gradually to work it into a corresponding poem. Three, four, as many as nine times I have had to throw away the outcome of this process before there seemed any life in it; sometimes it comes out at once. And this—

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,"

is no light labour; money cannot pay for it, there must be love. Unless some grace, some lovely turn of thought, some fresh glimpse into the depths of the universal mind,

"That ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find,"

strike the imagination, the work will be dull and mechanical, but for the sake of such glimpses into the everlasting, ever living beauty one will follow as does the African traveller on the traces of new flowers or butterflies, or of the cunning little frauds that live by simulating death; these are for Science, which is knowledge; those are for Art, which is joy.

THE CHEF.

By MARY POCKOCK.

HOW A FRENCH COOK MAKES SOUPS.



SOUPS are an important item in a French household, for a dinner is rarely served without, though often the stewpan serves to cook the three courses (soup, meat, and vegetables) which compose the meal. Some of these

soups may with advantage be used in English houses; they are, as a rule, lighter, simpler, and more economical than our soups, and are not much trouble to prepare.

I assume that everyone knows that vegetables must be properly washed or otherwise prepared before being used for soups, so have not given these directions in the following recipes. When vegetables are cooked in butter first, it is best to let the butter melt in the stewpan, and to put the onions and leeks in before the other vegetables.

By passing vegetables through a sieve, is meant turning a hair sieve upside down, putting the vegetables on it, and working them through with the back of a wooden spoon, moistening with the stock or water from time to time to get them through. Vegetables or grains so passed are called a *purée* of—.

Bouillon gras (ordinary stock or broth).—Take four pounds of beef—a piece of the neck or shoulder will do, but if the meat is to be served as in France, the better pieces of beef are preferable; a piece of rump, tops of ribs, the chuck rib, or a piece of the top of the round are all good. Of course, a little more in weight must be allowed if there is bone with the meat, and it must be as fresh as possible—meat cannot be too fresh for stock; add a small piece of liver (about two ounces), no veal, some bones pounded for boiling; put in an earthenware stewpan that has been used before (a new one gives a disagreeable flavour to the broth) if you have one, if not in an ordinary stockpot or saucepan, add five or six pints of cold water, let it come to a boil, skim it, add some salt and a little cold water to make the scum rise; skim well, then add an onion stuck with four cloves, a clove of garlic, half a burnt onion, three carrots, half a parsnip, two leeks, two turnips, a small head of celery, a bay leaf, a few whole peppers, and a lump of sugar. These will make a little more scum rise, which must be at once removed; then cover the pot close (if an earthenware one it is best to put a weight on the lid to keep it down), put the saucepan back on the stove, where it will continue to boil slowly, but take care that it does boil, for broth is never good if it boils and then stops; it should boil four or five hours. Take the fat off, put it aside for frying or dressing vegetables with. Place the beef on a layer of parsley, or surround it with onions lightly fried, or with vegetables cooked separately and cut; strain the broth through a hair sieve; if well made it will be clear and of a pale gold colour; it is either eaten as it is, or used as the base of other soups.

NOTE.—For good stock the meat and vegetables must be of good quality, and fresh; the stewpan or stockpot must be kept close shut, and the contents must boil without in-

termission. By adding the giblets of a turkey to the above ingredients an excellent soup is obtained. Burnt sugar is used for colouring, if burnt onion is not to be had.

Consommé is a much stronger stock; it is made in the same way, with the addition of some ham and a fowl or veal, perhaps a part-ridge; it is stewed six or seven hours to reduce it.

Soupe au naturel is the broth poured over crusts dried on the stove or over slices of bread.

Soupe à l'oseille (sorrel soup).—Put an ounce of butter or a little fat from the top of the stock into a stewpan, throw in a large handful of chopped sorrel, a little chervil chopped separately very finely, and five or six chopped lettuce leaves; cover and let the sorrel soften; stir now and then; when well cooked add about one pint and a half of water or stock, or half milk and half water, salt to taste, and simmer for a quarter of an hour. When stock is used no thickening is needed, but if made with water the soup must be thickened with the yolks of one or two eggs; after the eggs are added the soup must not boil. Put some peppered slices of bread in the tureen, pour the soup over, and serve.

Soupe d'été à l'oseille (summer soup with sorrel).—Take a handful of sorrel and a lettuce, cut them up, put them in a stewpan that you have rinsed with cold water, but do not add either water or butter; they contain sufficient moisture to cook themselves; put the stewpan over a slow fire, and stir occasionally until the contents are quite soft. In another stewpan put a pint of green peas, a good teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a small chopped onion, some salt, and two ounces of butter; put over the fire, put on the lid, shake the whole now and then to prevent the vegetables colouring, cook for about fifteen minutes, then if the sorrel is soft, add it to the peas, etc., stir, and add about a quart of stock, milk, or water, put a few pieces of bread and a little pepper in the tureen, and pour the soup over it. If liked, the vegetables may be passed through a fine sieve.

Soupe à l'oignon (onion soup).—Skin three large or six small onions, cut them in halves and make many horizontal and perpendicular cuts across them, so as to result in a number of little square pieces, which throw into a stewpan with two ounces of butter; put over the fire, turn about with a wooden spoon, put the lid on the stewpan, and leave over a slow fire until the onions begin to colour; then sift in a tablespoonful of flour, stir for two minutes, and add slowly one quart of boiling water or milk, and some salt; let it boil, draw to the side of the stove, and simmer for half an hour; add a little pepper. Cut some thin pieces of bread; and dry them on the stove while the soup is cooking; put them in the tureen with a little bit of butter on each, dish up the soup, and cover it quickly.

Soupe à l'oignon au fromage (onion soup with cheese).—Make the soup in the same way, cut some Gruyère cheese in small dice, put it amongst the bread in the tureen, with a little more pepper; add if you like a tablespoonful of Parmesan, and do not forget the butter; turn the soup out, let it stand a minute before serving, and stir to make the cheese rise.

Potage au lait (milk soup).—Boil one pint and a half of milk with a bay leaf, a little salt, and a lump of sugar. Fry some small squares of bread in butter, drain them, and place them in the tureen; beat the yolks of two eggs, stir a little cold milk into them, take the bay leaf out of the milk, stir the eggs in,

let the soup thicken a little, but do not let it boil; pour on the fried bread, and serve. The milk is sometimes flavoured with orange flower water or cinnamon instead of bay leaf.

Soupe au lapin (rabbit soup).—Wash and drain a cabbage, put a stewpan on the fire with three pints of water, a bunch of thyme, two bay leaves, a clove of garlic, two small onions, some parsley, two carrots, two turnips, half a small head of celery, pepper, salt, an onion stuck with four cloves, about half a pound of bacon, and the cabbage; tie the rabbit round, and put it in on the vegetables at the same time if it is old. If young stew the vegetables an hour and a half, and then put the rabbit in to stew half an hour before serving. When done, serve the rabbit on a dish with the cabbage round and the bacon cut in pieces. Serve the other vegetables separately, and strain the broth on to some slices of bread placed in the tureen.

Soupe au gigot (leg of mutton soup).—Take a leg of mutton weighing five or six pounds, beat it with a steak beater or the flat of a chopper. When it is quite soft open the muscles of the thick end with the fingers, and stuff in some pepper and salt; make some holes in the knuckle, and put in some butter and a clove of garlic cut in small pieces; tie all up tightly, bend the knuckle to make the joint as short as possible; take a saucepan deep enough to let the leg of mutton stand nearly on end, the thick part at the bottom; put in a slice of ham, a bunch of herbs, three carrots, half a parsnip, two leeks, one onion stuck with cloves, salt, pepper, and sufficient hot water to cook the meat in. Let it boil fast until the vegetables are tender, then put the mutton in, cover the saucepan, and let it simmer gently a quarter of an hour for each pound of meat; when done skim off the fat. Strain the soup on to slices of bread; serve very hot. Untie the mutton, and serve after the soup.

Potage au gibier (game soup).—Put in a stewpan a rabbit, an old pheasant, or some old partridges, and a fowl that is too old for eating; add a slice of ham, two carrots, two onions, clove and garlic, four cloves, bunch of sweet herbs and parsley, pepper and salt, and two or three pints of water, according to the quantity of game. Boil four or five hours; take out some of the best of the meat, chop and pound it, then pass it through a sieve; strain the soup to the pounded meat, make it hot again, and serve with fried bread.

Soupe aux choux (cabbage soup).—Put in a stewpan two pounds of beef (or preferably chuck) steak, one pennyworth of liver, half a pound of ox-tail, and a quart of water; boil gently and skim well; then throw in an onion stuck with cloves, two cloves of garlic, celery, six young carrots, two leeks, two turnips, half a parsnip, a sprig of chervil, and some salt; let it stew an hour; then have a round cabbage cut in quarters, and half a pound of fat bacon cut small, put into the soup, and stew another hour; skim the fat from the top, pour the broth on some peppered slices of bread, and serve. Drain the cabbage, add pepper and salt to it, put on a dish and serve. Place the meat on another dish, and send to table with carrots and turnips round it. In France the soup, cabbage, and steak would be served as three courses.

Soupe aux choux à la Henri Quatre (another cabbage soup).—Put a stewpan on the fire with an onion stuck with cloves, three or four carrots, two turnips, two leeks, some chervil, and when in season some cos lettuce leaves tied in a bunch, and a pound of good

bacon; add about one quart of water, and boil three-quarters of an hour. Take one or two good cabbages, according to size, cut them in quarters, blanch them by throwing them into a saucepan of boiling water with a little salt, and leaving them on the stove until the leaves bend in the fingers; then take them out, drain them in a sieve, put them into the soup, and cook till thoroughly done. Fry some slices of bread, and put in a soup tureen; pepper them, and put in some little bits of butter; strain all the broth out over the bread. Heap the cabbage on a dish, put the bacon on the top of it, with the carrots and turnips round, serve after the soup.

Soupe aux poireaux (leeks).—Cut up half a dozen leeks, fry them in butter in a stewpan until they are a good colour, add a quart of water or broth, some salt and pepper, and a little piece of cinnamon; boil half an hour, and then pour (on to fried bread) into the soup tureen. If made with water a little piece of butter is put in the tureen; if made with stock the leeks can be fried in skimmings instead of butter.

Soupe aux poireaux et pommes de terre.—Fry a light colour in butter the white part of three leeks chopped small, add a pinch of white sugar and of salt; when done add a quart of water; as soon as it boils put it on one side for twenty minutes, then add one pound of raw potatoes peeled and cut in slices; stir the soup occasionally with a wooden spoon; when the potatoes are cooked to a mash finish the soup with a pinch of pepper and salt to taste.

Croûte au pot.—Place at the bottom of a stewpan some pieces of crust of bread well cooked on the stove, and throw on them just enough stock to moisten them; leave them on a slow fire till they stick to the pan a little, then moisten them again; cook them a minute or two longer, and serve hot. Eat with a little broth over them.

Soupe purée à la Crécy.—Cut one pound of carrots (young ones are best) in thin slices, put them in a stewpan with a lump of butter, an onion, and piece of celery cut small, a little salt and sugar; cook slowly, but do not let them get brown; when light gold colour add two large mealy potatoes and a little broth; when the vegetables are soft enough to crush easily rub them through a sieve with a wooden spoon, and put them back in a clean stewpan, with sufficient broth to make the soup a proper consistency. It will take about a quart of broth, including what is boiled with the vegetables. Boiled rice or fried bread is served with this soup.

Soupe à la purée de navets (turnips).—Slice one pound and a half of turnips, put them in a stewpan with an ounce of butter, turn them about, add some salt and a tablespoonful of flour, add sufficient hot water, stock, or milk and water (about three pints), stirring it in slowly; when the turnips are done rub them through a sieve, put back in a clean stewpan, season with pepper and salt and a little sugar, and if made with water or milk and water, a little cream or good butter may be added, but either should be put in the tureen and the soup stirred into it, not in the stewpan.

Soupe à la purée de carottes.—Proceed in the same way as for turnip soup.

Soupe purée de potiron (pumpkin soup).—Take one pound and a half of pumpkin without rind, cut it small, and proceed as for Crécy soup, or else proceed as for turnip—soup it is made either way; it should be moderately thick.

Potage à la julienne.—Cut very finely with a knife, if you have not a julienne cutter, four young carrots, two turnips, two stalks of celery, half a parsnip, one leek, one onion, one cabbage leaf, the heart of a small lettuce; add a handful of young peas, some asparagus tops, and a few very small sprigs of cauliflower. Put one

ounce of butter in a stewpan, throw in the leeks and onions, turn them about for a few minutes over a moderate fire, add the rest of the root vegetables, with a little sugar and salt; cook a few minutes, then pour in one quart of hot stock; as soon as it boils up add the rest of the vegetables; cook until they are done (about twenty minutes); break into little pieces a few leaves of chervil, put them in the tureen, skim the soup, and serve. *Julienne* is made with any vegetables; of course, peas and asparagus have often to be left out.

Soupe julienne aux œufs pochés.—Prepare the soup as above, poach as many eggs as there are people to eat them, keep them in cold water until the moment of serving, then put them in a deep dish, pour hot stock over them and send them to table with the soup.

Soupe julienne bourgeoise.—Prepare as for *Julienne*, but only put half a pint of water or stock to the cut vegetables. Take the remains of the roots and vegetables, put them in a stewpan, with five or six raw potatoes, peeled, add one quart of water or stock, and a little salt; when well cooked pass through a sieve; add to the *Julienne*, put in a pinch of sugar and two or three chopped sorrel leaves, boil up, and serve.

Soupe printanière.—Cut some little balls or rounds of young carrots and young turnips, throw them into boiling water for ten minutes, then cook them in a little fresh water with a lump of sugar. Take some green peas, some French beans cut in diamonds, asparagus points, a lettuce leaf shred, and some very small sprigs of cauliflower; put these in a quart of hot broth, boil twenty minutes, add the carrots and turnips, with a small lump of sugar, boil up, and serve.

Soupe brunoise.—Cut into dice two carrots, two turnips, some pieces of celery; boil them ten minutes in salt and water; drain them, then cut up an onion and a leek, which cook in a little butter without letting them take colour; then add the other vegetables and a little sugar; as soon as the vegetables are dry put a few spoonfuls of broth to them; let this also dry up, then add a quart of clear hot broth, boil up, then put on one side to simmer for three-quarters of an hour, add a teacupful of boiled rice, and serve.

Tomato soup.—Put two ounces of butter in a stewpan, throw in an onion cut in slices, cook five minutes; then add some parsley, a laurel leaf, one pound and a half of tomatoes, three cloves, a very little nutmeg, pepper, salt, and a little sugar; when the tomatoes are done pass them through a sieve. Boil two table-spoonfuls of whole rice in some white stock or water with a lump of butter in it; when the rice is done add the purée, and more broth or water if too thick. Ground rice may be used instead of whole. Serve the soup with fried bread.

Soupe purée de tomates, au vermicelle.—Take three ounces of butter and the same of flour, cook together in a saucepan without letting it brown, moisten it gradually with sufficient broth or water to make it a moderate consistency, put on one side, and cook half an hour. Cook without colouring a large sliced onion in a little butter, add ten tomatoes, a little parsley, a bay leaf, salt and pepper; cook until the tomatoes are done, rub through a sieve, and add this purée to the soup; boil five minutes. Boil some vermicelli in salt and water, drain it, put it in the soup tureen, and pour the soup over it.

Soupe à la crème d'orge (barley soup).—Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, add a dessertspoonful of flour, cook two minutes; add a quarter of a pound of pearl barley, then in two minutes put in one pint and a half of hot water, boil up, and draw aside to simmer; add more water to the barley, if needed, to cook it; when quite done pass through a sieve, add sufficient veal stock or water to

the purée to make it thin enough, season with salt and sugar, boil up, and thicken with the yolks of two eggs, a little cream and butter. Cook the thickening without letting it boil, and serve immediately. A very little nutmeg is sometimes added.

Soupe purée de pois sec (peasoup).—Take a thick slice of pickled pork, cooked or uncooked, two quarts of water, and one onion; boil half an hour; add three-quarters of a pint of split peas, boil two hours, or until the peas will mash (sometimes they take much longer); pass them through a sieve, put the purée and liquor back in the stewpan, mince the pork, and put in the soup, and serve. For *purée de lentilles* and *purée de haricots* proceed in the same way.

Soupe purée de pois secs aux épinards (dried peas and spinach).—Proceed as above, but do not put the minced pork in the soup; chop two or three handfuls of spinach finely, press out the moisture, put it into a stewpan with a small piece of butter, stir it until it is nearly dry, then mix with the soup; boil ten minutes, and serve.

Soupe purée de pois verts.—Take some fresh green peas (about one quart) and a large handful of spinach; chop the latter very small, and throw it with the peas into some boiling water with a little salt; boil fast with the lid off the saucepan; when done, strain off the water, and rub the peas and spinach through a sieve, moistening with white veal stock, with milk, or with the water they were boiled in, until the soup is the required consistency; put on the fire for twenty minutes before serving, stir in a little sugar, salt if required, and a lump of butter. Serve with fried bread; never add any colouring.

Soupe au poisson (fish soup).—Take a carrot and an onion, cut them small, add a bunch of herbs and a suspicion of garlic, put on the fire in a stewpan with a little butter, stir, moisten by degrees with hot water or broth, according to the quantity of fish you have for your soup. Cut whiting, soles, dabs, or eels in pieces, put them into the stewpan with the vegetables, add pepper and salt, and stew half an hour. Put some fried bread in a tureen with a little piece of butter, strain the soup on to it, and serve very hot. Fish soup may be made very quickly by cutting some fish small, and cooking it in a stewpan with butter or oil, adding chopped parsley, bay leaf, fennel, and a little garlic, moistening with water, adding pepper and salt, and straining on to fried bread.

Soupe aux moules (mussel soup).—Chop an onion and the white part of a leek, put them in a stewpan with a little oil, turn them about over a slow fire, without letting them brown, add a quart of hot water. Drain the liquor from two dozen mussels, and add that, and boil; add a bunch of parsley tied up with a laurel leaf, a quarter of a pound of rice, a bit of saffron, a little pepper and salt, and three cloves. Cook the rice slowly; when it is soft take out the parsley and laurel leaf, add the mussels, and serve. This soup should be rather thick.

Bouillabaisse Provençale.—This is a soup composed of a great variety of fish cooked together (mackerel, sardines, and some other oily fish must be excluded). Take two perch, a tench, a carp, and a small eel, or if sea fish is to be used, whiting, flounders, brill, small turbot, plaice, or any similar fish, or small lobsters; some or all may be used, for it is supposed that the more varieties of fish used the better. Cut the fish in pieces, and salt slightly; chop an onion and the white part of a leek, put them in a stewpan with a little oil, a clove of garlic, and a bay leaf; cook until they are a gold colour; add a teaspoonful of flour, then add the fish and sufficient hot water to rather more than cover it; then one tomato chopped, or a little tomato purée, a little powdered saffron, and a little lemon-juice; boil very

quickly from twelve to fifteen minutes, when the fish should be done; taste to see if more salt is required, add some chopped parsley, give a boil up. Arrange the fish on a dish, in another deep dish lay some slices of bread, pour the broth on them, and serve at the same time as the fish. The excellence of this soup depends on the freshness of the fish. It is served at luncheon, not dinner.

Bisque aux écrevisses (crayfish soup).—Take about thirty crayfish, boil them with chopped

vegetables and salt, in sufficient water to cover them. Take off the tails and remove the shells from them; pound these tail shells with butter, until quite smooth. Pound the remainder of the fish, add four ounces of bread crumbs that have been soaked with broth, or three ounces of boiled rice; add the water in which the fish was cooked (without the vegetables), and a quart of fish or other white veal stock, more if the soup is too thick; add one or two tablespoonfuls of tomato purée, boil up, then draw back, and simmer twenty-five

minutes; rub through a sieve, season, add a little cayenne, the crayfish butter—that is, the pounded tail shells, and the tails cut in pieces.

One might prolong indefinitely the variety of soups, but as a French cook said, "In cooking, as in every art, one must leave the field open for the intelligent." And I think readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will be able to think of many things that can be used to vary these soups.

(To be continued.)

REMOVE THE CAUSE.

By MEDICUS.

LET me see now—we sailed upon a Thursday morning, bound for the distant Cape of Good Hope. Well, upon the Tuesday before I had been at work nearly all night; then on the Wednesday I had gone to dine with and say good-bye to friends in the country, and it was broad daylight on a spring morning, birds singing and cocks crowing, before I drove into the town of Cain. That all meant the loss of sleep for two nights. It is no wonder I felt tired, and went to snatch forty winks in my cabin, as soon as we were clear of the breakwater. Down I lay, and was soon as fast asleep as ever Rip Van Winkle was. Rat-tat-tat at my door.

"Doctor, you're wanted," said the steward.

"Who wants me?"

"The ladies, sir."

"Bother the la——! I mean, steward, give my compliments to the ladies, and say I'll be there in a brace of shakes."

I found six officers' wives in one cabin, and half a dozen in another, each one worse than her neighbour, and all resigned to die, because they were so sea-sick. I did all I could to cheer them up, I gave them everything I could think of, then retired to finish my nap.

Rat-tat-tat. "Doctor, you're wanted!"

"Repeat the doses," I murmured, and once more I dozed too.

Rat-tat-tat. "Doctor, you're wanted!"

"Steward, steward!" I cried, "give them anything they like to ask for, but for pity's sake leave me alone."

"Ah! that's just it!" replied the steward; "and it's you, sir, they ask for, and they won't do without you either."

Well, it was four o'clock next morning before I got back to my berth, and—would you believe it?—I had not turned in ten minutes when—

Rat-tat-tat. "Doctor, you're wanted!"

Then I lost my patience, and when one of my patients entreated me to cure her at any cost, I said—

"Dear lady, the only way to cure you would be to remove the cause."

"Oh, do it then, and do it quickly!"

"I would not do it even if I could, for the cause is the sea itself, and I dearly love it."

Now thousands, perhaps, of my girl readers, whose eyes are scanning these columns, may be ailing; still doing their work, still attending to their duties, but altogether half-heartedly. They may have been ill for many a day, but do not know what is the matter, nor how to get well. The cure is: remove the cause, and as this is not an impossibility, like mopping up the ocean, I am going to try to teach you how it is done.

To be sure I can only generalise, but in this sort of generalisation, anyone, who like myself has had considerable experience, may hit the nail on the head nine times out of ten.

I must premise or tell you, to begin with, that this is a working girl's paper, and so I have to deal with working girls' troubles.

One of the hardest things to bear about complaints that do not actually confine you to bed or to the house, lies in the fact that you receive neither pity nor sympathy for them.

A girl complains, probably to a friend, and the "friend" just takes one half careless glance at her face, and remarks, "Well, now that you mention it, Ada, you do look a little pale."

Ah! if she only knew how poor Ada is suffering, has suffered, and may have to suffer. Well, I feel for Ada if her friend does not, and feel for many a pale face I meet on the street, or see behind a counter.

If I were to be asked the two chief reasons for working girls, of any occupation or any rank, being sometimes quite a long time in a poor state of health, I should give them as (1) Injudicious food; and (2) Too much faith in physic. I will say a word about the latter first. You have a bottle of some tonic mixture there, or a box of tiny pills that some dispensary surgeon, who has too much to do to think much about you and your case, or some mere chemist and druggist, made up for you. Look at the contents of that bottle, thin and fluid; consider the size of those tiny pills. Now feel your own arm. This latter is soft enough, not to say flabby. You cannot touch it without the thought striking home to you that it wants building up—it wants to be harder, solider, firmer. Do you or can you expect to get solidity and firmness out of a bottle of fluid, or build up muscle and nerve from pills no bigger than peas?

Now, the most that either the mixture or pills can do for you is to correct little irregularities of the system, and so aid Nature in the blood-making process from the food; or the medicine may increase the appetite, and enable you to eat more; and it may, if it has been wisely prescribed, introduce into the blood the necessities of life in which it is deficient, such as several salts with phosphorous and iron. But all this will not tend to the support of life, nor make you one whit hardier, unless you supply Nature with the real building materials for bone and brain and muscle; and this is only to be procured from food.

I say, then, that the cause of a thousand ills in our working-girl population is this want of strengthening food in sufficient quantity. Remove that cause, support and nourish Nature, and she will smile in return. Your troubles will all fly away one by one, and happiness, which without good health is an impossibility, will return.

The human body is just like an engine; the fires want feeding, for every act we perform and every thought we think uses up a certain proportion of solid material. To supply the loss we eat. If we do not eat, the body eats itself. Truly, I have seen a sleep dug from under the snow after being weeks buried alive. They had been plump and hard when the storm came; what were they when the

sun once more shone on them? why, living skeletons. Waste had gone on as usual, and the supply was taken from their own bodies.

Now, it would pain me to think I was misunderstood. I am not despising medicine. I am a very strict believer in the virtues of physic, and as auxiliaries in the treatment of debility and mal-nutrition, they, if well chosen, are invaluable, but they never did and never could take the place of food in the animal economy. The only medicine that comes any way near what is required for the nourishment of the body is cod-liver oil, and this is really more food than physic.

I will just mention a few of the troubles to which the work-a-day girl is liable to fall a prey, then suggest means whereby the cause may be removed so as to permit the wheel of life to run easily round once more, without a hitch, as sailors say. And I believe that the simple plan suggested, if firmly adhered to, would restore the vital energies of ninety per cent. of cases; the remaining ten per cent. would be those of girls who had some constitutional trouble, of, probably, a hereditary character, such as that curse of our English climate—consumption. Many girls have a distressing tendency to neuralgia, especially that form of it which goes by the name of faceache. Decayed teeth usually get the blame, and an attempt at removing the imagined cause is made by the dentist. Well, a bad tooth may produce faceache, but on the other hand the trouble, as often as not, proceeds from debility of the system, of which the decaying teeth are only a symptom. You may be surprised to know, but it is true nevertheless, that teeth want feeding as much as any other part of the body, and if the nerves and bloodvessels supplied to them be weakened, they speedily go to decay. Then you may go on pulling them out one by one, and the faceache will continue as before. Decay of teeth I may, however, state, parenthetically, is often hastened for the want of use of the tooth-brush, or from using tooth-powders that destroy the enamel. The safest tooth-powder is a little carbonate of soda (Howard's best).

Backache is a distressing complaint. With it there nearly always comes general debility and weakness of the whole system. The system ought to be kept open by some mild vegetable pill; but pray, dear girls, do not use the quack, much-advertised pills! The compound rhubarb pill of the pharmacopœia will do good in such case, or Wyatt's vegetable pill. A simple roborant plaster may be worn on the loins, and a flannel bandage round the waist and next the skin. This may be dusted with sulphur for those of mature years.

Sleeplessness, or bad rest, as it is called, is a wearying symptom. I feel, said a poor lassie to me one day, as if I need hardly have lain down; I am as tired in the morning as at night. Ventilation of bedrooms, sleeping with

window open, a light supper, hardish mattress and little bed-clothes, help to put matters right.

"Cannot I take a sleeping draught?" said a gentleman to me one day. "Oh, yes," I replied, "and you will soon get into the sleeping-draught habit, and be unable to sleep without them. You will get weaker and weaker, till the woful end, which is always a measurable distance ahead of those who give themselves up to such practices."

Nervousness. This is a symptom which is always present more or less in cases of over-work and mal-nutrition. It is distressingly painful, and assumes a thousand different forms. It is after all but the bitter cry of the nerves for proper nerve food.

Depression of spirits. The cure here again is to remove the cause. The whole world and all its machinery of life is bound to look black or green to one in bad health.

Excitability and irritability of temper, with face flushings, heats and colds, and fluttering of the heart, are all symptoms that vanish when we remove the cause.

Pain in the legs and feet, weakness of the knees, loss of hair, roughness of the skin of the face, pimples, burning of hands and soles of feet, all these are also symptoms that betoken nothing more nor less than poverty of blood.

I could name scores of other ills and troubles that afflict our work-a-day girls, but there is no real necessity; for debility of body and lack of strengthening blood are the causes of all, and the causes for this state of matters have to be removed ere the sufferer can smile again; straight away from her heart, at all events.

Now, what are we going to do about it? Well, if you are really ill enough to wish and determine to do something radically decided concerning your state, then, instead of wondering what medicine you will take, you will set yourself to review your mode of living and remedy that. I might say to you, take more nutritious food. Yes, but can you digest it?

We must go further back than this—we must get you an appetite; at least, I can put you on the road to doing so. But at the beginning we must begin.

Here is my plan for your regeneration or rejuvenation, as the case may be. Adopt the plan of sleeping I have already mentioned. Take plenty of exercise in the open air. Do not tell me you have no time, or are too tired, else I will have nothing more to do with you. I say exercise daily and regular you shall take, in wind or storm, rain or shine. The rain and mud will not hurt you if you wear a light cloth—not indiarubber—cloak, and have strong shoes on. A "bluffert" of wind will prove the best stimulant you can have, and snow falling around you is a calnative to the spirits, and leads one's mind often enough to contemplation. I know you want to shirk clear of the morning tub, but I will not permit it, unless in very extreme cases. The girl's own bath, then, is a *sine qua non* part of my treatment.

Well, you must not read silly novels, especially those pretty little stories of love and murder which are all too fashionable. Get light reading, useful and amusing, which you can easily pick up on the bookstalls.

Having used the bath and exercise for a week, you must take the rhubarb pills about twice or even three times a week, if they seem to be needed. They are sure to be wanted twice at all events, and hardly ever fail to get the secretions into good working order. After this take a mild tonic. Just this one I so often recommend: a dose of quassia water before meals twice a day, with a few drops of dialysed iron and dilute phosphoric acid in it; any chemist can make you this.

And now you will be able to eat more and better food. The quality stands higher than the quantity, so I give you the following hints, and with these I must close my paper.

First, then, although meat is nourishing, it

is not an actual necessity, and those who suffer from the debility consequent on over-work or indigestion should not touch it more than once a day.

Secondly: farinaceous or flour food supports nature exceedingly well, with the addition of plenty of milk and eggs. These latter are invaluable to the delicate. Peaflour and oatmeal are the most nourishing, though the latter is apt to be heating.

Thirdly: the food partaken of should be easy of digestion. Those which are most easy, ranging in order from one hour to nearly three as the times required for assimilation, may be briefly summed up as follows:—boiled rice; sago, tapioca, pea-flour, oatmeal porridge, barley broth, milk, eggs, fowl, goose, turkey, game, potatoes, peas, beans, raw oysters, beef-steak, boiled mutton. Then come those foods which require from three up to five hours:—roast mutton, sausages, butter, cheese, pastry, stewed oysters, fresh made bread, boiled turnips, cabbage or beetroot, suet pudding, salmon, mackerel.

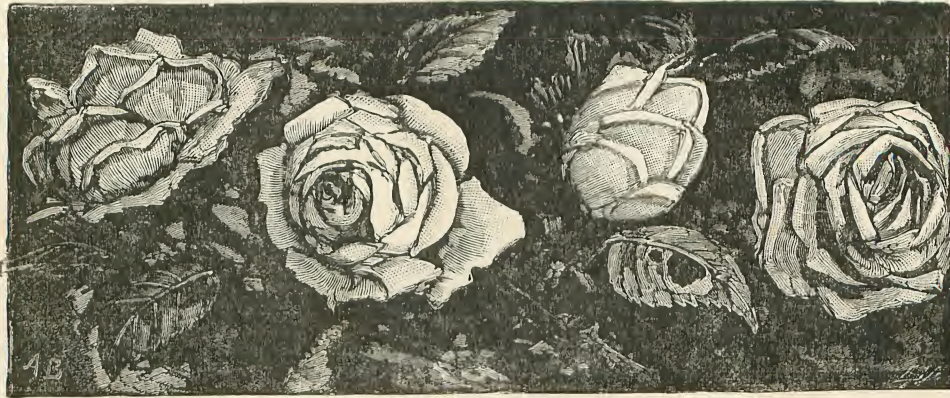
Fourthly: many articles of diet can be eaten with safety in the morning which would do injury later in the day.

Fifthly: time must be taken at each diet, and one ought to have some feeling of appetite before sitting down to another. No food should be taken between meals unless there be a feeling of faintness. Stimulants should be abjured. Tea should be weak, and not allowed to stand over the leaves. Cocoa is better than tea, but coffee is apt at times to affect the heart.

Sixthly: never take food immediately after exercise, nor before it.

Lastly: use the dumb-bells ten minutes before breakfast, and take five minutes in the open air before sitting down to that meal.

If you do all I tell you in this paper regularly for six weeks, you will in all probability have completely removed the cause of your trouble.



IN AN OLD GARDEN

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

YELLOW roses, purple pansies,
Tufts of heavy-headed stocks;
Either side the quaint old gateway
Blazing, torch-like hollyhocks.

Sweet peas tossing airy banners,
Saintly lilies bending low,
Daisies, powdering all the green sward
With a shower of summer snow.

Boxwood borders—yews fantastic—
Wallflowers that with every sigh
Spill such scent that e'en the brown bees
Reel with rapture wandering by.

And the pear trees, long arms stretching
O'er the sunny gable wall,
Scarce can hold their ruddy nurslings
Ripening where the warm beams fall.

Oh, the ecstasy of living!
How it thrills my life to-day!
I can almost hear the flower bells
Tinkle where my footsteps stray!

In a garden God first placed man,
There first woke Love's magic thrill;
And methinks a breath of Eden
Clings to earth's old gardens still.



YELLOW ROSES.

POULTRY KEEPING:

A RECREATION AND SOURCE OF INCOME FOR GIRLS.

By THEO.



HAVE often wondered how many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER know anything about the delights of poultry keeping.

Perhaps I ought to explain what I mean by poultry keeping; for by this expression I do not mean allowing a few miserable hens to wander disconsolately about in a backyard, picking up what they can, sleeping in some draughty shed, neither being happy themselves nor giving pleasure or profit to those who own them.

Poultry keeping means a great deal more than this; and I would advise no one to start unless she be prepared to take it up, on however small a scale, diligently and patiently, only expecting success after a proportionate amount of attention and practical experience.

That profit can be made in poultry there is no doubt, especially where about one for every member of the household is kept; but I do not intend to enter fully upon this question until later, only remarking in passing that profit depends on care and thought, and, above all, on doing everything in a thoroughly business-like way; by which I mean keeping strict accounts, buying food in the cheapest market, preventing waste, etc., etc.

I cannot tell you what a pleasure my hens have been to me, and I have come to the conclusion that poultry keeping as a recreation and quiet outdoor hobby is almost unequalled.

I, like many of my fellow-readers, live a quiet home life, and I would not do without the daily interest of my hens for anything. They take me out three or four times a day; they cause a constant healthy excitement as to the number of eggs they will lay; they create a kindred topic of conversation with my friends; and even the pleasure of my walks is vastly increased if I behold a fowl drinking in the gutter.

I have a name for each of my birds, and am constantly surprised at the individual characteristics they display; and they always welcome me most warmly, the greediest being perhaps the most affectionate.

Something of interest is constantly arising in the hen-yard; as, for instance, yesterday morning I found one of my home-reared chickens of six months, a dear little cross-bred Houdan, sitting on the nest where she afterwards left me her first tiny egg.

Again, the pleasure of being able to supply the household with really new-laid eggs is very great, and people who seldom enjoy them little realise the difference between the ordinary "fresh egg" and one just brought in from the home yard. The luxury is all the sweeter when it is the combined result of personal care and attention, and an economical use of scraps which might otherwise have been entirely wasted.

I do not unfortunately always find everything progressing happily in the yard. Sometimes a fowl is ill; sometimes a cat will make sad inroads upon special chickens, or I find that a sitting hen has allowed her eggs to get chilled, which latter contingency, I may tell you, is a most discouraging disaster.

With experience, however, one gradually learns how to ward off many troubles and dangers, and I should indeed be glad if a few words of mine would help any girl in her first attempts at poultry keeping.

I am sure that a great deal may be learnt from others, though of course practical experience is the real teacher whose lessons we seldom forget, and therefore I would advise beginners most strongly to begin in a very small way, so that if they get into difficulties, which they most assuredly will do, the loss may not be too great.

Some girl may perhaps be saying, "But I cannot keep hens; I live in a smoky town, and we have only a small back yard or a tiny garden."

Well, you are just the one I want to speak to! It is quite surprising what can be done in the way of poultry keeping with the most limited accommodation; so I would propose at once to enter into the question of houses and runs, and to find out what is necessary to secure the health of the birds and profit to the owners; and we will talk of breeds, chickens, feeding, and general management in a later paper.

There is no doubt that hens do thrive better and with less trouble when they have a good grass range, but with careful feeding and extra cleanliness grass is not an absolute necessity. I know a girl in Birmingham who keeps eight hens, with a run only six yards square; and I read a letter only the other day from a gentleman stating that his six pullets laid in one year 1,184 eggs (average 197), though they were only kept in a small back yard, and had never seen grass. Of course they were from a specially good laying strain, and had been fed by an experienced owner. Nevertheless, I am convinced that any girl giving her mind to the subject could attain to very good results even the first year.

Another girl I know keeps hens in a small run at the bottom of her garden, and lets them out on to the lawn for half an hour daily. They then do little harm if they are watched, but I must confess that hens let loose into a garden have a decided tendency to dig holes, and to nip off the heads of the gardener's choicest possessions.

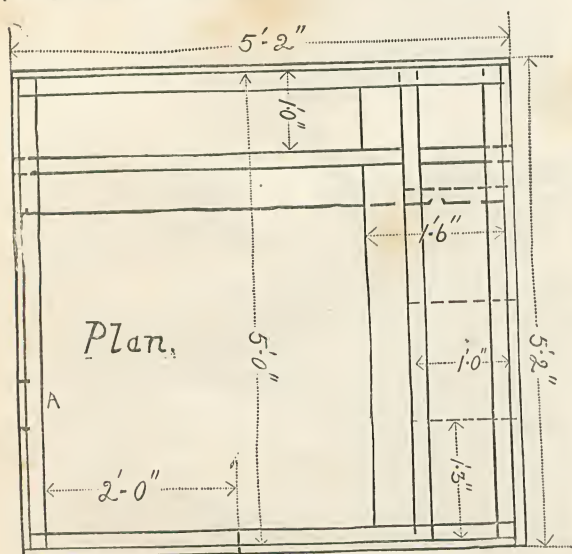
The house is the first and most important item in the poultry establishment, and I propose to lay down a few general principles, and then to describe a typical house suitable for a dozen hens, from which you can work and adapt each to your own special surroundings and to the number of your birds.

The first essential for health for fowls is that the house should be kept thoroughly clean; there should be no smell whatever, and all should be arranged in such a way that the excrement can be removed daily; this is little trouble when done regularly, and is in fact one of the surest ways of keeping fowls free from disease.

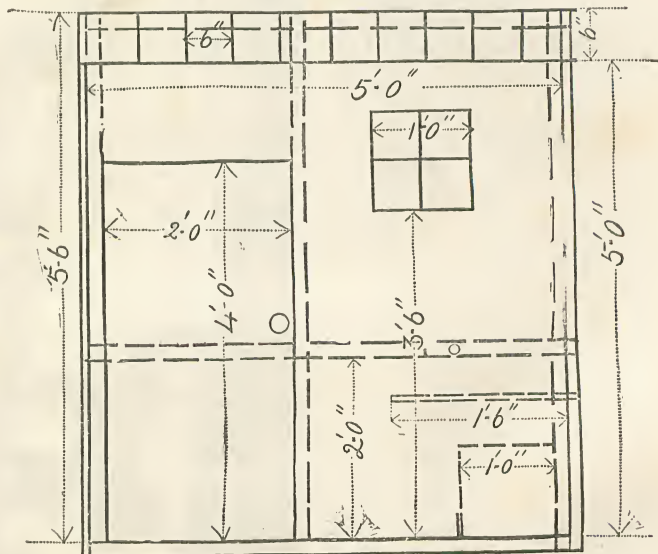
Next, the sides and roof of the house must be as tight and secure as possible, as anything in the way of a draught is most hurtful, although thorough ventilation must be provided.

The floor must be dry and free from damp, and as fowls are fond of light there ought to be a window.

As to situation, a south, or south-east aspect is best, but if it be impossible to obtain this, any other will do as well, provided always you secure dryness and warmth.



(a). DOOR FOR HENS.

Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to 1 foot.

FRONT ELEVATION.

For twelve hens you would require a house about 5 ft. square and 5 ft. high, the roof rising to 5 ft. 6 in.

As no doubt expense is an object to most of us, we will consider the cheapest way of setting to work.

It is a good plan to buy from a grocer or ham and bacon dealer some strong cases which, when taken to pieces, supply good wood of one inch in thickness.

I did this myself, and got a jobbing carpenter to erect the house in a corner of the garden where, happily, two sides were already provided for by the stone wall.

If this sort of wood cannot easily be obtained, ordinary rough boards do very well, and make a nicer looking house, though they are considerably more expensive.

The roof is best made of corrugated iron (this would cost you about 5s.), or else of wood covered with felt roofing at 6d. a yard, well tarred twice a year, along with the sides of the house.

A small glass window 1 ft. square should be placed at the sunniest side of the house; and thorough ventilation can be obtained by boring a number of small holes as high as possible on two sides of the building, so as to secure a thorough draught over the birds' heads. Or another way is to make an opening about 6 in. square, and cover it with perforated zinc. The floor must be well drained if in a damp situation, by digging a deep, sloping trench, and filling it with coarse gravel up to the level again. Having obtained dryness, there are many different ways of flooring, of which I might mention a few.

Hard trodden earth is very good if sprinkled with sand or fine ashes, and swept up daily. A concrete floor is much the same, but is, I think, rather cold unless well covered with loose ashes, and some people tile or brick their floors. All these ways are good, though I myself prefer the following:—A hard-trodden earth floor first, this covered with a very thick layer of dry ashes, which should be raked over twice a week and changed once a month, or better still with peat moss litter, which makes a very warm comfortable floor, absorbing the moisture from the hens' damp feet, and acting also as a disinfectant. Where peat moss is used it requires to be raked over once a week, and if five inches deep will last as long as six months if the night accumulations are removed daily.

When it is changed it should be done thoroughly. All should be swept out and the house lime-washed, the peat moss being used for the garden, where it forms a most excellent manure.

The door may be at any convenient side, but should be a good fit, and be fastened with a padlock. In some places it is well to have a bell fastened inside to ring when the door opens as a slight protection against thieves.

For twelve hens four nest boxes will be sufficient, placed along the darkest wall out of the draught.

On the ground is the best place, when they will consist simply of four compartments, 1 ft.

3 in. long and 1 ft. deep, with a 3 in. high board running in front to prevent the hens scratching too much into them.

The perch should be placed on the same side as the nests, and should be fastened from two to four feet from the ground, according to the heaviness of the birds. It is a very common mistake to put the perches too high, often causing great injury to birds of the heavier breeds.

The perch should be 2 in. broad, flat, and with the edges bevelled off.

All along under the perch must be placed a board which serves three purposes, *i.e.*, forming a covering for the nests, which you will remember are underneath, preventing an upward draught on the birds, and for catching all dirt, which thus will never defile the floor of the house. This in a small house is a great consideration.

The board can easily be cleaned every morning with a small iron scraper and shovel, and sprinkled lightly with dry ashes.

With the number of birds I have given it would be better to run the perch round two sides of the house about 1 ft. from the wall, always remembering that wherever you put a perch, you must put a board underneath.

A hole 1 ft. square, with a sliding door, must be cut in the side towards the run, and should be shut every night.

The smallest run that you can keep twelve hens in, and then only with the greatest cleanliness, is one eight yards long by three wide, and if you have not space for this it would be better to keep fewer hens.

The run should be covered with loose gravel, earth, or ashes, and must, like the house, be kept very clean.

It should be raked over twice weekly, and part of it dug over once a week; the hens will enjoy this process and will scratch about finely, picking up insects and worms in abundance during the season.

As often as the run appears to be getting dirty and causing the least smell, the top must be removed and fresh earth, ashes, or gravel put down. About twice a year it should be dug over thoroughly.

All this may sound a good deal of trouble, but without it hens will not thrive and lay well, and after all it is work in the open air and attended with a great deal of satisfaction.

In passing, I may remark that old ulsters, hats, and strong shoes are very necessary adjuncts to the poultry keeper.

The wire netting, 2 in. mesh, must be fastened to posts at each corner of the run, and should be from four to nine feet high according to the breed, as some birds, like Hamburgs and Leghorns, fly immense heights, whilst Brahmas and Cochins seem hardly able to rise from the ground.

The nicest way to accommodate all parties is to have the netting six feet high, and wired in over the top.

The door into the run should consist of a wooden framework with wire netting across.

You ought not only to have a house and run, but also to have in the run some sort of shelter

for the birds during rainy and snowy weather. You will often find that they prefer the house to any other, but still it ought to be provided.

If, as is most likely, your house and run are sheltered on two sides by a wall, the shelter is easily managed, as a piece of corrugated iron or boards covered with felt, placed across from the house to the wall, is all that will be required.

The fowls should enter the hen-house from the shelter.

If there were no wall, and your house and run were in the middle of a field, you would be obliged to board in a piece of the two sides.

Under the shelter should be placed a box or heap of sifted ashes in which the fowls can dust themselves; this they should do as regularly every morning as we ought to take a cold bath.

If you neglect this you will find your hens moping and miserable because covered with insects.

It is good to occasionally put a little insect powder into the ashes.

I think I have now given you all directions as to the house and run. It is no use estimating the cost, as prices differ so much in different parts of the country, and probably my plan will be modified in every instance. You will notice that I have only spoken of fowls kept in close confinement; of course, if you have a chance of grass, take it, by all means, and the larger the run, even without grass, the better.

Some of you may be able to let your fowls out occasionally on to grass, and if you have only a limited supply it is the best plan to let them out daily for half an hour, when they will soon learn to eat what they want in that time, without spoiling it by constantly treading upon it.

Many girls will, no doubt, have sheds and out-houses at their disposal which they can adapt to their wants, and save the expense of building; and in all such cases it is best to use what there is first before launching forth into more.

Those who would like to keep from four to six hens, to try how they succeed, could make a house out of a packing case or a very large hogshead, whose sloping top makes a splendid roof when covered with felt roofing and well tarred. The slope of the bottom must be filled up level and supported on bricks to keep it from the damp ground; only one nest would be needed, and a run four yards square would be plenty.

These proportions I give at the lowest, and if a nice little house could be built on the same plan as the larger one, all the better.

There are many complete houses advertised at fairly reasonable prices in the live-stock journals, which are very convenient, but I always think home-made things are more interesting, and I need not remind you that brothers are a great help sometimes when they are judiciously treated, and often render valuable service to their devoted sisters.

I hope you will be able to understand the accompanying plan of the house I have described. If you were to give it into the hands of any carpenter, he would be able to work from it, as it is drawn to scale.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A PRINTER'S TALE.

Minion and brevier are two different sizes of types, and about them printers tell the following story:—

An intelligent compositor was setting up a story for *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, when he came across the following passage:—

“‘Elvira,’ he cried, in a passionate voice, ‘Elvira, fly with me.’

“‘Antonio,’ she sobbed, smiling through her tears, ‘I will; certainly I will.’

“‘At that moment a tall figure stepped between them, and the sullen voice of Hugo de Grubbs was heard:—

“‘Avaunt, slight girl! And as for you, base minion—,’”

The intelligent compositor had just got as far as this when an idea struck him. “The howling ignoramus!” said he to himself. “Why, minion wasn’t invented until 1654, and

this is a story of the Middle Ages.” He then changed the passage to—

“Avaunt, slight girl! And as for you, base brevier—”

And so it was published.

ARGUMENT.

How canst thou smile at my despair,

And bid me other nymphs adore?

Show me a girl but half so fair,

And I will trouble thee no more.



A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine,"
"The Shepherd's Fairy," "Seven Sons," "Spoilt Guy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.
NOAH IS ANGRY.

T was night.

Out of doors and indoors it was night.

Out of doors the sun had set, and the pale moon had risen in a mist, and was not yet high enough in the heavens to dispel the darkness.

Indoors, the young mother, in the heyday of her youth and beauty, had sunk to rest, had crossed that horizon from which there is no return, had already passed into that other world about which we speculate so much and know so little, and had left a feeble wailing infant, a few hours

old, to cheer the darkness her absence made in her husband's heart.

Into the depths of that darkness we have no need to peer; the widower sat in his study, his head bowed down with grief, dimly conscious that henceforth his walk through life would be slower and sadder, now that the wife of his youth was gone before, when a servant knocked at the door and asked if her master would see one Noah Oldman, who had urgent business with him.

The rector—for the stricken man was the rector of the parish—signified his willingness to receive the visitor, and in a few minutes a tall, broad-shouldered, well-proportioned man entered. He was a grand-looking fellow, muscular and sinewy, with no redundant flesh upon him, good-looking too, but it was less the beauty than the nobility of his countenance which first struck you. The keen glance of his bright blue eyes shone from under the fair shaggy eyebrows which marked his fine forehead; his nose was aquiline, and the lower part of his face was almost hidden in a thick, long, golden pointed beard, which hung down almost to his waist; his complexion, naturally very fair, was deeply tanned by exposure to the wind and weather of the Norfolk Broads, on which he lived. He looked, and probably was, about forty years old, and he was dressed in a blue jacket, corduroy

trousers and high jack-boots, and carried a large broad-brimmed straw hat in his hand.

"Good evening, Noah; what can I do for you?" said Mr. Leicester, languidly.

"Allow me to be a slight assistance to you in your great trouble, sir," said Noah, respectfully.

The rector shook his head as much as to say this was impossible.

"It is only a trifle, I know, sir, but we thought it might take a little weight off your mind. It is the child; they tell me it is delicate, while our little one, a few hours older, is strong and healthy. If you will allow me, my wife will bring ours up by hand and take charge of your motherless infant."

"The child! I had forgotten all about the child," muttered the rector, the new responsibilities of fatherhood dawning upon him when he felt least able to bear them, as responsibilities of all kinds have a happy knack of doing; but after consultation with the nurse, Noah's offer was accepted, and the little motherless girl carried there and then to Noah's Ark, as his home was called, where it lived till it was a year old.

But before Noah left the rectory that night he had a message to deliver, and though it was to his spiritual pastor, and Noah was only an eel-catcher, he delivered it while the infant was being wrapped up for the nurse to carry to its foster-mother.

"Sir," he said, "it is a terrible sorrow; but it is a grand opportunity the Lord has sent to you; to do His will is to be a good man, but to will His will is to be a saint."

Simple words, but words the rector, who was a younger man than Noah by ten years, never forgot.

Simple words, but words which deserve to be writ large on the hearts of men and women, for we are not wont to remember how much higher the last is than the first; to do His will is Martha's part, to will His will is Mary's, and few, alas! are the Maries; and yet it brings its reward even in this world, for while to do His will brings happiness, to will His will brings joy, and joy transcends happiness as the light of the sun exceeds the light of the moon.

Three weeks later two babies were baptised in Windham church. The name of the one was Grace; the name of the other, which Noah held in his arms throughout the service, was Eve.

Ten summers went and came, and one June afternoon during the eleventh, Noah Oldman, his golden beard, grizzly

now, shaded his keen blue eyes with his hand and peered across the blue waters of the broad on whose borders he was standing. It was a sight worth looking at, that broad, or lake, which takes its former name from the broadening of the river from which it owes its existence, its sides lined with bulrushes and sedges, some eight or ten feet high; yellow irises shone amid the reeds, the wild spirea or meadow-sweet reared its graceful head in a cloudy mass of feathery blossoms near the water's edge, while a bed of purple loosestrife stretched far and wide in the marshy ground on which Noah stood, and here and there the foxglove shook its magenta bells among the loosestrife, while lower down the ground was blue with the starry blossoms of the little forget-me-not. The blue waters of the broad were enlivened by several boats, and one or two wherries, with their rich red-brown sails, were cruising about. Presently a boat laden with hay, and looking like a floating haystack, passed, polled along by two men; but Noah was not looking at the wherries nor the hay-boat; his glance was fixed on a small sailing boat, in which his keen eyes presently distinguished four children, and among them his daughter Eve.

Not far from where Noah stood were five or six herons, holding a committee meeting on the affairs of the heronry to which they belonged; some reed-buntings were chattering in the reeds, some reed-wrens singing softly and sweetly as they tended their young in the pollard willows close by; while overhead the larks were carolling forth their joy-laden songs, too high to heed the kestrel, which hovered at a lower level in search of prey; but Noah, though he knew the note and flight of every bird which sings and flies, was too intent on watching the boat to pay attention to any of the feathered tribe.

He stroked his long beard thoughtfully, and then, satisfied that the boat was making for a point higher up the broad, he turned away and strolled towards the clump of willows, from which he cut a long, strong, lithe branch, and trimmed it with his pocket-knife.

"It is my Eve; she has disobeyed me, the naughty girl. I must punish her. God bless her pretty face, but He will bless neither her nor me if I let her disobey me. It is the first time she has ever done such a thing, and it is my duty to see it is the last," he said aloud, for he had a habit of talking to himself. Then he walked past the reeds and the rushes, the purple loosestrife and the flags, till he came to an open space where he expected the boat to come in. On his right lay the broad, calm and fair in the sunlight, though none knew better than Noah how dangerous those waters, shallow though they were, could be if lashed by a sudden rodges-blast into fury, and to this the broads are liable at any moment, even during the fairest weather. On his left lay acre upon acre of marshy land; dotted about it stood little windmills, used to work the pumps which drain the marsh.

Narrowly and anxiously Noah watched the little boat and its white sail as he

walked towards the landing place, a graver look than usual on his fine face; but it was not anxiety for the safety of the boat which made him grave; it was his darling's disobedience that darkened his countenance. Knowing, as he did, the danger of sailing if a sudden squall came up, as these rodges-blasts do spring up on the broads, he had told Eve she was not to accompany the other children on their excursion, although Adam Day understood sailing as well as any celman or wherryman in the neighbourhood. This was evident from the way he handled the boat as he tacked and then drove her ashore, but it did not lessen Eve's fault in Noah's opinion.

There were four occupants of the boat, two boys and two girls; Adam Day was the eldest of the party, a fine, tall, well-grown lad of fifteen or sixteen, with a clean face and remarkable grey eyes; he apparently belonged to the same rank in life as Noah, for he was dressed in the blue jersey, high boots, and large broad-brimmed hat of the broadmen; the other boy was younger and handsomer, and as evidently a gentleman; but of the girls it would be hard to say at a glance which was Noah's own daughter and which the Rector's, her foster-sister, for both were dressed in white frocks with sailor hats of white straw, and both were laden with water-lilies; but one hung her head with deepened colour as Noah caught hold of the boat and gravely bade the rest good-evening.

"Good evening, Noah; just look what beautiful lilies the boys have gathered for Eve and me," said Grace Leicester as Noah lifted her ashore.

She was a sweet-looking child, very fair, with long, pale, golden hair, large dreamy blue eyes, a delicate complexion, and a gentle, quiet manner.

"They are beautiful, Miss Grace, but Eve's are forbidden fruit, and must be sacrificed," said Noah, taking Eve's lilies from her and throwing them remorselessly into the water before he suffered her to land.

"Hold hard, Father Noah; what is that for?" exclaimed Adam Day, trying to rescue some of the floating lilies.

"I forbade Eve to go with you to-day; she has disobeyed me, and now I must punish her. Leave the lilies, Adam," said Noah, sternly, stooping to pick up the stick he had thrown down, and then laying his left hand on Eve's shoulder he continued—

"Children, my little girl has been guilty of a grave sin, not only against me her father, but against our Father in Heaven, and He suffers no sin to go unpunished, therefore her disobedience must be punished. Eve, if you were a boy I should flog you, but I can't strike my little daughter; instead you shall flog me; take this stick and lay it across my shoulders as hard as you can till I tell you to stop."

"Oh father, father, I cannot, I cannot," sobbed Eve, bursting into a passion of tears.

"Do as I bid you this moment, and don't dare to disobey me a second time," said Noah, so sternly that none of the children dared intercede, though

Grace's tears also began to fall, and even Adam looked alarmed. Noah's tone checked Eve's tears, and terror forced her to take the willow rod Noah handed her; he then knelt down and said in the same angry voice which he had never before this day used to Eve—

"Now hit me as hard and as fast as you can."

And Eve, feeling to disobey was worse than to obey when he spoke in that tone, obeyed.

"Go on," said Noah, in a voice of thunder, when Eve paused after half a dozen strokes, and Eve, terrified, went on, her loud sobs accompanying the blows.

"That will do; now go home at once," said Noah at last; and then rising and taking the stick from Eve, he broke it and threw it away.

Eve, sobbing wildly, ran off as fast as her legs would carry her, and Grace Leicester would fain have followed to comfort her, but Noah begged her not to go.

"Leave her alone, Miss Grace, please; she won't be herself again till I have forgiven her, poor little girl; and don't you go after her either, Master Clifford. I suspect it was you persuaded her to go."

"Yes, it was, but I didn't know you would mind so much, nor that you had forbidden it," said Arthur Clifford.

"Nor did I, or I would not have taken her for a ten-pound note," said Adam.

"No, Adam, my boy, I am sure you would not. I don't blame any of you," said Noah.

"But you have punished us all; Miss Grace is crying still, and I would rather have been beaten myself than have looked on at this scene," said Adam.

"Perhaps, but I hope I have taught you all a grand lesson—namely, that we are all knit together in such a wonderful way that one person cannot sin without others suffering for it, directly or indirectly; even our so called secret sins affect others, for we cannot sin without suffering for it sooner or later, and one member of the body to which we belong cannot suffer without all the members suffering with it. You may say a single individual sin is only a drop in the ocean, but remember the ocean is made up of drops, and the sins of the world are made up of single individual sins. No, we are gregarious animals; we can neither live alone, nor sin alone, nor suffer alone; our sins affect others in countless ways—by example, by lowering the tone of the society we live in, by increasing the flood of sin which does its best to destroy the peace and happiness of humanity, and more directly by the suffering sins against our neighbour cause him. But I must go after Eve, so I will wish you good night, Miss Grace; good night, Master Clifford. Shall I see you to-night, Adam?"

"Yes, Father Noah, after I have prepared my lessons I will come and help you to set the nets."

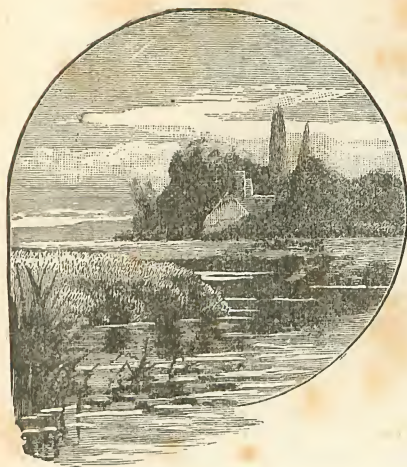
So Noah left the children to go their ways; Grace and Arthur to the rectory, where the latter was staying, and Adam to his home, and then he strode away in the direction Eve had taken.

(To be continued.)

EATING RUE PIE.

A SHORT STORY FOR WORKING GIRLS.

By RUTH LAMB.



CHAPTER I.

"I TELL you, Milly, we shall do first rate. I saw our manager this morning, and he gave me a pleasant nod as I touched my cap to him. Then after he had passed me he turned round again and called me back to where he stood. 'I want a word with you, Richard,' says he. 'You asked me for a rise a few months back, and then trade was not good enough to justify me in giving you one. But things are looking up a bit now, and I must say that you did not work any the worse, but harder, after the disappointment. I liked that in you, my lad. It seemed as if you believed that I had the will to help you on, and were determined to do your best towards bettering things for your employers.' 'That was just how I felt, sir,' said I, and it was true. 'I knew you would do your best for me when the time came.' 'You shall not lose by working hard and biding patiently. The firm can afford you a bit more wage now, so you may look for your rise next pay day.' I was pleased, and I thanked our manager with all my heart. It was not only the rise, you see, but his nice kind way of putting it, and it is so helpful to know that those you work for notice whether you put your heart into what you do or not."

The speaker, Richard Beckett, was telling his tale to a young girl whose bright face became brighter still as she listened. It was plain that she was deeply interested in the account of the approaching "rise," and she exclaimed, "How kind of Mr. Oldham! It is a pleasure to work under a man like that. How much are you to have a week from now?"

"I can't tell till Friday night. Very likely up to seventeen."

"Seventeen! Why, you have only fourteen shillings a week now. Three will be a capital lift," said Milly Burton, who, as Richard's intended wife, was no less interested than himself in the prospect before him.

"Only fourteen, but I have saved out of that. Mother has managed wonderfully for me and made every sixpence buy a good sixpenn'orth in return. Often when I should have bought a thing she has taught me it could be done without, and has made me save coppers till they mounted up to shillings and went into the savings bank. Ah, it's a good thing to have a good mother or a good wife."

"You have had one, Richard. I often wish—but it's no use wishing. We cannot pick mothers, and mine was always kind and

meant well," replied Milly, taking no notice of the second allusion.

"But if you can't pick your own mother you can choose a mother-in-law," said Richard, "and yours will be a good one, Milly. She has only me at home, and she reckons on having a daughter when we get married. A man that has a good mother is well off, but if he has a good wife too, he is better still. And, Milly, if I get seventeen, I don't see why we should not—"

Dick dropped his voice to a whisper, for some of his companions were approaching, and his words were only meant for Milly's ear, not theirs.

Whatever they were they made the blush on her bonny cheek deeper still, and her voice had a frightened ring in it, as she answered, "Dick, we mustn't think of such a thing. Your mother would be against it, and so would mine for that matter. She would say we are a deal too young. I am only eighteen, and you are but just turned twenty."

"Your mother needn't talk. She got wed herself when she was but sixteen. I have heard her say so," replied Richard, in a triumphant tone.

"Aye, Dick, and I have heard her say how foolish she was and how wrong, if she had but known it. She has grieved many and many a time to think she should have undertaken such solemn duties as fall on a wife and mother when she was so ignorant and unfit for them. She has grieved for father's sake, for she says, with a better wife he'd have been a better man, and for us children, because she could not teach us what she did not know herself. Mother is young yet, only six and thirty, but she has had such a hard life she looks many a year older, worn out like before her time. With such a lot of children it has been a regular fight for bread. Always just from hand to mouth, and no more."

"I can see why your mother will be against you marrying. It is likely when you help her both with hands and earnings. It is everybody for self, never mind other folks," said Richard, crossly.

"Mother is not selfish, Richard. Only you see she has gone through it all, and she wants me to wait a few years, so that I may not be weighed down as she has been. She means well, I am sure."

"A few years!" Richard repeated the words as though they meant for ever. "And does she expect that I shall wait till I am thirty before I get married?"

"Thirty is not old, Richard. Better wait that long than make a foolish start, and eat rue pie ever after."

The girl spoke reasonably enough, and she had only one motive in speaking—the good of both. She had seen and suffered from the consequences of a too early marriage in the case of her own parents, only she was not able to put all her thoughts and experiences into words powerful enough to convince Richard. He would listen only to inclination, and was ready to doubt the love of the true-hearted young creature, whose very affection made her urge the wisdom of waiting.

He left her with a careless "Good-night, Milly. As we are going to have years and years of courting, I'll not stay any longer. There will be lots of time for that. Only this I will say, you have taken the shine out of my 'rise' that I was reckoning on, and all for your sake."

"Stay, Dick. Don't go like that," said

Milly, tears streaming down her cheeks. If Richard heard he did not heed, but quickened his pace, and without turning his head for another glance, was soon out of sight.

Milly could not speak of her own trouble to her mother, for as she reached home she heard cries which told of childish pain, and on entering she found that the youngest child but one had pulled a pot of scalding tea down upon himself, and was in great suffering. She put aside her own cares and did her best, but for several days she had to stay from work in order to help her mother in the nursing and house, for Mrs. Burton's unreasoning affection would not consent to parting with the little one that he might be tended at the hospital. She had to face a sudden parting, for the child died.

When Milly was returning from her first day's work after the funeral, she met Richard, full of sorrow for his last hasty words, and her recent trouble. He did not know how to speak kindly enough; he had good news too about the "rise," which was to eighteen shillings, with a promise of twenty at the end of three months more.

And Mr. Oldham said, "We give it because you are worth it to us, and if you go on as you are doing we shall not stop there."

Of course Milly was glad, and the smiles chased the tears from her pretty eyes as she looked up with a sweet sense of forgiving Richard's cross words, and being forgiven for venturing to have an opinion of her own.

"I shall wait till I get the pound, Milly, and then—"

She knew what he meant, and again prudence whispered how much too young they were. But the girl said to herself that it would be a pity to vex him now he was so happy; and there was a different parting from the former one already described, when the young man left her at her mother's door.

Indeed, Milly felt almost ashamed of herself for finding it possible to smile, and be more inclined to look forward with hope, than to continue grieving over a sorrow that was yet new in her own home.

She had dearly loved the little two-year-old brother, whose death had been brought about in such an untimely way; and as to the mother, she was like mothers everywhere. The labour of caring for her large family might be too heavy for her hands. The mouths might be too many for the supply of food, but her heart was large enough to hold them all. She mourned for her little one with unselfish sorrow, and ever pictured him who was gone as the fairest of all the flock, though there might be a child the less to feed, clothe, and as she sometimes put it, "to go on slaving for."

Mrs. Burton noted the bright look on Milly's face, and guessed the cause of it. "Eh, my lass," she said, "everything looks bright when you start in married life. But it's when you have a swarm of children round you, when you lose your rest at nights, and have to work o' days, all the same as if you'd had it. When at best of times you feel that to keep things going every sixpence that comes in ought to buy a shillingworth of stuff, if they are to be made fairly comfortable; it's then you know what getting married means. And if there's no work, or slack work, and illness, and doctor's bills—what then? Dick's a good lad, Milly, but be content—wait, my lass. Patience pays in the end."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ANXIOUS.—The "L.L.A." degree is granted to women at St. Andrew's University only; the University of London gives women the degree of "M.D.," and "M.S.," and the Royal University of Ireland the degrees of "M.D.," "M.Ch.," and "M.A.O." The usual minimum cost of obtaining the diplomas in the London University is £30, and in the Royal Irish £18. Those who desire to work eventually as medical missionaries, may often obtain assistance from some four or more societies, amongst which are the S.P.C.K. (Church of England), Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C., and the Edinburgh Ladies' Zenana Committee (United Presbyterian), Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Duncan McLaren, St. Oswalds, Edinburgh, N.B.

E. L. MELNISH.—We have pleasure in naming the English Literature Society, patronised by the Rev. F. Jarrott, Goodleigh Rectory, near Barnstaple. The subscription from members is only two shillings per annum.

HARRIET should learn to spell before she attempts to "write a book" for the instruction of poor girls. Even when a book is one for which there is a need, and well expressed, the difficulty of finding a publisher is great, and an unknown writer would have to pay all the expenses herself.

MISS FRV.—We are happy to give the address of your society and union for reading about foreign missions, so as to awaken a more widely-spread interest about them. The members are required to read during two half-hours weekly. No subscription is required. For the benefit of our girls we may observe that the association is called the Church Missionary Reading Union, 55, Chepstow Place, Bayswater, London, W.

MISS M. GIBB.—We comply with your request to give a notice of your Society for the study of any Foreign Language. The terms commence half-yearly, in May and November. Address the secretary as above-named, Glenlyon, The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.

EMMA THOYTS.—We are glad that your Sulhamstead Girls' Question Club, though especially designed for farmers' daughters, is open to all. At present it comprises sixty-nine or seventy members, but as many as 100 could be received. Address Miss E. Thoyts, Sulhamstead, Reading, Berkshire. Free education for a girl of thirteen, and training for a profession, might be obtained later on, by means of gaining a scholarship.

BLACK BESS.—1. In reply to your ill-bred letter, we beg to say that foreign pronunciation of words is determined by the sound of foreign alphabets, and must be orally taught. *L'Allegro* is Italian, yet in this instance it is pronounced much as it would be in French, the "a" as in "sad," the "e" as an English "a," as in "baby." *Vive le Roi* is French, the "i" as an English "e," the second "e" mute. The last two words need oral teaching. When answers are given gratis, there can be no question of right and injustice. 2. The skin of the head should be washed with a small sponge frequently, the hair at longer intervals, and when the weather is fine.

MISS ANNIE GRAHAM.—We are obliged to you for your kind letter, and willingly draw attention to the fact that, through failure of health, you wish to resign your principalship and direction of the Cambridge Academy Prize Musical Improvement Society, at 99, Bedford Street South, Liverpool. Also that all fees, fines, and donations (less working expenses) are applied to the fund for prizes. There is no remuneration for the work, save a small profit made on the sale of the book and rules.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRA.—We consider your case far more hopeful and satisfactory than you do yourself. If you "earnestly pray for love to God," and you "feel much distressed at your cold, hard condition," and "long to love Christ," and "to have your faith strengthened," and "do really strive to serve Him," we can only say you contradict yourself. We cannot agree with you that you are "cold" or "hard." It is the Holy Spirit alone who has given you such desires and such regrets, and made you pray so earnestly, and to resolve to continue to do so by His help and grace. So, thank Him for His work in your heart so far, and take courage. Look away from self and your frames and feelings and accept the divine promise—"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." He never made any soul pray for grace that He did not mean to grant.

ONE IN NEED.—Certainly there can be no harm in praying for relief from pecuniary difficulties, since we are told to ask our Heavenly Father for "daily bread." We are also encouraged to do so by the comparison made between the request for food by our children to us, and the response our love must invariably give, and that which is more certainly made by our all-gracious as well as Almighty Father, and in a far more bountiful way, "to them that ask Him." But to pray for wealth rather than essential things, for fame and worldly distinctions,

over and above an honourable name, and grace to preserve it unsullied by sin and ungodliness, is to ask what has not been promised, and what might be extremely hurtful to the soul. If God see fit to lay such responsibilities upon you, and such trials of humility, that is another matter. Try to glorify Him "in that state of life to which He may see fit to call you."

ONE IN EARNEST.—Apply to the St. John's Maternity Home and Training School for nurses of the description you name. Write to the matron at 6, Tadema Road, Chelsea, S.W. Should there be no vacancy there, apply to the matron of the Home and Training School at 42-46, Gunter Grove, Chelsea, S.W. You will obtain all information as to age and terms more satisfactorily by direct personal application.

P. P. P. should not write either to single or married men. Why should she? It is a want both of self-respect and of prudence to do so.

DAISY.—The words you quote are Latin, and mean "And is thy God."

OLIVE appears to be suffering from the society of too many young men. Do not allow any man to reach the point of proposing to you if you do not mean to accept him; and do not accept any man as an intended husband whom you do not love. If you ought to be ashamed of loving any man who does not love you and desire to win your love. If you need advice on such points, consult your mother.

IVANHOE.—Such books as those you name would be more suitable for you when older. Your friend was right: Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" would be quite a fit study for you. We thank you for your nice letter, and return all your good wishes sincerely for any work of yours.

SUFFERER.—The following is a dietary recently recommended by a well-known doctor as excellent for most complaints where the system is overloaded, or where pimples and blotches appear on the face. Three meals a day, five hours between each; to eat slowly, rest afterwards, take plenty of exercise, a tepid bath daily, and sleep in a ventilated bedroom. Go to bed at 10 p.m., and rise at 6.30. Take a Turkish bath every three weeks; eat no pastry, cheese, sugar, eggs, jam, nor sweets; drink water at dinner. Breakfast—wholemeal bread and butter, porridge of oatmeal, wheatmeal, or hominy, stewed fruit, milk, or cocoa. Dinner, four ounces of lean meat or fish, two vegetables; and three days a week, instead of meat, take a milk pudding of macaroni, rice, semolina, etc., always finish with stewed fruit and brown bread. Tea—brown bread, butter, weak tea, or cocoa and milk, lettuce or water-cress, boiled Spanish onion, tomatoes, or beetroot. This is a most useful diet for anyone suffering from digestive troubles, and if persevered in will do good. It is also simple to provide, inexpensive, and nutritious. The milk should be boiled before drinking, and all water should be filtered or boiled. Lemonade, made of fresh lemons, may be taken. So many people seem in a muddle about diet, that we have thought it better to give this in its entirety.

BIRD FANCIER.—The mocking-bird, a native of South America, may be had, when young, for five dollars each, and the older for twelve and upwards, to twenty-five dollars. Sometimes, however, they are sold for fabulous prices. The speed of a swallow's flight has been tested in Italy, two being selected for the purpose, and they showed a speed of eighty-seven and a half miles an hour.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—The affection of the spine which you name gives a clue to all you suffer. The condition of the brain is the cause, owing to the connection of the spinal cord with it. In its debilitated state you need complete rest—to do nothing, in fact, but sleep, take carriage exercise, or sit out daily when fine, and be carefully dieted by an experienced doctor; not even reading, except a few verses of the Scriptures daily. Nerve and brain-power are seriously lacking; and only absolute rest of mind and body, in some healthy but perfectly secluded country place, will, humanly speaking, give you a prospect of recovery.

ONE OF SCOTLAND'S DAUGHTERS must be patient; the redness will soon wear off. Scars sometimes remain red for some little time.

JUNE.—The money never became your brother's, as he died before your mother; on the death of your mother, unless there were any provision otherwise, the whole would be divided equally amongst the three remaining children—you and your two sisters.

HOPE will find, we fear, that the old adage is true, "There is no royal road to learning," and the systems, whatever they promise, will not falsify it. So she had better keep her money in her pocket safely.

DAPHNE.—Sir Bernard Burke has decided that Queen Victoria has no surname, so called. She is of the family of Guelph, but it was royal long before the days when people used surnames.

ADMIRER OF FRANK BUCKLAND.—We have pleasure in giving the following extract from your letter. "Toads lay their eggs in long chains. Frogs in bunches like grapes; and then take no further care

of them. As soon as the young tadpoles leave the egg they look for food. They are voracious, and have good-sized mouths. The stalks of any pond-weed that has grown in stagnant water may be seen to have a fluffy, brown-green fringe growing all down them. This is a parasite which spreads very quickly, and forms the chief food of tadpoles. Place some of this weed, so charged with its parasite, into the water in which the tadpoles are kept."

PUZZLED ONE.—The task or art of keeping small boys in order during Sunday-school teaching is a difficult one to learn, the several dispositions of the children augmenting the difficulty. When so young, pictures teach more than mere words—the Kindergarten system recognising this fact. Tell them the little story represented, and then bid them to tell it to you again, and point out the figures of each person named in it. The great secret is to make them speak as much as yourself, which necessitates attention. If one be troublesome and rebellious, place him standing on a chair or in a corner for a time.

SCOTCH THISTLE might form her writing by taking some she likes, and copying it carefully for a short time.

MERCY LYLE might learn book-keeping in a very short time, and by writing copies could much improve her hand. But she must not give way to fear nor despair, remembering the sparrows that live in God's care, and the lilies that He clothes.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We do not remember to have noticed the name of the Viking ship, and think it was not mentioned. There is an excellent account of her in "Norwegian Pictures."

AILEEN MAVOURNEEN, who is only seventeen years of age, should on no account be persuaded to marry any man she does not love. She should wait for at least four years, till she is twenty-one, and knows her own mind. Why take heavy cares on shoulders so young and inexperienced?

MAY MARGARET.—The "red nose" is owing, probably, to digestive troubles. Eat slowly, and choose only such things as can be easily assimilated. Find some good brown bread, and drink milk or cocoa instead of so much tea. Keep your feet warm and wear flannels; and take a morning tepid bath and as much gentle exercise as you can.

MARGUERITE SHARP.—Bathing the feet in salt and water is said to harden them and strengthen the ankles.

MOONLIGHT.—There are five Deaconesses' Institutions in London and six in the provinces. One, the London Diocesan, is at 12, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park; address the Head Sister Deaconess, Christine Maurice. The East London Diocesan Deaconesses' Home, 2 and 3, Sutton Place, Hackney, E.; address Sister L. Collier. The Deaconesses' Home, Stepney Green; Deaconess Hepburn Lyall; and the Church Extension Association, 27, Kilburn Park Road, N.W.

EDITH.—Bad memories are often the result of lack of attention to what is going on about you. Try to be "wide awake" and interested in all around you.

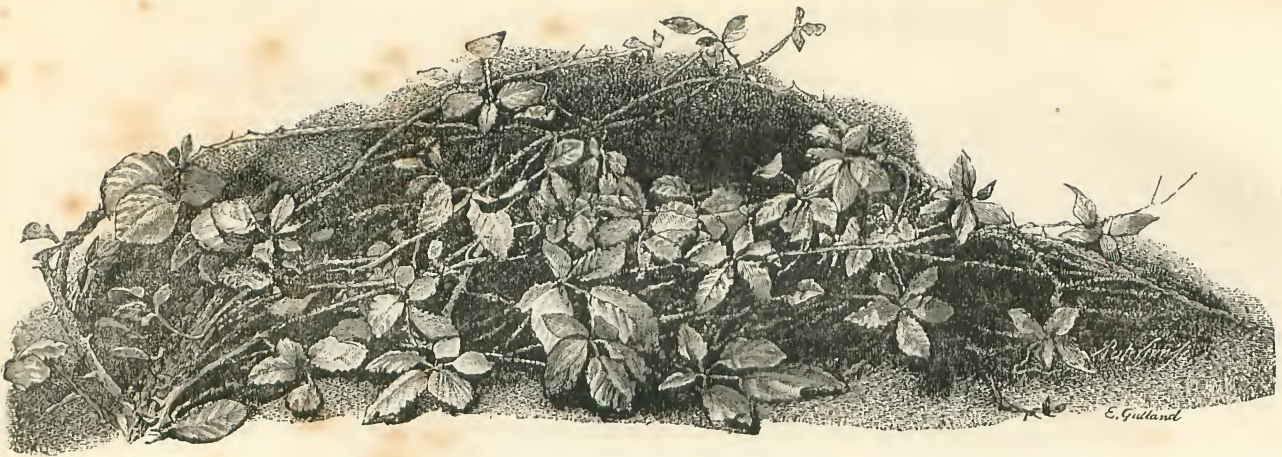
MELANTHUS.—A physician takes precedence of a surgeon. A crown-piece, *temp.* Queen Anne, in good preservation, is worth more now. Parrots are very long-lived; the Memoranda of the Academy of Sciences in Paris mentioned one that lived in the family of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in Florence, for upwards of a hundred years. Viellot also speaks of having seen one near Bordeaux, which was at that time eighty-four years old. The average length of their life has not been accurately ascertained. Louis Figuier mentions the fact of a cardinal paying one hundred crowns for one that recited the Apostles' Creed correctly; and relates of another (on the authority of Le Vaillant) that the latter heard one say the Lord's Prayer, lying on its back and placing the toes together as we should join our hands! Meat is very bad for them. Should yours become diseased you may attribute it to this cause. Bathing is their natural habit.

ANXIOUS TO HELP.—The Society of Watchers and Workers for Invalids published a pamphlet or magazine called "The Watchword." The secretary is Miss A. Randolph, Bayford House, Hertford.

LILY, E. M. L.—The hair is generally worn at the top of the head at present, but you might continue to wear it with a plait at the back, tied with a ribbon bow. We always warn our girls not to mind "frames and feelings" in religion, but to try by God's grace, sought for in prayer, to live the life of Christ day by day in all they do and say. This is simply to do your very best in everything you undertake, "as to God;" for "Ye do serve the Lord Christ," and in loving and serving "Ye shall know Him."

M. A. B. might write to inquire of Mr. Tarn (56, Paternoster Row, E.C.), but she will probably have to purchase the whole monthly part.

HISTORICAL STUDENT.—A recent small book by the Rev. E. L. Cutts claims Colchester as being the earliest town in England, and certainly, so far as history is concerned, the claim seems to be substantiated.



THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

By JEAN INGELow.

METHOUGHT in my sleep I rose and went
To walk by our shining river.

O, it was calm! The low sun lent
His golden glow to the last waves' flow
Of a soft, spent tide—

That spread forth wooingly far and wide,
As a word from the sea continually

A message it would deliver.

For it sobbed at the bank ere it turned to go,
And washed the bows of a ship that lay
Safely anchored at dawn that day
In the well-belovèd river.

I looked, "O, safe in her berth, methought,
This fair ship rides from the rock,
From storm and breakers, apart from aught
Of deep sea-sorrow and shock,
Full sweet is rest."

But her sails she spread,
And weighed her anchor e'en then.

"Ah, she will go," in the dream, I said,
"Surely to dare the wave and the wind,

Take for guidance an alien star,
Leave this land of our love behind,
And be lost from kindly ken—

Sail by the crags of coasts afar,
And haply where, crowned with lurid light,
Mountainous cones make red the night;

Or in water-lanes where corals are,
And like fluttering ghosts the white waves rear,
Her devious pathway find;

Or, glad in her port and safe from fear,
Moor at the wharves of Eastern men,
Or—O! may after, far from these,
Very long drive on unfriendly seas;

In Northern glooms forget the day

In an ice floe shut away;

And it maybe come back never,
For ever and ever."

And I went close where she lay, to see
How with tremblement and shiver
Her sails went up, and fluttering free
Her blue flag played in the air,
And the wooing wind was fair;

And I prayed, "O Lord of our life deliver
From wreck; watch over, Thou safety-giver,
Her going, whose paths are known of Thee;
O guide this ship in the river."

And while I was looking, some one nigh,
Leaning towards me whispered low,
"Have you brought the book? The voyage is long;

'Tis yours to have it." I made reply,
"I brought it, but truly I know not why;
What mean you?" He answered, "YOU are to go
That voyage; the turning tide runs strong;
She will sail full soon—are you ready?" But fear
Troubled me. "What of the coming again?"

I said. "Of this I would something hear.
Shall I return? for O, I would fain
Return,"—but "Not to this country—no,"
He said; and there fell, as it were, a sigh,
The echo of words—my words, "O never,
For ever and ever."

Then I thought that others were standing by.
"Ah yes," they said; "it was even so!
Childhood is over, hope is high;
We all must sail in that ship, we know
Not whither."

Thereon in fear I woke,—
My heart awoke, and my soul awoke,
Sleep was ended, the morning broke;

I turned to the light and spoke.
"That was the voyage of life, good sooth,
The voyage of life set forth to me
In a dream. Am I ready? Nay, in truth,
Not ready. Yet childhood is over, youth
Is come; I must sail to that great sea,
And knew it not; but my prayer, awake,
Pleads in the prayer of sleep

Some part to take.

I am a voyager now to the deep,

For that same boon of Thy clemency;

In those same words I wait upon Thee;
Guide our souls down the widening river;
Master and Lord of life, deliver

From wreck, from foundering free;
Bring us at last, when the voyage is past,
To the haven where we would be."

Evesham, July, 1888.

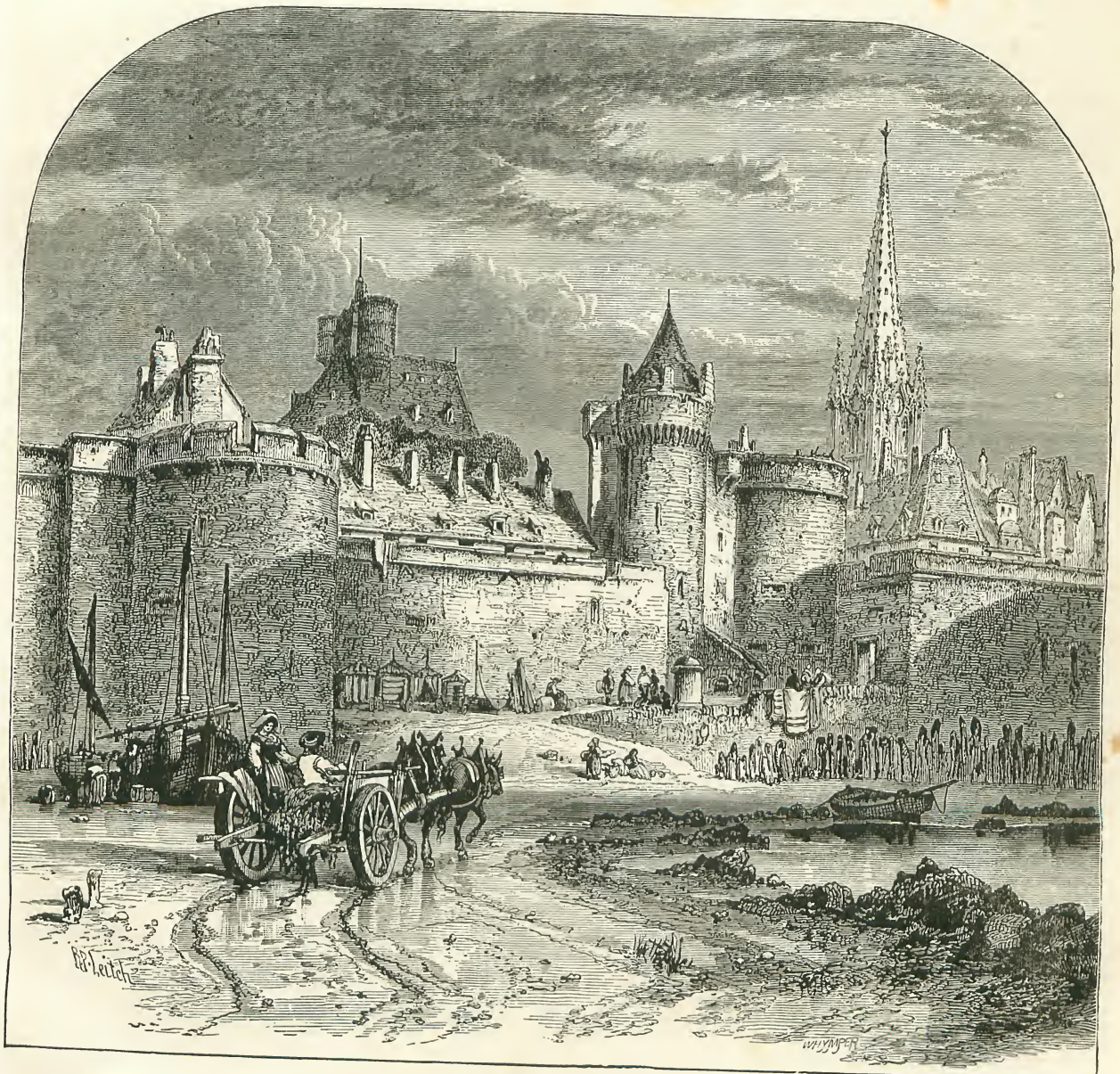


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OCTOBER 13, 1888.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A GIRLS' TOUR IN BRITTANY.



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ST. MALO, FROM THE SANDS.



Our strong-minded sisters will be horrified to hear that it was with some misgivings Ruth and I set out to travel on the Continent, without the protection of a masculine relative.

Unfortunately

we are not strong-minded; we neither wear spectacles, carry walking-sticks, nor wish for votes; in fact (though it requires some moral courage to avow it), we prefer that our fathers, brothers, uncles, and cousins should attend to affairs of state unassisted by our maiden aunts.

Some friends, and neighbours too (of a very old-fashioned type, no doubt), were "shocked" that we should venture forth alone, especially into an unbeaten track in Brittany. What added to our perversity was the fact (patent to all) that we each possessed a brother, either or both of whom could have been laid under requisition to escort us. There was, however, an objection to this plan sufficient for us; we wished to sketch, and no one could sketch with a brother wandering round.

There are two sides to every question, often many more; we left our friends to discuss the theoretic side of this one, from their armchairs, while we put the practical side to the test of experience.

Having now returned safely, I do not mind confessing that it was not without some trepidation I abandoned myself to the adventure. Ruth sent me the papers which had roused her to such a pitch of enthusiasm about Brittany that no other place would do. They had the contrary effect on me. I noticed how the writers concurred in describing a grey and sombre landscape, men in keeping with it, melancholy, silent, unkind to animals, tyrannical to their wives, generally drunk; women, picturesque indeed, but dirty and superstitious; a pitiless sea and rock-bound coast; islands inhabited by the widows and children of seamen. And (most important to us) accommodation of a very rustic kind. One writer artlessly alluded to wolves which were held responsible for the disappearance of sheep dogs, and to a shrieking maniac who wandered at will among the Menhirs.

In the state between sleeping and waking, I had awful visions of two errant ladies driving towards nightfall on a lonely road—a wheel coming off, the driver, their only knight, riding to the nearest village for help, but stopping to drink, and wolves howling in the distance. However, my friend was firm, so I agreed (altering the historical order of things) to act Naomi to her Ruth, and to follow where she led; but I insisted that in compensation for the dangers and horrors of the long crossing to St. Malo, we should at least visit the Channel Islands in passing.

The first incident of our travels occurred at a London station, where Ruth, whose honesty I had never had reason to doubt, persisted in claiming a portmanteau which was not hers, and in the heat of the argument unconsciously appropriating an umbrella which its owner laid across it. Apparently nothing but the sudden appearance of her own possessions would have made her relinquish her claim. I was prepared to run the risk of being imprisoned for sketching abroad, but did not expect to have such a narrow escape on our native soil.

We went on board the Guernsey boat at Southampton at 10 p.m., and owing to a fog did not get through Southampton Water before 5 a.m. Dr. Watts must have been there in better weather when he wrote those familiar lines—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

We were inclined to exclaim with the philosopher, "Life would be endurable but for its pleasures," as hour after hour passed in this snail's progress, while the dismal fog-horn sounded incessantly.

We reached Guernsey at last, eight hours late, and soon forgot our trials. "Every cloud has a silver lining," and when there is a fog at sea it is never rough.

The week spent at Guernsey seemed all too short, there is such freshness and originality about the place that one never tires of the quaint old town with its red roofs, tall spires, steep, irregular streets, and luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation. Among a population speaking French *patois*, it was strange to see groups of soldiers belonging to our Highland regiments.

Moulin Huet is one of the most charming bays, approached by a lovely water-lane, over-arched with trees and green with ferns. Round one side of the bay curve the jagged Hen and Chicken rocks; the fine white sand is delightful for bathers, who make dressing-rooms of the caves and rocky nooks.

Victor Hugo's house is one of the sights of Guernsey. His daughter-in-law (now married a second time) and his two grandchildren live in it, and allow visitors to see it every day. The walls are hung with tapestry, and the ceilings and banisters are covered with textures, giving a feeling of suffocation. The general effect is very harmonious, especially one bedroom which was prepared for the reception of Garibaldi. The study at the top of the house is not unlike a photographic studio, the roof and sides being partly glass. The view is fine and extensive, and mirrors are placed so as to reflect it, in case the occupant's back should be turned to the scene itself. It seems the last room in the world for concentration of thought. M. Hugo always wrote standing; immediately outside is a wooden gallery on which he often took exercise. His bedroom had a kind of letter-box in the door, in which he placed thoughts committed to paper during the night. His bed was a thick mattress placed on the floor across the end of the small room, the wall close round it being padded; it was more like a settee without legs than a bed. M. Hugo is said to have gone often at night to a lonely house on the coast in order to write "The Toilers of the Sea."

There is plenty of scope for sketching at Guernsey, in the changing scenes in the harbour, the picturesque disused forts, and the play of light and shade on the sea and islands.

In point of colour Sark is better still; the water in the harbour is of that lovely green seen off some parts of the Cornish coast, the seaweed on the rocks is of the richest yellow; boats are drawn up on the shore, or idly riding at anchor; while picturesque fishermen, speaking a strange tongue, hurry along the quay on the approach of the steamer.

We felt that a visit to the Channel Islands was an opportunity, not to be lost, of studying Free Trade and Home Rule on the spot. We came to the conclusion that some things may be too cheap, such as stimulants and tobacco, for drunkenness is very common, and small boys smoke cigars. Home Rule seems to answer very well, for only one man appears to have been hanged in historic times, and we

were constantly assured no serious crimes are committed. When an offender is convicted he is generally fined, as it is expensive to the community for him to go to prison, as he requires to be fed, and his guardians to be fed and paid.

They have, we were told, no receipt stamps, no dog-tax, no income-tax, no divorce in the Channel Islands; they make their own laws, and their system of land tenure is almost perfect. Hothouse grapes are 8d. per pound, good tea 1s. 6d. per pound. A man may live on the fat of the land at the best hotel for 8s. per day.

In Sark, things are still more Arcadian; there are no policemen there, but from among the inhabitants two constables are selected to serve two years. We had a long talk with an elderly man of whom we bought photographs. He told us how Sark was sold for fifty pounds in Elizabeth's reign, to its first owner, who, in order to protect his property, invited forty men to come and settle there, on condition of each providing himself with a gun and ammunition. The island has changed hands many times since—much of the land has become freehold, but there is still a titular owner called the Seigneur. One of the owners, finding himself in difficulties for ready money on his father's death, resolved to sell the place, ungratefully refusing the offer of two maiden aunts to pay the necessary sum—the condition being that he should reside with them. He was evidently considered a very sad character for abandoning his inheritance in favour of life at such a gay capital as St. Heliers.

There are some curious laws in Sark. For trespassing on property, whether harm is done or not, a fine may be imposed of about 3s. 4d. for each offence. Some tourists found themselves in an awkward dilemma, who trampled on a man's wheat, and when remonstrated with used their canes. After this valiant escapade they proceeded in triumph to the smaller island, which is attached to the larger one by a narrow precipitous isthmus. On their return they were met at this critical point by the two constables, who refused to let them embark until the man was compensated for the five-fold trespass and the assault. On their refusal to pay, preparations were made for opening the prison. Meanwhile it was discovered that the seneschal had gone over to Herm, whence he might return, weather permitting, in the course of a week. As until his arrival our heroes could not be tried (there being apparently no Habeas Corpus Act in Arcadia), they decided, rather late in the day, that "discretion is the better part of valour," and having paid their money, departed, wiser if sadder men.

Let no one suppose that a dweller in Sark is a man of few ideas, whose mental horizon does not extend beyond the limits of his rock-bound coast. For my part, I have never found that people living a natural primitive life, "far from the madding crowd," are specially narrow in their views, though they may be behind the age as to the latest Paris fashion and the latest novel.

Perhaps they have more leisure to cultivate "the inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude," than those of us who live in provincial towns and "genteel suburbs," and who unwittingly become slaves of the conventional and commonplace.

Our friend, who was descended from two of the first inhabitants of Sark, was thoughtful and intelligent, and a man of means in his way. Every year he and his wife travel. It was interesting to hear their impressions of the Fisheries, Healtheries, Colinderies, of St. Malo, Paris, and Switzerland. He was a little bit of a wag too. One day out walking he met a man who said—"Tell me, do these islands belong to England?" "No," was the reply.

"To France?" "Certainly not." "To whom, then?" "To no one; England belongs to us. We were part of the Duchy of Normandy when William Conquered England."

After visiting the lovely Seigneurie Gardens, we were fain to bid good-bye to Sark. It was rather rough on the return journey, and the straits between the jagged rocks which bristle all round these islands seemed very narrow.

We crossed to Jersey on a Tuesday (no boat goes that way on a Monday), and having heard so much in disparagement of that island as compared with Guernsey, we were agreeably surprised. The air is, doubtless, less bracing, and the scenery less varied. The railway line runs partly round the island, just at the edge of the sea. *Apropos* of our thirst for knowledge on the subject of Home Rule, we asked if the "Clameur de Haro" still survived. According to this custom, a man who had been wronged fell down in a public place, and cried, "Haro, haro, à l'aide mon prince, on me fait tort," upon which redress was speedily forthcoming. We were told that the last recorded instance was on the opening of the Jersey railway, when an enraged landowner threw himself on the metals, with the usual formula. Deaf to his cries, the train came steadily on. Strange things flash through the minds of drowning men, and he may have remembered that George Stephenson, when asked what would happen if a cow got on the line, replied, "It would be bad for the cow." Anyhow, the train went on, and we did not hear that this gentleman's remains were picked up in fragments afterwards. Our stay in Jersey was so short there was no opportunity of verifying this incident.

We went by train to Goray, and sketched Mount Orgeuil, an ancient Norman fortress. Fort Elizabeth, with its winding causeway, visible at low tide, is a most interesting object from St. Heliers.

The steamer in which we crossed to St. Malo had few English people on board. We watched with great interest a party of priests, who, from the faultlessness of their attire, appeared to be returning from a holiday expedition. We wondered at the unceasing talk and vivacity of a French party opposite. If only we could hear their conversation, how witty and full of *bon mots* it must be to cause such unceasing laughter, to require such gesticulation and shrugs! But would they never be tired, never want to rest and be quiet? It would certainly give most English people a headache to talk and laugh so vigorously for a whole three hours' journey. It spite of these foretastes of foreign life, we were sufficiently delighted and surprised when we steamed into St. Malo harbour. That ancient town is in no sense Anglicised by the constant arrival of steamers and the incursion of British tourists. We quite understood Horace Walpole's remark, after months of travel in Italy, "That Calais surprised him more than anything he had yet seen, and he still considered it the most wonderful city in the world."

We almost forgave the sour-faced woman from the custom-house, who pounced upon our travelling bags, for the sake of the white cap she wore. The blue-bloused men might hector over us as only French officials can, but we still gazed admiringly at them, and wished English porters were as picturesque.

Groups of soldiers dotted here and there reminded us irresistibly of the little tin soldiers of our childhood; but this probably implied no insult, but that truest form of flattery—imitation. Doubtless our climate and our smoke make the snowy headgear and bright colours of "Sunny France" unsuitable apparel for us, but certainly the first charm of a continental town is the difference of dress.

St. Malo is really an island, but is now connected with the land by a long causeway, called the Sillon. There is a splendid natural harbour, caused by its projection on the one hand, and that of St. Servan on the other, and several islands lie near, one being the lonely burial-place chosen by Châteaubriand.

The streets are narrow, and the houses have grown very tall in their efforts to look over the huge fortified walls which run all round the town. There could scarcely be a better specimen of a town of the Middle Ages.

We watched the bathers next morning, and were greatly amused with one party, consisting of an elderly monsieur, madame his wife, two big boys, a little girl, and a large dog; they all gambolled about in the water with infantine glee. Their costumes were elaborate, the lady wearing bracelets and earrings and having her hair fully dressed.

At twelve o'clock we sailed up the Rance to Dinan, gradually losing sight of the strong walls of St. Malo (which rise sheer from the water's edge), of the rocky islands in the delicate pale green bay, and of the blue line of the open sea, with the flash of white sails in the sunlight.

We were on the scene of one of Mr. Browning's most dramatic poems.

It was in 1692 that twenty-two French ships of war, headed by the "Formidable," were chased by the English into St. Malo Roads. It was declared impossible, at ebb of tide, to pilot the squadron into the fortified harbour of Solidor, until a "simple Breton sailor, a poor coasting pilot," Hervé Riel, undertook the task and did it. For thus saving the honour of France he was told to name his own reward—

"Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still."
Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
'Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisie Point, what
is it but a run?
Since 'tis ask and have I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call
the Belle Aurore!
That he asked, and that he got—nothing
more."

The boats go up with the tide, but in order to leave time for the return journey they start before the river is full. Our steamer had to thread its way through such a narrow channel, among sand-banks, that we expected every moment to go aground. However, just as things seemed at the worst we came to a lock, and above that the river was full, and we went merrily along.

The banks grew steeper and more wooded every moment, till Dinan suddenly appeared in view, the spire of St. Sauveur church crowning the precipitous hillside, a noble viaduct spanning the valley, and a fine old Norman bridge crossing the river.

A few houses nestle in the valley and climb up the steep and narrow Rue de Jersual, the joy of artists, but the principal part of the town is high up, out of sight.

Never did we hear such a babel of voices as greeted our arrival, scores of people vociferating and shouting, and trying to take possession of us and our luggage. Happily we had decided on our quarters, which proved very comfortable (Miss Waller's pension, 4, Place du Guesclin).

At Dinan we first came across two historical

personages who are so identified with the history of Brittany that they reappear at almost every turn.

First in point of time, though not of rank, is Bertrand du Guesclin, a man deformed in person, but nevertheless one of the most consummate generals and ablest men of the fourteenth century.

After being once or twice made prisoner by the English, he became Constable of France, and succeeded in driving the English from Normandy, Guienne, and Poitou. At Dinan his statue is erected on the spot where he defeated an English knight in single combat; it also commemorates his successful defence of the town against the Duke of Lancaster. His enemies recognised in him "a foeman worthy of their steel," for when he died of fever while besieging the Castle of Randon, the governor insisted on fulfilling his promise to capitulate (failing succour) on a fixed day. Declaring he would be as true to the warrior in death as in life, he marched, followed by the garrison, to the French camp, and placed the keys of the Castle upon his bier. Du Guesclin taught his soldiers never to treat priests, women, and children as enemies. Charles V. placed a magnificent monument to his memory in St. Denis, where his body was laid among those of kings. A lamp is said to have been kept burning there for centuries.

The second historical figure is that of Anne of Brittany, who might have been so much happier without her title of Duchess and her great possessions. The Dukedom of Brittany had its golden age under her father, Francis II., but when he died and a girl of thirteen succeeded, she became the innocent object of the greed of surrounding nations.

Certain sovereigns, regardless of previous ties, were anxious to marry her, while others, unable to appropriate her themselves, were determined Brittany should not be absorbed. The first person to cast envious eyes was the Duke of Orleans, who was married to Louis XI.'s deformed daughter, of whom he was heartily tired.

In the midst of the dispute Anne was married, by proxy, to Maximilian, the Holy Roman Emperor, whose daughter had come to France as the affianced bride of the young King Charles VIII. The virtual ruler of France was the Lady of Beaujeu, Louis XI.'s eldest daughter. Seeing the importance of absorbing Brittany, she determined that her young brother, Charles VIII., should disregard his previous contract with Margaret, and marry the Duchess Anne. So he was sent with an army to lay siege to the town of Rennes, where she held her court.

Maximilian, too poor or too indolent to avenge the double insult, did nothing, and although our Henry VII. taxed his subjects in order to defend Anne, whose father had sheltered him in exile, he did nothing effectual, except hoard the money.

The Bretons having stipulated for the preservation of their own laws and privileges, were eager for the match, and at length the marriage took place in 1491. Surely,

"Never was woman in such humour woo'd,
Never in such humour won."

In the course of seven years Charles died, and was succeeded by the aforementioned Duke of Orleans, as Louis XII., who lost no time in divorcing his unfortunate wife Joan, and in laying his crown at the feet of the young widowed queen, who had retired to Brittany. In the year 1499 she once more became Queen of France, being married to Louis XII. in the Château at Nantes. She died fifteen years later, leaving two daughters, one of whom married her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, afterwards Francis I.

(To be continued.)



Violins

AND
MITTENWALD.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER I.

"And give to rapture all thy trembling strings."

As my interest in violins and acquaintance with their make and makers commenced with my visit to Mittenwald, I should like, by way of preface, to give a little sketch of the old town and how I reached it.

To the tourist who keeps to the beaten tracks the very name of Mittenwald is unknown; and Bradshaw, who is supposed to have eyes for everything and every place of interest, only mentions it once, and then merely to state that the diligence goes twice in the twenty-four hours between Murnau and Mittenwald—a piece of information which falls flat, as few among us know either of these places; yet Mittenwald was not always so unknown.

It has a past of which few towns can boast; one which dates back to the time of the Romans, who, with their legions, made this their halting-place when on their way to their seats on the Danube—a past which saw and entertained armies of Germans and their kings as they went to Rome to be crowned—a past which in the Middle Ages witnessed caravans of Italian and German merchants with their pack horses and conveyances travelling between Italy and Germany.

In these bygone days it not infrequently happened that large waggons laden with most precious goods, and drawn by four or eight horses, arrived in such numbers from Venice, Trieste, Bozen,

Lower Market in MITTENWALD

MITTENWALD

Musical Instrument Manufactory MITTENWALD.

Nürnberg, Augsburg and other places, that the streets of Mittenwald could scarcely contain them.

In addition to these might have been seen all the year round in the streets, men having in charge twenty or more horses, whose business it was to transport merchandise and to supply extra horses for conveyances over the mountains.

These men formed themselves into a corporation called the Rott, and together with the Raft Corporation became a powerful influence in the town, where they had the monopoly of transport both by road and river (Isar). The chief street is still called the Rottstrasse.

This town reached the highest point of its prosperity when in the year 1487 it secured the right of holding the annual fairs hitherto held in Bozen. It grew rapidly and fitted up houses and factories for receiving and depositing goods. It built hotels, large coach houses, yards and stables for the accommodation of strangers.

The warehouses were stocked with treasures and spices from the Levant, with jewels and trinkets from Venice, and with tapestry, fancy goods, and raw products from the German market. But even more varied than the goods in the warehouses was the life lived within the town during the time of the fairs. Noble merchants from the north and from the south arrived here on richly caparisoned horses, accompanied by their footmen and servants. Smaller traders came in from north and south on foot, carrying their wares on their backs, rich drivers and rough porters, officials of the Rott and Raft Corporation, riding and walking messengers, pious pilgrims all astray in the confusion while seeking their way to the church, the musicians pouring forth their joyous strains in the front of the hotels. What a picture it made, and what a contrast to the present!

For a hundred and ninety two years these fairs brought prosperity to Mittenwald and the neighbouring towns of Partenkirchen and Ammergau, and when they ceased to be held here all this prosperity, life, vigour, and joyousness gave place to an almost gloomy quietude.

But although its glory departed with its fairs more than two hundred years ago, it could not be deprived of its beautiful situation, its quaint streets and houses, its magnificent mountains, its gay and dancing river, its beautiful flora, its interesting people, its traditions and superstitions—all these remain yet to delight those who are able to visit the place.

There is no gloom or dullness there now, for it is the centre of an industry which brings it into communication with the whole world, and that is the making of violins and other stringed instruments.

The changes which steam and rail have wrought in Europe generally have not touched this place, and the influence, anything but good, which has been exercised by the tourist class in Switzerland and elsewhere has not yet found its way here; indeed, so little is known of Mittenwald and how to get to it, that I will tell how we got there and at what expense.

We left Munich at half-past ten in the morning, taking our tickets to Murnau, a distance of fifty-one miles, for which we paid four shillings and a penny each, second class, and nine shillings for luggage, not a pound of which is free in Bavaria, and arrived at our destination at two o'clock.

The train moved so slowly that we were almost inclined to believe what we had heard, viz., that beggars often walked by the side of it collecting alms.

We passed through the little village of Gauting, with its two churches close together and exactly alike, about which the story is told that the pastor and his flock having disagreed, he lost his position, and with his own means

built a second church precisely like the first, where he continued to preach for the rest of his life. A second story runs that last year a gentleman came to Gauting for rest and quiet after having been under treatment for a disease of the eye which caused him to see double, and of which he considered himself quite cured. The first thing he saw on leaving the station was these two churches, and in despair he returned the way he came, believing that his malady must be incurable, as he still saw double.

Then we passed Mühl, a short distance from which King Pepin used to hold his court. It was to Mühl that his affianced bride was to be sent, but the miller's wife in this village was ambitious, and conceived the idea of becoming mother-in-law to the King. So giving instructions to her husband and his man to waylay the coming bride and kill her, she substituted her own daughter, who bore a strong likeness to the princess. The men were more merciful than the woman, and instead of killing the poor lady they let her loose in the woods, bringing home a roebuck's tongue as a proof of her death.

The miller's daughter was married to King Pepin and all went well for a year. At the end of that time the king, while hunting, was benighted at the mill, and one of the courtiers discovered the real princess hiding among the flour sacks. She showed proof of her identity, and the miller's wife was forced to confess her guilt.

Her husband had already died of remorse, but she and the false queen were put into tubs full of nails and rolled down into the river, and the king married the persecuted princess, who became the mother of Charlemagne.

We had several good views of the Star-berger sea also, as we moved slowly along.

At length we reached Murnau, where at the Hotel Post we obtained a sledge. We were to have had a grand one, all red velvet and blue tassels, which had belonged to the late King Ludwig, but our boxes were too big, and we occupied therefore a humbler one with two horses and a good coachman, and started off to the merry music of sleigh-bells.

What a delightful sensation it was as we flew along in the clear air through fir forests and picturesque villages, with the white, pure snow glistening in the sunlight!

We went to Partenkirchen without pause. Here we changed sledge and coachman, and well wrapped up we again went out into the cold, fresh air and made our way to Mittenwald. It was like travelling in fairyland, so beautiful was the effect of the bright moonlight on the snow.

For these two sledges we paid thirty-seven shillings, and the journey between the two places took six hours. This can be done at a fourth of the expense if the post omnibus be made use of; but then it is of course nothing like so pleasant as one's own carriage or sledge.

We were glad to find our rooms ready for us, a splendid wood fire and a bright lamp burning, as we entered the Hotel Post a little tired and cold. The recollection of this hotel and the kindness and unbounded hospitality of host and hostess will be always one of the pleasantest in this very pleasant journey.

It had been so long our earnest desire to see this old town, and so many had been the pictures we had drawn of it in our imagination, that there was great danger of the reality falling short of our expectations.

Fortunately for us it stood the test. Its situation is exquisite. Standing high up in the southern Alps of Bavaria, almost midway between Munich and Innsbruck, it is overlooked and guarded by the magnificent rocky walls of the Karwendel and Wetterstein mountains, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea—mountains which hold their icy sceptre at least three parts of every year.

The Isar, as it flows rapidly on from its

mountain home by the foot of the Karwendel, adds not a little to the beauty and brightness of the scene. The quaint and frescoed houses, the fountains and running streams in the centre of the streets, the beautiful old church, the kind and hospitable people—all make such a charming whole that no wonder the few who know it go again and again to renew their pleasure in the old-fashioned picturesque town of Mittenwald.

There are lovely wooded walks, too, in every direction; the edelweiss grows in abundance on the mountains, and many lovely flowers are to be found here which are not met with elsewhere. It is a wonderful, but by no means disagreeable mixture of an old south German commercial town and an agricultural village.

The entrance to the houses is by large arched gates, similar to those one sees in Nürnberg; and on the walls of the houses are marvellous frescoes, with colours rich and good as when 300 years ago they were painted. Take it altogether, one can scarcely go to a place more full of stirring recollections, more beautiful in its situation, or less spoiled by modern progress.

The inhabitants are scarcely less interesting than the place. They are original, independent, lovers of freedom, and endowed with a taste for the fine arts. You have only to show yourself an artist or a musician, to be honoured and taken to their hearts at once; they are kind and trusting to strangers; they are full of romance and poetic feeling, and it is rare, indeed, to find a thief and a liar among them.

One feels sorry that they should have given up their former picturesque costumes; they are a handsome race of people, and the ordinary modern dress is not suitable. They, in common with their neighbours in Ober-Ammergau, possess an innate talent for theatrical representations; and although public acting is gradually dying out among them, they still indulge in it in their homes on winter evenings. They are a very religious people; their church is beautiful and well endowed. We were present at the Sunday afternoon service, at which the old and venerable pastor catechised the young men and women of his flock.

It seemed to us as though every house must have been left empty during the service; old and young came pouring out of the big portals in such numbers, all wending their way to the church, in which there was soon not even standing room.

After a short, earnest service the young men and women quietly stood up to be catechised in Bible history, and to receive a short address on their daily duties. There was no false shame—it was evidently a time-honoured practice, and I could not help thinking a good one also. The pastor was like a father among his children, knowing them all by name. It is easy to see that religion is a very important factor in their lives, their very amusements are bound up with it: take for example the Passion Play. It is easy to understand that in a place such as this, with its old world history, its mountains, its woods, its joyous streams, there would be an abundance of legends, superstitions, and old customs, and this being so we should not represent either people or place correctly if we omitted to mention some of these.

There is a strong belief among the people that great treasures are hidden away in the Karwendel, and jealously guarded by mountain spirits and gnomes; and it is further believed that a number of people, on account of the misuse of their riches in this world, or because of their miserliness, are banished with their treasures to the inner part of this wonderful mountain, and are allowed only now and then to revisit the upper world to look for men who will redeem them from their unhappy condition.

The legend which you hear from everyone is about a beautiful lady (called the Erzfräulein), who has been for hundreds of years bewitched and kept prisoner by the king of the gnomes. She is said to live in a crystal palace, deep down in the heart of the mountain, which is fitted up with indescribable treasures, and before which the waves of a fiery lake move hither and thither. The entrance to the palace is guarded by terrible dragons. Whoever will release the lady from her condition is to be rewarded by all the treasures with which she is surrounded.

It is said that she shows herself now and then to children, sometimes even to grown-up people, who may chance to be gathering wood or plucking berries in the neighbourhood of the mountain. She wears a mediæval dress, such as was customary for noble ladies, and on a girdle, sparkling with gold and jewels, hangs a reticule. She is wonderfully beautiful, but her pale face and attitude show great sorrow. If she sees a child, or anyone of a pure heart, she beckons to them with sorrowful gesture that they should follow and enter her palace. Many have made the attempt to follow, but the dragons which watch the entrance vomit flame and fire upon them. Those who desire to enter—so say the people—must mark their forehead with the sign of the cross, must keep silence, and in spite of terrors and dangers which meet them on the way, they must silently proceed, nor must they let any sign of fear escape them. If they succeed in this the monsters and their flames will have no power over them, and they will step unharmed into the palace.

Here they will find a magic sword, with which to conquer the dragons, and the lady will be set free from the ban.

Up to this time no one has succeeded in the enterprise; the lady still waits to be freed, and still is to be observed near the mountain, where also a fiery wheel may be seen rolling rapidly round, and where also ghastly owls of an unnatural size congregate, and in the summer nights make such an awful screech that they can be heard for miles.

Other legends there are concerning the Isar, which seems always to have had more or less of gold in its sand. This seems to have been well known to the Venetians, who in centuries gone by used to come each year for it, building their huts beside a brook which flows into the Isar at Mittenwald. Here they industriously washed the sand and found for their pains many nuggets of gold.

The legend runs that a shepherd boy, sitting beside a fountain in the street of Mittenwald, watched the sparkling water till all at once he observed glittering little balls come tumbling out of the fountain in great numbers. He put his hand in, and filled his cap up to the brim with them. On showing them to the people they declared the balls to be of pure gold. They searched the place where the boy had found them, but could discover nothing but sand—the envious mountain nixes had shut up the gold fountain.

One more legend, and I have done. There was once a grasping man in the community, who tried to increase his land by removing the boundary stones back on to his neighbour's property. As a punishment for this he has

been compelled to keep nightly watch as a ghost, and patrol his fields. He is said to carry his head under his arm, and will never attain to rest and sanctity. We did not see this apparition, but were assured there were old people living who had.

We remained in this romantic and beautiful old town till we had learned the history of the violin, from the time it was a child in the forest until, a thing of perfect beauty and symmetry, it waited quietly for the master-hand to draw forth its sweet enchanting sounds.

We have told how we reached Mittenwald, and of our delightful sojourn there. We left it one clear frosty morning, at nine o'clock, amid the kind wishes and regrets of host and hostess. The sledge and a pair of horses were at the door to convey us to Innsbruck, a journey of thirty-two miles.

What a journey it was! One more beautiful we never made. Imagine us speeding away, unaccompanied by any sound save that of the sleigh bells, through fairy forests and between majestic mountains, with the Karwendel ever raising its snow-white sparkling head into the intensely blue sky as the king of all!

As to us, we looked like a couple of elderly fairies, when at two o'clock we drew up at the Tiroler Hof Innsbruck, all frosted over, our garments an ashy-grey, and our breath frozen on to our veils into a stiff sheet of ice; but a good meal and warm fire soon made all right. The journey, everything included, between Mittenwald and Innsbruck cost us two pounds.

In our next chapter we hope to tell you about the violins of Mittenwald.

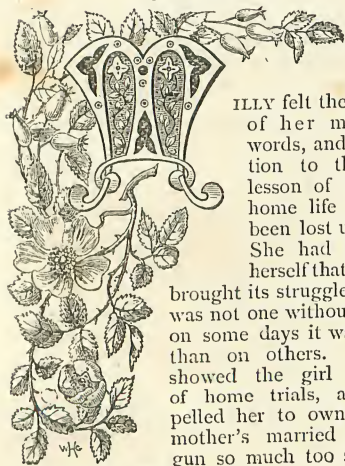
(To be continued)

EATING RUE PIE.

A SHORT STORY FOR WORKING GIRLS.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER II.



MILLY felt the wisdom of her mother's words, and in addition to these the lesson of her own home life had not been lost upon her. She had seen for herself that each day

brought its struggle. There was not one without, though on some days it was harder than on others. Memory showed the girl all sorts of home trials, and compelled her to own that her mother's married life, begun so much too soon, had been one of incessant toil.

Ignorance, and want of domestic experience at the outset, had made it much harder still; for the mill hand of sixteen years old knew nothing of household work. She had begun with all to learn, and she had no one to teach her, not even her own mother, for Burton's work lay far from the neighbourhood where, during a short visit, he met his girl-wife.

The result had been a poor, slipshod, hand-to-mouth state of things, amid which the troop of children were growing up somehow, but with little more of training than their mother had to begin with.

Milly was the eldest living. A hard-working lass, with her mother's loving heart and a great deep sense of her own ignorance, together with a longing hope that her married life should not be a repetition of what she saw and grieved over at home.

She was sorely tried between her own convictions, seconded by her mother's advice on the one hand, and Dick's anxiety to be married on the other. She was afraid to make him angry by a direct "No," when he talked of a wedding in three months' time. She loved him truly, but with a more reasonable, self-sacrificing affection than Dick's for herself.

He, poor fellow! thought that he was considering Milly above everything else in wishing to devote his earnings to make her comfortable, and planning to take her right away from the place she called "home," but which was so different from the tidy, well-ordered cottage where his life had been spent.

Two months passed all too quickly, and Dick kept urging Milly to make up her mind.

"There are two plans to choose between," he said. "I believe, if we do marry, mother would let us live with her. She has no daughter, and she would treat you as if you were hers, for my sake, though she likes you for your own too. She could teach you everything, for she is a rare fine housekeeper, seeing she was in service and in good places for fourteen years."

"She didn't get married whilst she was a girl in her teens," said Milly archly, and looking up with a smile into Dick's face.

"Maybe she hadn't a chance," he replied, feeling that he had given an argument against

such an early marriage, when he was pleading for it in his own case.

"That is not likely, Richard. You have only to look at her face and notice her ways to be sure that your mother was a treasure that plenty would have been glad to get for themselves."

"The other plan is for me to take my bit of money out of the bank, and furnish two little rooms to start in. Two rooms for two folks would be plenty," said Richard, not choosing to answer Milly more directly.

"Dick," said the girl, "you know how I care for you, and how sorry I am to vex you in any way. But I do feel how much better it would be for us to wait two or three years yet, before we get married. You would be able to save a bit more, in case of slack work or anything that might stop your wages, and I should be learning things that would make me a better wife. I would ask your mother to teach me what mine cannot, for she never had such training; and when she says that I am fit to get married, I will not keep you waiting any longer. You are made so comfortable now, that I feel quite afraid when I think how little I can do outside the mill. Dick, dear, take your mother's advice, and do believe that I only want what is best for you. If I thought about myself only, I could be very glad to get right away from my home. There is little comfort in it. You know that."

Dick could not answer the gentle pleading words with angry ones, or shake off the hand that rested so trustfully on his arm. He heard how Milly's voice trembled, and he caught the sound of a sob as she finished.

He never doubted her affection for himself, and, well! he felt there was only one girl in the world for him. But none the less he had set his mind on marrying as soon as he could earn a pound a week, and could ill endure contradiction.

He restrained himself so far that he did not answer sharply, but he did what was to tender-hearted Milly almost as bad. He looked displeased and said nothing, but walked on in sullen silence.

Milly broke it by saying in a trembling voice—

"Richard, when we were little things, we always came from school together, for I had to pass your house on the way home. Do you remember what you used to talk about?"

Richard would not speak, but the girl continued, "It was always about your mother, how good she was, and how clever. When we got to the door, I used to think the place looked just lovely. Things were always in their right corners, and yet they made you feel comfortable when you peeped in. I don't think many grand people, who have servants to do for them, have brighter firesides in winter time, or more sunshine in their big rooms than came through the clear, clean window to light up your mother's little ones. There were always plants for the sun to peep in at, flowers in summer, and something green in winter, making the prettiest shade, instead of a white curtain to the window. And the dinner table! It looked fit for gentlefolks, with its smooth white cloth, bright knives and forks, and little glass things on it fairly shining with the clearness that came of cleanliness. I have heard your mother say that cleanliness and order are not only pleasanter, but cheaper than dirt and disorder. That it is through your things being neglected and out of their proper places, that they are worn out and broken in half the time. And she says too, and has proved it, that it is as easy to have pretty things about you as ugly ones, for they cost no more except a little extra care in choosing, instead of taking whatever comes to hand that will do for the time. You have heard your mother say all this, Richard, haven't you?"

"Of course I have; but what has it to do with our getting married in a month?" said Richard.

"A great deal. Oh, Richard, when I used

to see the table you would get your dinner off, and then think of the one at our house, I used to cry. I knew there would be dirty crockery from breakfast, and either no cloth at all, or one with stains and crumbs on it, for sometimes it went for days without being shaken. It seemed as if it just stayed there until it was quite too dirty for even us children. And the house was very seldom quiet, what with the little ones being cross or getting into mischief, or father would be vexed because dinner was not ready in time, and scolding mother. We children had things anyhow. We were glad to get out again as soon as possible, and we just ate a bit as we stood, or took some food in our hands and ran off to school, neither fed nor tidied as we ought to have been. As soon as I was old enough, I went to the mill to earn a little towards my living. I have done what I could at home, but I know so little. I can see how different your mother's ways are, but I cannot do things as she does. I am very willing to learn."

Here Richard interrupted Milly by saying in an impatient tone, "Where's the good of telling all this over again? Don't I know it already as well as you?"

"I thought so about the old days when we were little ones together, and how I felt then. I wanted to bring them back, just to put you in mind how differently we had been brought up. Not as an excuse for my being so ignorant, but to show you that I ought to learn better things and ways before we get married, then I can begin right and make you comfortable."

"And how could you make a better start than with my mother, if she will let us live with her for a while?"

"I scarcely think she would like it, Dick, though I am quite sure she would let me come backwards and forwards beforehand, and teach me all I want to know."

"Now, Milly, you may as well tell what is in your mind. It is not mother, but you who do not want us all to live together. I know how it is. You are like the rest of girls, and think that a mother-in-law will be always spying after you and fault-finding. Mine is not that sort, and I thought you knew her better."

Milly was really distressed at these words, for they were unjust. The tears streamed down her cheeks, for she was a tender, loving-hearted young creature, simple-minded and

true. She could honestly say that the thoughts of which Richard accused her had never entered her mind. She did say so, when she could steady her voice sufficiently, and she added, "There is nobody in the whole world that I respect and look up to as I do to your mother. It is because she is so nice and good that I want to be like her for your sake."

Richard believed Milly. He could not help it, and he was half ashamed of his ill-temper and injustice, though as little inclined to give in as ever with regard to a speedy marriage.

"If you mean what you say then, Milly, you will be only too glad to come to mother if she is willing to have you. The sooner you are away from the old home and ways, the more time you will have to get used to better ones. I shall have a talk with mother to-night, and she must settle whether we make a start along with her, or in a little place of our own."

"Richard, you must not spend the few pounds it has taken you years to save. If you do there will be nothing for a rainy day. We can well afford to wait, and now I am getting good wages for a girl, I can save something too. It would be best to put down on paper what we shall want. Your mother will help us, and then we can take time and look about, buying the things one at a time, as we get the money together for it. I've often thought that poor folks who have to save and contrive for getting their furniture together, seem to value every bit and to care for it as people never can who have fine houses, full of beautiful things all ready to go to."

"I would be well satisfied if anybody would give me a nice house all ready to go into and take you to, Milly," replied Dick. "I would not say, 'No, thank you,' to an offer like that."

The very idea of such a chance made Richard laugh, and Milly laughed for company, but when they parted, the girl, though silenced, was no more convinced than before that it would be wise for a couple so young as Dick and herself to enter upon the solemn responsibilities of married life. She hoped much from the talk with Mrs. Beckett, who would, she felt sure, take sides with herself rather than with Richard, dear as he was to her motherly heart.

(To be continued.)



USEFUL HINTS.

SHORTBREAD.

Put one pound and a quarter of butter in a pan, and then add one pound of loaf sugar dust; mix them well together, and then add four eggs; mix well in as before, then add two pounds of flour, then roll the dough out, and cut them to the size you want them; put a piece of peel on the top.

MADEIRA CAKES.

Put one pound of eggs in a pan, and add one pound of loaf sugar dust; beat all together with a whisk till it gets a little thick, then add one pound of flour; mix it in lightly with your hand; add one or two drops of essence of lemon; put white paper round, and bottom of the tins or hoops, then lay one

or two pieces of peel and a few currants at the bottom.

TEA MILK SCONES.

Take two pounds of flour, add five ounces of butter; rub it in as small as possible, then add half ounce of carbonate of soda and quarter of an ounce of tartaric acid; rub them well in the flour, then quarter of a pound of loaf sugar dust, and quarter of a pound of currants; rub them in as before, add about half a pint of milk; then mix it, roll the dough out and fold it over two or three times, and then cut them to the size you want them.

JUBILEE POUND CAKE.

Take two pounds and a quarter of flour, then add half a pound of butter; rub it in the

flour very fine, add also one ounce of carbonate of soda and half an ounce of tartaric acid; rub them in the flour as fine as possible, then add one pound of sugar and two pounds of currants, and rub them in the flour as before, and two ounces of mixed peel; then add a pint and a half of milk and eight eggs, two or three drops of essence of lemon; mix them.

LARDED TEA CAKES.

Take one pound of flour, six ounces of lard; rub it well in the flour, then add two ounces of loaf sugar dust; mix it in as before, then half a pint of milk; make it into a dough, then roll it out and fold it three or four times, and cut them to the size you would like them.

PIANOFORTE DUET PLAYING.



N this article I propose to give a slight account of the beautiful school of art which exists in this form, and which, for some unaccountable reason, has been so strangely neglected. The position of the players may, perhaps, have something

to do with this, being to some eyes rather constrained; but two performers accustomed to play duets constantly, would, in the course of a short space of time, naturally assume a more convenient and graceful attitude than a couple of players associated together for one or two performances at a concert, who, perhaps, have never played with each other before, and who, possibly, may not do so again.

I do not think I am likely to be contradicted when I assert that (in England at any rate) there is a lamentable ignorance among professors and amateurs of the many masterpieces which have been composed in this form.

I propose calling attention to these works under different headings, as follows:—

1. Sonatas. 2. Pieces in Classic Form.
3. Variations, Transcriptions, Fantasias; and
4. Arrangements.

These last named do not properly belong to the piano at all, but since it is in this form that pianoforte duets are most played, I will say a few words about them later on.

To give a complete or exhaustive list of duets existing would be outside the province of this article. I shall therefore confine myself to naming the composers who have bequeathed works of art to the world in this form, and endeavouring to establish the fact that it is as useful and as essential to pianoforte players to

play and practise duets as it is to play the piano at all.

The master to whom we owe the most in this respect is, undoubtedly, Schubert. The number, variety, and beauty of his pianoforte duets have been approached by no other writer.

His beautiful marches are perhaps the best known of his works in this form, but a reference to the complete catalogue of his works, published by the great Leipsic firm of Breitkopf and Härtel, shows that he has actually written no less than fifty-one pianoforte duets, amongst which are: 3 sonatas (one well known, in C major, op. 140), 3 overtures, 2 rondos, 2 grand divertissements, 4 great fantasias, 4 sets of variations, a fugue, ländler, polonaises, etc.—a remarkable legacy to duettists. Surely if a great master wrote so much in this form, it behoves us to study gratefully what he has left us.

Of the great masters perhaps Beethoven and Mendelssohn have left to us the fewest duets.

The greatest master has only a small sonata, three marches, and one or two sets of variations, all in his earliest Mozart style.

Mendelssohn's duets are two in number, but valuable additions to the duettist's library. They consist of an allegro in A major, op. 92, and a set of variations in B flat major, op. 83, which last were played at the Popular Concerts soon after they were started.

Apropos of the Popular Concerts, I find records of three duet performances, and three only.

Mendelssohn's variations have a somewhat noteworthy history. They were composed originally for one performer, but subsequently re-composed and played by the composer with Sterndale Bennett at the latter's concert in 1844.

Hummel, it is said, achieved his reputation

as a composer by his grand sonata duet in A flat, which bears an inscription (on Messrs. Cocks's edition) saying it was played by the author and Mrs. Anderson, by the author and Mr. Henry Field, and the author and Mr. C. O. Hodges. It is a truly remarkable work in his best style. He has also left a sonata, quasi-rantasia, in E flat, and some variations.

Carl Maria von Weber's duets are remarkable for their extreme shortness combined with their extreme beauty. They consist of 6 pieces op. 3, 6 pieces op. 10, and 8 pieces op. 60. Selections from op. 60 have been performed at the Popular Concerts. They are easy, with the exception of those op. 60, which require advanced players for their interpretation.

Mozart has left a great legacy in the shape of duets. They consist of 4 sonatas (of which the third is the finest), 2 fine capriccios, 1 set of variations, and a fugue. This fugue is considered one of the finest he ever wrote. It is a marvel of constructive skill and melody.

Of the ancients who have left beautiful duets can be mentioned also Clementi, Kalkbrenner, Czerny, J. B. Cramer, Herz, Dussek, Field, Hässler, Kalliwooda, Kuhlau, Onslow (about whose sonata duets I shall have a few words to say), E. Wolf, and Wolff, etc.

It is a singular fact that Chopin and Stephen Heller, though professedly piano writers, have not written a single duet, at least to my knowledge.

I am obliged for want of space to leave out names that are entitled to be mentioned in this article, but I trust to take up the subject and go into it again, in giving the various forms of duets complete essays to themselves.

I find I have omitted Schumann, but will give an account of his duets (which are highly interesting) at a future date.

WALTER VAN NOORDIN.
(To be continued.)

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," "The Shepherd's Fairy," "Seven Sons," "Spoilt Guy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.



EN minutes' fast walking brought Noah to a strange-looking building, not unlike the toy Noah's arks children play with, and its shape had given it its name. Noah's

ark. The foundation of this house was an old boat, on the top of which the cottage itself, consisting of three rooms, was built. It stood by the water's edge at the head of the broad where the river widened; there was an empty space cleared among the reeds and sedges by the side of the ark, and here a large eel-net was spread out to dry on stakes, some eel trunks with holes pierced in the lids stood near ready to receive the catch of to-night, and by the door sat a comely woman, about forty, knitting.

"What has come to Eve, Noah? The child is crying fit to break her heart," said Mrs. Oldman, as Noah approached.

"She has been disobedient, and I have had to punish her," said Noah, laconically.

"My patience, Noah, you don't mean to tell me you have been and beaten the child?" exclaimed Mrs. Oldman, rising and looking terrified at the idea which had just struck her.

"No, I have not. Where is she?" said Noah, quietly.

"What do you want with her?" said Mrs. Oldman, aloud; inwardly she added, "I don't like the looks of you; you'd beat me for two pins in your present mood."

"I want to forgive her," said Noah.

"Oh! well, if that is all you want, you'll find her indoors somewhere, in her own room very likely," said his wife, with a sigh of relief.

Noah entered the ark. The first room served as kitchen, sitting-room, and dining-room, but Eve was not there; he

opened a door which led from the kitchen to his own bedroom, and Eve was not there, so he stepped across it and opened another door which led into a tiny room in the bows of the ark, and there was Eve sitting by the little window, still weeping bitterly.

"Eve, come to me, my little one," said Noah, opening his arms as he crossed the threshold, and Eve rose and threw herself into them, weeping and wailing. "Hush, child, hush," said Noah, half-frightened at her vehemence, as he took her on his knee, and sitting down on her little bed, kissed her flushed face and rocked her gently in his arms, as if she were an infant, to still her sobs.

"Oh, father, father! I am too wicked; I shall never be happy again."

"Not when father has forgiven you, as he does?" said Noah, taking the tear-stained face, lovely even so, in his hands and smiling down upon it.

His smile had almost a magical effect on Eve; she twined her arms round his neck, kissed him, and then pillowing her



“WHAT HAS COME TO EVE, NOAH? THE CHILD IS CRYING FIT TO BREAK HER HEART.”

soft cheek against his stalwart shoulder, sighed a sigh of ineffable content, and Noah added not another word of admonition to the lesson he had already given her—a lesson he knew neither she nor any of those who had witnessed it would ever forget.

Later in the evening, when Eve was asleep, an occasional sob still witnessing to the past storm, and Noah had finished the basin of tea and bread and bacon which was his usual supper, Adam Day arrived to help Noah set the eel-net for the night as soon as the tide turned, for eels only run with the ebb. As they worked they talked but little and only about eels and grigs, and the various methods of bobbing and spearing, netting, and using long night-lines.

"If this Net Fishery Bill passes, you'll have to get a new net, with a larger mesh, Father Noah," said Adam, who had looked upon Noah as his father ever since he could remember, for his own father died when he was a baby.

"And pass it will, and right it should, too. We catch a deal too many young pike, not to say anything about the tench and bream, rud and perch, and smelts, too, in the spring, with this small mesh," said Noah.

"You are about the only eel-man on the broads that acknowledges the justice of it; nevertheless, they all say it is taking the bread out of poor men's mouths to put pike into rich men's baskets."

"Yes, but it isn't true, and they know it; poor men eat pike and bream as well as rich men, and unless something is done, and quickly too, our pike-fishery will suffer considerably. Personally, I shall be a sufferer, for my net was new last year, and is worth £50 if it is worth a penny; but I don't expect to be able to use it much longer, so I am making a new one."

"And what do you think about the long eel-lines?"

"Oh! there is no harm in them, but they'll be prohibited before long, too, and it will be hard on us eel-men, but we shall just have to grin and bear it; there are greater wrongs than that to be borne in the world."

"Father Noah, wouldn't it be a grand thing to be able to right one of the wrongs in the world before one died?" said Adam, as they strolled into the ark.

"It would, indeed, my boy, if it pleased God to use you or me for such a purpose, but it is a grand thing to do His will faithfully, if it be only to set an eel-net all one's life. It is not the work itself, but the way in which we do it, which makes our actions grand and noble, or mean and base."

"But do you think because my father was an eel-man like you, I must never hope to be anything but an eel-man all my life?"

"Certainly not; God has given you great talents, and no doubt He will give you the means of cultivating them. His will may be that you should rise from the position in which you were born by your own energy, and if so, your duty is to do your best to cultivate the talents He has given you, and that I know you need no prompting to do. Now for our reading; I will light the lamp."

While Noah lit the lamp, Adam went to a book-shelf on which stood a row of books; there were only a few, but they were well-chosen and well read. There was a Bible the worse for wear, a Shakespeare, Milton, "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Imitation of Christ," an English version of Dante's "Divina Commedia," "White's Selborne," Pope's Homer, one or two volumes of history, Carlyle's "French Revolution" among them; "Robinson Crusoe," and Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." This made up almost the whole of Noah's library, among which Adam found no difficulty in choosing a book, but taking down the Shakespeare, opened it, and began to read aloud the play of "Julius Cæsar." Noah, had he been consulted, would have preferred Milton, but he did not say so. The boy read well, but he could not do himself justice, for he was obliged to read in a low tone for fear of disturbing the fish, and also for fear of not hearing the warning whistle of an approaching wherry; once or twice he was so carried away by the excitement the play roused in him, that he unwittingly raised his voice, and Noah, who sat smoking and listening at the door of the ark, was obliged to whisper a warning hush!

Once or twice the reading was interrupted by a wherry, and Noah and Adam had to go out into the midsummer night and lower the eel-net to let the wherry pass safely; sometimes the hooting of an owl, and at intervals the passionate song of the nightingale, broke the stillness outside, stillness so great that even the splash of a fish or a water-rat was audible; once the bell-like bark of an otter made Noah turn a longing eye to his gun, which hung above Adam, who was too much enthralled with the story of Brutus and Cassius to heed aught else, and Noah, keen sportsman as he was, subdued the desire to give chase to the otter, rather than annoy the lad by interrupting his reading.

About midnight the play was finished, and Adam, feeling that ordinary conversation would at once break the spell the immortal bard had cast around him, sat silent, till Noah, who was lost in thought, said—

"*Et tu Brute?*"

Adam supposed he was thinking of the play, but as a matter of fact Noah

was thinking of One far greater than Cæsar, of One who, alas! has cause to breathe that reproachful 'et tu' to each and all His dearest friends, of One who during those long night-watches was very near the eel-man, with whom He walked and talked as with a friend.

"Father Noah, it was Master Clifford's fault that Eve went with us to-day; he persuaded her," said Adam, dubiously.

"I thought as much; I don't care for Eve to be so much with him, though they are but children; moreover, they are apt to play when they get together and might upset the boat; now with you and Miss Grace I know Eve is safe enough."

"It was all right, as Miss Grace was there; Clifford is always good before her—her very presence seems to keep him in order. I never have the least trouble with any of the school-children so long as she is in the schoolroom; child as she is, I believe the very worst boy in the school would be afraid as well as ashamed to do anything wrong in her presence. She seems to me like a beautiful white lily which sheds its fragrance on all the weeds around it."

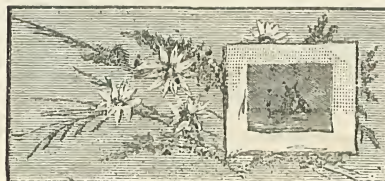
"She is a dear, good child; I wish my little Eve was more like her; but, Adam, it is time you went home to bed; I can't lift the net before four this morning, the tide begins to flow soon after that. Tell your mother you'll make a first-rate eel-man if you never do anything else."

"That is all she expects or wants me to do, but it won't satisfy me, even if I were such a good eel-man as you, Father Noah, though to be half as good a man, perhaps, would," said Adam, dodging to avoid the playful box on the ears his last remark called forth, as he left the Ark.

When he was gone, Noah sat thinking about him; wondering if the boy, now a pupil teacher, and already far ahead of the village schoolmaster in every branch of knowledge, would rise above the ranks; wondering what the future of the four children he had seen that day in the boat would be; wondering if Adam would grow to love his little Eve, and so become his son, and perhaps hoping that it would be so; wondering where Mr. Leicester would find a husband good enough for his gentle Grace; wondering who would keep Arthur Clifford, whom he knew to be the spoilt child of worldly parents, from the evil of the world; wondering, in short, what the fortunes of those four boys and girls would be; and, wise as he was, arriving at nothing in the least like what they really were.

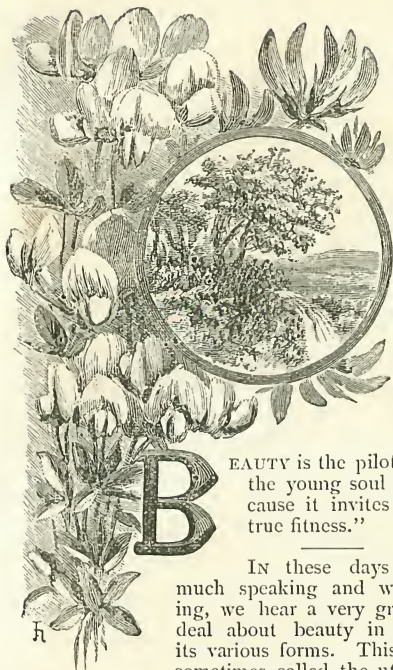
What those fortunes were this story will tell.

(To be continued.)



THE SERVICE OF BEAUTY.

INTRODUCTION.



BEAUTY is the pilot of the young soul because it invites to true fitness."

In these days of much speaking and writing, we hear a very great deal about beauty in all its various forms. This is sometimes called the utilitarian age; it cannot, I think, be justly described by that name alone. Beauty, the elder and fairer, is ever striving to keep up and go hand in hand with that bustling and energetic sister of hers, Utility.

In our love of nature we are surely behind no other age, as our English school of landscape painting bears witness, and that school of prose and poetry in which the loveliness of nature is so lovingly noted and truthfully told. Then, appreciation of the beautiful in literature was never more widely made possible than at present, when education has admitted the best books to the intelligence, and low prices brought them within the means of all. As regards art, although it is not a period of great productiveness, there never was a more widespread interest in its higher branches, a more earnest endeavour after its appreciation and culture. In the practical application of art to our daily surroundings, to our houses, furniture, dress, and all the thousand-and-one details of civilised life, we have seen an immense reaction from the stereotyped forms and colours, often inartistic enough, which contented our grandfathers and grandmothers. We may measure the strength of this reaction by observing how a whole vocabulary has sprung up in connection with it; the æsthetic enthusiasts have coined new words and phrases which have entered into our common talk. There was indeed some fear of this æstheticism degenerating into a "craze," but the wholesome discipline of the satirist has checked this tendency and kept it within due limits.

We are sometimes unconscious of the important tendencies of our time, this movement towards the beautiful in all things is so decided that it cannot remain unrecognised. It enters into all our lives, more or less; let us try to understand it that we may give it a right direction. Why should so much be said and thought of beauty? What is the use of all this effort to make the mere surroundings, the material framework of our lives, more lovely and pleasant to look upon? We have answered the question by the words in which it is conveyed. Lovely is love-like, likely to

be loved; and pleasant is that which pleases. When a thing is lovely, it is that which we must love, and this love proves by its very existence one of the sacred needs of our higher nature, a need of beauty to satisfy it. A thing is pleasant to look upon, and the capacity we feel for this pleasure, by its very claim, proves its right to pleasant objects with which it shall be satisfied.

The appreciation of beauty is capable of great and intense gratification; no faculty so full of delight, no capacity for pleasure so high and varied, could have been given to us without some good end to be served. If we admit this, it becomes our duty to make the most of this, as of all our other faculties, and so to gain a greater breadth and richness of life. Making the most of our powers and capabilities is the secret of all true progress. Let us look upon every power or faculty as a sacred gift, granted us to be turned to the very best account, and we shall see that each one, insignificant though some may seem compared to the deeper needs and higher aspirations of our nature, should hold its due place in our growth, mental and spiritual. Looked at in this light, our love of beauty and our taste become matters of real importance—they are powers given us to be used and cultivated in the best way; in so far as we neglect and waste them, or turn them to a bad use, we do wrong. Ruskin, who speaks to us with a prophet's voice of these things, says, "Beauty has been appointed by the Deity to be one of the elements by which the soul is continually sustained;" and further, that no true idea of beauty is possible without purity of mind, that the sensation of beauty is neither sensual nor intellectual alone, but dependent on a pure, right, and open state of the heart, both for its truth and its intensity. And again, that our moral nature in its purity and perfection receives pleasure only from the highest possible material sources, and the faculty by which we receive such pleasure is perfect taste.

The careful guarding of the sense of beauty and cultivation of right taste is necessary, then, to the development of our nature generally, as human beings with spirits which require sustaining just as much as bodies do.

Men and women, in the universal kingdom of beauty, have different parts to fill. The part of creating and producing falls chiefly to men; they have been, and it is probable they always will be, the great painters, sculptors, poets, and musicians. But if men are the creators, women are chiefly the administrators. It is theirs—not to sit alone in the studio and at the desk, devoting their whole self to the production of pure types of beauty—but to bring the results of that patient work into everyday life, to make known the best in art, to brighten the common things of the world with all the beauty they can place in sight, and so to elevate the whole life of those about them. Men dig in the deep treasure mines of nature's beauty for her hidden jewels; it is for women to set them where they may be seen, to use them nobly for their right purpose, and draw from them their full value. The word "lady" means "loaf-giver;" but the true lady should be, besides the dispenser of material bread, the dispenser of that which nourishes the higher life, the promoter and distributor of beauty, that divinely-appointed sustenance of the soul.

Men are occupied more with the rougher and sterner side of life, women placed more among its sheltered and softer aspects, favourable to the culture of beauty. A woman managing her household is a queen at the head of a little kingdom; it is her gracious

privilege to brighten and beautify all that is included in it—the house, the furniture, the garden, the dress and appearance of herself and her subjects. And beyond this lies another duty very closely allied to it—the duty of so brightening and beautifying all that belongs to her poorer neighbours, who too often are ignorant of the very idea of beauty.

In this large department of the service of beauty, we find the special privileges and responsibilities of girls. Their highest interest is bound up with all that concerns the elevation and expansion of womanhood, for the "girl is mother of the woman."

And there is for them, as girls, a share to be taken in the sweet and blessed work of beauty which cannot be taken by any other. It is the young girls themselves who should form a most beautiful part of home life. There is no such loveliness in nature as the loveliness of a young girl, and though it is seldom seen in its perfection, it is suggested constantly. Not all can lay claim to the precious gift of personal beauty, yet very few there are who do not possess some perfection of form or feature, some loveliness of youth. I hold that it is just as right as it is natural in girls to desire to be attractive in the eyes of others, to long to be graceful if not beautiful, to look nice if not pretty. There is an immense expenditure of time, strength and means always going on to attain this object; the only pity is that it should so seldom succeed, or, if successful, be not more honestly acknowledged. If girls would learn to take personal beauty at its true value, and openly set before them the aim of being as beautiful as they can, with a pure motive, there would be less vanity, less ill-health, and less outcry needed against the follies of Fashion.

In other ways there is much for girls to do in the service of beauty, and I hope to point out some reflections and suggestions which may help them. In the middle-classes of our society there is a want of more "sweetness and light." A certain delicacy of perception and refinement of taste are lacking too often as a balance to our downright bluntness and the practical common-sense on which we pride ourselves. We need a stronger sense of beauty as an added grace with which to crown the serious purpose of our lives.

As the education of women becomes more sound and complete, it is sometimes feared that they tend to become too hard-headed, too scientific, and too matter-of-fact. That will never be a real danger as long as they recognise in their sense of beauty a sacred trust, cultivate it to the utmost of their power, and refresh with its purity the dry and dusty paths of life.

To avoid the strong-minded type of woman, for whom graces are frivolities, on the one hand, and the over-sentimentalism of those "æsthetes" whose idol is blue china or a daffodil, on the other, is to strike the golden mean of that ideal womanhood which should be the aim of every right-minded girl.

BEAUTY IN NATURE.

"And Nature, the old Nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said;
'Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

"And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old Nurse
Who sang to him, night and day,
The rhymes of the universe.

"And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more wonderful tale."

LONGFELLOW.

Nature, our nursing-mother, serves us perpetually, and her ministrations are two-fold—they serve our senses and they serve our soul, if only we will not act like petulant children, and wilfully turn away from her cherishing and soothing power, or, blindly vain, reject her humbly proffered benefits, recognising only her grander guise and sterner authority.

We live in an atmosphere heated, for the most part, to fever-point, we men and women of the nineteenth century, and this from causes not within our individual control. An electric condition is generated by the friction of mind on mind, never so intense as it is now; things and thoughts move rapidly; and life tends to become more complicated and more exhausting. The young people particularly suffer from these influences. Cool steadfastness and possession of one's soul in patience are growths not forwarded by such an atmosphere, and these sober qualities are as much needed in youth, to counterbalance its natural impetuosity and impatience, as they are in any time of our life. In youth it is that "our hearts are hot and restless," if not yet "our lives are full of care," and then to revive, to calm and cool us, to lift the burden off, there is kind mother Nature holding out beautiful arms, ready to lay us upon her gentle bosom. Let us see that we do not scornfully pass her by in our young haste, or later we may find that we have missed a blessing no longer to be gained.

Nature ministers to our senses; our first concern with the fact that the sun shines, the starlit night hushes the earth, the crops ripen, the beasts and birds live after their kind, is that we are warmed and lighted, refreshed with sleep, clothed and fed. This much we claim from Nature as our right, for without this we cannot live, but this is only the beginning of what she does for us. "Man does not live by bread alone." Nature has nourishment for our higher life also, and unless we are fed with this, we must die in all but the poor life of the senses, narrow, indeed, in comparison with the wealth beyond. One man looks upon a cornfield and is roused to nothing but a speculation on the price of wheat; another sees in a field only the fact that it is his own; a third shall pass that way and be moved by the beauty of waving corn, and dewy pasture, and fair hill-side, to a purifying and ennobling enthusiasm. One man owns this patch of land, and another that, but he who loves its beauty is the true possessor of the landscape.

The fitness to their purpose of Nature's works is the measure of their beauty.

Every perfection of form, every brilliant colour, every grace of movement, every charm of sound, stands for health, for power of action, for fitness. Look upon a good specimen of a beech tree in early summer, mark its exquisite proportion of trunk and branches, its solid fixing in the soil, its graceful rearing to the sky, its dainty bark, the pure colour and rare texture of its leaves, each a wonder in its own way, of silky gloss and vivid green, unlike every other. What is it but a tree that is obeying perfectly all the laws of its being, every part fitted exactly to fulfil its function, that the development of the whole may be forwarded and perfected? So far perfect; but its fitness results in something more: it is not only a sound and healthy tree, it is beautiful. It appeals to our imagination, and brings

us in touch with the universal beauty of creation, so that, gazing up into this her miracle of fresh foliage, dancing and quivering in light and shade, we feel the poetry of all tree-life, and the harmony of all true growth.

So Nature serves our senses first, but beyond that our soul. Many a lesson have we to learn from the first process, but perhaps we gain most, when without reflecting much, we simply feel—when the contrast between our small, feverish, fussy lives and the grand, simple, quiet forces of the natural world is suddenly borne in upon us. In the "ohne Hast and ohne Rast" of Nature lies one open secret of her beauty. Here is no "working against time," no hasty imperfections, no harsh transitions. If we pass at once with chafed mind and cramped body from stress of work or wearying companionship into the freshness and peace of the outer air, how it strikes us then—the contrast! First, our bodies are renewed, and then, if we will, our spirits, by that all-embracing harmony of forces. It would seem that a law of compensation gives us, in our artificial lives, a power of recuperation from Nature, an intense sympathy with her moods, a realisation of her beauty, which was denied to men before they grew civilised up to our point, while yet they were at home with Nature, and drew upon her directly for their common daily uses. It is, in any case, a compensation within the power of all of us—of me who write and you who read; some opportunities of Nature-love fall to our lot. Do not make the mistake of thinking that she is only to be sought in her grand moods or exceptional aspects. If we will have her blessing for our own, we must be ready to accept it at any time, in any place; it is always there for the reverent eye and heart. They who hurry from Switzerland to Italy, from America to Egypt in search of the picturesque, who can only be moved to admiration by the sublime or unusual, miss the highest pleasures after all, as well as the most attainable. Not for them is the rich "harvest of a quiet eye."

There is as much beauty in the floating, gliding mist as in the thunderstorm, in "the grey majesty of a day of clouds," or the golden glory of an October afternoon, as in the full pageant of midsummer; as much charm in the flight of swallows in the air as in the mighty swell of breakers on the shore. The sight of the first primrose can waken "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," and affect us as much as the gorgeousness of an Alpine sunset. In our pride and ignorance we want some new sensation, something to startle and stimulate, and we pass over the common good that is always with us. Ruskin says of the sky, "It is fitted in all its functions for the comfort and exalting of the heart—for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dirt. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell one of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the

narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a mist of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary."

Too true and too sad a condemnation! We are foolish enough to make the angels weep, in overlooking that handwriting on the wall of heaven, while we grumble because the weather hurts "our animal sensations," or upsets our little plans. No one of us need complain that the beauty of Nature is beyond his reach; our lives, thank God, are rounded more or less by her loveliness, and not shut off from possibilities of communion close and intimate. I speak as one whose privilege it is to live by the sea, to recognise its daily influence almost as a spiritual friend, breathing, through its changeful moods, never twice alike, of eternity. As old as Creation, as fresh as the foam-flake of its spray, it is an ever open page of revelation, a heart-lifting and inspiring presence in one's daily life. But all have some similar privilege. Whenever and however we may meet her, "Nature never wears a mean appearance." To the dwellers in town there is a pleasure keen and precious in visiting the simplest scenes. Even the chastened glory of an autumn sunset seen through the dull mist of a town park has its peculiar charm. "The dullest country" in the "worst weather" may be found full of interesting variety of rich effect or delicate grace by those who have eyes to see. The bare Yorkshire moors were a nourishing feast to Emily Brontë's heart and brain. In the midst of plenty we often complain and starve. As Emerson says, "the eye is the true artist," after all.

A priceless benefit to every human being is this intercourse with Nature, an absolute necessity to some. We women, by the circumstances of our lives, so often bounded by four walls, need the freedom and reviving power of natural beauty to keep us in mental health. Our work runs mostly on narrow lines; our worries are of the small and indefinite kind which it is as impossible to keep within set limits as to drill a swarm of midges. There is no surer rest and refreshment (after our religion) than to bathe our souls in the beauty of Nature. May not indeed our religion itself lead us to "look through Nature up to Nature's God"? By our highly-strung nervous organisation, we women are peculiarly susceptible to moods and variations which are best soothed and corrected by contact with the eternal beauty always about us, resulting from obedience to law. In times of trial it is an unfailing help; we learn trust and patience from the harmony of beauty; if all these things work together for good, shall our life alone be an ugly discord? Here is Charles Kingsley's advice to the woman he loved, when they were suffering through a separation which seemed likely to last. "Study Nature—not scientifically—that would take eternity, to do it so as to reap much moral good from it . . . Do not study matter for its own sake, but as a countenance of God. Try to extract every line of beauty, every association, every moral reflection, every inexpressible feeling from it. Study the forms and colours of flowers and leaves, and the growth and habits of plants; not to classify them, but to admire them and adore God. Study the sky, study water, study the trees. Study the sounds and scents of Nature. Study all these as beautiful in themselves in order to re-combine the elements of beauty; next, as allegories and examples from whence moral reflections may be drawn; next, as types of certain tones of feeling, etc.;

but remain (yourself) in God-dependence, superior to them. Learn what feelings they express, but do not let them mould the tone of your mind; else, by allowing a melancholy day to make you melancholy, you worship the creature more than the Creator."

It has been feared, among other objections raised to the sway of science in our day, that its cold light will destroy the glamour of beauty in the natural world, that its hard facts will stifle the tender poetry, its keen precision cut at the root of all our old imaginings, and leave us in place of Nature's expressive countenance, a hideous skull of mere matter grinning at our discomfiture, or a cruel "Nature, red in tooth and claw."

This is a calumny of science; that worst of lies, a half-truth. Only look a little further than the surface, and you will see that every mystery cleared up by science does but reveal as it vanishes a mystery beyond; that every old conception of beauty is transformed by its light into fairer form. When we were little ones, we thought by reaching we could touch the stars, and there is "little joy" in first finding ourselves "farther off from heaven" than we thought; but when that illusion is

over, after all, is there not a deeper joy in finding that heaven is far enough away to give scope to our highest aspirations, and the sky vast and infinite beyond our fullest-grown imagination? Nature will bear the scrutiny of our telescopes and microscopes and all our instruments, and still reveal fathomless possibilities and delicate perfections beyond the wildest dreams of the poet. The mystery which is one chief element of her loveliness has but changed its aspect. The fairy-tales of science are the best of all—they leave nothing common or unclean, but touch all things with a new significance, with "a light that never was on sea or shore." The more we know of Nature, the more we have to admire and to love.

But though we are safe here, on the score of science, there is a real and much-to-be-dreaded danger in the operations of utilitarianism. A certain type of hard practical man will sacrifice any beauty to his purposes. In the view of some of us, it is positive desecration to foul a river made by God for health and beauty, not by reason of necessity, but of money-getting; or to turn drainage into the sea by way of economy. The "Black Country" is a defilement of Nature, which,

no doubt, was necessary to the "development of our resources," from the shopkeeping point of view; but that it has ultimately added to our true wealth may safely be denied, and that it is a blot upon our national life cannot be doubted. One way in which cultivated women, they who owe so much to her, may show their reverence for Nature, is by resolutely setting their faces against any kind of avoidable defilement of our fair country. We may not, many of us, have any direct voice in such matters, but this, at least, we all have: an influence in the formation of public opinion. We, even our young girls, may help men, who do decide these things, to see that it is doing a wilful wrong to cause or to allow any unnecessary encroachment, for low or selfish ends, on what was given for the good of all.

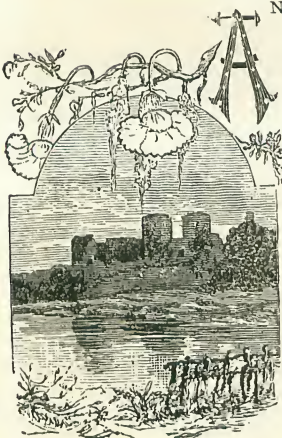
Nature serves our senses, as the good mother cares first for her child's physical well-being; but that is a temporary end. The ultimate end of Nature is to draw our souls up to recognise the moral element which lives in all high beauty.

(To be continued.)

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER II. "HERE IS OUR BESSIE!"



N interruption occurred at this moment. The friendly guard made his appearance again, accompanied by the same white-haired old clergyman whom Bessie had noticed. He came to offer his services to

the young ladies. He cheered Miss Sefton's drooping spirits, by reiterating the guard's assurance, that they need only fear the inconvenience of another hour's delay.

The sight of the kind, benevolent countenance was reassuring and comforting, and after their new friend had left them, the girls resumed their talk with fresh alacrity.

Miss Sefton was the chief speaker. She began recounting the glories of a grand military ball at Knightsbridge, at which she had been present, and some private theatricals and tableaux that had followed. She had a vivid, picturesque way of describing things, and Bessie listened with a sort of dreamy fascination that lulled her into forgetfulness of her parents' anxiety.

In spite of her alleged want of imagination, she was conscious of a sort of weird interest in her surround-

ings. The wintry afternoon had closed into evening, but the whiteness of the snow threw a dim brightness underneath the faint starlight, while the gleam of the carriage lights enabled them to see the dark figures that passed and re-passed underneath their window.

It was intensely cold, and in spite of her furs Miss Sefton shivered and grew perceptibly paler. She was evidently one of those spoiled children of fortune who had never learned lessons of endurance, who are easily subdued and depressed by a passing feeling of discomfort; even Bessie's sturdy cheerfulness was a little infected by the unnatural stillness outside. The line ran between high banks, but in the mysterious twilight they looked like rocky defiles closing them in.

After a time Bessie's attention wandered, and her interest flagged. Military balls ceased to interest her as the temperature grew lower and lower. Miss Sefton, too, became silent, and Bessie's mind filled with gloomy images. She thought of ships bedded in ice in Arctic regions; of shipwrecked sailors on frozen seas; of lonely travellers laying down their weary heads on pillows of snow, never to rise again; of homeless wanderers, outcasts from society, many with famished babes at their breasts, cowering under dark arches, or warming themselves at smouldering fires.

"Thank God that, as father says, we cannot realise what people have to suffer," thought Bessie. "What would be the use of being young and happy and free from pain if we were to feel other people's miseries? Some of us, who are sympathetic by nature, would never smile again. I don't think when God made us, and sent us into the world to live our own lives, that He meant us

to feel like that. One can't mix up other people's lives with one's own; it would make an awful muddle."

"Miss Lambert, are you asleep, or dreaming with your eyes open? Don't you see we are moving? There was such a bustle just now, and then they got the steam up, and now the engine is beginning to work. Oh, how slowly we are going! I could walk faster. Oh, we are stopping again—no, it was only my fancy. Is not the shriek of the whistle musical for once?"

"I was not asleep, I was only thinking; but my thoughts had travelled far. Are we really moving? There, the snow-plough has cleared the line; we shall go on faster presently."

"I hope so; it is nearly eight. I ought to have reached London an hour ago. Poor Neville, how disappointed he will be! Oh, we are through the drift now, and they are putting on more steam!"

"Yes, we shall be at Cliffe in another ten minutes;" and Bessie roused in earnest. Those ten minutes seemed interminable before the lights of the station flashed before their eyes.

"Here she is, here is our Bessie!" exclaimed a voice, and a fine-looking young fellow in an ulster ran lightly down the platform as Bessie waved her handkerchief. He was followed more leisurely by a handsome, grey-haired man with a quiet, refined-looking face.

"Tom, oh Tom!" exclaimed Bessie, almost jumping into his arms, as he opened the carriage door. "Were mother and Hatty very frightened? Why, there is father," as Dr. Lambert hurried up.

"My dear child, how thankful I am to see you! Why, she looks quite fresh, Tom!"

"As fit as possible," echoed Tom.

"Yes, I am only cold. Father, the guard put me in with a young lady. She was going to London, but it is too late for her to travel alone, and she is afraid of going to an hotel; may I bring her home? Her name is Edna Sefton; she lives at The Grange, Oatlands."

Dr. Lambert seemed somewhat taken aback by his daughter's speech.

"Edna Sefton! Why, that is Eleanor Sefton's daughter! What a strange coincidence!" And then he muttered to himself, "Eleanor Sartoris' daughter under our roof! I wonder what Dora will say!" And then he turned to the fair, striking-looking girl, whom Tom was assisting with all the alacrity that a young man generally shows to a pretty girl: "Miss Sefton, you will be heartily welcome for your mother's sake; she and I were great friends in the 'Auld lang syne.' Will you come with me? I have a fly waiting for Bessie; my son will look after the luggage;" and Edna obeyed him with the docility of a child.

But she glanced at him curiously once or twice as she walked beside him. "What a gentlemanly, handsome man he was!" she thought. Yes, he looked like a doctor; he had the easy kindly manner which generally belong to the profession. She had never thought much about her own father, but to-night, as they drove through the lighted streets, her thoughts, oddly enough, recurred to him. Dr. Lambert was sitting opposite the two girls, but his eyes were fixed oftenest on his daughter.

"Your mother was very anxious and nervous," he said, "and so was Hatty, when Tom brought us word that the train was snowed up in Sheen Valley. I had to scold Hatty, and tell her she was a goose; but mother was nearly as bad; she can't do without her crutch, eh, Bessie?" with a gleam of tenderness in his eyes, as they rested on his girl.

Edna felt a little lump in her throat, though she hardly knew why; perhaps she was tired and overstrained; she had never missed her father before, but she fought against the feeling of depression.

"I am so sorry your son has to walk," she said, politely; but Dr. Lambert only smiled.

"A walk will not hurt him, and our roads are very steep."

As he spoke the driver got down, and Bessie begged leave to follow his example.

"We live on the top of the hill," she said apologetically, "and I cannot bear being dragged up by a tired horse, as father knows by this time," and she joined her brother, who came up at that moment.

Tom had kept the fly well in sight.

"That's an awfully jolly-looking girl, Betty," he observed, with the free-and-easy criticism of his age. "I don't know when I have seen a prettier girl; uncommon style too—fair hair and dark eyes; she is a regular beauty."

"That is what boys always think about," returned Bessie with good-humoured contempt. "Girls are different; I should be just as much interested in Miss Sefton if she were plain. I suppose you mean to be charmed with

her conversation, and to find all her remarks witty because she has *les beaux yeux*."

"I scorn to take notice of such spiteful remarks," returned Tom, with a shrug; "girls are venomous to each other. I believe they hate to hear each other praised, even by a brother."

"Hold your tongue, Tom!" was the rejoinder. "It takes my breath away to argue with you up this hill. I am not too ill-natured to give up my own bed to Miss Sefton. Let us hurry on, there's a good boy, or they will arrive before us."

As this request coincided with Tom's private wishes, he condescended to walk faster; and the brother and sister were soon at the top of the hill, and had turned into a pretty private road, bordered with trees, with detached houses standing far back, with long, sloping strips of gardens. The moon had now risen, and Bessie could distinctly see a little group of girls, with shawls over their heads, standing on the top of a flight of stone steps leading down to a large shady garden belonging to an old-fashioned house. The front entrance was round the corner, but the drawing-room window was open, and the girls had gained the road by the garden way, and stood shivering and expectant; while the moon illumined the grass terraces that ran steeply from the house, and shone on the meadow that skirted the garden.

"Run in, girls; you will catch cold," called out Bessie, but her prudent suggestion was of no avail, for a tall, lanky girl rushed into the road with the rapturous exclamation, "Why, it is our Bessie after all, though she looked so tall in the moonlight, and I did not know Tom's new ulster!" And here Bessie was fallen upon and kissed, and handed from one to another of the group, and then borne rapidly down the steps and across the terrace to the open window.

"Here she is, mother; here is our Bessie, not a bit the worse! And Hatty ought to be ashamed of herself for making us all so miserable," exclaimed Katie.

"My Hatty shan't be scolded. Mother, dear, if you only knew how sweet home looks after the Sheen Valley! Don't smother me any more, girls, I want to tell you something that will surprise you;" and Bessie, still holding her mother's hand, but looking at Hatty, gave a rapid and somewhat indistinct account of her meeting with Edna Sefton.

"And she will have my room, mother," continued Bessie, a little incoherently, for she was tired and breathless, and the girl's exclamations were so bewildering.

Mrs. Lambert, a pale, careworn woman with a sweet, pathetic sort of face, was listening with much perplexity, which was not lessened by the sight of her husband ushering into the room a handsome-looking girl, dressed in the most expensive fashion.

"Dora, my dear, this is Bessie's fellow-sufferer in the snow-drift; we must make much of her, for she is the daughter of my old friend Eleanor Sartoris—Mrs. Sefton now. Bessie has offered her her own room to-night, as it is too late for her to travel to London."

A quick look passed between the husband and wife, and a faint colour came to Mrs. Lambert's face, but she was too well-bred to express her astonishment.

"You are very welcome, my dear," she said, quietly. "We will make you as comfortable as we can. These are all my girls," and she mentioned their names.

"What a lot of girls!" thought Edna. She was not a bit shy by nature, and somehow the situation amused her. What a comfortable, home-like room, and what a lovely fire! and—well of course, they were not rich, anyone could see that, but they were nice kind people.

"This is better than the snow-drift," she said, with a beaming smile, as Dr. Lambert placed her in his own easy chair, and Tom brought her a footstool, and handed her a screen, and her old acquaintance Bessie helped her to remove her wraps. The whole family gathered round her, intent on hospitality to the bewitching stranger—only the "Crutch," as Tom called her, tripped away, to order Jane to light a fire in her room, and to give out the clean linen for the unexpected guest, and to put a few finishing touches to the supper-table.

The others did not miss her at first. Christine, a tall, graceful girl who had inherited her father's good looks, was questioning Edna about the journey, and the rest were listening to the answers.

Hatty, a pale, sickly-looking girl, whose really fine features were marred by unhealthy sullenness and an anxious, fretful expression, was hanging on every word; while the tall school-girl Ella, and the smaller bright-eyed Katie, were standing behind their mother, trying to hide their awkwardness and bashfulness till Tom came to the rescue by finding them seats, with a whispered hint to Katie that it was not good manners to stare so at a stranger. Edna saw everything with quiet, amused eyes; she satisfied Christine's curiosity, and found replies to all Mrs. Lambert's gentle persistent questioning. Tom, too, claimed her attention by all sorts of dexterous wiles. She must look at him, and thank him, when he found that screen for her; she could not disregard him when he was so solicitous about the draught from the window, so anxious to bring her another cushion.

"I did not know you were such a lady's man, Tom," observed Dr. Lambert presently, in a tone that made Tom retreat with rather a foolish expression.

With all his love for his children, Dr. Lambert was sometimes capable of a smooth sarcasm. Tom felt as though he had been officious; had, in fact, made a fool of himself, and drew off into the background. His father was often hard on him, Tom said to himself in an aggrieved way, and yet he was only doing his duty as a son of the house, in waiting on this fascinating young lady.

"Poor boy, he is very young!" thought Edna, who noticed this by-play with some amusement, "but he will grow older some day, and he is very good-looking;" and then she listened with a pretty show of interest to a story Dr. Lambert was telling her of when he was snowed up in Scotland as a boy.

When Bessie returned she found them all in good spirits, and her fellow-traveller laughing and talking as though she had known them for years; even Tom's brief sulkiness had vanished, and, unmindful of his father's caustic tongue, he had again ventured to join the charmed circle.

It was quite late before the girls retired to rest, and as Edna followed Bessie up the broad low staircase, while Tom lighted them from below, she called out gaily, "Good-night, Mr. Lambert; it was worth while being snowed up in the Sheen Valley to make such nice friends, and to enjoy such a pleasant evening."

Edna really meant what she said, for the moment; she was capable of these brief enthusiasms. Pleasantness of speech, that specious coinage of conventionality, was as the breath of life to her. Her girlish vanity was gratified by the impression she had made on the Lambert family, and even Tom's crude boyish admiration was worth something.

"To be all things to all men" is sometimes taken by vain worldly people in a very different sense from that the Apostle intended. Girls of Edna Sefton's calibre—impressionable, vivacious, egotistical, and capable of a thousand varying moods—will often take their cue from other people, and become grave with the grave, and gay with the gay, until they weary of their rôle, and of a sudden become their true selves. And yet there is nothing absolutely wrong in these swift, natural transitions; many sympathetic natures act in the same way, by very reason and force of their sympathy. For the time being they go out of themselves,

and, as it were, put themselves in other people's places. Excessive sympathy is capable of minor martyrdom; their reflected suffering borders upon real pain.

When Bessie ushered Edna into her little room, she looked round proudly at the result of her own painstaking thoughtfulness. A bright fire burnt in the small grate, and her mother's easy chair stood beside it—heavy as it was, Bessie had carried it in with her own hands. The best eiderdown quilt in its gay covering was on the bed, and the new toilet-cover that Christine had worked in blue-and-white cross-stitch was on the table. Bessie had even borrowed the vase of Neapolitan violets that some patient had sent her father, and the sweet perfume permeated the little room.

Bessie would willingly have heard some encomium on the snug quarters provided for the weary guest, but Edna only looked round her indifferently, and then stifled a yawn.

"Is there anything you want? Can I help you? Oh, I hope you will sleep comfortably!" observed Bessie, a little mortified by Edna's silence.

"Oh, yes; I am so tired that I am sure I shall sleep well," returned Edna; and then she added quickly, "but I am so sorry to turn you out of your room."

"Oh, that does not matter at all, thank you," replied Bessie, stirring the fire into a cheerful blaze, and then bidding her guest good-night; but Edna, who had taken possession of the easy chair, exclaimed—

"Oh, don't go yet—it is only eleven, and I am never in bed until twelve; sit down a moment, and warm yourself."

"Mother never likes us to be late," hesitated Bessie; but she lingered nevertheless. This was not an ordinary evening and there were exceptions to every rule, so she knelt down on the rug a moment, and watched Edna taking down the long plaits of fair hair that had crowned her shapely head. "What lovely hair!" thought Bessie; "what a beautiful young creature she was altogether!" Edna was unconscious of the admiration she was exciting. She was looking round her, and trying to realise what her feelings would be if she had to inhabit such a room. "Why, our servants have better rooms," she thought.

To a girl of Edna's luxurious habits, Bessie's room looked very poor and mean. The little strips of faded carpet, the small curtainless bedstead, the plain maple washstand and drawers, the few simple prints and varnished bookcase, were shabby enough in Edna's eyes. She could not understand how any girl could be content with such a room, and yet Bessie's happiest hours were spent there. What was a little shabbiness, or the wear and tear of homely furniture, to one who saw angels' footprints even in the common ways of life, and who dreamt sweet innocent dreams of the splendours of a heavenly home? To these sort of natures even threadbare garments can be worn proudly, for to these free spirits even poverty loses its sting. It is not "how we live," but "how we think about life" that stamps our characters, and makes us the men and women that we are.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

CHOOSING ACQUAINTANCES.

"My husband and I," said a shrewd woman, "are very careful in considering the acquaintances we now make, for our children's sake. Our friends' children will, in the natural course of events, be their friends, and perhaps even more closely allied, and we cannot be too particular as to the intimacies we may form."

These were wise words; for the hasty, ill-considered, unfortunate intimacies of youth are often found to be a clog all through life.

A SINGULAR WOMAN.

She does not boast, makes no display;

But modestly she fills her station;

Though she's an object, people say,

Of wonder and of admiration.

As school miss, maiden fair, and wife,

So everyone declares that's met her,

She never added in her life

A postscript when she wrote a letter!

WHAT IS GENIUS?

One of our girls asked a philosopher what the word genius meant.

"If you had it in you," said the philosopher, "you would not ask the question; but as you have it not, you will never know what it means."

A DEFINITION OF SCANDAL.—Scandal is what one half the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

A COMMON ERROR.—We neglect the advantages we have, and think what we should do if we were something else than what we are.

RICHER BY A FARTHING.

A miserly Scottish nobleman picked up a small copper coin, and was seen by a beggar to put it in his pocket.

"Oh, give it to me, my lord," exclaimed the beggar.

"Na, na," said his lordship, "find a farthing for yourself, puir body."

LEADING POINTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

The following short account of our duty to God and our neighbour was written three hundred and thirty years ago. It shows in a form easily remembered the leading points of the Christian faith.

To pray to God continually:

To learn to know Him rightfully:

To honour God in Trinity:

The Trinity in unity:

The Father in His majesty:

The Son in His humanity:

The Holy Ghost's benignity:

Three persons one, in Deity:

To serve Him always, guilelessly:

To ask Him all things, needfully:

To praise Him in all company:

To love Him always, heartily:

To dread Him always, Christianly:

To ask Him mercy, penitently:
To trust Him always, faithfully:
To obey Him always, willingly:
To abide Him always, patiently:
To thank Him always, thankfully:
To live here always, virtuously:
To use thy neighbour honestly:
To look for death still, presently:
To help the poor in misery:
To hope for heaven's felicity:
To have faith, hope, and charity:
To count this life but vanity:—
BE POINTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

WELCOME AND FAREWELL.—Our welcome of a stranger depends upon the name she bears, and upon the dress she wears: our farewell upon the spirit she has displayed in the interview.

HOW TO DESTROY ENEMIES.

The Emperor Sigismund was reproached for rewarding instead of destroying his enemies, as by that means he gave them an opportunity to injure him.

"What!" said the noble-minded monarch, "do I not destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?"

TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.—"No, sir," said a weary-looking man in a train to an individual by his side, "I wouldn't marry the best woman alive! I've been a draper too long for that."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

LES MAINS.—Your circulation should be promoted by attention to your general health. Eat warmth-giving food, take regular moderate exercise, and wear woollen combination garments next the skin. You should attend to your composition in writing. You say your "hands are most unsightly; even in June and July they do not entirely disappear." We would rather have "unsightly hands" than that they should "entirely disappear."

DADDLES.—The so-called "Star of Bethlehem," which elicited so much speculation and contradictory opinions last summer, was only Venns, which was the Evening Star of the time.

PANSY.—We think "tight-lacing" would prevent development of every sort; and in young girls this treatment is worse than insanity, as they should be absolutely free to move about and use every limb. The Swedish exercises, of which we recently spoke, taught at the college at Hampstead, would suit you very well.

CARRIE.—You do us very undeserved injustice in supposing

that "perhaps we only find time to answer ladies and not poor girls." Evidently you do not "find time" to read our Answers, as you would have seen that they are continually addressed to girls in your own position. Your handwriting promises well, but it is not yet formed. You are too young and inexperienced to think of becoming a governess for some years to come.

ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBER.—Thomas Cooper published his own autobiography in 1872, not '82. He was a shoemaker of considerable talent and literary taste, and changed his trade for the profession of a schoolmaster. He was born in the year 1805, and is not mentioned as deceased in Vincent's "Dictionary of Biography." If a woman die intestate, and her father survive her, he is her heir.

SARAH A. WATSON.—Procure "The Girl's Own Indoor Book," just published, which deals with "Swiss darning and grafting." We have not space in our "Answers to Correspondents" to give such recipes.

MITIE.—St. Swithin was the Bishop of Winchester, and tutor to King Alfred. His wish was to be buried in the open air; but the monks, on the contrary, desired that it should be in the chancel of the cathedral. The tradition is that the saint sent a heavy rain on the 15th of July, the day appointed for the ceremony, which occasioned its postponement from day to day during forty days. Tired out with waiting, they buried him in the churchyard.

GEORGE.—You had better unite with some influential friends to induce him to enter an Inebriate Asylum, and all join in prayer for him, trusting in the Divine promise, "if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done for you of My Father which is in heaven."

SELVA.—Your verses, if not quite perfect as a poem, are much "approved" by us. We were touched by them. They are the simple expression of heartfelt, religious aspirations. You do not, however, mention your age, nor is the poem certified. Not that we feel any doubts as to its authorship, but all poems sent for our criticism are expected to be certified. We wish you God's blessing, and clearer light and peace on your heavenward way.

INTERROGATOR.—It is sometimes inexpedient to make a more than ordinary exhibition of prayer before others, as it tempts the irreligious to ridicule sacred matters, and reduce your influence with them. You should "not let your good be evil spoken of." To give up holy communion because you are weak in fearing religious persecution and trial would be wrong; and "two wrongs cannot make a right." Pray as usual night and morning in your own room, and you can take opportunities for private prayer at odd times as they may offer.

PEN, REN, OR REW (Reading).—The following are addresses of some of the Y.W.C.A. and G.F.A. Boarding Homes for young women (in business or otherwise). Welbeck House, 101, Mortimer Street, W.; St. Gabriel's Home, 34, Mortimer Street (Girls' Friendly); and the Brabazon Home for Female Employées, 8 and 9, South Crescent, Tottenham Court Road, W.C. (Girls' Friendly). These are all near Oxford and Regent Streets, W.

MISS E. COCKESHAM.—Yes, there is a charming "Home of Rest for Women in Business" at Babbacombe. Admission by payment of twelve shillings a week; or five shillings only with a subscriber's guinea ticket. Three weeks is the usual length of stay, but a longer period may be granted. Address the Misses Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, South Devon. We believe that some portion of the fare by train is remitted; but you will have to inquire about this on application for admission.

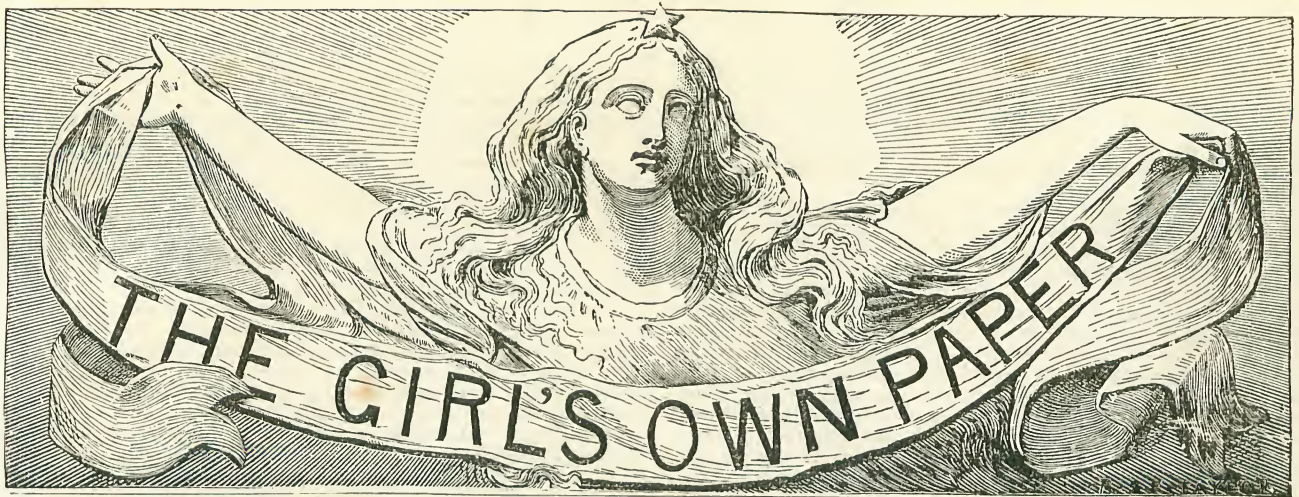
YOUNG STUDENT.—There is an Art Students' Home at 4 and 5, Brunswick Square, London, W.C. Those attending other classes and training colleges are equally eligible for admission. The terms, inclusive, are a guinea a week for students not requiring separate rooms. A reduction is sometimes made. This home is under the presidency of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; and the lady resident, Mrs. Malone, is at home to receive applicants from twelve to four o'clock, and at other times by special appointment.

A PUZZLED CORRESPONDENT.—Perhaps some of the trials from which you pray to be delivered are for your soul's good. "Let patience have her perfect work," pray for guidance and strength, and "Cast all your care," in this sense, upon Him who careth for you. Long prayers are not to be recommended, but frequent ones; pray while you "sit in the house and walk by the way," and during many of your daily avocations; but especially in moments of trial and the occurrence of evil thoughts and desires.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—There is a ward for infants in the West-end Hospital for Paralysis, at 73, Welbeck Street, W.

SENGA.—We must refer you to our articles on "Carving, Gilding, and Picture Frame Making," G.O.P., vol. ii., page 139.

YE MERRIE MONTH OF MAIE should procure a small manual, the last issued, on the rules of lawn tennis, and the terms employed in it.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY. 2.]

A GIRLS' CRICKET CLUB.

By ITS SECRETARY.



WE had a cricket match here, last Tuesday, girls with bats *versus* men with broomsticks.

It was the greatest fun imaginable. I know a good many people regard cricket as a most unlady-like and improper game for girls to play at; but it has always seemed to me that if the girls behave quietly, and only have friends for spectators, there can be no serious objection. I would like further to explain that we knew all the gentlemen very well indeed.

Now Edith (who is my cousin, and captain of our team) flatters herself that we have done a very praiseworthy act in introducing this game among the girls of this little town of Shepstock. For they really seemed to have no idea of healthy rational amusement. There is no tennis ground in the place, and the water never freezes enough to skate on, so they had no exercise of that kind, and the more sensible ones among them seemed to think that girls

“‘LEASTWAYS, THAT’S ‘OW I’VE SEEN IT PLAYED.’”

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were meant to do housework, parish work, or needlework the whole day through. There was Mary Blackmore, the rector's niece; it was perfectly painful to see her toiling through the village day after day at her unselfish work. We should never have got her to join our club if her aunt had not sent her off, and declared it was good for Mary to learn how to play, and to think of something else in addition to "the parish."

Then there were the four Miss Lanceys, daughters of a large yeoman farmer in the place. They were nice, honest sort of girls, each with a character of her own. Miss Susan, the eldest, was gentle, calm, and cautious. Miss Lizzie was downright determinate, and liked her own way. Miss Fanny was lively, good-tempered, and had the most fun about her. Miss Nelly, the youngest, was sentimental, nervous, and always melancholy-looking. Their only notion of outdoor diversion had been occasionally to walk down to the sea, two and two, each dressed in a brilliant colour, like a set of harlequin tea-cups.

Their father, Mr. John Lancey, had good-naturedly said we might choose one of his fields to play in. So one fine day Edith and I had set forth on an exploring expedition, in the course of which we got over four quickset hedges and leaped various ditches, for Edith had a fondness for short cuts, which prevented her from allowing us to take any rational way from one field to another. Consequently by the time we had found a desirable though somewhat narrow field there was not so much left of our dresses as at starting, and Edith's hat had to be

washed in the stream, after having fallen into a bog. In this condition did she insist on marching home down the village.

We borrowed some old bats, stumps, and a ball from my brothers, and collected the rest of our eleven. By this time Shepstock had had its curiosity much exercised. Half the people had never seen a game of cricket, for there is no men's club here, and being twelve miles from railway or town we are not very enlightened. It was "someat to do with a ball, and the first as could get hold of 'un throwed it after another one, and 'e had to run to git out o' the way; that there bat is to defend hisself with. Leastways, that's 'ow I've seen it played," was the opinion of an old farmer, who had been asked to explain the game to Shepstock minds.

Report said that the young ladies were going to assume knickerbockers to play in, and the Miss Lanceys anxiously asked me if this would be required of them, as they didn't think they "should quite like to do so." We accomplished a little in the way of rational dress, however, for it was found that tight, high-heeled boots, hats of foolscap-like height, waists two inches smaller than their right size, with similar personal embellishments, had to be given up by those who hoped to distinguish themselves. A little more colour came into the cheeks of some of them, and they took much interest in the game; but the first teaching was a long piece of work. Edith had got several copies of the cricket rules, and diagrams representing the position and names of the fielders. These she had distributed among the eleven, with injunctions to commit them to memory.

"But there were forty-seven rules," said Miss Nelly Lancey, plaintively, when her ignorance of them was reproachfully pointed out, "and we couldn't understand a bit what they all meant." She indicated the long list, with its continual mention of such mystifying things as "popping creases," "bowling creases," "overs," "innings," etc.

I undertook Miss Flaxman, our lawyer's sister, as a bowling pupil, while Edith initiated two others into the deep mysteries of batting.

"You see you must try to knock down that wicket," I said.

"But Fanny Lancey has got in the way with that bat. Get out of the way, Fanny, or I shall hit you!" which seemed so very improbable that Fanny need not so hastily have dropped the bat and fled away.

The balls went rather wide at first, and it was some time before a fielder could be induced to go in search of them. This mattered the less because neither batter could summon up courage to make a run, and self-preservation was usually their first instinct.

Edith's primary instructions were—"If you see a ball hit up off the bat, be sure and try to catch it." But after she had so scrupulously followed her own directions that the next ball (luckily not a hard one) came in her face, and she escaped a black eye by the narrowest chance, these directions modified into—

"Don't attempt on any account to take a catch; somebody's sure to get killed if they do. If you see the ball coming, get out of the way as quickly as possible till it falls."

Nelly Lancey was the next bowler, and she developed so much energy that it ended in both bats firmly refusing to remain at the wicket while she bowled. The first ball was so good an aim at Fanny's head, that it was really well she had sufficient presence of mind to sit down promptly on the ground, and the next one took the wicket-keeper smartly on the fingers. Then I bowled myself for a little bit, and watched Edith, who had her hands full between the fields who didn't field, and the bats who didn't hit.

"Now, do try and get the next ball!" she implored of Fanny. "You haven't touched one yet."

Fanny took a violent slash at it, succeeded, gave a shriek to Mary Blackmore, who was the other bat, and each began to rush wildly across, flinging down their bats. There was a collision, and they fell over each other, recovering in time to hear Edith shouting frantically from the side of the field—

"Mary, Mary, bring the bat! The ball has gone into the brook!"

So it had, and our gallant captain in her excitement was near following it head foremost; but fortunately Jenny Flaxman secured her by the jacket tails, and after much fishing the ball was recovered.

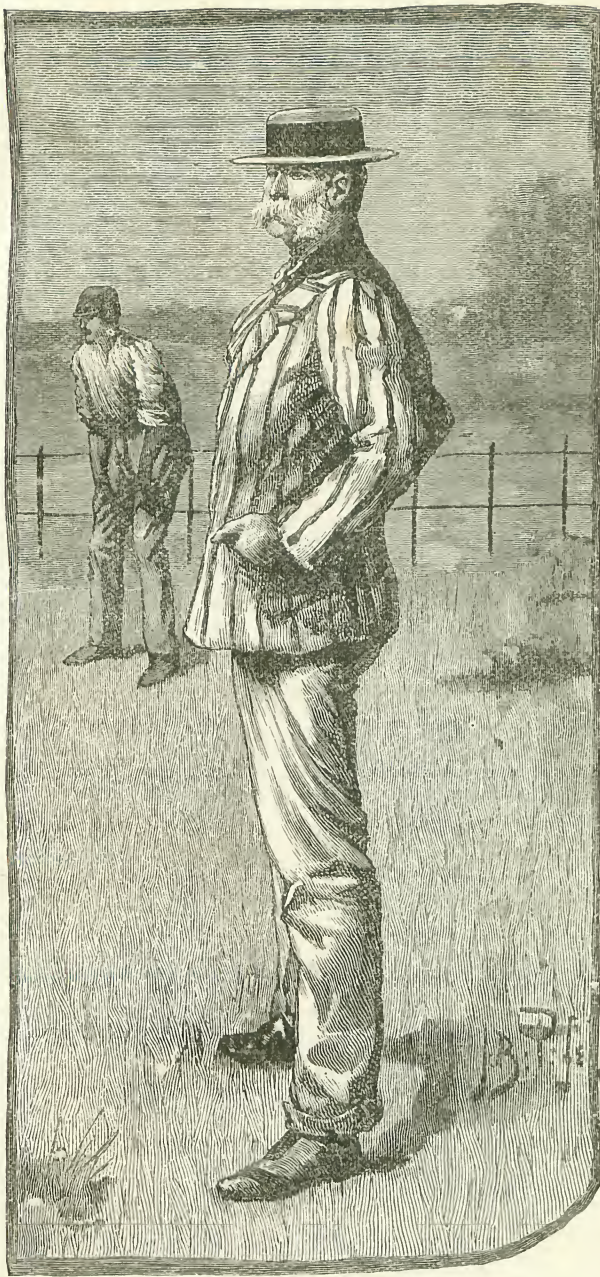
This was a little incident which was frequently repeated, as we got to hit further, for the field was narrow and the brook ran all down one side.

Our play rapidly improved after the first three practices, and we sometimes allowed the rector and his wife, or one or two friends, to come and behold. Young Mrs. Brace, the curate's wife, was so much smitten with the charms of the game, that she slyly stole down to the field, and after watching to see that there were no Sunday-school children about, she took a bat and made a long score.

There were still a few peculiarities about our cricket; but these were mere trifles, such, for example, as the tendency of certain young ladies when making runs to utter a succession of little shrieks all across the pitch until they had arrived safely; the novel method of fielding invented by Fanny Lancey, which was to stick your heel firmly in the ground, toe in the air, right in front of the ball and let it bounce off your foot. There was a prejudice in favour of carrying the ball from one hand to another instead of throwing it, because, as Lizzie Lancey justly observed—



"SHE PREFERRED STRIKING ORNAMENTAL ATTITUDES, BAT IN AIR."



"THE COLONEL STOOD FIELDING."

"No one ever caught the ball if you did throw it, so it saved time to carry it."

"But it's not the correct way of playing," I objected.

"It answers the purpose better," said Lizzie, who continued to carry about the ball, in spite of all remonstrance.

Two or three of them preferred batting with their eyes shut; but as this really made very little difference in their play, Edith let them alone.

Then we received and accepted the gentlemen's challenge. My three brothers, young Blackmore, Mr. Brace, the curate, the Irish doctor and his brother, Colonel Mackway, and three others, were arrayed against us, and we permitted a few friends to come as spectators.

We took blue for our colour, and most of us turned out in white flannels and sailor hats, with bunches of forget-me-nots as badges.

Old John Lancey had come to see his daughters play, and Edith presently adorned him with a blue ribbon and a spray of forget-me-not, and explained to him that now he wore our colours he must stick up for our side on every occasion, and loudly applaud any feats of skill.

Mr. Brace was captain on the other side, and decided that we should go in to bat first.

So the gentlemen went out to field, and Susan Lancey and Miss Flaxman bore up their bats to the wicket, there assuming a correct and player-like position.

The rest of us sat in the shade under a large chestnut tree and instructed Mrs. Brace in the way of keeping score; also directing the applause at fit moments, and providing Mr. John Lancey with cutting epithets to shout at the other side.

"Now you must call out 'Butterfingers,'" said Edith, as Alfred let an easy catch fall through his hands.

"Now then, butterfingers!" halloed the obedient pupil.

"Oh, well hit, Miss Lancey. Run it out, run it out!" Mr. Lancey, please to applaud. Mr. Blackmore, I wish you would make more noise."

The rector, thus exhorted, proceeded to shout a little, and clap his hands.

"Will that do, Miss Edith?"

"Thank you. Now again, please. Oh, do call 'Well muffed' at Dr. Power. Isn't he clumsy? Why, we shall beat you all to nothing, Colonel Mackway!"

The Colonel, who stood fielding not far away, with his hat drawn over his eyes, turned round and flatteringly observed that, with such superior science, and the advantage of possessing Miss Colwyn for captain, nothing else could be expected. He was a most charming old man; none of the young ones could approach him in looks, and his old-fashioned courtesy was perfect. It was *delightful to see the artless way in which the Colonel would contrive to drop a good catch, or let a ball slip by*; and presently the mortified air he assumed when, in wielding his broomstick, it was found that somehow or other he had hit down his wicket.

Just then a well-judged ball by Archie Blackmore sent down Susan



"NOVEL METHOD OF FIELDING INVENTED BY FANNY LANCEY."

Lancey's wicket. She had, however, made eight runs herself, and had steadily blocked many difficult balls, which was pretty well considering the state of nervousness she had been reduced to. Mary Blackmore went in next, but, as she preferred striking ornamental attitudes, bat in air, to defending her wicket, she did not stay there for long.

I took her place, and made a hit for three runs, after which Dr. Power stumped me for being out of ground; a bad turn I promised to remember against him.

When Lizzie Lancey's time came, she was so determined to hit something if not the ball, that in a few minutes the turf round the wicket was full of large holes; she inflicted a severe bruise upon Alfred, who was wicket-keeping, and finally, alas! hit off her own balls.

Then our side went out rapidly, one after another; even Edith only making six runs.

Mr. Brace, who was noted as the best bowler in the county, was mean enough to take the ball himself, so the last six wickets fell with fatal quickness, and the score stood at forty.

After lunch we had to turn out and field for the gentlemen. They did not touch one ball in three, but if a hit was made, the broomsticks seemed more effective than bats. Mr. Brace hit a ball into the next field at the very beginning. He had to go and get it out himself, but we were obliged to allow him six for the exploit.

To my great delight I was able to take Dr. Power's wicket with the first ball, which disgusted him a good deal; and the leisurely, contemptuous way in which Alfred sauntered across the pitch caused him presently to be run out, with a duck's egg representing his score.

We had altered our pitch, so that the ball no longer went into the brook, but there were certain nettle beds that were not much more desirable. The ball kept going into them, in which case it generally fell to my lot to fetch it out. Edith was bowler, after the first, and the other girls were base enough to fight shy of those nettles, and would, I verily believe, have sacrificed the honour and glory of our side sooner than put up with a few paltry nettle stings. Some of the men magnanimously volunteered to field the nettle beds for us, but of course this offer was firmly refused. We could not accept assistance from the enemy in that way; blistered fingers must be endured.

Slowly enough, yet steadily, we got through the team of our opponents, until the last man came in, Archie Blackmore. Their score was only thirty, so we had good hope of winning, but unluckily young Blackmore and Mr. Flaxman proved a very strong combination.

Mr. Flaxman blocked every ball, and the other, who was far too skilful with his broomstick, made the hits, and broke two broomsticks over them. They got to thirty-eight, and then did not seem able to make any more runs; still we could not take their wicket, or get them out any way.

The excitement was intense. They ran a rather risky bye and got to thirty-nine. We thought all hope was over, and Edith's bowling became slightly wild. Mr. Flaxman stepped out to a ball, and gave a hard whack at it, but point stopped it so cleverly that there was no chance for a run. Then Archie sent a splendid little catch, but nobody was able to take it.

"Here!" cries Mr. John Lancey, springing into the field, "give me the ball. I'll not

stand by and have the lasses beaten! I'll bowl him out; I'm your side. 'Tisn't fair play, Mr. Blackmore."

He snatched up the ball, and the next minute Archie's bails skipped into the air.

"There," said Mr. John, delivering the ball into Edith's hands with a satisfied air, "you've won the match."

"Now is that fair?" said Archie, appealingly.

"Time is up," said Mr. Blackmore, who was umpire.

"I congratulate you, ladies, on having won," says Colonel Mackway, making us a low bow.

We accepted the congratulations, and allowed it to be considered that we had won; though we had strong doubts as to what the result would have been had that ball been in other hands than Mr. Lancey's.

The stumps were drawn, and we afterwards received many compliments as to our play and technical knowledge of the game.

Colonel Mackway called to ask after us next day, and declared he had been mortally afraid the whole time of damaging one of us, and was never so thankful in his life as when the match came to an end without a young lady also having done so. Mrs. Mackway, who weighs some fourteen stone, is so much charmed with the game that she thinks of joining the club. I fancy she would make a substantial long-stop.

"To my dying day," says Alfred, "I shall probably retain the impression which Miss Lizzie Lancey has made on my foot."

I don't think the club will last much longer, for Dr. Power and Alfred have decided to make a tennis ground somewhere, in which case we shall probably change our game.

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER III.

HATTY.



HE brief silence was broken by Edna.

"What a nice boy your brother is!" she observed in rather a patronising tone.

Bessie looked up in some surprise.

"Tom does not consider himself a boy, I assure you; he is twenty, and ever since he has gone to Oxford he thinks himself of great consequence. I daresay we spoil him amongst us, as he is our only brother now. If Frank had lived," and here Bessie sighed, "he would have been five and twenty by this time; but he died four years ago. It was such a blow to poor father and mother, he was so good and clever, and he was studying for a doctor, but he caught a severe chill, and congestion of the lungs came on, and in a few days he was dead. I don't think mother has ever been quite the same since his death—Frank was so much to her."

"How very sad," returned Edna, sympathetically, for Bessie's eyes had

grown soft and misty as she touched this chord of sadness; "it must be terrible to lose anyone whom one loves." And then she added with a smile, "I did not mean to hurt your feelings by calling your brother a boy, but he seemed very young to me; you see I am engaged, and Mr. Sinclair (that is my *fiancé*) is nearly thirty, and he is so grave and quiet that anyone like your brother seems like a boy beside him."

"You are engaged?" ejaculated Bessie, in an awe-struck tone.

"Yes; it seems a pity, does it not?—at least mamma says so; she thinks I am too young and giddy to know my own mind; and yet she is very fond of Neville—Mr. Sinclair, I mean. She will have it that we are not a bit suited to each other, and I daresay she is right, for certainly we do not think alike on a single point."

Bessie's eyes opened rather widely at this candid statement. She was a simple little soul, and had not yet learnt the creed of emancipation. She held the old-fashioned views that her mother had held before her. Her mother seldom talked on these subjects, and Bessie had inherited this reticence. She listened with a sort of wondering disgust when her girl acquaintances chattered flipantly about their lovers and boasted openly of their power over them.

"If this sort of thing ever comes to

me," thought Bessie on these occasions, "I shall think it too wonderful and precious to make it the subject of idle conversation. How can anyone take upon themselves the responsibility of another human being's happiness—for that is what it really means—and turn it into a jest; it is far too sacred and beautiful a thing for such treatment. I think mother is right when she says, 'girls of the present day have so little reticence.'"

She hardly knew what to make of Edna's speech; it was not exactly flip-pant, but it seemed so strange to hear so young a creature speak in that cool matter-of-fact way.

"I don't see how people are to get on together, if they do not think alike," she observed, in a perplexed voice; but Edna only laughed.

"I am afraid we don't get on. Mother says she never saw such a couple; that we are always quarrelling and making up like two children; but I put it to you, Miss Lambert, how are things to be better? I am used to my own way, and Mr. Sinclair is used to his; I like fun and plenty of change, and dread nothing so much as being bored—*ennuyée*, in fact, and he is all for quiet. Then he is terribly clever, and has every sort of knowledge at his fingers' end. He is a barrister and rising in his profession, and I seldom open a book unless it be a novel."

"I wonder why he chose you," observed Bessie, naïvely, and Edna seemed much amused by her frankness.

"Oh, how deliciously downright you are, Miss Lambert. Well, do you know I have not the faintest notion why Neville asked me to marry him, any more than I know why I listened to him. I tell him sometimes that it was the most ridiculous mistake in the world, and that either he or I or both of us must have been bewitched. I am really very sorry for him sometimes, I do make him so unhappy, and sometimes I am sorry for myself. But there, the whole thing is beyond my comprehension; if I could alter myself or alter Neville, things would be more comfortable and less unpleasantly exciting." And here Edna laughed again and then stifled another yawn, and this time Bessie declared she would not stop a moment longer, Christine would be asleep.

"Well, perhaps I should only talk nonsense if you remained, and I can see you are easily shocked, so I will allow you to wish me good-night." But, to Bessie's surprise, Edna kissed her affectionately.

"You have been a good Samaritan to me," she said, quietly, "and I am really very grateful." And Bessie withdrew, touched by the unexpected caress.

"What a strange mixture she is," she thought, as she softly closed the door. "I think she must have been badly brought up; perhaps her mother has spoiled her. I fancy she is affectionate by nature, but she is worldly, and cares too much for pleasure; anyhow one cannot help being interested in her." But here she broke off abruptly as she passed a half-opened door, and a voice from within summoned her.

"Oh, Hatty, you naughty child, are you awake? Do you know it is nearly twelve o'clock?"

"What does that matter?" returned Hatty, fretfully, as Bessie groped her way carefully towards the bed. "I could not sleep until you had said good-night to me. I suppose you had forgotten me; you never thought I was lying here waiting for you, while you were talking to Miss Sefton."

"Now, Hatty, I hope you are not going to be tiresome," and Bessie's voice was a little weary; and then she relented, and said, gently, "You know I never forget you, Hatty, dear."

"No, of course not," returned the other, eagerly. "I did not mean to be cross. Put your head down beside me on the pillow, Bessie, darling, for I know you are just as tired as possible. You don't mind stopping with me for a few minutes, do you? for I have not spoken to you for three weeks."

"No, I am not so tired as all that, and I am quite comfortable," as a thin, soft cheek laid itself against hers in the darkness. "What has gone wrong, Hatty, dear? for I know by your tone you have been making yourself miserable about something. You have wanted me back to scold you into cheerfulness."

"I have wanted you dreadfully," sighed Hatty. "Mother and Christine have been very kind, but they don't help

me as you do, and Tom teases me dreadfully. What do you think he said yesterday to mother? I was in the room and heard him myself; he actually said, 'I wonder my father allows you all to spoil Hatty as you do. You all give into her, however cross and unreasonable she is, and so her temper gets worse every day.'"

"Well, you are very often cross, you know," returned Bessie, truthfully.

"Yes, but I try not to be," replied Hatty, with a little sob. "Tom would have been cross too if his head and back had ached as mine were aching, but he always feels well and strong; I think it is cruel of him to say such things to mother, when he knows how much I have to suffer."

"Tom did not mean to be unkind, Hatty; you are always finding fault with the poor boy. It is difficult for a young man, who does not know what an ache means nor what it is to wake up tired, to realise what real suffering all your little ailments cause you. Tom is really very kind and good-natured, only your sharp little speeches irritate him."

"I am always irritating someone," moaned Hatty. "I can't think how any of you can love me. I often cry myself to sleep, to think how horrid and disagreeable I have been in the day. I make good resolutions then, but the next morning I am as bad as ever, and then I think it is no use trying any more. Last night Tom made me so unhappy that I could not say my prayers."

"Poor little Hatty."

"Yes, I know you are sorry for me; you are such a dear, that I cannot be as cross with you as I am with Tom; but, Bessie, I wish you would comfort me a little; if you would only tell me that I am not so much to blame."

"We have talked that over a great many times before. You know what I think, Hatty; you are not to blame for your weakness, that is a trial laid upon you; but you are to blame if that weakness is so impatiently borne that it leads you to sin."

"I am sure father thinks that I cannot help my irritability; he never will let Tom scold me if he is in the room."

"That is because father is so kind, and he knows you have such a hard time of it, you poor child, and that makes us all so sorry for you; but, Hatty, you must not let all this love spoil you; we are patient with you because we know your weakness, but we cannot help you if you do not help yourself. Don't you recollect what dear Mr. Robertson said in his sermon: that 'harassed nerves must be striven against, as we strive against anything that hinders our daily growth in grace?' He said people were more tolerant of this form of weakness than of any other, and yet it caused much misery in homes; and he went on to tell us that every irritable word left unspoken, every peevish complaint hushed, was as real a victory as though we had done some great thing. 'If we must suffer,' he said, 'at least let us suffer quietly, and not spend our breath in fruitless complaint; people will avoid a fretful person as though they were plague-tainted, and why? because they trouble the very at-

mosphere round them, and no one can enjoy peace in their neighbourhood.'"

"I am sure Mr. Robertson must have meant me, Bessie."

"No, darling, no; I won't have you exaggerate or judge yourself too harshly. You are not always cross, or we should not be so fond of you. You make us sad sometimes, when you sit apart, brooding over some imaginary grievance; that is why father calls you little Miss Much-Afraid."

"Yes, you all laugh at me, but indeed the darkness is very real; sometimes I wonder why I have been sent into the world, if I am not to be happy myself, nor to make other people happy. You are like a sunbeam yourself, Bessie, and so you hardly understand what I mean."

"Oh, yes I do; but I never see any good in putting questions that we cannot answer; only I am quite sure you have your duty to do, quite as much as I have mine, only you have not found it out."

"Perhaps I am the thorn in the flesh to discipline you all into patience," returned Hatty, quaintly, for she was not without humour.

"Very well then, my thorn, fulfil your mission," returned Bessie, kissing her. "But I cannot keep awake and speak words of wisdom any longer." And she scrambled over the bed, and with another cheerful "good-night," vanished; but Hatty's troubled thoughts were lulled by sisterly sympathy, and she soon slept peacefully.

Late as it was before Bessie laid her weary head on the pillow beside her sleeping sister, it was long before her eyes closed and she sank into utter forgetfulness. Her mind seemed crowded with vague images and disconnected thoughts; recollections of the hours spent in Sheen Valley, the weird effect of the dusky figures passing and repassing in the dim, uncertain light, the faint streaks of light across the snow, the dull winter sky, the eager welcome of the lonely girl, the long friendly talk ripening into budding intimacy, all passed vividly before her, followed by Hatty's artless confession.

"Poor little thing," thought Bessie, compassionately, for there was a specially soft place in her heart for Hatty. She had always been her particular charge. All Hatty's failures, her miserable derelictions of duty, her morbid self-accusations and nervous fancies, bred of a sickly body and over anxious temperament, were breathed into Bessie's sympathising ear. Hatty's feebleness borrowed strength and courage from Bessie's vigorous counsels. She felt braced by mere contact with such a strong healthy organisation. She was always less fretful and impatient when Bessie was near; her cheery influence cleared away many a cloud that threatened to obscure Hatty's horizon.

"Bear ye one another's burdens," was a command literally obeyed by Bessie in her unselfish devotion to Hatty, her self-sacrificing efforts to cheer and rouse her; but she never could be made to understand that there was any merit in her conduct.

"I know Hatty is often cross, and

ready to take offence," she would say; "but I think we ought to make allowances for her. I don't think we realise how much she has to bear—that she never feels well."

"Oh, that is all very well," Christine would answer, for she had a quick temper too, and would fire up after one of Hatty's sarcastic little speeches; "but it is time Hatty learnt self-control. I daresay you are often tired after your Sunday class, but no one hears a cross word from you."

"Oh, I keep it all in," Bessie returned, laughing. "But I daresay I feel cross all the same. I don't think any of us can guess what it must be to wake depressed and languid every morning; a louder voice than usual does not make our heads ache. Yet I have seen Hatty wince with pain when Tom indulged in one of his laughs."

"Yes, I know," replied Christine, only half convinced by this. "Of course it is very trying, but Hatty must be used to it by this time, for she has never been strong from a baby; and yet she is always bemoaning herself, as though it were something fresh."

"It is not easy to get used to this sort of trouble," answered Bessie, rather sadly. "And I must say I always feel very sorry for Hatty," and so the conversation closed.

But in her heart Bessie said, "It is all very well to preach patience, and I for one am always preaching it to Hatty, but it is not so easy to practise it. Mother and Christine are always praising me for being so good-tempered; but if one feels strong and well, and has a healthy appetite and good digestion, it is very easy to keep from being cross; but in other ways I am not half so good as Hatty; she is the purest, humblest little soul breathing."

In spite of late hours, Bessie was down-

stairs the next morning at her usual time; she always presided at the breakfast table. Since her eldest son's death, Mrs. Lambert had lost much of her strength and energy, and though her husband refused to acknowledge her as an invalid, or to treat her as one, yet most of her duties had devolved upon Bessie, whose youthful energy supplemented her mother's failing powers.

Bessie had briefly hinted at the family sorrow; she was not one at any time to dwell upon her feelings, nor to indulge in morbid retrospection, but it was true that the loss of that dearly-loved son and brother had clouded the bright home atmosphere. Mrs. Lambert had borne her trouble meekly, and had striven to comfort her husband, who had broken down under the sudden blow. She spoke little, even to her daughters, of the grief that was slowly consuming her; but as time went on, and Dr. Lambert recovered his cheerfulness, he noticed that his wife drooped and ailed more than usual; she had grown into slow, quiet ways that seemed to point to failing strength.

"Bessie, your mother is not as young as she used to be," he said, abruptly, one morning. "She does not complain, but then she is not one of the complaining sort; she was always a quiet creature; but you girls must put your shoulders to the wheel, and spare her as much as possible." And from that day Bessie had become her mother's crutch.

It was a wonderful relief to the harassed mother when she found a *confidante* to whom she could pour out all her anxieties.

Dr. Lambert was not a rich man; his practice was large, but many of his patients were poor, and he had heavy expenses. The hilly roads and long distances obliged him to keep two horses. He had sent both his sons to Oxford, thinking a good education would

be their best inheritance, and this had obliged him to curtail domestic expenses. He was a careful man, too, who looked forward to the future, and thought it his duty to lay aside a yearly sum to make provision for his wife and children.

"I have only one son now, and Hatty will be always a care, poor child," he said more than once.

So, though there was always a liberal table kept in the doctor's house, it being Dr. Lambert's theory that growing girls needed plenty of nourishing food, the young people were taught economy in every other matter. The girls dressed simply and made their own gowns. Carpets and furniture grew the worse for wear, and were not always replaced at once. Tom grumbled sometimes when one of his Oxford friends came to dinner. He and Christine used to bewail the shabby covers in the drawing-room.

"It is such a pretty room if it were only furnished off a bit," Tom said once; "why don't you girls coax the governor to let you do it up?" Tom never used the word governor unless he was in a grumbling mood, for he knew how his father hated it.

"I don't think father can afford anything this year, Tom," Bessie returned in her fearless way. "Why do you ask your grand friends if you think they will look down on us? We don't pretend to be rich people; they will find the chairs very comfortable if they will condescend to sit on them, and the tables as strong as other people's tables; and though the carpet is a little faded, there are no holes to trip your friends up."

"Oh, shut up, Betty," returned Tom, restored to good humour by her honest sarcasm. "Ferguson will come if I ask him; I think he is a bit taken with old Chrissy." And so ended the argument.

(To be continued.)



THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

OUR many friends and kind readers have shown so much interest in the Princess Louise Home that we cannot refrain from acquainting them with its present unsatisfactory condition. By "unsatisfactory" we mean nothing derogatory to its inmates, but simply that it will be no longer their Home after Christmas, unless, in God's good providence, a debt of £600 can be paid before that usually happy season. It is, in fact, to be closed. A portion of this sum has been collected or promised, but the whole is far from being realised. We have all done our best for many years to aid in supporting this now tottering house, and, from our first bazaar to this present time, our efforts have been blessed in many ways. At the annual meeting last summer it was delightful to be greeted by several of the girls who had been admitted to the Home through the contributions of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and to learn that others were doing well in re-

spectable situations. Over a dozen have been thus maintained and saved, humanly speaking, from lives of extreme poverty and temptation. It was truly satisfactory to see one of these, our particular *protégées*, come forward to receive the first prize for good conduct, awarded to her by the general vote of her companions. They all acknowledged her to be "the best girl in the school," and she modestly showed us a guinea's worth of handsome books, presented by a well-known firm. But our pleasure was counterbalanced by pain, for, in spite of all our efforts, the number of our young friends had greatly diminished. Instead of the desired hundred there were only between fifty and sixty. Still, they made a goodly show in their neat print gowns and white straw hats, which, we were not slow to perceive, were the same they had worn the year before, as well as on all other festive occasions. But, in addition, they had a band of black

crape round their sleeves, in memory of the lately-deceased Emperor of Germany, son-in-law of their beloved Queen, and brother-in-law of their dear Princess Louise. We will only hope that it may not have been a premonitory sign of mourning for the breaking up of their old Home at Woodside. For the last fifty years the "Auld House" has been filled with young girls, rescued from many perils and rejoicing in a healthful and happy life. It will indeed be sad if its doors are closed to all future claimants, and its present inmates turned adrift to seek new habitations. It is true that the demands on the charitable are great, and continually increasing; still, this "National Society for the Protection of Young Girls" will not, we hope, be allowed to die for lack of a few hundred pounds to keep it alive.

ANNE BEALE.

EATING RUE PIE.

A SHORT STORY FOR WORKING GIRLS.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. BECKETT was not unprepared for this talk with Richard, but she listened patiently whilst he repeated all the arguments he had already used in speaking to Milly. To his credit be it spoken, he also told all that his pretty sweetheart had urged in reply.

"And now, mother, what do you think about this matter? Will you have Milly and me with you, or shall we have a little place to ourselves?"

"I will answer your questions as they come, Dick. First, I think you are a lucky lad in having gained the affection of such a good, sensible girl as Milly Burton. Most young things like her, and with so much to make them ready to run away from the home they have, to what they hope will be a better, would not stop to think. They would leap first and look when it was too late. She has good sense and judgment, beyond what could have been expected from a girl brought up as she has been. I am very fond of Milly, and if I am spared I mean to be a second mother to her."

"Then you mean to have us here with you?" cried Dick, joyfully.

"I have not reached your second question yet, and before I do let me ask you one. Are you coming to me because you want my advice, and mean to be guided by it? or do you mean to follow your inclination at any cost? Your second question sounded like an intention to please yourself in one of two ways, and only leaves me to say which I think the better, when I suppose you will fall in with it. Dick, I cannot advise either way yet, though with all my heart I consider Milly worth having and worth waiting for. Listen, my boy. When I was a young girl like Milly, I was tempted as you are tempting her, to act rashly and contrary to common sense. Thank God I was kept from yielding, by the kind advice of my good mistress, for I had no mother living, though at first I had thought it such a fine thing to get married, and have a house of my own, and nobody to order me about. My mistress was kinder to me than I deserved. She put everything down on paper, and showed me the very best that could be done with the money that could be reckoned on. It was the having it all before me in black and white that taught me where I stood. As a servant in a fine, well-managed house, I had plenty of good food without need for a thought as to providing or paying for it. Fire-light, furniture, lodging, never cost me a minute's anxiety. All were there, paid for by others, and coming to me as free as the air I breathed, so far as paying was concerned. I could dress neatly, for I had fair wages regularly paid, and my mistress always tried to get us servants to save, if it were ever so little. I was used to seeing all kinds of things brought into the house in large quantities, coals by many a load at once into the great cellars, and the store-room shelves were like a shop to look at. Well, my mistress not only showed me how much money could be spared out of twenty shillings a week for each necessary article, but she had the groceries, and meat, and coals weighed out, so that I might see for myself what I should have to work upon, and how careful I must be, with rent, clothes, and many other matters still to provide out of the wages. Even this was looking at the best side, for it was supposing that the home was furnished with every necessary, and that both of us kept well and needed no doctor; that work never failed, and there were no children to provide for. My mistress saw that I looked grave, and

then she laid a kind hand on my shoulder and said, 'Sarah, you must not think I go against marriage. I am a very happy wife and mother myself, and I do believe that where people love God, love each other, and make a prudent beginning, it is the most blessed state of all. But would a marriage with George Needham mean all this?' I hung my head at the question. The young man was about your present age, and I was much such a girl as Milly, only not so pretty. He had a very handsome face, and a gay, merry way with him, that made him a favourite with most of the girls. I think it was partly this that pleased me, and it touched my vanity to think that he should want me rather than some that were a great deal better-looking than I was. But as to his being a good God-fearing man, I knew he was nothing of the kind. Talk of his going to church on a Sunday, and he would have laughed and said, 'I prefer a church with a chimney,' or, 'I can say my prayers out of doors in the green fields better than in a stuffy old place like that.' I doubted whether he believed in saying prayers at all, and even before my mistress said anything, this thought had made me uncomfortable, and inclined to doubt him. Then about furnishing a home. I knew every penny of my savings would have to go for that if I married George, and a poor, bare little place it would be at the best, with more wants in it than anything else. My mistress saw that her words had set me thinking, so she did not add to them. She only said, 'I wish to be your true friend, Sarah, and if I could see that the prospect before you was a good one, no one would rejoice over it more than I should. What I ask is that you will think of what I have said, and pray for still better guidance from the best of all friends, your Father in heaven.' I did think, and I asked to be led in the right way; and looking back after many years, I know that I was graciously answered. When George came again I thanked him, but said I had made up my mind not to marry until I was a few years older. He asked me if I expected him to wait for me, for if I did I should be mistaken. It was now or never with him, and there were plenty of girls that would be ready to take him if he only held up his finger to beckon them. It made me blush to hear him say this, for it must be a bad thing when men hold girls so cheaply, and I told George I was sorry to hear him speak in such a manner of other girls, for it showed he could not respect them as a right-minded man ought to do. For myself, I neither expected nor wished him to wait on my account, and I told him that neither now nor at any time could I consent to be his wife. He was very angry at this, and said taunting words, such as 'There are as good fish left in the sea as any that have been taken out,' and that I had no call to set myself up as if I were better or prettier than other people. That I had drawn him on just to throw him over, and then boast that I would not have him, with a great deal more of the same kind. I felt sorry, for conscience told me that I had been pleased at his following me and singling me out from the rest, and I have no doubt that if no kind friend like my mistress had led me first to think and then to pray, I should have married George, and rued doing so all my life after. So I just begged that he would forgive me if I had done anything to mislead him, before I knew my own mind, and I promised that I would never tell anyone that he had asked me to be his wife. This soothed him a little, for I think it vexed him more to be refused than to lose me. I kept

my word, and when on the very next Sunday I met George with Fanny Atkins hanging on his arm, I felt no anger, though he whispered something to her and they both laughed; whilst Fanny gave her head a little scornful toss at me as I passed. It was soon said that George had left my plain face for her pretty one, and that I had tried to gain him for a husband, but had missed my mark. I never contradicted these tales. They only helped to make me thankful that my eyes had been opened in time. My good mistress cheered and encouraged me. 'In after years you will look back and feel that you have had an escape from a temptation, and that the yielding to it would have cost you lifelong suffering,' she said. I believed this, and I had cause to be sure of it later on. Only a week after I met George Needham with Fanny Atkins their banns were published, and they were married as soon as possible. Poor Fanny! I felt sorry for her many a time after, for she had nothing, and her start in married life was worse even than mine would have been. I will not tell you all, but you can picture a good deal for yourself, seeing there are only too many similar cases round about us to-day. Neither husband nor wife had the fear of God before their eyes. He was reckless, selfish, and often unsteady. She was ignorant of household matters, and had little to manage with—far too little to meet real needs, and that was not turned to the best account. When her fourth child was born I had such a pitiful letter from her, in which she prayed me, for the sake of old times when we were girls together, to go to her. See, here is the very letter. I have kept it, though she that wrote it has been dead for many a year."

Richard Beckett held out his hand for the poor faded scrawl which his mother offered him to read, as she paused in her story. He had hard work to make it out, but he did at last. Part of it was as follows:—

"I am left all by myself, for George has gone away. They say he has 'listed.' He often said he would do. I have another baby, a fortnight old, but I am so weak I cannot get up from my bed. I sometimes think I never shall again. I should have starved and died, but for neighbours who have been good to me, and brought me little things from day to day. Do come and see me! We were girls together, only you had most sense, and would not—"

Here there was a break, and then the words, "do come just once;" and the name "Fanny Needham."

Richard folded the soiled paper and returned it to his mother, saying, "I suppose you went to the poor thing?"

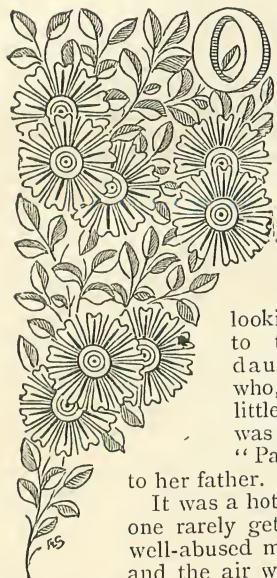
"I did, Richard, and found a hollow-checked, miserable skeleton of a woman, lying on a mere heap of straw and rags on the floor, and pressing a wailing baby to her breast. She had been married just five years, and was not four and twenty, but she might have been my present age, her face was so worn and old-looking with sorrow, want, and suffering. There were traces on the floor as if another heap of straw had been removed; and so it had. It was the children's bed, and had been carried to another miserable dwelling close by, to which people almost as poor, but wondrously pitiful, had taken the little ones, that they might not disturb the mother by their wants and cries. Fanny was not really strong enough to talk to me, but she would tell me her sad story, 'because,' she pleaded, 'I may never have another chance, and I want you to know all about it now.'

(To be concluded.)

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE. Author of "Fair Katherine," "The Shepherd's Fairy," "Seven Sons," "Spoilt Guy," etc., etc

CHAPTER III.
THE PROHIBITED NET.

ONE May day, seven years later, Noah sat outside his ark mending his eel-net, while at the door Mrs. Oldman was standing knitting, and looking from time to time at her daughter Eve, who, seated on a little milking stool, was reading from "Paradise Lost"

to her father.

It was a hot day, such as one rarely gets in the now well-abused month of May, and the air was warm and fragrant with the blossoms of the "faint sweet cuckoo-flowers," which grew in the grass, and looked fainter than ever in contrast with the rich burning yellow of the marsh marigolds gleaming along the river banks; the poplars and willows, the only trees near the ark, were bursting into leaf, the soft fluffy catkins of the palm-willow had long been out, and the cuckoo was already grown weary some with his incessant monotonous cry from early morning to sunset; most of the summer birds had arrived, and the swallows were flying about in pairs, the starlings building, as usual, in Noah's reed-thatched ark, and some butterflies—tortoiseshells and peacocks—had ventured forth from their winter quarters, and, with some newly-fledged cabbage-whites, were disporting themselves in the air, all nature rejoicing at the return of summer, while the thrushes and black-birds sung an accompaniment to Eve's reading. Noah was evidently listening intently to his favourite poet, but Mrs. Oldman had not much soul for poetry, and was apparently much more interested in her daughter, on whom her eyes rested with motherly pride.

And well they might, for you might walk many a weary mile before you came across a prettier sight than Eve Oldman as she sits on her three-legged stool, her beautiful head bent slightly over her book, the sun kindling the rich masses of her wavy, bright brown hair into auburn as they escaped from the white cotton sun-bonnet which protected her face and its creamy complexion from getting sunburnt. Her colouring was rich rather than delicate; her cheeks were a deep pink, her lips blood red, her eyes that grey which sometimes looks blue, sometimes brown, sometimes violet—the loveliest and most dangerous of all

eyes—and Eve's, to make them more bewitching, were veiled with long, dark lashes, and laughed, and cried, and flashed, and smiled, and drooped, and glanced, and looked tender, or confiding, or happy, or sad, just as their owner wished; dimples marked her rounded cheeks, and the red-brown hair clustered in soft little natural curls, many times removed from a fringe, over her pretty white forehead, by no means remarkable for its intellect, though Eve was no fool, and, thanks to her foster-sister Grace Leicester and her father's friend Adam Day, was far better educated than most girls of her class. Her hands were small and well-formed, and, if accustomed to hard work, bore no traces of it, but as a matter of fact they never did any harder work than peeling potatoes or making Norfolk dumplings and bread, for Mrs. Oldman would never let her do anything harder, but though, as she frankly owned, no scholar herself, liked her daughter to read and write and do all that Miss Grace did; and many were the disputes Noah and his wife had had on this point; but though on every other subject his will was law, yet where Eve was concerned Noah always inclined to the side of leniency; and if on the one hand he argued that Miss Grace did many things and learnt many things that were not befitting Eve's position, on the other he was the first to grant Miss Grace never did anything wrong, or learnt anything that could do Eve harm; so if Grace played the piano Eve played the organ, and had acted as organist for the last two years; and if Grace knew French and Italian Eve had learnt Latin with Adam, and still read with him almost every evening.

"Father," said Eve, suddenly, "is Adam coming to set the net with you to-night?"

"No, I can't set it to-night, I shan't have finished mending it," said Noah.

"Haven't you another net, father? There is one in the shed which looks better than that."

"Ah, so it is, but it is too small a mesh; I had it new the year before the Act was passed for the preservation of pike and small fish."

"Couldn't you use it just for one night?"

"Certainly not; it is an inch smaller than the Act allows; and if it were found out, who would believe I had only used it for once?" said Noah.

"Use it, my dear child," said Mrs. Oldman; "you might as well ask your father to steal Mr. Leicester's fowls, which, for all the care they take of them, he might easily do, or to go poaching, or to get drunk, as to use that net; why, he's the only man on the broads that hasn't made a fuss to get the Act altered except Adam Day, and he was too young at the time besides not being an eel man. Lor' a mercy me, the talk there

would be if Noah was to do such a thing even for one night! Why, if it was found out they'd say he was the veriest humbug living."

"And say right too, if I were to break the law which I have always upheld, but Eve is too young to remember all the ill feeling that Act caused, or she would not have suggested it. Go on reading, my child."

"In a minute, father. I want to know what you and Adam are going to do this evening first."

"I suspect it is Adam's movements you are interested in far more than mine," said Noah, with an amused smile, as he glanced at his pretty daughter.

"Oh no it isn't," said Eve, with a blush, and just the faintest little toss of her pretty head, which only her mother noticed and interpreted accordingly.

"Well, we are going to see after the decoy we are making, which, as you know, is to make our fortune and enable Adam to go to college if he fails to get this open scholarship he is trying for."

"Ah! decoy, indeed! There wasn't much cause for you to make a decoy; you have got one ready made in Eve, and one that'll make a finer fortune than you or Adam, one of these days, or I am much mistaken; but there, talking of ducks and decoys reminds me of my little ducks. I must go and feed them; they are the queerest creatures I ever saw; they are all gone to beak; they'll be as good-for-nothing as these politicians who spend their time making speeches instead of working, unless I can fatten them up."

"Ah! there are other folks talk nonsense besides politicians, wife; the tongue is a small member but a very unruly one; it is best employed in uttering the thoughts of great men if we have no great thought of our own to utter, so go on, Eve."

And while Mrs. Oldman retired to see after the ducks which had gone to beak instead of to fat, their proper mission, Eve read on a little longer, until the distant report of a gun caused both father and daughter to look up.

"I wonder who that is shooting in the close season; perhaps it is the rector frightening the birds from his garden with a blank cartridge; it seemed to come from that direction," said Noah.

Perhaps it was, but it seemed to have the effect of disturbing Eve as well as the birds, for she rose suddenly and said—"Father, I am tired of reading; I think I'll go for a walk before tea."

And Noah, being a simple-minded, unsuspecting man, didn't connect the gun with his daughter's sudden desire to be off, and had he been told it was a signal for her to resort to a certain spot, would have been as much surprised as if he had been shot. Suspecting nothing, he asked Eve for the book, and laying down his net watched

her run into the house and return with a large straw hat instead of the sun-bonnet, and then, with a nod and a smile, disappear behind the ark, a beautiful, happy, healthy, and, truth to tell, somewhat naughty girl, the joy and pride of his life.

"Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,

Oread or Dryad or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self

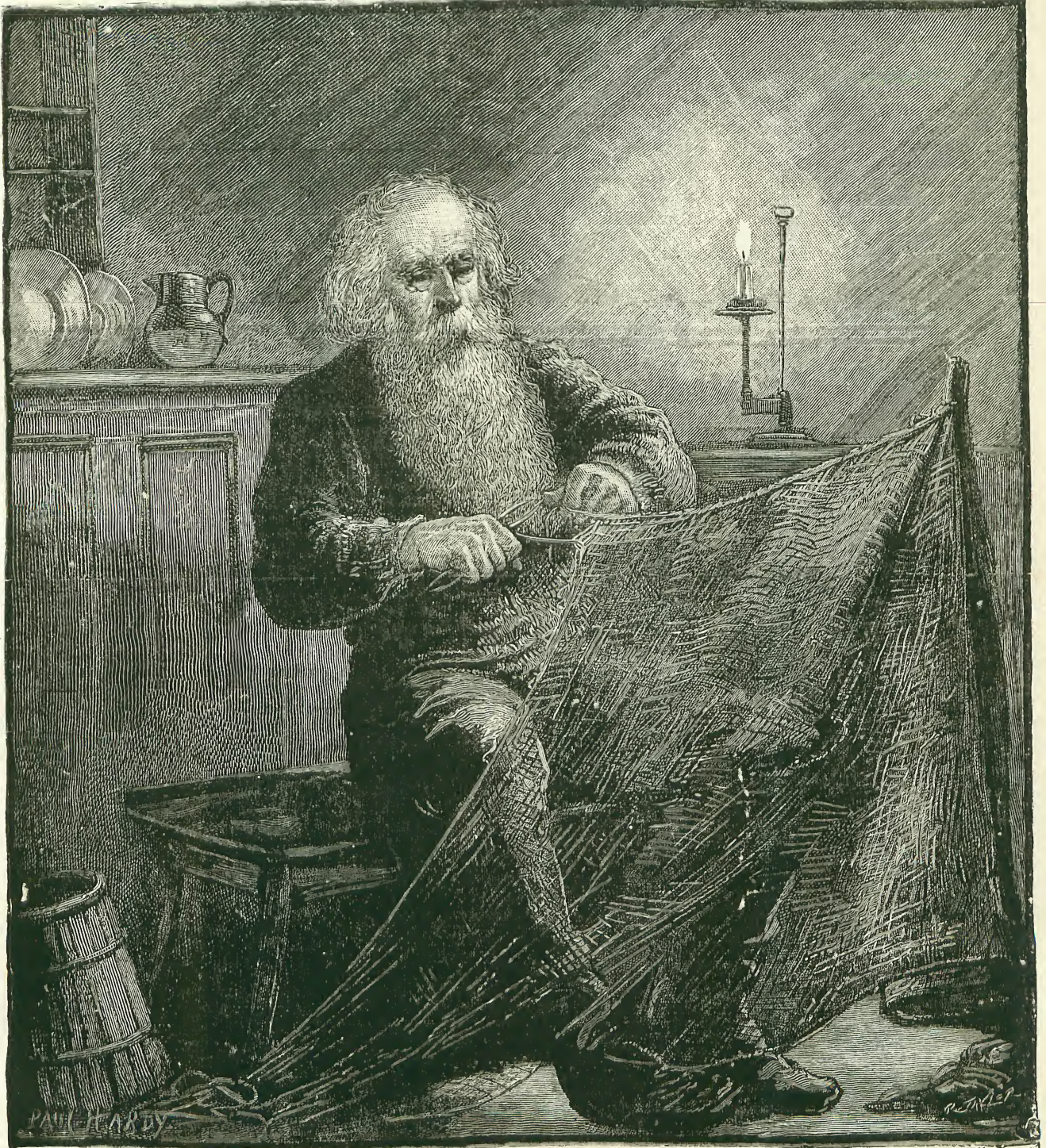
In gait surpassed and goddess-like deport.

* * * * *

"Oh, much deceived, much failing hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return, event perverse,
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose."

So read Noah, going on where Eve had left off; but for once in his life his favourite poet was an uncongenial companion, and he threw the book aside and pondered over the living Eve who had just gone from his presence. How fair she was; neither small nor large, but just the right medium; in outward form, at least, the very perfection of a woman with the

happy innocence of a child and the natural grace of one of Nature's ladies, though only the daughter of a fisherman. What a wife she would make for Adam Day, now the village schoolmaster, reading up for an open scholarship in his leisure hours; for to go to college was the dream of his life. And where in all the world could Eve find one who would make her a better or a truer husband than Adam? For, taking Noah as his model, Adam had grown up a religious as well as a good and clever man. And Noah, wishing as he did that Adam should become his son-in-law, thought he saw



NOAH MENDING HIS NET.

many little things in their intercourse with each other which seemed to say his wish was also theirs. And as he thought the wish grew into a prayer, and the prayer continued long after he had, unconsciously, or at any rate mechanically resumed his netting. Like all Noah's prayers, it took the form of a colloquy rather than of a petition, for he rarely asked directly for anything, but told out his wishes and thoughts to his God as a child might tell all his plans and wishes to his father, and then he listened for God's voice in reply; and then Noah added, simply, "but Thy will be done."

So he had prayed for years. In his youth he had asked that his wishes might be granted, always adding the saving clause, "it is Thy will," but as he grew older, he asked less, and trusted more, until it was true of him that when he had asked for forgiveness for his daily shortcomings his only petition was, "Thy will be done." And yet he spent hours in prayer, as he sat watching for wherries while his eel-nets were out; he had not a thought nor a wish that he did not share with his Lord, but long experience had taught him that God knew best what to give and what to withhold; that if we are generous in our trust in His desire to help us, He will not be outdone in generosity, but will give far more than we desire or deserve. And if, as sometimes happened, his wishes were apparently disregarded or set aside, or crossed, Noah knew that it was not really so, but that it was God's will—the will of Him who sees the whole while we see but a small part.

God's knowledge and our ignorance was a favourite topic of Noah's; it was the key, he was wont to say, to the whole mystery of evil. God, he said, saw the good which underlay the evil, or He would never permit it to exist; and he agreed with those theologians who think it doubtful whether we are not better off now we are fallen than we should have been had we never lost the innocence of Paradise, so transcendent are the joys of salvation.

Noah's meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Adam Day, now a tall, strong man of twenty-two or three; he was somewhat sallow in complexion, with dark curly hair and dark grey eyes, the only remarkable feature in his face, except his fine forehead, and neither

Noah, nor even his mother, much as they admired Adam, could have pretended he was good-looking. Tall and straight and well built he was, with a clever intelligent face and fine eyes, and when that was said, there remained nothing to add to the description of his outward man. He was dressed in an old but well-cut suit of clothes, having discarded the blue jersey and high boots of the broadmen since he became schoolmaster, though this evening he had donned some high boots, knowing that the work he and Adam were engaged in required them. They were making a decoy in one of the inlets of Windham Broad, about two miles from the ark. Noah had made the osier fences and screens, and Adam had provided the wire-netting and iron hoops, and now they were going to fix up the screens and fences and fasten the netting over the hoops. They had been engaged during the winter in making the screens and fences, and now the decoy itself had to be made.

"Where is Eve going? I met her," said Adam, abruptly, as Noah put away his netting and prepared to accompany him.

"Only for a walk; she was tired of reading."

"She is too pretty to walk about alone," said Adam, sharply.

"What! here in the country where everyone knows her? What harm should happen to her here, lad?"

"They are not all saints who live in the country," said Adam, who seemed put out; but he said nothing further, and Noah concluded his pupils had been more than usually troublesome and ruffled his temper, as sometimes happened.

The decoy was laid in an inlet well sheltered by trees, on the other side of the broad, to reach which they must first take a boat and then walk about a mile. Accordingly they made their way to the place where we first made Adam's acquaintance, to launch a boat. Here they found Grace Leicester, now a graceful girl, the same age as Eve, but taller and slighter, and whereas Eve was the picture of health and her colouring vivid, Grace was delicate, and seemed to be painted in water-colours: she had coils of pale smooth golden hair, large sad blue eyes, delicate features, and a very clear and pale complexion, though she

had a habit of blushing frequently, and then the bright red blood mantled her cheeks for a few seconds, but soon faded away and left her the pale, delicate, lily-like creature it found her. And while Eve looked as if no such thing as care or sorrow had ever ventured to touch so gay and beautiful a creature, the chastened look on Grace's young face seemed to hint that she was not altogether a stranger to either; but the sorrow appeared to be an accepted one, for there was a certain air of resignation about her, which even a careless observer could hardly fail to notice. The bright colour which overspread her face as she greeted Noah and Adam made her for the moment beautiful, though when it subsided she was almost too pale to deserve the attribute.

"I am looking for Mr. Clifford; have you met him?"

"No, Miss Grace," said Noah, but he did not notice that Adam made no reply.

"I am afraid he has gone out fishing then; he is fishing-crazy this year, and it is just our dinner-time. I hope he won't be very late, for father's sake."

"If we come across him we'll tell him you are looking out for him; we are now going across to the decoy that is to make Adam's fortune, Miss Grace."

"I hope it may, Adam," said Grace, shyly, and once again the bright red blush swept over her pale cheeks.

"Thank you, Miss Leicester," said Adam, and a close observer would have seen that under Adam's sallow skin a dark flush was visible.

Noah got into his boat and took the sculls, and Adam shoved her off and followed, while a bell from the rectory caused Grace to hasten home.

"Miss Grace looks worn and anxious; I hope she has not set her heart on that handsome young Clifford, for he is not good enough for her," said Noah.

"I don't know anyone who is," said Adam shortly, and Noah, thinking his plumes had been exceedingly ruffled to make him so short-tempered, set himself to try and smooth them by talking about the open scholarship Adam had determined to go in for, and when once they were ashore again their work rendered all conversation impossible, so that Adam's unusual silence and depression escaped Noah's further notice.

(To be continued.)

ON THE ART OF "PUTTING THINGS" WELL.



is a great mistake to suppose that the art of conversation is at all the same thing as the art of putting things well. To be a good conversationalist involves various natural gifts, but to put things well implies not so much native aptitude, as an acquired habit of regarding the different aspects of one fact from the varying standpoints of different minds, and of perceiving what particular aspect should be brought forward prominently, so as to produce pleasurable or preclude painful impressions.

The following is a case in point:—

Captain B., coming unexpectedly up to town, claims the hospitality of his friends the Robinsons on an evening when they are giving a small dinner-party of eight. The shortness of the notice renders it utterly impossible for Mrs. Robinson to secure the presence of an additional lady, and circumstances, too, prevent her altering her arrangement of the couples. Captain B. then, as the odd man out, has to go in to dinner alone, and it is necessary for her to make some gracefully apologetic speech. That there is a disproportion of the two sexes is very apparent, and it is this fact which is to furnish her with her excuse.

Now, if she is a thoroughly tactless woman she will say, "So sorry, Captain B., to send you in alone, but you see we are a gentleman too many;" while, on the other hand, if she is one of those women who know how to put things well, she will murmur, "So sorry, Captain B., but unluckily we are a lady too few."

"A man too many," or "a woman too few!" The sense conveyed by these two phrases is precisely the same, but the sensations roused in the mind of the hearer are widely different. For, in the first case, Captain B. is made to realise very forcibly how much his unexpected arrival has thrown out his hostess's arrange-

ments; whereas in the second case he is given to understand that so far from regretting his inclusion in the number of her guests, Mrs. Robinson is only sorry that she cannot still further increase that number. Now, this is a much more agreeable idea to have presented to him than the other.

But it may be urged that sometimes to decide at once what is the most pleasing set of ideas to call up demands a quickness of apprehension not given to all of us.

So much may be freely conceded, and yet, as it is certain that there are innumerable facts which come into conversation almost as frequently as does mention of the weather, it is obvious that with these people can be prepared beforehand to deal.

Take only the one fact—old age. Age, as we know, has its lugubrious aspects, and the old are painfully aware of all these, and seek often, by an infinite number of little devices, to keep themselves from dwelling upon them. Witness that friend of George Sand's, who would never allow that he was fifty, but preferred to tell people that he was twice twenty-five.

As one gets older, one's physical powers cease to be what they have been; the attractiveness of mere youthful charms vanishes for ever, and one becomes conscious that to a section of the community—all the very young and foolish, in fact—one figures as an old fogey.

On the other hand, there are many triumphant, many consolatory aspects of maturer years. There is the power, the wisdom, the sympathy born of wide understanding, and the indescribable charm which springs out of such sympathy—a charm more potent with men and women sometimes than even the exuberant graces of youth.

To suggest any of these aspects rather than the more depressing ones becomes, then, the duty of all young persons who find themselves in the society of those much older than themselves. And on no occasion was this duty more exquisitely performed than it was once by a youthful Frenchman, who, on being asked by the elder of two ladies which of the two

he would save, were they both drowning, answered promptly—

"Why, mademoiselle, of course, for I have noticed that madame knows how to do so many things that I should feel certain she knew how to swim."

Here the truth was vigorously adhered to, but by a well-deserved tribute to the elder lady's multifarious accomplishments the truth was shorn of its unpleasantness. The notable fact that with many women personal looks do not correspond with years makes it often particularly easy to put things well when the question of their age comes up. For next to being conscious that one is not really old, comes the satisfying conviction that any way one does not show one's age.

"I'm an old woman now," says a lady, plaintively, and is at once pleasantly soothed by hearing her listener murmur—

"I'll not contradict you, but your looks do," or, with slightly different wording: "If your looks do not tell us that, why should you?"

When, unfortunately, looks correspond only too fatally well with dates, it is necessary for those who are not mendaciously inclined to have some other answer ready.

The statement, "I'm an old woman now," can then be fitly followed by the exclamation: "Ah, madam, say that when you cease to be interesting!"

Here, it will be noted, the assertion about years is left undisputed, but the thoughts of the lady are judiciously carried off to a side issue, and she is made to understand, by implication, that so long as a woman pleases, her age is a matter of comparative indifference.

Constantly, in putting things well, most people have recourse to this plan of evasion or side issues.

For, as it cannot be too often reiterated, the art of putting a thing well is not synonymous with the practice of glibly telling a lie. There is no art in lying; it is the mere clumsy device of the fool. All the art comes in managing to say a pleasing kind of true thing instead of the first true thing that occurs to one.

Thus when a bachelor of over fifty said to the girl of seventeen, "I'm sure you would rather be talking with those youngsters yonder than wasting your time on an old fellow like me!" the girl was perfectly truthful when she said, "Oh, no, I like old men," since young girls often do prefer the polished man of fifty to the raw lad of twenty; but she had scarcely put the matter felicitously.

Again, when a lady of straitened means, possessing a small domestic staff of one, said to a rich friend, whom she had induced to stay to luncheon with her, "You know, I cannot give you a lunch such as you would get at home, I live in a very different style," it was execrable taste on the part of the friend to answer cheerfully, "Oh, anything does for me! I have been living in seaside apartments lately, and you know what sort of food you get under those circumstances!" An answer framed in the spirit of Balthazar's reply to Antipholus, viz., "I hold your dainties cheap, and your welcomes dear," would have been the appropriate thing to say; all the more so, as it would have come as equally well whether the lady had been promising an elaborate or apologetic for a frugal repast.

* * * * *

It must not be supposed that within the limits of a magazine article easy ways can be suggested out of all conversational dilemmas. The general principles which will enable people themselves to find out the best way of putting things can alone be indicated. Much will always depend upon a judicious choice of adjectives, and in this respect our readers will do well to model themselves upon a character in one of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's novels, of whom we are told—

"If I weighed 200lb., for instance, she would refer to my avoirdupois as 'matronly embonpoint,' and if I were a skeleton she would say I had 'a slight, reed-like figure,' which is rather clever, you know, as well as being Christian charity."

ADA HEATHER-BIGG.

VARIETIES.

THE BEST-GOVERNED STATE.

How the best state to know?—It is found out
Like the best woman—that least talked about.

—Schiller.

IN DISGUISE.—When Madame de Staël published her celebrated novel of "Delphine," she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady who is one of the principal characters. "They tell me," said Talleyrand, the first time he met her, "that we are both of us in your novel in the disguise of women."

CHARACTER IN CHINS.—A pointed chin is said to be a sign of craftiness, wisdom, and discretion. A soft, fat, double chin indicates sensuousness, and an indolent temperament. A flat chin is the mark of a cold, hard nature; a small chin shows weakness, want of will, power, and cowardice. In a retreating chin we see silliness, and, if the brow be shallow, imbecility. A square and massive chin indicates strong and determined will.

THE SECRET OF PERFECTION.—To obtain perfection it is not necessary to do singular things, but to do common things singularly well.—Francis de Sales.

THE LONG REMEMBERED DEAD.

The most loved are they
Of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice
In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,

And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps!—till silently they die
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye,

And the world knows not then,
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts have fled!

Yet these are they that on the souls of men
Come back, when night her folding veil hath spread—
The long-remembered dead.

ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether in prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,

And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—
Boil it down.

THE STINGY WIFE.

A celebrated American judge had a very stingy wife. On one occasion she received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle.

"Be pleased, my dear," said his lordship, "to let us have a second candle to see where the other one stands."

SEEDS OF CHARACTER.—Every day and hour we are sowing the seeds of character which one day will astonish even ourselves by blossoming forth in actions of which we had not supposed ourselves to be capable.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PUNCTUALITY.—If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them in a fever too. To prevent the tediousness of waiting for others, carry with you some means of occupation—books which can be read by snatches and which afford ample materials for thinking.

TONGUES IN MOTION.—The tongue is a machine which generally loses in power what it gains in speed.

OH, WHY NOT BE HAPPY?

Words by VICTOR HUGO.
Translated by LEOPOLD WRAY.

"A QUOI BON ENTENDRE LES OISEAUX."

Music by A. C. MACKENZIE.

PIANO. *Allegretto grazioso.* *f* *ritard.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic and ends with a ritardando (ritard.) marking.

mf a tempo.

Oh, why..... not be hap-py this bright sum-mer day,..... 'Mid

The first vocal entry is on a single staff, with the piano accompaniment on two staves below. The lyrics are "Oh, why..... not be hap-py this bright sum-mer day,..... 'Mid". The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic is mezzo-forte (mf) and the tempo is a tempo.

per - - fume of ro-ses and new-ly-mown hay?..... Great Na - ture is

The second vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are "per - - fume of ro-ses and new-ly-mown hay?..... Great Na - ture is". The dynamic is mezzo-forte (mf).

smil - ing - the birds in the air Sing love - lays to - ge - ther, and

The third vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. The lyrics are "smil - ing - the birds in the air Sing love - lays to - ge - ther, and". The dynamic is piano (p).

all is most fair!..... The birds in the air Sing love-lays to - ge - ther,

The fourth vocal entry concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo (cres.) and ends with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are "all is most fair!..... The birds in the air Sing love-lays to - ge - ther,". The dynamic is piano (p) for the first part and forte (f) for the second part.

calando.

and all is most fair,..... and all is most fair!

p *calando.* *a tempo.*

mf

Then why not be hap - py this bright sum-mer day, 'Mid per-fume of

ro - - ses And new-ly-mown hay?..... 'Mid per - fume of ro - - ses and

stringendo molto.

f *mf* *poco calando.*

new - - ly-mown hay,..... and new - - ly-mown hay, 'Mid per-fume of ro-ses and new-ly-mown

f *mf* *poco calando.*

sempre. *p* *ritard.* *f*

hay?..... Then why not be hap - py this bright,..... this bright sum-mer

sempre. p *ritard.* *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mf a tempo.

day?..... The

f *dim.* *rit.*

stream - lets they wan-der thro' mea-dows so fleet,..... their mu - sic en -

mf

- tic-ing young lov-ers to meet;..... The vio - lets are bloom - ing and

nest - ling their heads In rich - est pro - fu - sion on moss - coat - ed beds.....

p *f*

are nest-ling their heads In rich-est pro - fu - sion on moss-coat-ed beds,.....

p *string. e cres.* *f*

p on moss-coat-ed beds. *p* Then why not be hap - py

calando. p *a tempo.*

this bright summer day, When na-ture is fair - est and all is so

gay?..... When na - ture is fair - est and all..... is so gay,..... and all..... is so

f

mf *poco calando* *sempre.* *p* gay? When na-ture is fair - est and all is so gay?..... Then why not be hap - py this

dim. *mf* *poco calando* *sempre.* *Ped.* *rit.* *Ped.* ***

f *a tempo.* bright..... this bright sum-mer day?.....

Ped. *f* *a tempo.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LOIS LE BLANC.—We cannot agree with you that a salary of £30 or £40 per annum is a low one for a young girl to begin with. Whether it would compensate you for being "a drudge for three years," you must be the best judge, as we have had no experience of that position. You should apply direct to the Civil Service Commissioners, stating your present qualifications, and obtain a prospectus for the current year.

A CONSTANT READER would do well to join an ambulance class. Some are held at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, W. She had better write for a prospectus.

CURIOSITY.—Your query is a very natural one. The use of the pronoun "we," instead of I, was introduced in England for the use of the Sovereign by King John; and the French and German Sovereigns adopted the usage from him in 1200. Among authors and editors it is employed in lieu of "I," because a personal pronoun being necessarily of perpetual use, they prefer the employment of one that is free from any appearance of egotism; and the individual personality of the writer is less prominently brought forward. The origin of the name "Beefeaters" is *Buffetiers*, and was applied to the yeomen of the guard, because they watched the buffet and waited at the sideboard. The name has been fully three hundred years in use.

E. WILKINSON.—We have pleasure in naming your Society for the Suppression of Exaggerated Terms, because our young people of both sexes are doing their utmost to spoil their fine expressive language by the use of wrong as well as uncalled-for expressions. The English language is peculiarly rich in terms expressing shades of thought; and care should be taken to select them with the strictest propriety. Nothing could be more essentially vulgar than the application of the word "awful" (for example) to express exactly the opposite idea to that which it is designed to convey. Our "aesthete" friends have fallen into a very similar misemployment of English words. Address, Miss Wilkinson, sec., The Beeches, South Yardley, near Birmingham.

MISS E. HARTLAND (secretary of the Early Rising Society, Church Street, Newent, Gloucestershire).—We are happy to comply with your request to make known your society.

A. DUKE.—We recommend you to write to Miss S. Hull, Woodvale, Parkhurst Road, Bexley, Kent. She will supply you with every information respecting "Lip-reading," as employed for the use of the deaf mutes. Perhaps she may have a vacancy herself. There are many public institutions in town and a training college at Ealing. Miss Hull's is a private school.

ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBER.—Yes, there seems to be an opening for shorthand writers, and for type-writers also. There is an institution connected with such work in Cambridge Street, Edgware Road, W. At the same time you should beware of hastily throwing up your present "comfortable situation" for an uncertainty, and loss of income while learning the new business.

AUBREY and BOOKWORM.—There are plenty of girls' clubs of the kind you desire to join, and to which we have continually referred in our Answers. Get a directory of them, written by one of our own staff, from Messrs. Griffith and Farran (St. Paul's Churchyard), and select for yourselves, as their several terms vary one from the other. It is better not to attempt singing at all unless your ear be perfect. You might learn the piano, but no stringed or wind instrument, without a very reliable ear and good musical taste. Why become a nuisance to others who have both?

A. L. M.—You would do well to obtain a short pamphlet by a Miss Sara Copeland (noticed in the *Queen* newspaper), giving an account of the Governesses' Home, kept in Paris by Miss Pryde, hon. sec., under the management of a French lady-directress; address, 23, Avenue des Bois de Boulogne, Paris: terms inexpensive.

ART.

MILANESE.—The leather for "gold leaf stamping" must be first prepared by dusting it over with very finely powdered dried white of egg, yellow resin, or mastic gum. Upon this lay a leaf of gold. The iron tools or stamps are now arranged on a rack before a clear fire, so as to be well heated without becoming red-hot. If the tools be letters, they are alphabetically arranged. Some practice will enable one to judge of the heat. The tool is pressed downwards on the gold leaf, and by this the resin is melted and the gold adheres to the leather. The superfluous gold is then rubbed off with a cloth. For the gold dust process, ordinary "gilder's size" might answer.

ARTISTE.—Pencil drawings are entirely finished in pencil. They may be touched up with white water-colour paint, if liked. Crayons or chalks are also kept to themselves, and not "mixed with pencil." Two different methods of fixing pencil drawings and crayons are used, the former being fixed with skim milk and water, the latter with a spray diffuser, in the method so often described in these columns.

A SHAMROCK.—The three golden balls of the pawn-brokers denote that money is lent by them. They were adopted from the "three gilded pills" of the Medici, which were a punning allusion to their name and profession, Medici meaning "doctors." The Medici were the wealthiest of the Lombardian money lenders of the Middle Ages, and their agents in England used their arms to paint on their doors as a sign they lent money. The Medici arms are well known to those who visit Florence, where they were the reigning family for so long. But on the shields there five balls, we think, appear, not six. This is the shield in the picture by Paul Veronese. It was not an uncommon thing to introduce the family arms into a picture; and in very early days, you must remember, ladies of rank wore them embroidered on their gowns.



AUTUMN GLADNESS.

MINNA BRIGHT.—We suppose by painting on glass you mean the ordinary painting of magic lantern slides. This is performed with transparent colours, viz., Prussian blue, Indian yellow, burnt sienna, crimson lake, and burnt umber. These colours undergo a change under the action of light, for which you must allow. The first process is to draw your subject on paper with strong lines, and shade it with Indian ink; then place your glass over the drawing, and secure firmly and proceed to paint; use megilp as a varnish to thicken your colours. Your sky must be a dark blue, the foliage of a blue green, and purple should be sparingly used. There is also a widely-advertised patented process for colouring glass, called, we believe, "Glacier." There is a great difference between colouring glass and painting upon it. Coloured glass is made by mixing metallic oxides with glass in a state of fusion; in this way a uniform colour is given to the whole mass, which pervades the substance of the glass, the colouring becoming incorporated with it. The oxide of cobalt is used for a rich blue colour, and so great is its colouring power that a pinch, so to say, will give a tint of blue to a ton of glass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. J. F.—Never sign yourself "Yours, etc.," it is vulgar and disrespectful. We thank you for your contribution to the Girls' Convalescent Home. Yes, the "Girl's Own Cookery Book" is sold at our publishing office. Write to Mr. Tarn. The price is one shilling.

GRUMPY.—There are surgical instrument makers in London who might supply a finger as well as a whole hand. We do not give addresses, but you could obtain such from any chemist near you. We utterly deny your strange assertion that "everyone looks down on an old maid." The question of respect, as of affectionate regard, depends wholly on the individual herself—her character, manners, usefulness, and kindness. Women who have rashly undertaken the onerous responsibilities of married life, for which they were educationally, mentally, and physically unsuited, or who make a grave mistake as to a suitable companion in life, or the amount of income essential, are far more likely to be "looked down upon." So beware!

NORAH.—If of age you should consult a lawyer, if some reliable friend, doctor, or clergyman would recommend one to you. He should see your grandfather's will, and take the necessary steps for its being carried out. Once in possession of what was designed for your support, you could select a friend or a family with whom to board, as you are too young to live alone.

F. E. M. must consult a dentist, and probably a doctor, keep her feet dry and warm, and clothe herself carefully, according to the weather, not the season only.

G. D. P.—We should think the Confederate note you possess is worth nothing, save as a curiosity, provided that you keep it a good number of years.

FIGGIT.—The writings of Ruskin are the basis of the society, of course; but why not write and obtain the rules, and positive information from the secretary?

L. M. A.—We are glad you liked our series of articles on "Heraldry, and the Days of Chivalry." The name "Oriflamme," as applied to the original royal standard of France, was derived from the Latin *auri flamma*, or "flame of gold." The standard in question belonged to the Abbey of St. Denis, and was borne by its guardians the Counts of Vexin. It reverted to Philip I., who added the county to the dominions of the French Crown; and thenceforth it became the standard of the French monarchy, until lost at the battle of Agincourt. It was charged with a *saltire*, wavy, or; and rays issued from the centre, crosswise.

MARY WHITE.—We are often asked for a recommendation to some French country place, where a pleasant quiet holiday could be spent, at comparatively small cost. We have just heard of a place in the Drôme Valley—Die, a small town in Dauphiny. The lady who writes about it in "Work and Leisure" names a very nice house there, having a good fruit and flower garden, which a friend of hers is prepared to buy, if only a sufficient number of visitors could be found to go over and occupy it. All desirous of a home which might be made a pleasant meeting-place in the summer, for friends parted by their several duties the rest of the year, had better communicate with the writer.

EVIE.—There are more kinds of the *Cactus* tribe than one, and all do not blossom annually. Perhaps your specimen is not being treated rightly. We advise you to show it to a florist, and he will tell you what it is and what is the matter with it. You inquire about your efficiency in spelling. The latter cannot be said to be "all right" when you write this as one word, and say "alright."

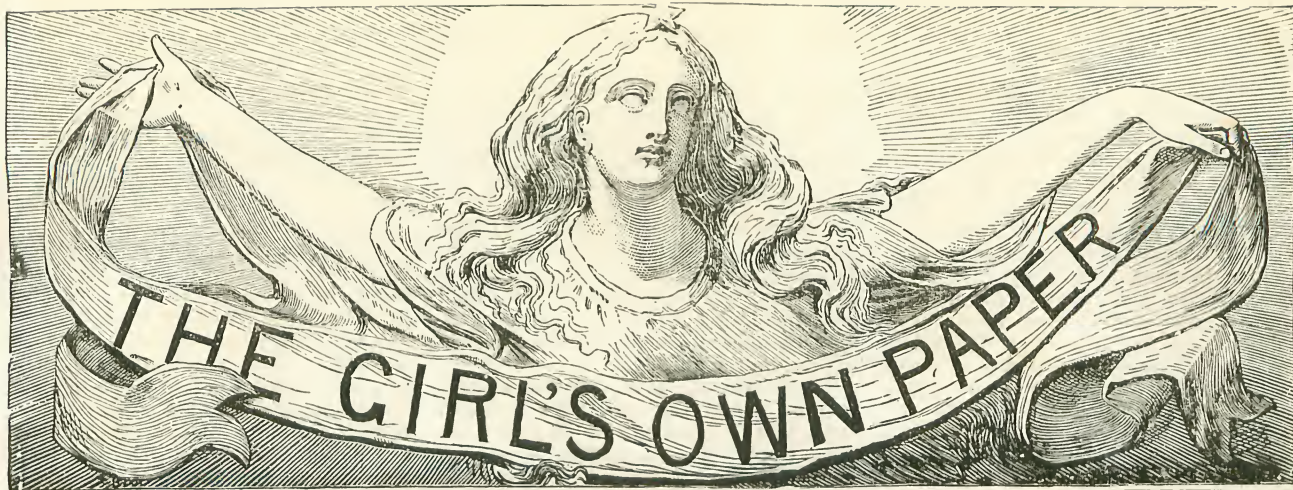
MAURITIUS.—We thank you heartily for your excellent "Deep Sea Fisheries" Ulman cap and mittens, and also for your kind letter. You write a very pretty hand; we wish all our correspondents wrote half as well.

GWYNDOLEN.—Both your quotations are taken from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," to which you should refer. Your writing is very neat, and we wish you much success at college.

J. M. H.—There is some kind of mixture, we believe, sold at the waterproofers' establishments, which might be of use in restoring your mackintosh.

FIRST FRUITS.—You possess considerable facility in versification, and much readiness; but the hymns are somewhat lacking in original thought. We see no reason, however, that you should deny yourself the pleasure of writing hymns, for the thoughts are edifying and pious; and it must do you good to entertain such guests.

WILD FLOWER.—Your verses, though not quite correct in rhyme and metre, show considerable power and originality. We advise you to endeavour to improve yourself in English.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A COSY MORNING.

BREAKFAST was half over before Miss Sefton made her appearance; but her graceful apology for her tardiness was received by Dr. Lambert in the most indulgent manner. In spite of his love of punctuality, and his stringent rules for his household in this respect, he could not have found it in his heart to rebuke the pretty, smiling creature who told

him so naively that early rising disagreed with her and put her out for the day.

"I tell mamma that I require a good deal of sleep and fortunately she believes me," finished Edna, complacently.

Well, it was not like the doctor to hold his peace at this glaring opposition to his favourite theory, and yet, to Tom's astonishment, he forbore to quote that threadbare and detestable adage, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man

healthy, wealthy, and wise"—proverbial and uncomfortable philosophy that Tom hated with all his foolish young heart. Tom, in his budding manhood, often thought fit to set this domestic tyranny at defiance, and would argue at some length that his father was wrong in laying down rules for the younger generation.

"If my father likes to get up early, no one can find fault with him for doing it,"



"'IT IS SO LOVELY TO HAVE YOU BACK, BETTY DEAR,' SHE WHISPERED."

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Tom would say; "but he need not impose his venerable and benighted opinions upon us. Great men are not always wise; even intellectual veterans like Dr. Johnson, and others I can mention, if you only give me time, have their little hallucinations, fads, fancies, and flumeries. For example, everyone speaks of Dr. Johnson with respect; no one hints that he had a bee in his bonnet, and yet a man who could make a big hole for a cat and a little one for a kitten—was it Johnson or Newton who did that?—must have had a screw loose somewhere. And so it is with my father; early rising is his hobby—his pet theory—the keystone that binds the structure of health together. Well, it is a respectable theory, but my father need not expect an enlightened and progressive generation to subscribe to it; the early hours of the morning are not good for men and mice; only for birds and bricklayers, and worms weary of existence."

Tom looked on secretly amused, as his father smiled indulgently at Miss Sefton's confession of indolence. He asked her how she had slept, and made room for her beside him, and then questioned her about her intended journey, and finally arranged to drive her to the station before he went on his usual round.

An hour afterwards the whole family collected in the hall to see Miss Sefton off. Edna bid them good-bye in her easy, friendly fashion, but as she took Bessie's hand she said—

"Good-bye, dear; I have an idea that we shall soon meet again. I shan't let you forget me," and then she put up her face to be kissed.

"I am not likely to forget you," thought Bessie, as Edna waved her little gloved hand to them all; "one could soon get fond of her."

"How nice it must be to be rich!" sighed Christine, who was standing beside Bessie. "Miss Sefton is very little older than we are, and yet she has lovely diamond and emerald rings. Did you see her dressing-bag? It was fitted up so beautifully, its bottles silver-mounted; it must have cost thirty guineas, at least. And then her furs: I should like to be in her place."

"I should not envy Miss Sefton because she is rich," retorted Hatty disdainfully. "I would rather change places with her because she is so strong and so pretty. I did like looking at her so much, and so did Tom. Didn't you, Tom?"

"I say, I wish you girls would shut up or clear off," responded Tom, crossly; for things felt a little flat this morning. "How is a fellow to work with all this chattering going on around him?"

"Why, you haven't opened your books yet," replied Hatty, in an aggrieved voice; but Bessie hastily interposed—

"Tom is quite right to want the room to himself. Come along, girls, let us go to mother, in the morning-room; we might do some of our plain-sewing, and then I can tell you about Aunt Charlotte. It is so long since we have been cosy together, and our needles will fly while we talk—eh, Hatty?"

"There are those night shirts to

finish," said Christine, disconsolately; "they ought to have been done long ago, but Hatty was always saying her back ached when I wanted her to help, and I could not get on with them by myself."

"Never mind, we will all set to work vigorously," and Bessie tripped away to find her work-basket. The morning-room, as they called it, was a small room leading out of the drawing-room, with an old-fashioned bay window looking out on the garden.

There was a circular-cushioned seat running round the bay, with a small table in the middle, and this was the place where the girls loved to sit and sew, while their tongues kept pace with their needles. When Hatty's back ached, or the light made her head throb with pain, she used to bring her low chair, and leave the recess to Bessie and Christine.

The two younger girls went to school.

As Hatty brought her work (she was very skilful with her needle, and neither of her sisters could vie with her in delicate embroidery), she slipped a cold little hand into Bessie's.

"It is so lovely to have you back, Betty dear," she whispered. "I woke quite happy this morning to know I should see you downstairs."

"I think it is lovely to be home," returned Bessie, with a beaming smile. "I am sure that is half the pleasure of going away, the coming back again. I don't know how I should feel if I went to stay at any grand place; but it always seems to me now that home is the most delicious place in the world; it never looks shabby to me as it does to Tom, it is just home-like."

Mrs. Lambert, who was sitting apart from the girls, busy with her weekly accounts, looked up at hearing her daughter's speech.

"That is right, dear," she said, gently; "that is just how I like to hear you speak; it would grieve me if my girls were to grow discontented with their home, as some young ladies do."

"Bessie is not like that, mother," interposed Hatty, eagerly.

"No, Hatty, we know that, do we not? What do you think father said the other day, Bessie? He said, 'I shall be glad when we get our Bessie back, for the place does not seem like itself when she is away.' That was a high compliment from father."

"Indeed it was," returned Bessie; and she blushed with pleasure. "Everyone likes to be missed, but I hope you did not want me too much, mother."

"No, dear, but like father, I am glad to get you back again. And the mother's eyes rested fondly on the girl's face. "Now you must not make me idle, for I have all these accounts to do, and some notes to write. Go on with your talking, it will not interrupt me."

It spoke well for the Lambert girls that their mother's presence never interfered with them; they talked as freely before her as other girls do in their parents' absence. From children they had never been repressed nor unnaturally subdued; their childish preferences and tastes had been known and respected;

no thoughtless criticism had wounded their susceptibility; imperceptibly and gently maternal advice had guided and restrained them.

"We tell mother everything, and she likes to hear it," Ella and Katie would say to her schoolfellows.

"We never have secrets from her," Ella added. "Katie did once, and mother was so hurt that she cried about it. Don't you recollect, Katie?"

"Yes, and it is horrid of you to remind me," returned Katie, wrathfully, and she walked away in high dudgeon; the recollection was not a pleasant one. Katie's soft heart had been pierced by her mother's unfeigned grief and tender reproaches.

"You are the only one of all my little girls who ever hid anything from me. No, I am not angry with you, Katie, and I will kiss you as much as you like," for Katie's arms were round her neck in a moment, "but you have made mother cry, because you do not love her as she does you."

"Mother shall never cry again on my account," thought Katie, and, strange to say, the tendency to secretiveness in the child's nature seemed cured from that day. Katie ever afterwards confessed her misdemeanours and the accidents that happen to the best regulated children with a frankness that bordered on bluntness.

"I have done it, mother," she would say, "but somehow I don't feel a bit sorry. I rather liked hurting Ella's feelings; it seemed to serve her right."

"Perhaps when we have talked about it a little you will feel sorry," her mother would reply, quietly; "but I have no time for talking just now."

Mrs. Lambert was always very busy; on these occasions she never found time for a heated and angry discussion. When Katie's hot cheeks had cooled a little, and her childish wrath had evaporated, she would quietly argue the point with her. It was an odd thing that Katie generally apologised of her own accord afterwards—generally owned herself the offender.

"Somehow you make things look different, mother," she would say. "I can't think why they all seem topsyturvy to me."

"When you are older I will lend you my spectacles," her mother returned, smiling. "Now run and kiss Ella, and pray don't forget next time that she is two years older—it can't possibly be a younger sister's duty to contradict her on every occasion."

It was in this way that Mrs. Lambert had influenced her children, and she had reaped a rich harvest for her painstaking, patient labours with them, in the freely bestowed love and confidence with which her grown-up daughters regarded her. Now, as she sat apart, the sound of their fresh young voices was the sweetest music to her; not for worlds would she have allowed her own inward sadness to damp their spirits, but more than once the pen rested in her hand, and her attention wandered.

Outside the wintry sun was streaming on the leafless trees and snowy lawns; some thrushes and sparrows were bathing

in the pan of water that Katie had placed there that morning.

"Let us go for a long walk this afternoon," Christine was saying, "through the Coombe Woods, and round by Summerford, and down by the quarry."

"Even Bessie forgets that it will be Frank's birthday to-morrow," thought Mrs. Lambert. "My darling boy, I wonder if he remembers it there! if the angels tell him that his mother is thinking of him. That is just what one longs to know, if they remember." And then she sighed, and pushed her papers aside, and no one saw the sadness on her face as she went out. Meanwhile Bessie was relating how she had spent the last three weeks.

"I can't think how you could endure it," observed Christine, as soon as she had finished. "Aunt Charlotte is very nice, of course; she is father's sister, and we ought to think so, but she leads such a dull life, and then Cronyhurst is such an ugly village."

"It is not dull to her, but then you see it is her life; people look on their own lives with such different eyes. Yes, it was very quiet at Cronyhurst; the roads were too bad for walking, and we had a great deal of snow, but we worked and talked, and sometimes I read aloud, and so the days were not so long after all."

"I should have come home at the end of a week," returned Christine; "three weeks at Cronyhurst in the winter is too dreadful. It was real self-sacrifice on your part, Bessie; even father said so; he declared it was too bad of Aunt Charlotte to ask you at such a season of the year."

"I don't see that. Aunt Charlotte liked having me, and I was very willing to stay with her, and we had such nice talks. I don't see that she is to be pitied at all; she has never married, and she lives alone, but she is perfectly contented with her life. She has her garden and her chickens and her poor people. We used to go into some of the cottages when the weather allowed us to go out, and all the people seemed so pleased to see her. Aunt Charlotte is a good woman, and good people are generally happy. I know what Tom says about old maids," continued Bessie, presently, "but that is all nonsense; Aunt Charlotte says she is far better off as she is than many married people she knows. 'Married people may double their pleasures,' as folk say, 'but they treble their cares, too,' I have heard her remark; 'and there is a great deal to be said in favour of freedom. When there is no one to praise there is no one to blame, and if there is no one to love there is no one to lose, and I have always been content myself with single blessedness.' Do you remember poor Uncle Joe's saying,

'The mare that goes in single harness does not get so many kicks'?"

"Yes, I know Aunt Charlotte's way of talking; but I dare say no one wanted to marry her, so she makes the best of her circumstances."

Bessie could not help laughing at Christine's bluntness.

"Well, you are right, Chrissy; but Aunt Charlotte is not the least ashamed of the fact. She told me once that no one had ever fallen in love with her. 'I could not expect them to do so,' she remarked, candidly; 'as a girl I was plain featured, and so shy and awkward that your Uncle Joe used to tell me that I was the only ugly duckling that would never turn into a swan.'"

"What a shame of Uncle Joe!"

"I don't think Aunt Charlotte took it much to heart. She says her hard life and many troubles drove all nonsense thoughts out of her head. Why, grand-mamma was ill eight years, you know, and Aunt Charlotte nursed her all that time. I am sure when she used to come to my bedside of a night, and tuck me up with a motherly kiss, I used to think her face looked almost beautiful, it was so full of kindness. Somehow I fancy when I am old," added Bessie, pensively, "I shall not care so much about my looks nor my wrinkles, if people will only think I am a comfortable, kind-hearted sort of a person."

"You will be the dearest old lady in the world," returned Hatty, dropping her work with an adoring look at her Betty. "You are cosier than other people now, so you are sure to be nicer than ever when you are old. No wonder Aunt Charlotte loved to have you."

"What a little flatterer you are, Hatty! It is a comfort that I don't grow vain. Do you know, I think Aunt Charlotte taught me a great deal. When you get over her little mannerisms and odd ways, you soon find out what a good woman she really is. She is always thinking of other people, what she can do to lighten their burdens; and little things give her so much pleasure. She says the first violet she picks in the hedgerow, or the sight of a pair of thrushes building their nest in the acacia tree, makes her feel as happy as a child, for in spring, she said once, 'all the world is full of young life, and the buds are bursting into flowers, and they remind me that one day I shall be young and beautiful too.'"

"I think I should like to go and stay with Aunt Charlotte," observed Hatty, "if you think she would care to have me."

"I am sure she would, dear. Aunt Charlotte loves to take care of people. You must go in the summer, Hatty; the cottage is so pretty then, and you could be out in the garden or in the lanes all day. June is the best month, for they will be making hay in the meadows, and

you could sit in the porch and smell the roses, and watch Aunt Charlotte's bees filling their honey bags. It is just the place for you, Hatty—so still and quiet."

This sort of talk lasted most of the morning, until Ella and Katie returned from school, and Tom sauntered into the room, flushed with his mental labours, and ready to seek relaxation in his sisters' company.

Bessie left the room and went in search of her mother; when she returned a quarter of an hour later she found Tom sulky and Hatty in tears.

"It is no use trying to keep the peace," observed Christine, in a vexed tone. "Tom will tease Hatty, and then she gets cross, and there is no silencing either of them."

"Come with me, Hatty, dear, and help me to put my room in order. I have to finish my unpacking," said Bessie, soothingly. "You have been working too long, and so has Tom. I shall leave him to you, Chrissy." And as Hatty only moaned a little in her handkerchief, Bessie took the work forcibly away, and then coaxed her out of the room.

"Why is Tom so horrid to me?" sobbed Hatty. "I don't believe he loves me a bit. I was having such a happy morning, and he came in and spoiled all."

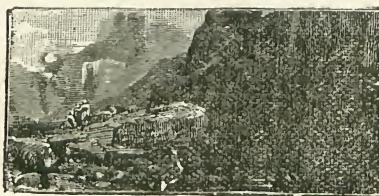
"Never mind about Tom. No one cares for his teasing, except you, Hatty. I would not let him see you mind everything he chooses to say. He will only think you a baby for crying. Now do help me arrange this drawer, for dinner will be ready in a quarter of an hour, and the floor is just strewn with clothes. If it makes your head ache to stoop, I will just hand you the things; but no one else can put them away so tidily."

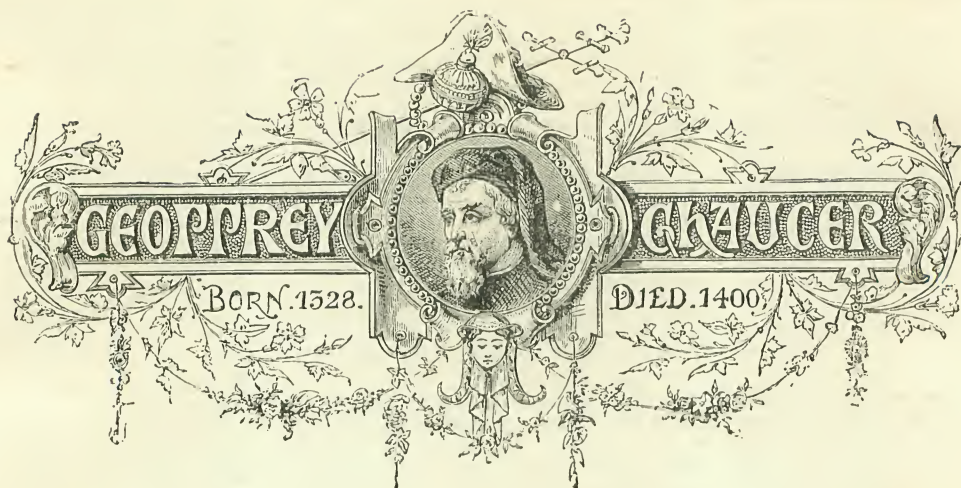
The artful little bait took. Of all things Hatty loved to be of use to anyone; in another moment she had dried her eyes and set to work, her miserable little face grew cheerful, and Tom's sneering speeches were forgotten.

"Why, I do believe that is Hatty laughing," exclaimed Christine, as the dinner bell sounded and she passed the door with her mother. "It is splendid the way Bessie manages Hatty. I wish some of us could learn the art, for all this wrangling with Tom is so tiresome."

"Bessie never loses patience with her," returned her mother; "never lets her feel that she is a trouble. I think you will find that is the secret of Bessie's influence. Your father and I are often grateful to her. 'What would that poor child do without her?' as your father often says, and I do believe her health would often suffer if Bessie did not turn her thoughts away from what is fretting her."

(To be continued.)





TYPES OF VIRTUE ;
OR,
IDEAL HEROINES OF ENGLISH WRITERS.

PATIENCE. . . . PATIENT GRISELDA.
We must love all the virtues ; that is certain. To say that we do not care for such and such a one is tantamount to owning a fondness, or at all events a toleration, for the opposite vice ; nevertheless, while there are some virtues which at first sight appear not very attractive, so also there are faults we are liable to excuse ; that is, if they are accompanied with some quality such as valour, strength, or generosity.

I will give an example. One of you, my readers, has a brother at school, who, owing to a mistake, has been wrongly accused of a fault, and without waiting for an explanation loses his temper and fights his accuser. "How brave !" some would say ; "what a detestation he must have for that fault !" This is quite a wrong way of looking at the matter ; your brother has lost his head and his temper—he is not afraid to fight, quite true, and that valour may come in useful some day, but there is no occasion for it here. What is wanted is a little patience, leading to a reconciliation.

A boy would have none of this. "I hate milksops ; give me a brave fellow." That is boy-like, and taken in its literal sense is a right idea ; but taken in the sense the boy intends, it is anything but man-like. And why ? Because a man, however naturally impatient, is taught by experience the absolute necessity of a certain amount of patience. The older we get the more patient we become, as a rule, and though the practice of this virtue requires a large amount of self-control, so great is the benefit which accrues to the patient that it is passing strange the virtue is not more popular.

Hardly a lofty manner of discussing a virtue this, to prove that, like honesty, it is the best policy ; but when I come to Griselda's story, I shall have plenty to say on the moral aspect of patience.

I am afraid we must own that even with men patience, in theory, is hardly very popular. A man says of another, "Oh, he is such a patient man ;" and in like manner, "he is such a meek man," with a sneer, inferring thereby that these are effeminate and weak qualities ; and yet we know patience to be a necessity of success in life. Women and girls are still harder on the patient and the meek man, for in their eyes these virtues lose their beauty when applied to the rougher sex. Women are bound, however, to acknowledge that with themselves patience is a virtue, but they are

not very enthusiastic about it. "It's a hum-drum virtue," I once heard a girl say.

Often we are patient under present ills, if we have an end, a worldly end, in view. Often we endure privations without murmur, when we see success and happiness as a crown and reward for suffering. This is a low form of the virtue. We ought not to practise virtue because it will pay ; and though, as I have said, patience does pay, and, even more than honesty, is the best policy—for who can be happy and impatient ?—we ought to be patient just as we are truthful, charitable, and in a word, good, because it is right and according to God's precepts, and the better principles He has implanted in us.

As my readers see, I have chosen Griselda, a heroine from "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," as a type of this ill-understood and much underrated virtue. But first a word or two about the author of the work in which our heroine appears. Geoffrey Chaucer is called "the father of English literature ;" he lived five hundred years ago, and is the earliest of our great writers. Before Chaucer there were one or two writers who had expressed their thoughts in English ; but their works are never read, except by historians and archaeologists ; and not only is Chaucer the first of that list of geniuses who have made England pre-eminent in the literature of modern Europe, but he is one of the greatest.

Then why with his great reputation is he comparatively so little read ? There are several reasons, amongst the principal being that in his works there are numerous words which have disappeared from our language. Many of his idioms, also, are obsolete ; nay, some are scarcely even understandable. Then there is a great admixture of French words in his poems ; while that perfect arrangement of accent, that regularity of versification, that easy "flow" which characterise the works of our later great poets, is perhaps not to be expected and certainly not to be found in Chaucer's works.

On the particular excellences of the poetry of the "Canterbury Tales" it is not my object to descant ; but my readers will perhaps like to know why these poems are called "Canterbury Tales," and I will say a few words on this subject, which will also serve as an introduction to our heroine, the fair Griselda.

My readers must transport themselves back, in fancy, five hundred years, and seek the ancient hostelry, the Tabard Inn, of Southwark. Here, according to the prologue of the "Canterbury Tales," were assembled together, towards the end of April, nine-and-twenty pilgrims, a motley company, different in degree, still more different in character ; but having for the time being a common object in view—a pilgrimage to Canterbury to visit the shrine of Thomas à Becket.

After a beautiful description of an early spring day Chaucer introduces us to the company. First there is the knight, a pattern of chivalry ; next in order of description comes the son, a young squire, lithe, active, and handsome, a lover and a bachelor. Then a nun, a monk, a merchant, a clerk of Oxenforde—with a mind full of logic and an ill-fed body ; threadbare are his garments and lean his horse ; a philosopher and a scholar is this clerk.

"Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendes hente
(get),
On bokes and on lerning he it spente."

And so on, each of the company being described with so graphic a touch that, notwithstanding the centuries that have elapsed, and all the changes in manners, characteristics, and dress that have taken place since Chaucer's time, we realise the scene and see before us the motley company.

The host of the Tabard was a cheery fellow, and served his guests right well.

"Gret chere made oure hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon :
And served us with vitaille of the beste ;
Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us
leste (it pleased us well)."

After the supper is over he makes the company merry with his tales, and the reckonings being paid, he suggests a plan whereby the long journey to Canterbury may be made pleasant. Truly, he remarks, there is little comfort and fun "to riden by the way dombe as the ston," and suggests that each of the company shall tell a tale, and he whose story is the best shall have a supper on the return at the cost of the rest. In addition to this he volunteers to go with the pilgrims at his own cost, and offers his services as guide.

Both proposals meet with great favour, and one by one the company tell their stories. By-and-by the clerk of Oxenforde, who appears to have been poor company, and is therefore chided by the host, is called upon for his tale, and right well does he respond, for it is the clerk who gives us the story of patient Griselda. He mentions in an introduction that he heard of Griselda from Petrarch, the Italian poet, so the creation of the character is not Chaucer's; probably, indeed, the outline of the story is legendary, but it is Chaucer who fills in all details, invests the character with reality and interest, and works the legend into a harmonious and beautiful picture.

The clerk tells of a state in the "West side of Itaille," Saluces by name, rich in produce, and blessed in its ruler the Marquess Walter, a young man of good lineage, fair and strong, courteous and honourable, "discret ynough, his contree for to gie" (guide). Greatly beloved is Walter, who, however, cares not to marry, and devotes himself to hunting and hawking. The people are sad at heart that their ruler will not take to himself a wife and give them an heir, and by-and-by their desire becomes so great that they make their wish known to the marquess, and with much humility ask him to assent to their choosing him a wife, "borne of the gentillest and of the best of all this lond."

Walter says he wishes not to wed, but hearkens to their prayer, making, however, the reservation that he himself chooses his bride, with whom they must be content.

Now, not far from the palace there was a village with a poor population, subsisting on

cattle and husbandry; and poorest of all the inmates of the village was a man, Janicola by name, who was possessed of a beautiful daughter, our heroine Griselda. Virtuously and poorly brought up, understanding work and never idle, Griselda was of tender age, but most courageous. Simple was her food and hard her couch; "and in gret reverence and charitee hire olde fader fostred she."

Often when hunting had the marquess seen the poor maiden, and looked fondly on her, admiring her goodness and pitying her hard fate; and now, as wed he must, why not choose Griselda as his bride? But he kept his purpose from his people, and when the day fixed for the bridal came, no one knew on whom his choice had rested. Meanwhile Walter caused to be made

"Of gemmes, sette in gold and in asure,
Broches and ringes, for Griselde's sake;
And of hire clothing toke he the mesure
Of a maiden like unto hire stature;
And eke of other ornamentes all,
That unto swiche a wedding shulde fall."

Great were to be the festivities at the marriage; but all was ready before either the people or Griselda knew of Walter's choice. In a thoughtful and sober fashion the marquess told Griselda to bring her father, Janicola, to him. Walter then took the poor old man kindly by the hand, and said—

"Janicola, I neither may ne can
Lenger the plesance of mine hert hide,
If that thou vouchesauf, what so betide.
Thy daughter wol I take or that I wend
As for my wif, unto hire lives end."

The old man was dumb with surprise, but of course consents, and turning to Griselda, the marquess tells her that it is his wish and that of her father that they should wed. Then he asks for her consent that she will do his will with good heart and cheerfully, that when he says yea she says not nay, "neither by word ne frowning countenance."

"Wondring upon this thing, quaking for drede,

She saide: Lord, indigne and unworthy
Am I, to thilke honour, that ye me bedo
(offer),

But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I;
And here I swere, that never willingly
In werk, ne thought, I n'll you disobeie
For to be ded, though me were loth to
deie."

The marquess then tells the people of Griselda, and asks them if they love him to love and honour his bride. And that there should be nothing lowly about Griselda, ladies dress her in great magnificence, a crown is put upon her head, and on a snow-white horse she rides to the palace.

Thus the poor maid becomes the wife of the marquess, and yet so clever is she and so good that the people can scarcely believe that she is the daughter of a peasant. She shows infinite judgment, she settles difficulties and redresses wrongs, she is beloved by the people, who praise Walter's choice, and hold him a prudent man. By-and-by a daughter is born, and Griselda's cup of joy is filled to overflowing.

So far all has been well, but our heroine's



FAIR GISELDA.

troubles are about to begin. Walter, after awhile, is seized with a wish to prove the obedience and constancy of his wife, and by making her terribly miserable, to see if in adversity *she will prove as good as she has been when happy and prosperous*. God, as we know, so tried Job, but it is not allowed to men so to do. God permits temptation to assail us; no man may, however, tempt his fellow-creatures. Chaucer does not excuse the marquess—

"Though som men praise it for a subtil wit,
But as for me, I say that evil it sit,
To assay a wife whan that it is no nede,
And putten hire in anguish and in drede."

One day with a stern face Walter approaches Griselda and asks her to remember her former condition, and says that although she is dear to him, the people are loth to show allegiance to one so lowly born; and adds, that it is necessary for him to live in peace with his subjects, who have clamoured more since the birth of the daughter. Therefore must he, though much against his will, deal with the daughter as the people wish. Walter concludes by asking Griselda to show that patience and allegiance which she promised before her marriage, and give her consent to his proposal.

What a cruel ruse! What a temptation to our heroine! To be chosen wife of the ruler, and having risen to her duties in so noble a fashion; to be beloved by her husband and the people; to have become famous for her goodness and cleverness, then to be suddenly reminded of her lowly origin, and told she is hateful to the people, and that her daughter must be taken from her! Whither? Probably to be sacrificed. Well might Griselda lose all patience, curse her unhappy lot, upbraid her cruel, weak husband, and despise the fickle people. It required a saint, a noble woman, to remain calm in such terrible trouble. Griselda, however, was equal to the occasion; no upbraiding word, no complaint does she utter, but bows her head in resignation; she was thankful for her former happiness, and when unhappiness is sent her she accepts it without murmur. She humbly answers Walter that she and her daughter are his, and after kissing her child and blessing it, and commending its soul to God, she resigns it to a servant, who makes as though he would slay it, but really does not do so, and at the command of his master sends it to Bologna to be nurtured.

Full glad was Walter to find how noble was his wife; well might he now abandon his wretched purpose, and explain the reason of his craft. But no; more terrible woes are in store for Griselda, her patience is to be more severely tried. Meanwhile Griselda is the same good, loving wife as of yore, and in the course of time a boy is born, an heir, and right glad are the people, and delighted the father, at this happy event.

Again Walter tempts his wife, and, dissembling his feelings, again affects that his people clamour against Griselda and the child. The blood of Janicola must not succeed, the people must be appeased, and she is again asked to part with her child. She is told to be patient under this second trial! Miserable wit, wretched ruse to see how much a woman can suffer! Who could be patient under such great trouble? Griselda answers, however, in meekness and submission—

"I have, quod she, sayd thus and ever shal,
I wol no thing, ne n'll no thing certain,
But as you list: not greveth me at al,
Though that my doughter and my sone be slain
At your commandement: that is to sain,
I have not had no part of children twein,
But first sicknesse, and after wo and peine.

"Ye ben my lord, doth with your owen thing
Right as you list, asketh no rede of me:
For as I left at home al my clothing
Whan I came first to you, right so (quod she)
Left I my will and al my libertee,
And toke your clothing: wherfore I you prey,
Doth your plesance, I wol youre lust obey.

"And certes, if I hadde prescience
Your will to know, er ye your lust me told,
I wold it do withouten negligence:
But now I wote your lust, and what ye wol,
All your plesance ferme and stable I hold,
For wist I that my deth might do you ese,
Right gladly would I dien, you to ples."

Walter marvels at his wife's exquisite constancy; he casts down his eyes and wonders at her patience. Surely now he will not tempt her more! Had he not known her love for her children he might have doubted it, so great is her submission to his will. The second child is sent to Bologna, to be brought up with the daughter; and still Griselda remains a loving wife.

But the people are scandalised at what appears a second murder. Their lord, whom once they loved, they now abhor. A murderer rules over them. Far and wide the terrible news spreads, and Walter is the hated of his people. Still he must again tempt his wife, and this time more terribly than before. Strange that he should be so obdurate.

"But ther ben folk of swiche condition,
That, whan they han a certain purpos take,
They can not stint of hir intention,
But, right as they were bounden to a stake,
They wol not of hir firste purpos slake:
Right so this markis fully hath purposed
To tempt his wif, as he was first disposed."

Years pass on, and Griselda's third temptation happens in this wise. Walter feigns that he has permission to put away Griselda, and marry another wife; and sending for his two children from Bologna, his daughter is arrayed as if for bridal, and approaches Saluces apparently as his future wife.

The marquess then tells Griselda that the people constrain him to marry another wife, and a dispensation having been granted, his new wife is on her way to Saluces. Griselda is told to return to her father's house, and to be patient under her third affliction. "With even herte I rede (advise) you to endure the stroke of fortune, or of aventure."

Again Griselda's answer is meek and submissive, though her heart is well-nigh broken under her terrible troubles; she wishes Walter happiness with his new wife.

"And of your newe wif, God of His grace
So graunte you wele and prosperite:
For I wol gladly yelden hire my place,
In which that I was blisful wont to be.
For sith it liketh you, my lord (quod she)
That whilom weren all myn hertes rest,
That I shal gon, I wol go whan you lest."

All her grand clothes, all her jewels are left in the palace, and in a peasant's gown she sorrowfully seeks her village home. Many folk follow her weeping, and the poor old father again receives his unhappy daughter. Griselda seeks her old duties, and returns to her former life with all humility; every sign of

former state is abandoned, and she is again the simple village maiden.

The new marchioness approaches Saluces with great pomp—never was seen such magnificence. Walter then sends for Griselda to receive his new wife, and array the castle for her abode. Griselda stirs herself to do his bidding, and gets all things ready for the advent of her rival.

The people rush to see the new marchioness and her brother, Griselda's wrong is soon forgotten, the rabble whisper that their lord is right to change Griselda for a younger and a fairer wife. Chaucer here bursts forth into the following magnificent passage, the theme of which is ever new to poets:—

"O stormy peple, unsad and ever untrew,
And undiscrete, and changing as a fane,*
Delighting ever in rombel† that is newe,
For like the mone, waxen ye and wane:
Ay ful of clapping, dere ynough a jane,‡
Your dome|| is fals, your constance evil preveth,
A ful gret fool is he that on you leveth."§

Griselda works hard, receives the guests, and prepares for the feast, and with so much grace and tact does she manage, that all marvel at her prudence and industry. As the lords were about to sit down to meat, the marquess turns to Griselda and asks her opinion of her rival.

"Right wel, my lord, quod she, for in good fay,
A fairer saw I never non than she:
I pray to God yeve you prosperitee;
And so I hope, that He wol to you send
Plesance ynough unto your lives end."

But she advises Walter not to try the young marchioness as she herself has been tried, as so tender a creature could not stand such rough treatment.

At this almost superhuman patience Walter gives way, and turning to Griselda tells her all.

"Thou art my wif; non other I ne have,
Ne never had, as God my soule save.
This is thy doughter, which thou hast supposed
To be my wif; that other faithfully
Shal be min heir, as I have ay disposed;
Thou bare hem of thy body trewely;
At Boloigne have I kept hem prively:
Take hem agen, for now maist thou not say,
That thou hast lorn non of thy children tway."

Then he tries to excuse himself, and explain his reason for trying Griselda.

"And folk, that otherwise han said of me,
I warne hem wel, that I have don this dede
For no malice, ne for no crueltee,
But for to assay in thee thy womanhede:
And not to slee my children (God forbede),
But for to kepe hem prively and still,
Til I thy purpose knew, and all thy will."

Thus does our earliest poet sing of the virtue patience, and personify it in the good and beautiful Griselda. Hers was patience of the highest order, virtue under terrible temptation, and of course few could go through so great an ordeal. Few, however, are placed in such trying positions, but we can all practise this virtue, which, though it possesses not the glamour of some others, leads greatly to that higher life to which we all ought to attempt to attain. More especially to women and

* Vane, weathercock; † rumour; ‡ a small coin; || judgment; § believeth.

girls ought this virtue to appeal. They are perhaps more often than men called upon to practise patience; moreover, it helps greatly to build up that gentle charm which is the chief and characteristic beauty of the gentler sex.

Strength—that is, strength of character—

appeals more perhaps to human beings than any quality, and rightly so, for it is the source and fountain-head of goodness. But this strength can be shown in innumerable ways: it is as much a characteristic of women as of men, and a high form of strength is that which enables us to bear without murmur those

miseries, those adversities, and those ailments which God allows to assail us, in order that we shall not centre our interest on this place of pilgrimage, but shall look forward to a higher and a better world, where good eternally prevails.

JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

EATING RUE PIE.

A SHORT STORY FOR WORKING GIRLS.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER IV.

"THIS was what poor Fanny told me," said Mrs. Beckett, continuing her account, whilst her son listened with a thoughtful face.

"She said she wished she had been willing to be guided when George was persuading her into a hurried marriage, but she was vain of her good looks, and pleased herself with thinking that he had given up another girl for her sake. He had made her believe this, but after they were married, and when he was angry at her ignorance and shiftlessness, he told her the truth, that I had refused him, and that he had taken up with her more to vex me, as he thought, than because he really cared for her. It seemed my name had been often brought up in a cruel, cowardly way, for when he blamed Fanny he praised me, and said how clever I was in house matters, how neat in my dress, and how differently I should have managed with the same means, if only he had had the luck to get me instead of her. 'But I had no chance,' said Fanny. 'I did care for him, and I wanted to make him comfortable, but I did not know how. Then we started in debt for our bits of things; his work was not very regular, and when he was getting good wages a great part was spent on himself, and never came to me at all. It was always from hand to mouth; getting credit as long as we could, and paying part when the shopkeepers would trust us for no more. The children came, and were to be fed and clothed, and I was not strong, and got quite worn out with over-work and no—no comforts.'

"Poor soul! It was really no food she should have said, for, mother like, she took care that the children had nearly all there was, and she bore starvation for their sakes. 'He' (meaning her husband) 'was never very patient, and did not like to go short of anything for wife or children. At last he did what he had often threatened—he went off just before this poor baby came, and I have never heard of him since. I don't think I shall ever get up again, and I wanted you to say you forgive me for the silly airs I put on, and for boasting over you about George. If I could have known what was before me, I should have been humble enough.'

"What could I say but tell her how truly sorry I was for her, and that I never had any feeling of unkindness towards her. On the contrary, I had every cause to thank God for the goodness of my mistress, who had given me such wise advice, and also that He had inclined me to take it, and remain in my situation. There I was constantly gaining useful knowledge, and getting better fitted for the duties of a wife and mother, if I should be called on to undertake them. In the meanwhile I was very happy and contented.

"I have long since seen how rash and foolish I was, and how determined to listen to nothing but George's flattering words, and follow my own will," said Fanny. "If he had only stayed by me at this time. It is so very hard. I wish the young girls who think getting married means having everything that is best, could just see me now. I should preach to them without speaking. Mine has

been a miserable life, and I am old and worn out at four and twenty.'

"Well, Richard, I need not tell you all that passed. I did what I could for poor Fanny, and I asked the help of my good mistress, who could and did more and better still. She had her removed to decent lodgings, so that the last few days of her life were spent in peace and comfort. She needed no one's kindness long, for a fortnight after she first sent for me she and her baby were laid in the same grave. Her greatest sorrow was that she could not see her husband, and forgive him in words as, in spite of all, she did in her heart. My good mistress got the other children into an orphanage, where they have been well taught and trained to be useful; but what became of their father we have never known. I stayed on in my situation until I was turned twenty-eight—fourteen years in all; and then I exchanged one happy home for another as happy and comfortable, though very humble in comparison with that in which I served so long. Many a mark of goodwill and kindly remembrance did I receive from the different members of the family, for the children had grown up into young men and women during my time of service there.

"I shall miss you far more now than I should have done ten years ago, when I persuaded you to pause before you married George Needham," said my kind mistress. 'Now I think you will be wise to marry the worthy, God-fearing man who loves you, and can offer you a comfortable home and a fair prospect of maintaining it.'

"You know what your father was, Richard, and how he was spared to see you, his youngest, grown up to sixteen years old and learning a trade. You know, too, that through his industry, steadiness, and thrift enough was saved to keep me above the fear of want, and that having health still, I am able to do something towards a living. But if he and I had married when we were ignorant, wilful young creatures of twenty and eighteen!—well, I will not say how things would have been with us and our children, but I am thankful we did not. And though I was joked many a time, and told that I should be an old maid, I can look over the four years of widowhood, and back upon twenty-five of nappy married life, with a truly thankful heart."

Mrs. Beckett paused, and Richard remained silent for a few moments. Then he said, "I don't think it is quite fair, mother, to put such a man as that George Needham and me together, as if we were alike. I care for Milly, and I want to make her happy."

"I am sure you do, dear lad, and she believes it. But it is because she is a good, unselfish girl, who wants to make you happy, but doubts her power to do it until she is older, wiser, and has learned many things of which she is ignorant, that she pleads for time and patience. She is right. I do not say wait until you are as old as I was when I married, for eight or ten years would seem very long to look forward to, though when you are working in earnest and feel an interest in what you are doing, the time flies

faster than you would believe. But wait until you can prepare a home something like what you have been used to, and till Milly knows how to manage it and to get a fair penny worth in return for every penny of your earnings that will pass through her hands. Wait until you have a little spare money to fall back upon if bad times come. And above all, my boy—for you and Milly are but boy and girl yet—wait until you are fitter to be trusted with the training of immortal souls for God's service. Oh, my lad! if the young would think of the awfully solemn charge placed in them when a little child is given them to bring up in His faith and fear, they would trust themselves less, and oftener ask for guidance from above."

Mrs. Beckett would not say more to her son, but left him "to sleep upon her words."

On the following morning, when Richard came in to breakfast, he said, "Mother, you and Milly are right. I lay awake for hours thinking over all that you told me, and I made up my mind that there's a good deal of selfishness in my love for Milly. Still, there is too much reality about it for me to wish to see her worried and harassed and made old before her time, for my sake. You will teach her and help her, won't you, mother? And listen. I shall not ask her to be married until you say that the right time has come. If that is not trusting my mother, I don't know what is," and the brave lad threw back his head, and looked with honest eyes into those of his parent. Hers were moist enough, and for a moment she could scarcely answer. She had hoped for a good result from her talk of the previous evening, but not for anything so good as this.

Her arms went round his neck, and in a broken voice she said, "You have made me very happy, my dear Dick, and some one else will be as glad as I am."

The "someone else," in the shape of smiling, blushing Milly, was at Mrs. Beckett's when Dick returned from work that evening, and some very happy hours were spent together. The girl became Mrs. Beckett's scholar, and was eager to resemble her teacher. The mother identified herself with the hopes of the young people, entered into their plans, and gave them the benefit of her larger experience.

Richard worked harder than ever, and had more than one or two extra "rises" in wages before even he thought the right time had come for marriage. And Milly did good work in her own home by taking Mrs. Beckett's better ways into the disorderly household, and teaching her younger sisters to practise them.

When at length she became mistress of Dick's snug, comfortably furnished cottage, which was when she was turned three and twenty, she started with as fair a prospect as any young working girl could expect or wish for. Both bride and bridegroom gave the credit to Mrs. Beckett, and said, "But for you, mother dear, we might have been 'eating rue pie' for years past. As it is, we believe that as the years come and go they will only draw us closer together, and make us truer helps to each other, as husband and wife ought to be."

[THE END.]

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

OUR long and wintry summer has come to an end, and we only hope we may not be beginning a long and cold winter. Very few people have had the courage to wear their summer dresses this season, and the things most generally seen have been thin woollens in their almost endless variety. The woollen skirt was nearly always accompanied by a jersey or Garibaldi bodice, in some thin material—cotton, Surah silk, cashmere, flannelette, or a woven jersey web material. The last-named is made with full fronts of Pongee or some other soft silk, which is generally of the same colour as the jersey itself; but the "smocking," or "honey-combing," is carried out in white or coloured silks, the work being very fine, and in different patterns. Shirt bodices of silk are much worn with thick skirts also. These are always ornamented, either with fine tucks, honey-combing, or with embroidery. On cold days little jackets

of the Zouave kind (without sleeves) are worn with these skirts, and are made of the same material as the skirt of the dress. The basque of the skirt is always visible below the belt, and there seems no longer any desire to return to the true Garibaldi, which ended at the belt, and did not go below.

The drapery of all skirts continues to be plain, and long, gracefully-flowing effects only are sought after. The usual skirt, with a bodice, is draped long on a foundation like many that I have illustrated. The other skirts worn are straight and simple, of the "Empire" class; or the old "Housemaid skirt," which has reappeared again amongst us under a new name, only without the tucks all round the edge. The new "Housemaid" is called "Corday," and is pleated at the waist, not gathered. It has a ribbon run round where the two or three tucks used to be seen above the hem, and is only as long as to

touch the ankle. The "Empire" skirt is also ankle-length, and is gathered into the waistband, the trimming being a very full ruche, a festooning, or an edge of gathered embroidery. I have given an illustration of the "Empire" dresses for the winter, and this description of gown will be found on the young girl who stands with her back to the spectator; a very pretty, graceful style for girls, and not difficult to make up at home. By this picture it will be seen that full sleeves are on the increase, and will probably be as popular as the tight ones have been. They are decidedly more suitable than the latter for the usually thin arms of girlhood. The sash tied at the side of the waist is also graceful and suitable. In fact, I think all the fashions of the "Empire" are youthful; for were they not worn by women like the Empress Josephine, who wished to be a girl always? The short skirts are a great boon, as they should quite



THE NEW LONG CLOAKS.



EMPIRE DRESSES FOR THE WINTER.

clear the ground, and now that I am talking about them, I want to mention the fact that gaiters are already much worn, and will be more worn as the cold season advances, by women who are obliged to walk, or who prefer it to driving. They are made of the same material as the dress in general, and most tailors will undertake their manufacture. I see that one of the most sensible of our writers considers that in the gaiter lies the true solution of the "Dress Reform" question; for were these comfortable articles of dress once adopted, the need for divided skirts would be obviated, as both feet and legs could be protected to any extent, because the gaiters could be made to reach above the knees. Many ladies have them made also, for constant wear, of fine black cloth, which looks very well indeed, and is not too thick.

I must give a few words now to the new colours prepared for the winter season. I think the generality of the cloths and materials seem to be either brown or green, but the tones are all very mild, indeed, almost dull. Stripes are again the ruling idea everywhere, the prettiest perhaps being those about two inches wide of two quiet contrasting colours. Dark slate, black currant, opium seed, ash, stone colour, and livery drab are amongst the names I hear most frequently. Virginia and Etruscan are the only two reds; the former is the dark shade of the Virginia creeper when turning in autumn; the latter is a kind of terra cotta. The prettiest of the winter woollens are those with a striped woven border along the selvedge above the

hem. I should not be surprised if these pretty dresses in time quite superseded stripes.

There is hardly any change in the ordinary cloak, and though I have illustrated the new long cloaks, as they are the latest idea, I cannot be sure that they will take the place of others; they are excellent wrap cloaks, most comfortable and warm. Short jackets are being made in black and blue pilot cloth, and black and brown plush is made into covert jackets, with large buttons covered with plush also. Short autumn mantles are still short at the back and long in front, black cashmere being a favourite material for them. The new ulsters are mostly tight-fitting, and have had the wide lapels and pockets of the Directoire style added to them. They are very generally made in checked material, Scotch tweeds, homespuns, and Cheviots.

Cloth bonnets will probably be worn again this winter; the cloth being in a piece, and tucked and pleated loosely over the frame. Hats, in general, will be quite low in the crown and wide in the brim; and a new idea seems to be to take the crown out and supply its place with up-standing bows of ribbon. The ends of all ribbons, this autumn, are cut in "swallow tails," with very sharp points. Silk-beaver and felt hats are both likely to be popular. The former will be used for bonnets as well, with ribbon and feather trimmings, ostrich feathers promising to be more in vogue than ever. Some of the large felt hats with wide brims and low crowns are most picturesque when they are arranged with two ostrich

feathers; the one not very long and coming to the front of the hat, the other long, and hanging below the brim at the back, so as to show behind the ear. The newest ribbons are very handsome, some of them having velvet stripes on a ground of thick grosgrain silk. Hat ribbons are, some of them, five inches in width, and all ribbons intended for millinery are manufactured with a plain satin edge or rows of cords.

Perhaps the most singular development of the subjects of the British Association occurred at its late meeting in the Biological Section, when two medical gentlemen read a joint paper on "The Physiological Bearing of Waistbands and Belts." After a short preamble they simply announced it as their opinion that tight-lacing, or, as they call it, "abdominal compression," was, in many cases, advantageous, as by its means a quantity of uselessly-stored blood was placed at the disposal of the muscles, brain, and skin. There was, of course, much more in the paper, but this seems to have been the gist of the matter. It created quite a hubbub, as may be supposed; the doctors present thinking it a dangerous doctrine to give out, especially in that meeting, and declaring that manifold evils were due to the very blood claimed to be so advantageously distributed into the other parts of the body, *i.e.*, red noses and faces, palpitation and want of breath, varicose veins and swelled ankles, as well as all kinds of indigestions. Miss Lydia Becker was the only lady who supported the doctors in their rebellion against precon-

ceived ideas, and the proceedings are stated to have "caused much amusement."

Although it is nearly a year since the



DIRECTOIRE REDINGOTE.

redingote was first seen in town, it cannot be said to have ever quite become the fashion. But this winter they will be more generally adopted as a useful garment for cold weather. They are, in fact, quite unsuited for hot weather, as they only look well when made up in thick materials. I think it is best to say, that while the redingote is eminently suited to tall, slim, or girlish figures, it is most unbecoming to short stout people, or to those who, being tall, have exceeded the ordinary bulk of women. There is no question but that this shape grows more in favour every day. The foundation skirt for wearing with it is made like any other. It has one or two steels, and a cushion of small dimensions at the back. The front of the skirt (the only part which shows under it) may be of another material. It may be tacked to the skirt, and one side of the redingote may be sewn down upon it. The other side of the latter is fastened on by a row of buttons, which may be hidden under the hem, if preferred. The redingote is very plainly made up—without trimming if the material be rich, or consist of a coarse woollen, or a cloth; but thinner materials may have a trimming of passementerie.

The lapels of the front are turned back and faced with silk velvet or *moiré*. If made at home it will be safer to make them separately, and then put them on, as they will probably fit the better. The inside foundation must be cut out in stiff muslin, the two materials being laid on together and all run round, so as to turn them over and conceal this lining of muslin. The quantity of material—twenty-two inches wide—that will be required is eight yards. If velvet or *moiré* silk be used for the *revers*, half a yard of the first and a yard of the last is needed. The number of pieces in our pattern is thirteen—namely, two sleeve portions, cuff, front, side of front and side of back, back, skirt, pocket, *revers*, half of breast-front, small under-vest, and collar to it. I

will be found a little difficult to put together, but the sketch is very plain, and only attention is needed to finish a successful garment at home.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.," price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county; and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as shall be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may know of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic under-clothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain basque bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, Emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, new spring mantle, and new polonaise.

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," "The Shepherd's Fairy," "Seven Sons," "Spoilt Guy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was quite dark by the time Noah and Adam had finished working, and then, full of hope that they might make a good thing out of the decoy which they meant to begin working in the autumn, and pleased with the success of their labours, they rowed back to Windham. "It is sure to succeed. Everything you touch does, Father Noah," said Adam, hopefully. "I never saw such a lucky man as you are."

"Say happy, not lucky, Adam; and thank the Lord it is true. I often think He does not try me enough, for I have no troubles now worthy the name. It is true we had some when we began life,

as that row of little graves in Windham churchyard bears witness, but I doubt if there is a happier man in England than I am now. Indeed, I am not one of those who think that youth is the happiest time. It isn't. The happiest time is when the struggle for our own will is over, and we are content to accept what God sends us."

"But is that ever over on this side of the grave?" said Adam.

"I think so. Look at our rector, now: he is a happy man, though I don't believe he has ever got over, as people say, the loss of his wife; but he has accepted his sorrow, and I hope I am not presumptuous or deceiving myself if I say I believe I could accept cheerfully any sorrow the Lord might send me. But I could not have said that when I was a young man. No. Youth is the time of struggle and discipline; as we grow older we cease to struggle, and the discipline relaxes. I am speaking of course only of those who have given themselves to God, and so I think our

happiness increases with our growth in grace on this side of the grave."

"You may be right, but it seems to me there are troubles I can never learn to accept."

"Ah, we all think so when we are young, Adam, my boy; our own will is so strong then; the tide of youth flows strong and fast; the waves of passion sweep over us and dash us against the rocks, and our own tears blind us, perhaps, to the Hand stretched out to save us; but as we grow older the sea of life is calmer, and the haven where we would be nearer. But you seem out of sorts to-night; is there any new trouble besides your mother's illness?"

"None I can tell you; though, as you know, I would tell you before anyone, Father Noah. It is not a new, but a secret trouble, and I fear a life-long one—a sorrow I can never accept."

"Tell the Lord then, my boy, and maybe He may turn it to joy; you know He can do all things."

"Thank you for saying that; you have

put new hope in me. And now come in and see mother before you go home; she always says a talk with you is wine and oil to her," said Adam as they reached the school-house.

Noah accepted the invitation, and went in to spend half-an-hour with Mrs. Day, a querulous old woman, paralysed and rheumatic, who led poor Adam a miserable life, for her temper, never very amiable, was soured by pain, and its irritability increased since her first stroke of paralysis. After dissipating some of her ill-humour, Noah was persuaded to stay to supper, so that it was about ten o'clock when he returned to the ark.

"A splendid night for fishing," said Adam, coming to the door with him and looking out at the soft steady rain which was falling.

"Yes, I wish I had mended my net. However, this rain is likely to last now it has come; I didn't expect it so soon, or I should have hurried more."

"Is it too late to set it if I come over and help you to mend it?" suggested Adam.

"Yes, the tide began to flow two hours ago, and there is a good two hours' work at the net; thank you all the same. I'll have it out to-morrow, day and night, to make up though," said Noah, as he hurried home.

Accordingly when he got home Noah determined to finish mending his net before he went to bed, so as to have it ready to set for the next ebb-tide; so he sat down and worked away diligently by the light of his lamp; but it was a longer job than he expected, and at one o'clock he was still at it. Soon after one o'clock his quick ear detected footsteps outside, and putting aside his netting, he lighted a bull's eye and went out to see who it could be at that hour, though it could hardly be anyone except the police, who occasionally went round to the various eel-sets to examine the nets and see that no mesh less than an inch and a half from knot to knot, measured when wet, was used.

"Who's there?" shouted Noah, as he discerned two figures with lanterns going towards his eel-set.

"The police; your net is sure to be all right, Mr. Oldman, but we must just have a look, for form's sake," replied one of the figures.

"My net is not out to-night; it is broken, and I am mending it, or I should have been in bed," said Noah.

"What's this, then?" said the other policeman, who had reached the eel-set, and stooping down, turned his bull's eye

on to the water to show a net was set, and then turning up his sleeve he plunged his hand into the water and pulled up a piece of the net whose mesh was certainly below the legal measurement.

"What is this? Why, it is an eel-net sure enough, and on my set, too, though how it came there I no more know than you do," said Noah, in amazement.

"It is a prohibited size, too," said the policeman, who held the piece of net in his hand.

"Impossible; let's measure it," said the other man.

"There is no need, it is a one-inch mesh," said Noah, dumbfounded, his practised eye knowing the size at a glance.

"Well, we shall have to confiscate the net and the fish, so we may as well haul it up, and as it is on your set, Mr. Oldman, you'll have to appear before the magistrates next week; but let us hope we may find out who set it before then or you'll have to pay a fine of five pounds," said the man who had discovered the net.

"I suppose it is a practical joke some of the broadmen have been playing on me; we may be able to identify the net, so let's haul it up; it is very heavy. I'll lend you my eel-trunks, or we shall lose the fish," said Noah.

And then he helped the policemen, who were not experienced in the work, to haul up the net, and seize the eels with a handful of dry grass and pop them into the eel-trunks; this took about an hour, for the policemen were not half so clever at grasping the slippery fish as Noah, and then when the net was emptied they spread it out on the grass to examine it.

"Why, this is a queer affair and no mistake; this is my own net, one I had new just a year before the Act was passed; I would swear to it anywhere, for it was a few inches too short and I lengthened it with a larger mesh. See!" And Noah held the lengthened net out for the policemen to examine.

"Queer is the word," was their comment.

"We'll soon make sure of it, for I keep my old net in a shed; we'll go and have a look, and if it isn't there we shall have no further doubt," said Noah.

"But we shan't be any nearer the truth," said policeman number one, who was a friend of Noah's, and as convinced of his innocence, in spite of appearances, as he was of his own.

"I am not so sure of that," said the other, in an undertone, for he was a new

comer and inclined to believe everyone guilty until proved innocent, thus reversing the theory of the law of which he was an emissary.

"No, we shan't be any nearer the truth, as you say; but if we find my net in the shed, it won't look so bad for me, but I don't believe there is another net in Norfolk exactly like this one," said Noah, leading the way to the shed.

They found the door of the shed open, but Noah explained it had no lock, though when he went out it was fastened as usual by a hook, and, as he had foreseen, there was no eel-net anywhere in the shed, so it was clear enough it was his own net which had been set, and yet, so far as he knew, Noah had no enemy, no one who owed him a grudge in the county; on the contrary, he was not only very popular but very much respected also.

"I thought as much; I knew it was my net. Now what is to be done?" said Noah, who, surprised though he was, took the matter very calmly.

"We must take the net and the fish and serve you with a summons to appear before the magistrates next Tuesday, and you'll have to pay the fine, I am afraid, for I see no prospect of discovering the author of this trick, for trick it is, and a nasty one too; but I'll do my best to discover who it was. We may get the case remanded for a week, perhaps, and that'll give us more time," said Noah's friend.

"I hope we may, not so much on account of the fine, though five pounds is five pounds to me; but because I should like to come out of court cleared; if not, why I shan't be the first man that has been unjustly accused and punished, and I must just try and bear it as patiently as I can. As for the net, it is no use to anyone, though it was worth thirty pounds before the mesh was prohibited; and the eels I shan't miss because I never intended to set my net to-night. I wish now I had finished mending it in time, for then I should have found it out, but I was down at the schoolmaster's till just ten o'clock to-night. However, it is no use wishing. I was a bit lazy, perhaps, and I must suffer for it."

And after a little more conversation the policemen departed, taking the net with them and promising to send for the eels at daybreak to get them off to Billingsgate by the first train, while Noah went into the ark to get a few hours' sleep and to wake in the morning with a confused sense that trouble was at hand.

(To be continued.)



OUR ART NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

It has been suggested to us that an Art Needlework Competition would prove interesting to our girls; therefore, particulars of this, with designs and instructions how to carry them out, form the first of the new series of papers on the subject which commences in this volume.

The fact that the articles sent in for competition are to be presented to English Convalescent Homes will not, we are well assured, render our scheme less interesting in the eyes of the workers; for the thought that they are thus doing so much to make the rooms of the invalids bright and beautiful cannot fail to add zest to the tasteful labours of their busy fingers. You all know the keen sensation of pleasure which the contemplation of a beautiful and artistic object gives you; it is even conducive to a serenity of mind which is sure to be beneficial to a convalescent. For our own part, we confess that we should get well much more quickly in a room with pretty surroundings than would be the case in one which irritated our nerves by its bareness or ugliness. A patient might not herself be conscious of this, but with regard to many it is a fact all the same.

With this object in view, the four articles chosen for competition are such as will prove most likely to be useful as well as ornamental, and the designs are such as can be worked in the greatest variety of ways.

The material, colours, and style of making up we leave to the workers themselves, as by this means we are most likely to avoid sameness. The prizes of £5 5s. and £3 3s. offered by the Editor will be awarded to those articles which are finished with the highest degree of excellence, not only with regard to embroidery, but as a whole.

All articles must be sent in to 56, Paternoster Row, by the first Wednesday in July, 1889.

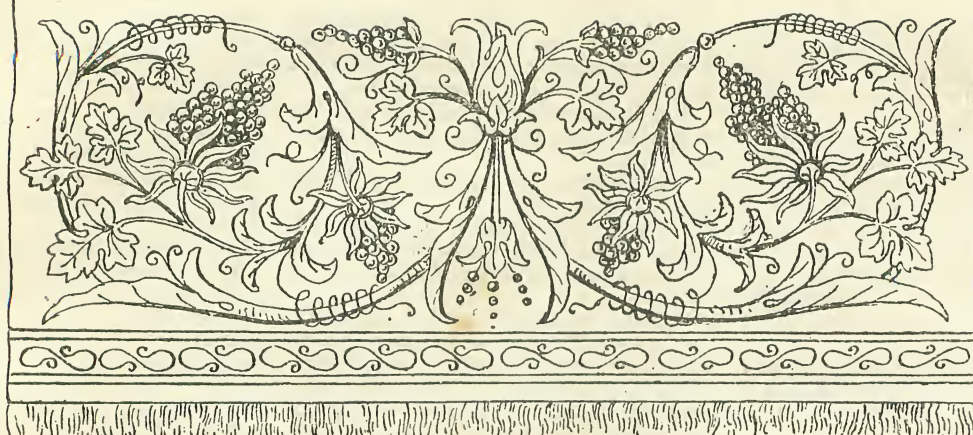


FIG. 1.—CHAIR-BACK.

Size—30 inches long by 18 inches wide. Scale— $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch to a foot



FIG. 2.—SUMMER BED QUILT FOR SINGLE BED.

Size—2½ yards long, 1½ yards wide. Scale— $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch to a foot.

We do not make it a condition that the designs be enlarged and transferred to the material by the workers themselves. The best needlewomen are not always clever draughts-women. Competitors are therefore at liberty to manage this preliminary as they find most convenient. By drawing each design to scale, we have made the task as easy as possible, for it is above all things

essential that they should be clearly and correctly drawn and transferred.

The chair-back which is shown in Fig. 1 is conventional grape-vine.

The material may be of either linen, flax, Kerrie-muir twill, silk, satin, or silk sheeting, and in any colours you prefer. It may be embroidered in crewel or silk, or both, either in outline with two or three shades of the same colour, or solidly. If worked in costly material, Japanese gold may be used in the outline, and a narrow fringe must be sewn on. The little borders at the lower edge of the design must be repeated at the other end of the chair-back, which should also be fringed. If either of the three first-named materials be used, the fringe should be made by means of drawing out threads. To a chair-back thus fringed, a prettier effect may be given by working silk or crewel, of the colours used in the embroidery, into it. It is always safer and easier to embroider costly material in a frame, but linen fabrics are as well done in the hand, if carefully stretched afterwards.

Fig. 2 is a summer bed quilt, which, therefore, with the exception of the border, which to ensure neatness must either be backed or placed on a margin of the material, need not be lined. We think we must in this case limit our competitors to linen fabrics as a ground for the work. Kerrie-muir twill or workhouse sheeting would be the best, and the border may be of coloured twill. Com-

petitors are not bound to reproduce the stitches we have suggested in this design. The form and character must be retained, but they are at liberty to use their own taste with regard to the stitchery. The design is carefully chosen as giving a wide scope to the skill and ingenuity of the workers, and the greater variety of flat, raised, and seedling stitches introduced into the flower and leaf forms the better.

It may be worked with either crewel or "flourishing" thread, and with one colour throughout, shades of the same colour, or in any number of well-chosen and harmonious colours. If you propose to raise any part of the work, it will be well to choose only the smaller powderings, such as the acorns, cherries, etc., for the purpose.

If you will turn to a paper on the subject of Art Needlework, published last November, you will find in the description of Fig. 2 some hints which may be utilised in working out this design, as the powderings are somewhat similar in style to that of the panel.

Fig. 3 is a cushion of natural orchids, for some of our girls will no doubt prefer to work a natural design. Silk, satin, velvet, or linen would do for this. Competitors must bear in mind that the more costly the material chosen, the finer and more delicate should be the work. It must be solidly embroidered either in silk or crewel; crewel, with the high lights picked out by means of a few well-placed stitches of silk; or it might have the leaves in crewel and the flowers in silk. In any case it must be carefully shaded to be effective. Orchids are of so many shades of white, mauve, pink, yellow, etc., that you will have a good choice of colour. As the flowers are of necessity very much on one side of the design, in order to restore the balance of colour, a good many dead or faded leaf tints, such as red, brown and gold may be introduced into the tips of the leaves, and little sprays of moss at the roots. There is plenty of pale green in the buds, and of gold and yellow in the trumpet-shaped part of the flower. We would advise such of our competitors as can do so, to examine the flower for themselves, or, if that be out of their power, to get a good coloured drawing. We have often found the best Christmas cards fair guides to colour in such cases.

The Couvrette (Fig. 4) will we think, be a particularly useful article in



Size—20 inches square.

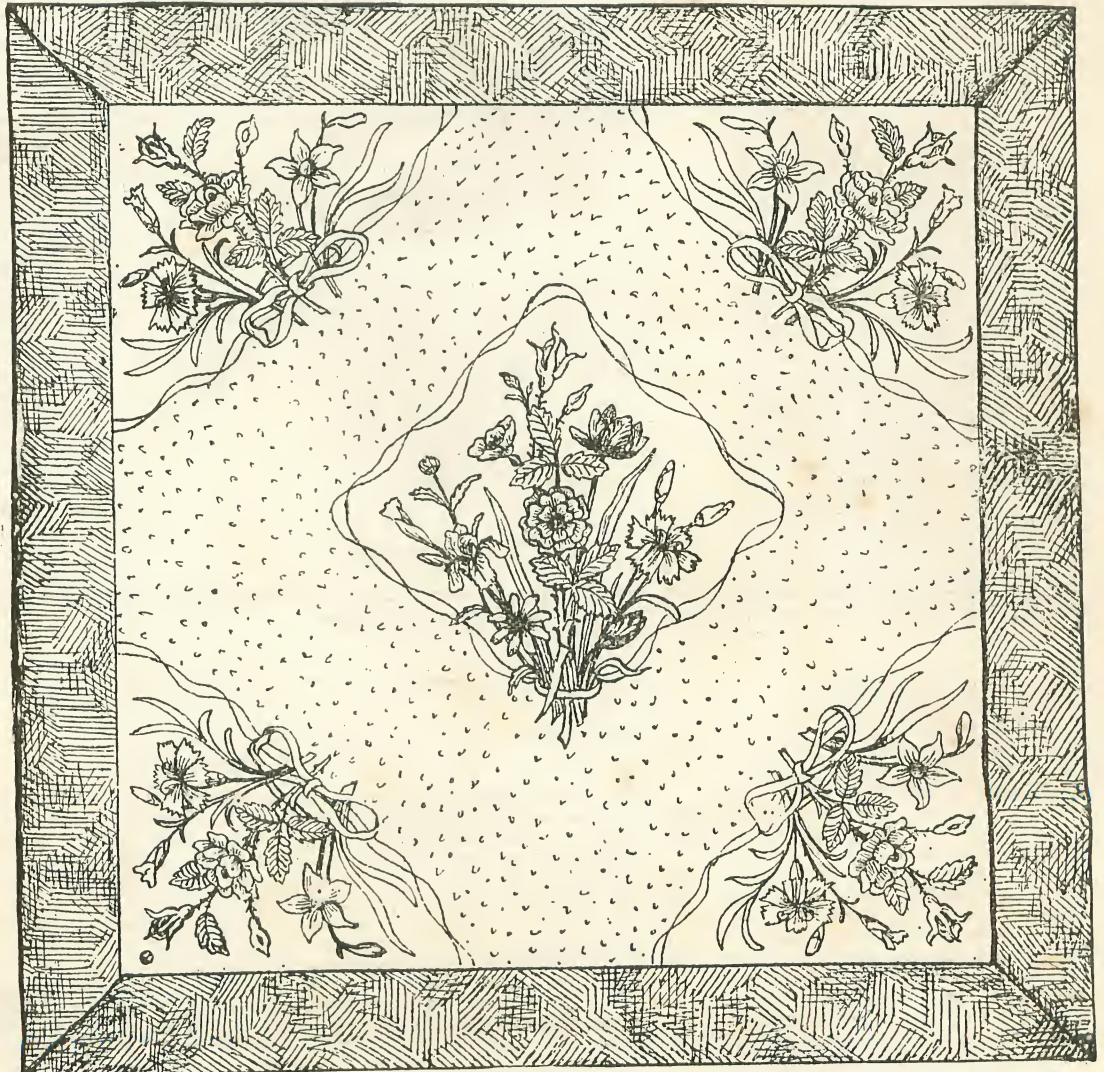
CUSHION.

Scale—Nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch to a foot.

a Convalescent Home, and therefore I hope it will be one of the prettiest. It must, of course, be rather warmly lined.

The material may be Kerrie-muir twill, silk, satin, or silk sheeting. If twill, it might be very cleverly worked in outline in two or three shades of the same colour, but we would advise solid work, and careful and delicate shading in natural colours. Either crewel or silk may be used: crewel leaves and silk flowers, or crewel having the lights accentuated with silk. The ribbon must also be solidly worked; shaded ribbons are so pretty in embroidery and always look well thus treated. The seedling stitch with which the ground is decorated should be all in the same colour, and may be worked with either silk or crewel.

Before commencing work, I would earnestly advise such of our girls as may be within a reasonable distance to visit the Royal School of Art Needlework in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, the South Kensington Museum, which is close by, or any exhibition or collection of art needlework they may be able to get at, in order to study varieties of stitches and harmony of colour.



Size—1½ yards square.

COUVRETTE.

Scale—Nearly $\frac{1}{6}$ of an inch to a foot

BIRD LIFE IN NOVEMBER.

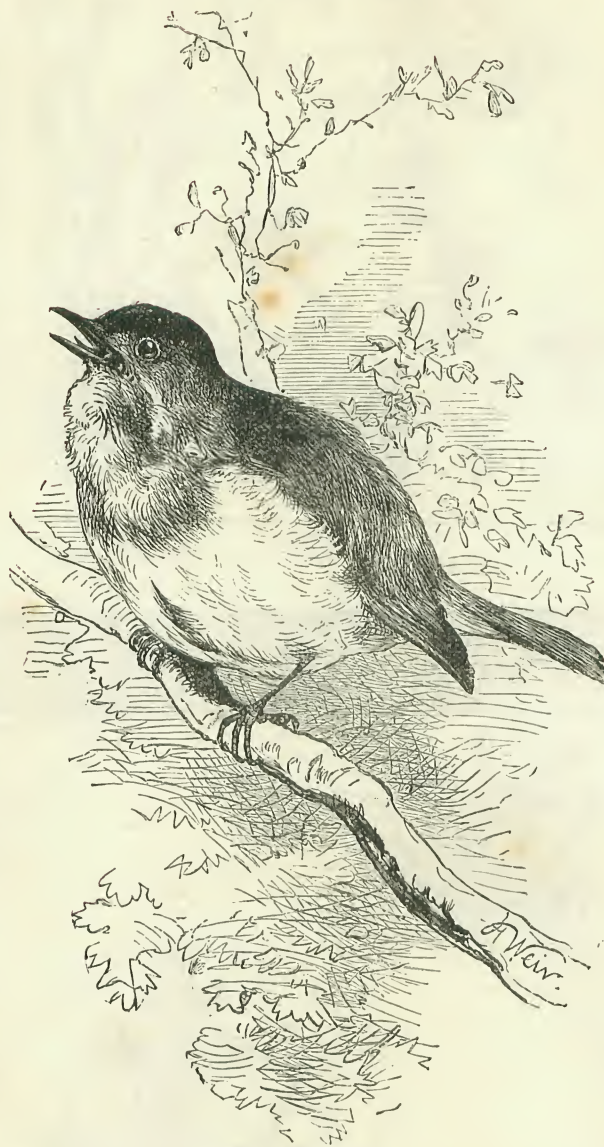
By A NATURALIST.

ALTHOUGH vegetation appears to have died out in this so-called dreary month of November, bird life is in a state of considerable activity, as any girl interested in the beautiful little creatures may see for herself if she chooses to look for them. Go where you will, bold robin redbreast will look at you with his full, dark eye, and his head cocked on one side, for robin is a most inquisitive and self-confident creature. I have made such friends with him in lonely places, that he would come to me regularly for his meals, taking the food from my fingers. A kind of superstitious regard for the robin, which is in a degree shared by the wren and the swallow, protects him most rigidly. Few schoolboys care to exhibit the eggs of the robin in their collections. If the weather is clear in November he sings most gaily, but if rough weather is brewing he will mourn dolefully.

If you chance to pass by a hazel hedge you may hear a rustle among the falling leaves, and looking down see the nuthatch in quest of nuts. Directly these are ripe he visits the hazel bushes, and takes his share; then, when the leaves lie thickly below, he hunts in the hedge once more, for he knows as well as the children do that two crops of nuts may be gathered in a season in that way. A bright, active bird he is, with blue-grey back and orange and white breast. The peculiar call he gives to his mate at times—twit, twit—will attract your attention to him.

Upon the upland pasture lands you will be sure to hear the chattering chack, chack, chack of the field-fares, the bluefelt of the country folks; or if you wander on and about the sheep pastures, where the juniper bushes flourish, you may hear a note like the alarm note of the blackbird, only wilder. It proceeds from the ring-ouzel, that has made his stay for a week or two, on his usual migration from the southern counties. He is a fine bold bird to look at—when you have the chance—but he is very shy. He is very irregular in his flittings to and fro. Some seasons

the shepherds see great numbers of the ring-ouzel, other seasons not a November.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

single one. Probably the year's crop of juniper berries has something to do with this. Wild berry-bearing trees and shrubs are like cultivated fruit trees, in rarely having full crops for successive years.

If we leave the uplands for the lower ground and enter the water-meadows, the first bird we are likely to see will be the gentle redwing. When hard times come he will sit with his head on his shoulders and his breast feathers puffed out; but you will not hear him complain, for, like most gentle creatures that God has created, he suffers in silence.

Close to the redwing a bird springs up, crying "scapè"! and you see a flash of white and a streak of brown—just enough to let you know that you have disturbed a snipe. Strange it is that the wader and the song bird should feed at the same table, so to speak.

As the afternoon shortens, the starlings go through their manoeuvres before settling for the night, and all the members of the finch tribe leave the stubble and lea grounds for thick copse and hedge shelter. Close by, a chattering rattle sounds; it is the wren fussing about and talking to himself before going to rest. And now there is a regular row among the members of the finch tribe; they are clattering in and about the bare stems and twigs in all directions. On looking we see a grey flash glide over the fields—it is the dread sparrowhawk.

Daylight fades. A grey mist comes over all things. Flapping bird forms show here and there over the bare fields, low down, twisting and turning, and you hear "Pewit, pewit, pewit." The green plovers are on their feeding-ground. Very good friends to the farmer are the full-eyed crested plovers.

You have an impression that some bird has passed over your head whilst you were looking at the plovers—it was the barn owl; the gloom that is fast gathering is his best hunting time.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

PATERSON AND SONS (EDINBURGH).

A Sailor's Song. This is a capital bright four-part song by Otto Schweizer, with both English and German words.

Bonny Kilmeny. A cantata for soli, chorus, and orchestra. By Hamish MacCunn. —A most fascinating work, full of graceful melody and very musically treatment. It is to be regretted that the pianoforte arrangement of orchestral accompaniments, of such interest as, at least, the work before us, does not contain indications of the various instruments employed. This is a great help, even to a piano accompanist, in imparting character to each section of the work. The subject of

the opening chorus is often pleasantly referred to in the course of the cantata, and where all things are good, we would call special attention to No. 2, tenor solo; No. 7, a chorus, ending Part II.; No. 11, Kilmeny's solo, and the Epilogue, which is an excellent piece of part-writing. Although, to a musician, the accompaniments are most suggestive throughout, nevertheless we feel that great additional enjoyment might be given to the average reader were the orchestral combinations named here and there.

We have also received Nos. 3, 4, and 5 of a set of six songs by the same clever young composer, each one evincing his tasteful fancy

and considerable versatility. Let us sincerely hope that nothing may break the promise of great things contained in Mr. MacCunn's work thus far.

Andante and Allegretto, for two violins and piano, by Pierre Perrot, is a useful piece, containing in the allegretto in B minor a good brisk contrast to the 3-4 opening movement.

Two Short Movements, for either violin or violoncello, by the same composer, are inscribed "for pupils," and very good material for practice will they make. The movements are connected, and form one short work.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Ellaline Gavotte. Composed for the piano, by Hamilton Clarke.—A capital little dance, in every way above the average of the modern gavotte. We often wonder that a composer of such enormous talent as Hamilton Clarke should never let us hear or see the Symphonies and other important works of which we know him to be the able writer.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

Away, Far Away is an excellent song, by Miss Edith Marriott, a lady whose work we have often had occasion to recommend to our readers. The song is published in two keys.

As I went down to Richmond Town is a very fair imitation of the old English ballad, the words, which are written by the composer

of the music, F. W. Deane, being very quaint and old-fashioned.

Outward Bound is a simple duet for mezzo-soprano and tenor, by Stanislaus Elliot.—There are very few duets written for these voices, and some new ones are much needed.

Slavenski Mazurka; *Seladon Valse*, and *Nocturne "In Vain,"* are the titles of three duets written for violin and pianoforte, by the late Franz Leideritz.—The recent death of this clever writer is much to be regretted.

Polacca, by Josef Trouselles, is also a number of the "Violinist's Album," which seems to be a very good collection of drawing-room pieces for this favourite instrument.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

We have before us a most interesting collec-

tion of Hymns and Anthems of a Congregational character, composed by the late Miss Eliza Flower, and set to words chiefly selected from Holy Scripture and the writings of the poets. Amongst many original thoughts and phrases we would select, for special consideration, the setting of the words "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The idea of making the congregation respond to the Choir in certain passages is excellent.

Six Pieces for Violin. Composed by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. This collection of violin solos is dedicated to Madame Norman Neruda (whom we congratulate as Lady Hallé), and is a most valuable addition to our violin library. Our readers may not all know that the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music is an accomplished violinist in addition to his other talents.

THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

AMOUNT previously acknowledged in No. 456 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £260 os. 5½d.

Miss Beath, 10s., A. S., 6d., "One of Our Girls," 1s., "A Birthday Gift," 1s. 6d., M. R., 1s., E. L. R., 2s. 6d., Collected at the Hackney and Clapton High School, per Florrie Crutcher, £2 5s. 6d., Jeanie Cowan (collected), 12s., E. E. E., saved from her holiday (£1 per annum), £1, M. and F. B., 6d., E. Sindall (collected), 9s. 3d., E. Evelyn Macandrew (5s. per annum), 5s., Admiral Pollard's Family, 7s. 6d., Miss Allenby (collected), 1s., E. Bolwell (collected), 9s., "White Wings," 1s.,

Mrs. Learmont (collected), 7s. 9d., F. Evenden (collected), 6s., Clarissa H. Chinnery, 1s. 3d., J. Andrews (1s. per annum), 1s., Julia Blackencee, 1s. 1d., Gertrude Sayer (collected), 6s., In Memoriam, Elizabeth Ann Booth, 5s., Frances L. Hewlett (collected), £1 6s., Annie Devine (4s. 1d. monthly), 8s. 2d., C. A. F., 2s., A. E. N. (Scotland), 4s., H. Hobson (collected), 6s. 8d., Dorothy M., 15s., Annie E. Tasker (collected), 6s. 6d., Daffodil and Three Sisters, 2s., Priscilla (collected), 3s. 6d., R. Bourne, 3s. 6d., A. Thank Offering, 1s., Mary Schofield (collected), 6s. 6d., Amy, 6d., Colne (collected), 4s., Frederica Ransom, 2s. 6d., Miss Lloyd Griffith (collected), 4s., M. C. G.,

5s., Kathleen and Dorothy, 4s. 6d., Cliffholme, £2, M. S. G., 1s., Housemaid, 5s., Maggie Saunders (collected), 1s., L. M. D. (collected), 2s. 6d., Mrs. Collyer (collected), £1 13s. 6d., Miss Stettaford (collected), 15s., Collecting Box of the Girl's Sewing Society of Yokohama, £1 2s. 6d., M. S., 1s., Mrs. Learmont, 2s. 6d., Miss Evenden (collected), 4s. 1d., Miss Evans (collected), 12s. 6d., E. H., 3d., Frances Hammond, 3d., Lylie Brown (collected), 1s. 6d., C. Long (collected), 4s., Fanny Buttle (collected), 10s., "Ata-Ata," 1s.

Total amount received up to September 24th, £280 8s. 11½d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

MERRY-GO-ROUND.—It is quite true that red is an exciting colour to the whole tribe of oxen, and probably to the rest of the grazing animals as well. Turkeys and geese are annoyed by it also. The reason given is that red is the complementary colour to green, and as the eyes of the animals are during most of the day fixed on the green herbage on which they are feeding, a red article impresses their sight with great intensity. Of all the grazing tribe, oxen are the most pugnacious; and consequently they are more easily provoked than the others by the sight of a red object.

HOUSEKEEPING.

INEXPERIENCE.—Dessert is generally now put on the table when it is arranged for dinner. If there be no room for fruit, it can be put on with the dessert plates and finger glasses. Fish carvers, i.e., a knife and fork of silver or electro-plate, for helping the fish, and also fish knives and forks for eating it, are sold by all silversmiths.

BOILED LOBSTER.—Professor Huxley in his book, "The Crayfish," is the only authority we can quote on the reason for the change of colour in the lobster when it is boiled. Many theories have been advanced for it, and the same effect would be produced by the action of alcohol, ether, and many acids. The reason assigned by Professor Huxley is, that the outer shell of the lobster and the crayfish contains rather more than half its weight of calcareous salts, of which 7-8ths consist of carbonate of lime, the rest being phosphate of lime. These salts become dissolved in the boiling water, and act chemically on the rest of the shell, causing the change of colour.

HOUSEWIFE.—The secret of preserving fruit seems to lie in gathering it in dry weather, sufficient boiling, and addition of sugar, and in keeping it, when finished, in a dry, airy place. Both dampness and lack of air are enemies to its preservation. Also, it should be covered down while hot.

ANXIETY, and AN IRISH TOURIST.—We do not know of anything, saving to try some of the many insect powders sold, or else turpentine, or kerosene oil, ap-

plied with a brush. If the worms you speak of are the little white ones of the moth, you may destroy them by extreme care in hunting for them in May and June, and by ironing your carpet on the wrong side with a hot iron. We should advise that more care be used in turning out and cleaning the rooms, and that more frequently, and in giving plenty of air and light. Damp, dark rooms are great inviters of moths and of all insects.

RUB.—Grease stains of any kind can be removed with fuller's earth, moistened with lemon juice, and a small quantity of pulverised pearlsh. This may be made into balls (enough lemon juice being employed) and used to scour the stained places whenever needed. A little French chalk scraped on a fresh grease or oil spot will take it out.

MUSIC.

A LOVER OF MUSIC should attend a class, if one could be formed amongst her acquaintances, and arranged for with some good teacher.

ESSY W.—The violin is a very difficult instrument to play well, and perhaps the anxiety to excel in so doing causes you too much nervous excitement; or else you protract your practising too long at a time, and being liable to headaches, you suffer from it.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Do not attempt to play music for which you have no taste, and which you will play with no feeling nor correctness of expression. You will only disgust others as well as yourself.

D. DENHAM.—You are by no means too old to learn the violin at twenty, but we advise you to obtain a few lessons to commence with, from an amateur, if not a professional. Nevertheless, we know some persons, of both sexes, who taught themselves. Your ear should be thoroughly good.

COPPERS.—The only legend of that kind attached to Loch Lomond would probably be of the days of Mary Queen of Scots, we think. You must not imagine that there is a tale attached to every song, as most of them are purely imaginary.

MARY B.—A volunteer's "buglette," as it is called, has eight or ten notes, and gives any call whatever. The bugles used for a tricycle club should be of the same kind. They cost under a pound, and can be got of any good instrument maker, we suppose.

THE GIRL'S OWN ORDER OF MERIT.

The following has been received from Nurse Finnis:—

Rochester,
August 25th, 1888.

Sir,—This morning I received the "Medal of the Girl's Own Order of Merit," which I beg thankfully to acknowledge and gratefully accept. I need scarcely say how much I appreciate and value the honour conferred upon me by both yourself and subscribers. I feel that it will be an incentive to try and make myself more worthy of it.

Believe me to remain, sir,

Yours obediently,

LAURA FINNIS,

Head Nurse, St. William's Hospital.

To the Editor of
"Girl's Own Paper."

THE NEXT CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" is
to be entitled

"HOUSEHOLD HARMONY,"

— by Notes of Household Harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty."

And will be published with the December
Monthly Part.

* * * As these extra numbers are never reprinted, and are in great demand, our readers should order them in advance from their Bookseller.

THE GIRL'S OWN INDOOR BOOK,

Containing Practical Help to Girls on all Matters relating to their
Material Comfort and Moral Well-being.

EDITED BY

CHARLES PETERS,

Editor of "A Crown of Flowers," etc.

WITH OVER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIS volume is compiled from material published in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER during the nine years of its issue. The earlier volumes being now out of print, and many of the papers contained therein being frequently in request, it remained for us to snatch from oblivion those sections of our girl literature that were considered worthy of permanent use.

This Book is published to supply in one volume directions in those particular matters that each girl must be conversant with in order to attain anything like the ideal and practical perfection of girlhood. The writers of the varied subjects treated of are recognised specialists in their particular work, so that every girl reading with care and intelligence will derive, if not initial instruction, yet help of an important kind, tending to the increase of her reasoning faculties, and an improvement in indoor handicraft consequent thereupon.

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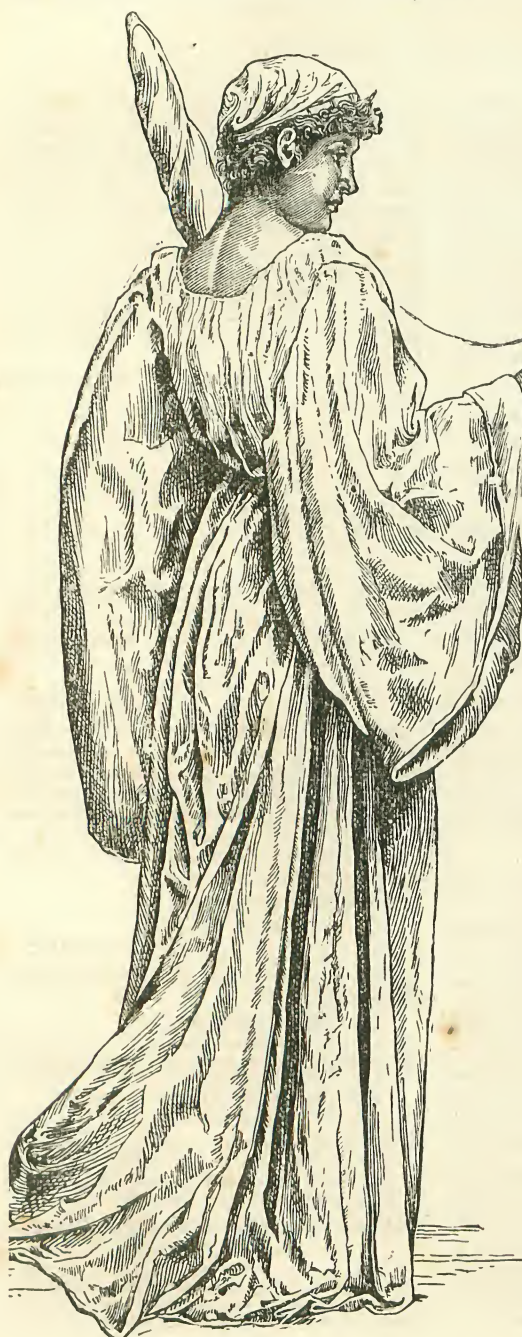
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GIRL'S OWN PAPER]

LONDON.

A MORNING GOSSIP

(From the Water Colour Drawing by BIRKET FOSTER.)



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LIFE'S REFRESHING.

By FRANCIS GEORGE ROBERTON.

WHENE'ER the heart is bowed with care,
And toilsome life too hard to bear,
To Nature undefiled repair,
And rest thee there.

Where poppies nod their crimson heads,
And violets hide in mossy beds,
And not a flower or creature dreads
The morrow there;

Where dreamy-eyed cows seek the shade
By leafy trees so welcome made,
Or in the dimpling brooklet wade,
And cool them there.

To see the sun-lit butterfly
O'er meadows sweet flit gaily by,
Should make the dullest, dimmest eye
Grow debonair.



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"NATURE UNDEFILED."

THE ROMANCE OF NATURE:

OR,

THE FOLKLORE OF ANIMALS, PLANTS, EARTH, AIR, SEA, AND SKY.

By JAMES MASON.

I.—THE FOLKLORE OF ANIMALS.



HERE is a matter-of-fact way of looking at nature, and there is a romantic.

Much is to be said in praise of both, but on the side of the romantic the balance of interest certainly lies. It may sometimes need a strong sense of duty to study details of structure, intricacies of classification, and hard names, not to speak of other often dry-as-dust particulars. The mention of romance, however, sets us reading for the mere pleasure of it.

Everything in nature is surrounded by a halo of fanciful notions, and when this ideal glory is recognised, the commonest objects become attractive. We find them linked with the doings of fairy folk, revealing the secrets of the future, influencing good fortune, scaring away witches, forming the subjects of odd legends; a refreshing contrast, in short, to things as they ordinarily appear, in our practical, utilitarian, unbelieving present-day world.

No doubt much of the folklore of nature is to us not learning at all, but only folk-nonsense. But what of that? "A little nonsense now and then," we know, "is relished by the wisest." We must consider, besides, that traditional stories and traditional practices, of which we now think lightly, once formed articles of faith and had their roots deep in the minds of our forefathers. When the study of such beliefs is pursued in a scientific spirit, we discover strange things. Every piece of folklore will be found to have an instructive history, if we only succeed in following it to its source. Even "Beauty and the Beast" can be made to furnish evidence of human life in Asia, thousands of years ago, and "Cinderella" takes us back to a time when Europe was covered with thick forests lively with the howling of wild beasts.

But folklore, even without scientific treatment, may well take up a small portion of our time and occupy a nook in our memories. By its means a new relish is given to the enjoyment of nature. It is a subject that is in season summer and winter, within reach of everybody, and, like every other subject of interest, a promoter of good spirits; she, indeed, who goes about trying to see the romantic side of everything is never likely to be melancholy.

Our object in the following papers is to wander awhile in this pleasant field, dealing in order with the folklore of animals, plants, earth, air, sea, and sky. We shall not try to set down all the folklore that might be told, as it is best to follow the advice of La Fontaine, who says, "Far from exhausting a subject, we ought only to take the cream of it." A great deal will be left for any girls who desire to pursue the subject on their own account.

This is all we need say in a general way, so now to turn to particulars. We shall begin with the horse, the friend and companion of man, and an important object of superstitious belief. Horses are supposed to be able to see spirits, and the exhibition by them of signs of terror when no cause of alarm is noticeable by human vision, is regarded in some localities as an omen of death. The house at which they shy, it is said, must expect calamity, and if a horse neighs opposite any door the people living there will be visited by sickness. In the west of Scotland it used to be held that if a horse stood and looked through a gateway or along a road where a bride or bridegroom lived, it was a bad omen for the future happiness of the intending couple.

In the olden time the neighing of a horse was a sure pledge of coming victory, and his silence was an indication of defeat. We find that so late as the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, the French augured badly for their success from the fact of their horses not having neighed the night before.

To find the shoe of a horse and hang it behind the door was thought to be a means of securing good luck to the household, and protecting it from witchcraft and from the influence of the evil eye. "I have seen this charm," says Mr. James Napier, "in large beershops in London, and I was present in the parlour of one of these beershops when an animated discussion arose as to whether it was most effective to have the shoe nailed behind the door or upon the first step. Each position had its advocates, and instances of extraordinary luck were recounted as having attended each position." The reason for this strange superstition, according to some, is that "Mars, the god of war and the war-horse, was thought to be an enemy to Saturn, who, according to a mediæval idea, was the liege lord of witches." This explanation must be taken for what it is worth.

The teeth of horses are believed by some to be a preservative against toothache, and a horse's hoof is often put under a child's pillow to avert convulsions.

With the superstitious the colour of horses is of importance. To meet a piebald horse is lucky, and if you meet two in succession you have but to express any reasonable wish and it will be gratified within a few days! The Arabs are much influenced in their estimate of horses by what they consider lucky colours. "Prosperity," says their prophet Mahomet, "is with sorrel horses."

The dog, like the horse, is supposed to be able to see beings in the air, to us invisible. This is an old superstition. In the Odyssey the dogs of the swineherd Eumæus are described as terrified at the sight of Minerva, though at the time she was invisible to Telemachus.

The howling of a dog at night is held as indicating approaching death to those who may be ill in the neighbourhood. Grose gives

this as a certain sign that some one of the family will very shortly die, and in Home's "Dæmonologie" we read, "If dogs howle in the night neer an house where somebody is sick, 'tis a signe of death." Some say this arises from the animal's keen scent, by which it detects the odour of approaching dissolution, but according to others the dog knows what is going forward because it sees spirits hovering round the house ready to bear away the soul of the departed. The belief in the howling of dogs before death occurs in a non-Aryan race in India, where it is explained by a curious myth about the creation of man.

Puss has long been held to have a close connection with the world of witches. Change of shape was one of the everyday occurrences of that uncanny realm, and a witch not seldom took the form of a cat. Black was the usual colour, to correspond with the unhallowed business on which the witch was ordinarily engaged. For this reason black cats often had a bad time of it. If a witch did not herself assume this form, she might be attended by an evil spirit in the shape of a black cat.

"In some of the more unfrequented districts of Scotland," Dr. Gordon Stables mentions, "the good folks are still very careful to shut up their cats on Hallowe'en, *i.e.*, the 31st of October. And they tell me that those cats that have managed to escape incarceration that night may be seen, by those brave enough to look, scampering over hill and dale, and across the lonely moors, each one ridden by a brownie, a bogle, a spunkie, or some other infernal jockey."

Everyone knows the rhyme about children: "Born in May die of decay." May-kittens, it seems, have also a streak of ill-fortune in their composition. In the West of England cats born during the months of May are despised as mousers, it being believed that instead of following their proper business of catching mice and rats they devote their attention to snakes and slowworms. Speaking of mousers, there is a curious superstition in Hungary, that before a cat can become a good mouser it must be stolen.

Cats have a brilliant reputation as weather prophets. If a cat frisks about the house in an unusually lively manner she has a gale of wind in her tail, and storms may be looked for. If she washes her face with unusual diligence, especially with her paw behind her ears, it is going to be stormy. If she sits with her back to the fire you may expect in winter frost and snow, in summer thunder and lightning with hail. She is also held to prognosticate illness. If a cat sneezes it is believed by some that the medicine chest may be produced, for all the family are sure to have colds.

There is a common and absurd popular error that cats suck the breath of children and so kill them. The origin of this notion is likely enough to be found in the old superstition that witches took the form of cats. "The idea," says Dr. Stables, "is simply preposterous. Cats being extremely fond of children, naturally like to get into the cradle to lie beside and watch them. They often crouch upon the child's breast; this may impede breathing more or less according to the relative size of the cat to the baby. If the cat actually sits upon the child's face, then indeed the poor creature may be suffocated. But such an occurrence is so very rare that it is hardly worth mentioning. Many more deaths occur from bad management of a baby's pillow,

in which case the mother must be glad when there is a cat to put the blame upon."

It is held in some places to be very unlucky for a cat to die in the house, so when pussy is ailing she is placed in the coal-cellar or other outhouse, with plenty of food, and kept there till she either gets better, or comes to an end of her proverbial nine lives. Mr. James Napier, speaking of folklore in the west of Scotland, mentions his having known families where the death of a cat indoors threw them into the greatest consternation from a belief that it indicated approaching misfortune.

In Sicily, where the cat is looked upon as sacred to St. Martha, there is a superstition that anyone who either wilfully or accidentally kills a cat will be punished by the serious retribution of seven years' unhappiness. This must make Sicily a desirable place of residence for puss and her kittens.

The cats' paradise, however, must have been ancient Egypt. There they were held sacred to Isis, or the moon. Temples were raised, and sacrifices offered in their honour, and when, in the course of nature, they died, their bodies were embalmed. Amongst the modern Egyptians this exhibition of regard is not yet quite extinct, for in Cairo there is an endowment in operation for the lodging and feeding of homeless cats.

From cats to mice is an easy transition. A number of mice suddenly coming into a house is held in Northamptonshire to be an omen of death. The same is to be said of a mouse running over any person, or of one squeaking behind the bed of an invalid, or of a white mouse scampering across the room.

In going a journey it is reckoned unlucky to meet with a shrew mouse. Many country people have an idea that the harvest mouse is unable to cross a path which has been trod by man, and is struck dead whenever it tries to do so. This they say accounts for the numbers which on a summer's evening may be found lying dead on the verge of the field footpaths, without any marks of violence being visible upon them. A visitor to Hertfordshire once put an incredulous face on this piece of information and was met by the reply:—

"Ah! you Lunnners don't know everything. Why, I've found 'em dead upon the path scores o' times, and I know they can't get across alive."

About rats there have been some curious notions. One was that they had a presentiment of coming evil, and always took care to desert in time a ship about to be wrecked, or a house about to be flooded or burned. As late as 1854 it was seriously reported in a Scotch provincial newspaper that the night before a town mill was burned, the rats who frequented the establishment were met migrating in a body to a neighbouring pease-field. This notion has given rise to the verb "to rat," often used in political controversy, and applied to those who forsake a losing side for the stronger party.

Another notion about rats was that you might extirpate them by a persevering course of anathematising in rhyme. According to Reginald Scot, this poetical charm could be put in force against any beast; but the idea was in general restricted to the rat. Many old authors allude to it. When Orlando took to hanging odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all deifying the name of Rosalind, we find Rosalind saying, "I never was so berhymed since. . . . I was an Irish rat"; that is to say, in a previous state of existence.

Rats were deified by the Egyptians and Phrygians. In Egypt they were a symbol of utter destruction; they also symbolised judgment, because they always selected the best bread for their repast. The Romans drew presages from them, and to see a white rat was held to be a token of good fortune.

There are many items of folklore connected

with sheep and cattle. Country people in some districts think it lucky to see the head turned towards them of the first lamb they come upon in spring. Should he be standing with his tail turned in their direction, that is a harbinger of misfortune. In the southern counties of England it is held to be unlucky to count lambs before a certain time; if you do it is believed they will not thrive. "With this," remarks a writer, in Chambers's "Book of Days," "may be compared the popular notion of the character of David's sin in numbering the people of Israel and Judah, related in the last chapter of the Second Book of Samuel—a narrative which makes some people look with suspicion and dislike upon our own decennial census."

Should a farmer's cows become restive without any apparent cause it forbodes trouble to either the master or the mistress. An ox or a cow breaking into a garden is held by some to be an omen of death. There is a proverbial saying when any one is dangerously ill, and not likely to recover, "The black ox has trampled on him." A black ox was sacrificed to Pluto, the infernal god, as a white one was to Jupiter.

The pig, which is under the special patronage of St. Anthony, has a legend connected with it, thus told by Dr. Cobham Brewer: "In the forefeet of pigs is a very small hole which may be seen when the hair has been carefully removed. The tradition is that the legion of devils entered by these apertures. There are also round it some six rings, the whole together not larger than a small spangle; they look as if burnt or branded into the skin, and the tradition is that they are the marks of the devil's claws when he entered the swine. (Mark vi. 11—15)."

When on their rambles witches, it used to be believed, often assumed the form of hares, and many tales are told of their adventures and perilous escapes when in this disguise. To give an example of one of these, there was a large hare which haunted the neighbourhood of a Cornish village, and on numberless occasions baffled the hounds, or carried off unhurt incredible quantities of shot. One luckless day it crossed the path of a party of determined sportsmen, who followed it for many a weary mile and fired several rounds, with the usual want of success. Before relinquishing the chase, one of them, who considered the animal as something beyond an ordinary hare, suggested the trial of silver bullets, and accordingly silver coins were beaten into slugs for this purpose. The hare was again fired at, and this time wounded, though not so effectually as to prevent its running round the brow of the hill and disappearing among the rocks. In searching for the hare, they discovered instead old Molly crouched under a shelving rock, panting and flushed by the long chase. From that day forward she had a limp in her gait.

The possibility of a hare being a witch in disguise may have been at the root of the dislike people had in some parts of the country to seeing a hare cross the road in front of them when they were going to their work or proceeding on an errand. Many under such circumstances would return home and not pursue their business till the next meal had been eaten, for beyond that the evil influence did not extend.

We turn now to speak of feathered folk, and first among these shall place the melodious nightingale. There is an old German legend which shows that the nightingale, with all her fine voice, is in some respects no better than she should be. Once upon a time the nightingale and the blind worm had each but one eye apiece, and they lived together in one house for a long while in peace and content. At last the nightingale was invited to a feast by a friend. She said to the blind worm—

"I am invited out, and don't like to go with one eye; be so good as lend me yours and I shall bring it back to you in the morning."

The blind worm, out of good feeling, consented. The next day when the nightingale came home she was so pleased at having two eyes in her head and being able to see on both sides, that she would not give back to the poor blind worm the borrowed eye.

The blind worm said he would get it back again. "Try," said the nightingale—

"I have my nest on the linden-tree,
So high, so high, so high,
You will not find it."

Since that time all nightingales have had two eyes and all blind worms none. But when the nightingales build their nest a blind worm lives in the bush, and it always strives to climb up and bore a hole in its enemy's eggs and suck them.

The cuckoo is perhaps of all birds the one most closely connected with superstitious lore. On hearing the cuckoo for the first time in spring one should be walking; according to the old Scotch rhyme—

"Gang and hear the gowk (cuckoo) yell,
Sit and see the swallow flee,
See the calf before its mither's ee,
'Twill be a happy year wi' ye."

Above all things the bird's first note should not be heard in bed, otherwise illness or death in the family may be looked for. It is a popular belief in Norfolk that whatever you are doing the first time you hear the cuckoo that you will do most frequently all the year. In Cornwall it is said that if on first hearing the cuckoo the sounds proceed from the right, it signifies that you will be prosperous—"You will go vore in the world"—if from the left, ill-luck is before you.

If on first hearing the cuckoo you have money in your pocket you will never want it all the year. To this superstition some add, that you should turn your money and wish, and if the wish be within the bounds of reason, it is sure to be fulfilled.

The unmarried, it is said, may learn how many years they are to remain single by counting the cuckoo's notes the first time they are heard in spring. Others ascertain the length of their lives in the same way, a practice connected with which we have the old rhyme—

"Cuckoo, cherry-tree,
Come down and tell to me
How many years I have to live."

This recalls a curious legend found in Denmark. When in early spring the voice of the cuckoo is heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand and asks, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be married?" And the old folks, borne down with age and rheumatism, inquire, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be released from this world's cares?" The bird in answer continues saying, "Cuckoo" as many times as years will elapse before the object of their desires will come to pass. But as some old people live to an advanced age, and many girls die old maids, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her, that the building season goes by; she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of the hedge-sparrow.

In Shropshire not so long ago, when the first cuckoo was heard the labourers made a practice of leaving their work, making holiday for the rest of the day, and carousing in what they called the cuckoo-ale. Amongst the girls of the olden time it was a common article of belief that if one ran to the fields early in the morning to hear the first note of the cuckoo, and on hearing it took off her left shoe, she would find in it a hair of the same colour as that of her future husband.

According to a popular rhyme the owl, in telling the story of her experiences, says—

"Once I was a monarch's daughter,
And sat on a lady's knee;
But I'm now a nightly rover
Banished to the ivy-tree."

This, however, is mere pretence. The owl was never a princess; she was a baker's daughter. This humbler origin is alluded to by Ophelia in *Hamlet*. "They say," she remarks to the king, "the owl was a baker's daughter. . . . We know what we are, but know not what we may be." Commenting on this passage, Mr. Douce says that this is a common tradition in Gloucestershire. The story is as follows: Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough in the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately began to swell, and presently became of enormous dimensions, whereupon the baker's daughter cried out "Heugh, heugh, heugh!" and was transformed into an owl for her want of charity.

The raven takes us back to the days when good King Arthur ruled this land. Speaking of Arthur, Don Quixote tells Vivaldo that there is an old tradition "and a common one all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but that by magic art he was turned into a raven; and that in process of time he shall reign again and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which reason it cannot be proved that, from that time to this, any Englishman has killed a raven."

This legend of King Arthur's existence in the form of a raven was repeated as a piece of folklore as late as the beginning of this century. A writer in *Notes and Queries* mentions that his father, when walking once along Marazion Green, with his fowling piece on his shoulder, saw a raven at a distance and fired at it. An old man who was near immediately rebuked him, telling him that he ought on no account to have shot at a raven, for that King Arthur was still alive in the form of that bird.

There is a curious superstition about magpies. According to the number seen so will be the good or bad fortune of the observer. A common rhyme tells us—

"One for sorrow, two for mirth,
Three for a wedding, four for death."

"And it is a curious thing," remarks a writer in the "Book of Days," "that as the man said about the horsechairs being turned into eels, I have proved it; for as I was on my way to be married, travelling upon a coach-top to claim my bride the next day, three magpies—neither more nor less—flew across the road."

The rhyme, however, varies in some localities. In the West of Scotland, for example, it runs—

"One bodes joy, two's a death,
Three's a wedding, four's a birth."

"I knew a man," says Mr. James Napier, "who, if on going to his work he had seen two *piets* together, would have refrained from working before he had taken breakfast, believing that if he did so it would result in evil either to himself or his family."

For seeing crows there is a rhyme very like that about magpies. In Essex the following lines are said to be true if the crows fly towards you—

"One's unlucky, two lucky,
Three is health, four is wealth,
Five is sickness, and six is death."

Pigeons are the subject of several superstitions. It used to be believed that pigeons always sat on two eggs, which produced a male and a female, and that these twin birds lived together in love all the rest of their lives. Being examples of fidelity did not, however, prevent them from proving ominous of ill-fortune. A pigeon sitting in a tree or coming into the house, or from being wild suddenly growing tame, is in some districts regarded as a sign of death. It is an omen of death also if an invalid asks for pigeons to eat. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* mentions his applying to a highly respectable farmer's wife to know if she had any pigeons to sell, as a sick friend had expressed a longing for some. "Ah! poor fellow!" she said, "is he so far gone? A pigeon is generally almost the last thing they want; I have supplied many a one for the like purpose."

No one, it used to be believed in Northamptonshire, can die on a bed in which there are pigeons' feathers. Some, however, only go so far as to say, that with pigeons' feathers in a bed people "die hard," and it used to be a common practice in country places not to allow dying people to lie on a feather bed at all in case pigeons' feathers should be in it. The same belief exists in regard to game

feathers. A resident in Sussex was one day talking to a labourer on the absurdity of such a notion, but he failed to convince the good man, who, as proof of the correctness of his belief, brought forward the case of a poor man who had lately died after a lingering illness.

"Look at poor Muster S.," he said, "how hard he wer a dying. Poor soul, he could not die one way till neighbour Puttick found out how it wer. 'Muster S.,' says he, 'ye be lying on geame feathers, mon, surely; and so he wer. So we took'n out o' bed, and laid 'n on the foore, and he *pretty soon died then!*'"

There is a proverb to the effect that "He who is sprinkled with pigeon's blood will never die a natural death." This is said to have had the following origin. A sculptor was carrying home a bust of Charles I., and stopped to rest on the way. Just at that moment a pigeon overhead was struck by a hawk, and the blood of the bird fell on the neck of the bust. The sculptor thought it ominous, and after the king was beheaded the saying became current.

The wood-pigeon builds about the worst nest of any of the feathered tribe, and this forms the subject of a legend which is thus told in Suffolk: The magpie once undertook to teach the pigeon how to build a more substantial and commodious dwelling, but instead of being a docile pupil, the pigeon kept on her old cry of "Take two, Taffy; take two, Taffy!" The magpie insisted that this was a very unworkmanlike manner of proceeding, one stick at a time being as much as could be managed to advantage; but the pigeon reiterated her "Two, take two," till Mag, in a violent passion, gave up the task, exclaiming, "I say that one at a time is enough, and if you think otherwise you may carry on the work yourself, for I will have no more to do with it." Since then the wood-pigeon has built her slight platform of sticks, which certainly suffers much in comparison with the strong substantial structure of the magpie.

The cooing of the wood-pigeon produces, it is said:—

"Take two-o coo, Taffy!
Take two-o coo, Taffy!"

an allusion, Dr. Robert Chambers remarks, to the story of a Welshman, who thus interpreted the note, and acted upon the recommendation by stealing two of his neighbour's cows.

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.



ITTY MCGOWAN lived with her grandmother in a comfortable cottage near the River Dec. She had so lived ever since she was three years old, and had no other kith nor kin, her father having been killed in a railway accident when she was only two, and her mother—who never got over the shock of seeing her husband's body brought home, crushed almost beyond recognition—having faded slowly and died a year after. The old grandmother, nearly broken-hearted at the loss of her son and daughter-in-law, took the little creature to her own cottage, and lavished upon it all the love and tenderness of which she was

capable. He husband had been a well-to-do farmer, though in a small way, and a thrifty man besides, so that what with his savings, and the money which came to her from his life insurance, and the sale of the farm, which she was unable to keep on after his death, the widow found herself in fairly good circumstances for her position in life. The little cottage was a model of neatness and cleanliness. The pots and pans in the kitchen, and the old-fashioned mahogany furniture in the parlour, were as bright as plenty of rubbing and polishing could make them. No speck of dust was ever to be seen, and no cobweb ever stretched its filmy thread in any corner, however dark. The rose-covered cottages in England, with their red-tiled roofs and pretty little gardens full of hollyhocks, pinks, and all sorts of so-called common flowers, are very much more picturesque than the somewhat

severe-looking dwellings, generally of stone, in Scotland, where ornament, in the shape of anything green climbing about the rough walls, is but seldom thought of; but in Deeside Cottage, a name given evidently because of its proximity to the river, someone had been possessed of taste enough to plant creepers and train them over the low doorway and window frames, so that for a part of the year at least graceful festoons hung about and clothed the house with beauty, which made it quite distinctive in the neighbourhood—not that there was, however, much neighbourhood to speak of. A few cottages of a poorer class were dotted about here and there, at short distances apart, and two places belonging to Scotch lairds were near, if you went by rail, but the owners were oftener away than at home, sometimes only coming once a year for a few weeks' shooting, and sometimes not at

all; so that, except for giving work to the men employed on the estates, they were not of very much account in the country. The people whom Mrs. McGowan and her granddaughter saw most of, and received little kindnesses from in the way of school treats for the child, and presents of extra good tea, or a smart new cushion for the armchair for the old lady, were the minister, Mr. McBain, and his wife and daughter, who lived a mile off, close to the little Presbyterian church, which was half filled every Sunday morning and afternoon by the inhabitants of the houses and cottages round about. A small country town, called Braeside, existed also, but it was nearly three miles away, and consequently "granny's" visits to it were few and far between; only, as a rule, when a pair of shoes or a new frock were urgently required for the child, or when she wanted a bit of stuff to make a gown or some aprons for herself.

How Kitty enjoyed those rare expeditions! Sometimes jolting along at a snail's pace in a friendly wagon which was going that way, the driver thereof kindly offering them a lift, and sometimes even going in the carrier's cart, which went at a smart trot to and fro on certain days between Braeside and Finaldie, another small town, and called at the outlying cottages to take up or deliver parcels. It was real delight to go to the shop with granny, and watch her buying such little stores as were necessary, then going to the baker's for flour, and having a bun and a cup of milk by way of dinner, perhaps being allowed to choose a few yards of pretty print for a frock, or having a penny or two given her to spend on acid drops or rose lozenges, two luxuries of about equal merit in her opinion. In after years these days of simple pleasure often came back to her mind, and she especially remembered one occasion when her grandmother was very mysterious, and sent her to eat the usual bun, while she herself remained in the shop for some reason which puzzled Kitty. But it was cleared up the very next day, her birthday, when a beautiful doll with fair hair and blue eyes was put into her arms by the old lady, with many kisses and blessings.

"Ye'll be careful with her, I know," said Mrs. McGowan, only she spoke in broad Scotch, which we will not attempt to reproduce, "and maybe some day ye'll have a real child of your own, or maybe no, we canna tell; but it'll be mony a year before that, and please the Lord we'll all be together still; there's room enough in the cottage even so."

Kitty threw her arms round her granny's neck, nearly choking her in her joy at seeing the lovely doll, and exclaimed—

"Yes, yes, granny, I shall always stay with you, always; and when you get quite old I shall do all the work for you."

"Eh, my dear, that you will," said her grandmother, with a smile, "till the right mon comes. Aweel, aweel, there's time enough for that, so I'll no fash myself."

The only other excitements in Kitty's life were the daily walks to school, which she thoroughly enjoyed, whether in the clear, bright days of winter or the warm, pleasant ones of summer, and the occasional treat of a visit to the Manse, when Miss McBain sometimes invited the children and young girls, who either were still attendants at, or had recently left the school, to come and have games in a large field attached to the Manse; and tea after in a tent, or in the house, according to the weather. This girl, only about sixteen when Kitty was ten, was the very life and light of her father's house, and indeed seemed to bring brightness and cheerfulness wherever she went. The peasants about perfectly idolised her; and once, when she was seriously ill, the road to the Manse looked as if a procession were passing, so anxious were the people for tidings of their beloved Miss McBain. Her mother was somewhat of an invalid, and consequently the direction and management of household affairs devolved on Bessie, and admirably well did she discharge the duties, still contriving to find time to attend to the school and mothers' meeting, as well as pay visits now and then to those among the cottagers whom she knew, which in fact included nearly all within a radius of about six miles. Her little pony-carriage was sure to be seen before the door of any house to which sorrow or sickness had come, and the very sight of her calm, sweet face had a quieting effect upon many; and her gentle voice, as she inquired in such a kind, sympathising way about their troubles, or read a few verses from the Bible to such of them as wished to hear her, were things upon which the cottagers would dilate to anyone who cared to listen. Bessie McBain was possessed by nature of one of those happy dispositions which, though not perhaps generally combined with much intellectual power, have the gift of conferring happiness on others in quite as great a degree, if not greater than the characters in which mental strength has a larger share. Practical and abounding in common sense, she knew

what her duties were, and, so far as in her lay, she fulfilled them, and was happy in so doing. Healthy in mind as well as body, and but slightly endowed with imagination, she never was tempted to sit down and build castles in the air, nor to repine because her life was uneventful and dull. To her it was not dull; the indoor arrangements about the house, her father's comfort, and the attention required by her mother, filled her time; while out of doors there was the garden, a never-



"YE'LL BE CAREFUL WITH HER, I KNOW," SAID MRS. MCGOWAN."

failing source of pleasure to her, and the little farmyard and stable, where she was a favourite with servants and animals alike: the grey horse and her own pony turning their heads for carrots or lumps of sugar, when she went near them, and the cow staring solemnly at her with its big eyes, as it chumped away at the grass. Only the little fluffy balls of wool, calling themselves ducklings, or young chickens

how amused she was when a cousin from Edinburgh came to stay, and mistook one for the other—scuttled away in fear, their bright eyes peeping out from the soft feathers, and looking so pretty as they ran; but that was because she and they had not had time to become acquainted, otherwise no creature, however young and timid, could have been afraid of Bessie McBain.

Then, for human interest, besides her father and mother, she had "her girls," those whom she taught on Sundays before morning service, or rather, talked to in her own simple way, feeling, by a sort of instinct, what was the best thing to say; and as she grew up, and some of her girls also, being often consulted when

the class was over, about all kinds of things, from the most trivial to those of gravest import. It came to pass, therefore, that as years went on she got an immense influence over the girls, and none of them took a situation or received a proposal of marriage without making "Miss Bessie" a confidant, and asking her advice on the subject; and more than once her clear, sensible way of seeing things as they really were, notwithstanding an external gloss which often hid their defects from less observant natures, was of great practical use in helping a girl to decide one way or another about some important matter. The little tea parties, too, which were held every now and then at the Manse, tended to increase the bond of affection between Bessie and her pupils. An invitation to go up at four o'clock on a cold, dark winter's day and have tea at Mr. McBain's, was enough to warm the invited ones by the mere anticipation. The well-lit room with crimson carpet and curtains and bright flowered chintz on the chairs, a bookcase at the end opposite the

fireplace, and pictures on the walls, with pretty odds and ends of china on brackets, all this looked so cosy and comfortable; and Miss Bessie's welcome was so hearty and sincere, that her girls felt themselves in that sort of happy condition which, had they been cats, would have made them purr. Then the tea itself was a tea. No wishy-washy stuff with thin milk and brown sugar; no wretched slices of bread and butter which you could see the knife through; but real, excellent tea, with plenty of cream and white sugar; and for eatables, cakes of various sorts, and hot scones, of course, and jam and marmalade. In summer it was the same, except that if the weather was warm enough they assembled in a tent, and instead of scones there were strawberries and currants. Those days of harmless, simple pleasure were never forgotten, either by the hostess or the guests, and the remembrance of them was a link which never broke, though it may have weakened, through all the after years.

(To be continued.)

THE SERVICE OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY IN ART.



ART is the effort of man to express his sense of the beauty in Nature; the history of art is the history of his education in the perception of beauty.

A work of art may be defined as the material embodiment of a conception of the beauty and truth in Nature, which, arising

in the artist's imagination, is by his skilful labour perpetuated and made evident to the perception of others. He seizes upon some high moment, and eternizes it; he grasps the Real, frees it from its sordid settings, and places it in the Ideal. In every work of art (to distinguish these from the products of the useful arts) we find three constant elements; 1, skill in the worker; 2, permanence in the vehicle; 3, pleasure (in the widest sense) in the intention. A nursery-rhyme, a steam-engine, a wedding-cake, each lacks one of these essential elements, but in a symphony, a statue, a poem, a picture, they are all combined. We limit the fine arts to those which affect us through the eye and ear, for by these channels are conveyed our noblest and most intellectual pleasures, the impressions which touch the higher nature in us and endure. These fine arts we call literature, painting, sculpture, and music. Leaving the first for the present, let us consider art in respect to the two latter, and in its wider sense.

If we would understand anything more of it than its fashionable jargon, and appreciate its helpful power in our lives, we must study art. Though we cannot all be artists, we may, nay, we must, be critics, if art is to be anything real to us at all. And we must not be ignorant, flippant critics, but reverent learners and students, in presence of something greater than ourselves.

Two ways there are of studying art: the historical and the æsthetic; but neither of them alone can lead us to a thorough knowledge. If we trace the development of art through the influences of time in thought and deed, we get an acquaintance with the subject, accurate as far as it goes, valuable as it impresses on us "the eternal relation of life to art," but the subject will still be dry bones to us, a thing of facts and abstract reasoning. If we try the æsthetic method and occupy ourselves solely with the achievements of art, we may come to understand them up to the point necessary to the easy and selfish gratification of our taste, as do those whom we name "æsthetes," and to love them after a certain fashion, as the artist does who will profit in his work by studying them; but we shall find this method neither thorough nor sincere. It professes to seek the tree of art, but is content with its gathered fruit, and cares not for branch and stem and root, and all the deep mysteries of life and growth. One path leads us to one side only, the other to another side; the true point of view lies between. The history of a certain period will give us the facts about its art, but these must be made to live by illustrations of the art work, or it will remain a dead letter to us. What shall we know of Greek art, if we follow never so carefully its rise, development, and decline, through the various influences which moulded it, learn all about its social and political environment, trace its connection with the life of the nation, know by heart the lists of Greek sculptors and works of art, and all there is to know about them, if we do not study and love the embodiments of that art which have come down to us?

On the other hand, we can gain but a very imperfect knowledge of any art if we understand nothing of the conditions under which it was evolved; we shall have our vision limited by our pleasurable impressions, and never gain that insight, which is the highest teaching of high art.

The chief sources of modern art-culture are Greek and mediæval art. The perfection of the Greek school of sculpture grew up under many favouring circumstances, political and social. The high estimation in which the Greeks held the human body, the care with which they cultivated its strength and beauty, the gymnasium and national games, the living models of physical development which the warm climate

allowed them to have constantly before their eyes—these together produced such a school for form as has never been surpassed. Then, too, in the highest period of Greek art, there was a healthy simplicity of life, enough of wealth and leisure without artificial restraint or excess of luxury, and freedom from grinding sordid poverty. The Paganism of the Athenian furnished him with ideals that could be grasped and expressed; there was nothing vague, nothing complex about his faith. His beliefs were personified in human form, and always representable. Humanity more or less perfect was always before him, and his ideal was a glorified humanity, an ideal never rising too high to inspire him to execution. And there was unity in religion: when the artist expressed his own faith, he appealed to the faith of every Athenian, the setting of their common life. This was an immense influence in favour of art; it created an enthusiasm which perishes under the cold touch of scepticism.

To the Greek ideal, which, being limited to natural things, had its strength concentrated in these, and found in art its full and free expression, succeeded the early Christian ideal, a breaking away from the sensuous Nature-worship of Paganism into two phases—the supernatural and the unnatural. The supernatural element of the Christian ideal, its recognition of the soul, of immortality, of the worthlessness of matter as compared to spirit, of the Fatherhood of God—all such revelations art could not at once grasp and express, although it was informed and elevated by them. Nor could the *unnatural*, the miraculous element be represented; the artist can never succeed in any contradiction of Nature. For instance, in painting Christ for religious teaching, has he made the Divinity visible to us? Has he not been limited to his highest conception of manhood, and so brought out in its eternal truth the human with the spiritual breathing through it? The "against Nature" is not representable; the "beyond Nature" is representable, but it had to force out for itself a wider range of expression than the Greek school of form, no longer adequate. The ideal had now become spiritual, the tendency now was to exalt the spirit at the expense of the body; the physical was to be used only as a means of revealing the inner life, the body to be treated merely as the vehicle, the garment, or even the fetter

of the soul. So art, looking through the outer veil, had to see and portray the inspiring life. Something of a grander type than had heretofore appealed to men was calling them to come up higher, and they responded, and in course of time their art reflected their elevation.

This brought about the great period of Italian painting. But before this could be reached, there had to be shaken off the trammels of asceticism, which were binding men hard and fast, contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and making them believe all natural beauty and pleasure to be inimical to the life of the soul. Then took place that wonderful re-awakening from the darkness of the Middle Ages, which we name the Renaissance; which overthrew asceticism, and found a new delight in life for life's sake. It reconciled the forces of Mediævalism and Paganism, and drew from either source what was most servicable to life and most beautiful for art. Men began afresh to rejoice in every form of beauty, in the human body and in the whole world. No longer Paganism or asceticism alone could content the fuller Nature they had become conscious of. It was, indeed, a new birth; and the energy of that new life is still unexhausted in art and thought.

The old ideals had given way to something more in harmony with the complex nature of man, and in their place arose this truth: that the highest ideal an artist can set before him is the reverent and humble interpretation of Nature, fidelity to natural fact combined with expression of the higher inner truth of things. He must never scorn the real, yet never rest content with it, until it suggests or reveals the ideal. He must possess patience in gaining insight, purity in his purpose, passion to touch his work with sacred fire. A true work of art is always begotten by the noble intellect, quickened by the pure heart, and brought forth by the patient hand.

One essential distinction between true art and false, is that true art will never avoid or change that which is not beautiful; it simply lays the emphasis on what is beautiful, and leaves the rest to play its natural part of foil

or contrast. But false art cannot trust its own power of dealing with what is not beautiful, and leaves it all out, fails in fidelity to Nature, and falls into insipidity or vulgarity. High art keeps close to the truth and accentuates the beauty in Nature; low art either aims at beauty without truth, or at truth without beauty, distorting or degrading Nature.

"Rien de beau que le vrai," or as Ellie, in the "Water Babies," says, "It is so beautiful that it must be true."

There is an excellence in art which comes of motive or idea, and there is an excellence which comes of thoroughly understanding the means of expression.

When these two are united, art is at its best; they have always been so in any great art-period. When the ideas are stronger than the power of expression, the art is in the stage of growth; when the facility and fluency are greater than the ideas, the art is in its decadence; the manner has become more than the matter, and an over-ripeness of style precedes the final stage of rottenness. And the art of each age must gain its own expression; there is no turning back; lessons for us, but no life in the experience of the past.

Every art must be judged by its own rules. Lessing has pointed out the principle of inherent fitness in each art to express certain ideas by certain treatment, of a special function for each which cannot be so well performed by any other. The poet must not attempt what is better done by the sculptor, or the painter try the method of the poet. For instance, the weakness of what is called "Descriptive Poetry" lies in its attempting the work of the painter.

Poetry has to do with action and emotion, with events in succession of time. The poet who describes objects, who paints in words, misses his true success to achieve a poor imitation of painting. The poet can suggest pictures for the painter; but if he tries to usurp the brush, he can but produce a catalogue of the qualities of material objects. The painter has to seize the most suggestive moment in which is concentrated the interest of his conception. He must be careful to

perpetuate nothing accidental or momentary which could mar the unity of the whole. He must make other considerations subservient to beauty. The poet may safely arouse pain, horror, or disgust, for he can quickly replace them by other impressions; but the painter has to consider that his single impression is final, and he fails when he does not give pleasure.

In what we call the "modern spirit" there is much of unrest, of vague yearning, consequent upon the transition from old ideals in life and thought. All is being weighed and tested and judged anew; it is a condition which does not favour the enthusiasm of art-production. Music seems to be the fittest expression of this condition, the present outlet of our emotions. Just as the Christian ideal could not get itself expressed by means of mere form, so our complex life has passed out of the scope of sculpture and painting both. The modern school of music is our peculiar art.

We still have the masterpieces of the past; let us love and reverence them with all our heart and soul; we shall never come up to them, much less surpass them. But we shall best show our reverence by recognising the highest teaching they have for us, *i.e.*, that we in our day must be true to ourselves, true in life and thought, as those old masters were true in their day, for in this way alone lies any hope of our having any art of our own. When we are living this true life, we shall find our wealth not in gold, but—

"In the lovely city, and the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;
And the homes of ancient story, the souls of the mighty dead,
And the wise men seeking out marvels, and the poet's teeming head,
And the painter's hand of wonder, and the marvellous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music—all those that do and know."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

Speaking of engagement rings, a French authority makes the following remarks—

"The first of the presents which must be given to an affianced bride ought to be the engagement ring; this ring must for ever be kept by her, it is the first openly allowed gage of love. It should be in perfect taste, and at the same time not inconvenient to the owner. I would not choose the ruby, it is too showy, loud, and indiscreet; my taste inclines towards the sapphire and the diamond, of which the one does not go well without the other. I should not choose a large sapphire surrounded by diamonds; I should ask our jeweller-artists to interlace in happy combination the sapphire and the diamond. The turquoise is also a tasteful stone, but when it is constantly worn it has the immense disadvantage of changing its colour, and to this change most ladies attach a sad and sentimental superstition. It should, therefore, not be chosen for the first present which is to be worn and cherished while life lasts, and which is to remain from the days of youth when everything else is changed."

BUYING REPENTANCE.—Repentance is a commodity always in the market. The purchaser names the price for it; lucky for her if she doesn't name the price too high.

THE SHEEP STEALER.—A man stole a sheep at Mitcham, in Surrey, one day in November, 1762. He tied its hind legs together and put them over his forehead to carry it away. In getting over a gate, however, the sheep, it is thought, struggled, and by a sudden spring slipped its feet down to his throat, for in the morning they were found, the sheep hanging on one side of the gate and the man dead on the other.

A HEAVY LOAD.

To mortal men great loads allotted be,
But of all packs, no pack like poverty.
Herrick.

LOVE.—Love, it has been said, descends more abundantly than it ascends. The love of parents for their children has always been far more powerful than that of children for their parents; and who among the sons of men ever loved God with a thousandth part of the love that God has manifested to us?—*Harve.*

THE QUARRLSOME COUPLE.

You are so like each other in your lives,
The worst of husbands and the worst of wives,

A mighty wonder, it appears to me,
That such a couple cannot well agree.

From Martial.

CONTENT TO DO WELL.

A father, wishing to dissuade his daughter from marrying, said to her—

"She who marries does well, but she who remains single does better."

"My dear father," she answered, meekly, "I am content with doing well; let her do better who can."

AT A WEDDING.

Bride (exchanging bridal costume for travelling suit): "Did I appear nervous at all during the ceremony, Clara?"

Bridesmaid (envious): "A little at first, dear; but not after George had said 'Yes!'"

A FATAL COAT.—The parish register of Ramsey records that Major William Cromwell, a cousin of the Protector, died of the Plague on the 23rd of February, 1660, and that he caught the infection by wearing a coat the cloth of which came from London. It adds "the tailor that made the coat, with all his family, died of the same terrible disorder, as did no less than four hundred people in Ramsey, and all owing to this fatal coat."

WISDOM IN FORGETTING.—Those things are generally best remembered which ought most to be forgotten. Not seldom the surest remedy of the evil consists in forgetting it.

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK
BROADS.By DARLEY DALE,
Author of "The Shepherd's
Fairy," etc.

Chapter v.

JACK FARRAR IS PUT OUT.

Eve, what were you up so early for this morning?" said Mrs. Oldman, the next day, as Eve handed her father his basin of tea for breakfast.

"Early, mother! it isn't so very early; it is getting on for eight o'clock," said Eve, evasively, turning to the fire to look at the fish which was frying.

"It is late enough now, I know as well as you, but I heard you moving about between four and five, and I thought I heard voices outside, too," persisted Mrs. Oldman.

"You must have been dreaming, mother," said Eve, who apparently found frying fish a very hot task, for her cheeks were crimson, and even her white forehead was flushed.

"No, you weren't dreaming, Mary, but it was an hour earlier than you say; it was I and the police, not Eve, that you heard

"WITH ALL THE MAJESTY OF A YOUNG QUEEN."

between three and four," said Noah, quietly.

"The police, Noah! What had the police to do here, pray?" exclaimed Mrs. Oldman, forgetting all about Eve in her excitement.

"The police, father!" echoed Eve, suddenly turning pale.

"Yes, they'll be here again soon, with a summons for me to appear before the magistrates next Tuesday. The fact is, someone has been playing a joke on me, which is likely to cost me a five-pound note. They took that old net of a one-inch mesh out of the shed last night, and set it; the police came round and found it. I identified the net, which they confiscated with the fish, and I shall be served with a summons to-day."

"Oh, father, father! They mustn't, they can't, they shan't summon you," sobbed Eve, as bursting into tears she threw herself into Noah's arms, and hid her lovely face in his white beard.

"Well, I never! To think we should live to suffer such disgrace as this! you to be dragged before the magistrates, like a common thief. What is the world coming to next, I wonder?" said Mrs. Oldman, aghast at the news.

"Hush! my pretty one; it won't hurt me to be summoned, though I shall have to pay a fine of five pounds, no doubt; but I am not going before the bench like a common thief, Mary; I am going as an innocent man, and no one whose opinion I value will believe I am guilty, in spite of the evidence against me. It can't be a grudge, for no one owes me a grudge that I know of, so it must be a joke, but it is a costly one for me."

"Oh, but father, father, what shall I do, what shall I do?" sobbed Eve, wringing her pretty hands as Noah rocked her to and fro in his arms.

"You can't do anything, my child; it isn't worth all these tears. As for the money, I must take it out of the savings bank, that is all about that; and for the disgrace, that is nothing, because I am innocent; and though I don't suppose it is very pleasant to be had up before the magistrates, why, it won't last more than an hour or so at the utmost," said Noah, making the best of it for Eve's sake.

But Eve was not easily pacified; she ate no breakfast, and shortly after, when the policeman came to serve the summons on Noah, who was watching his net, her grief broke out afresh, and if Mrs. Oldman had not stopped her she would have rushed out to the policeman.

"But it is all my fault, mother. I ought to be summoned—not father," sobbed Eve.

"Bless the child! she is gone clean daft. What do you know about nets and meshes, I should like to know? Go into your own room and bathe your eyes; you aren't fit to be seen, and then I want you to take some laces I have been washing for Miss Grace, up to the rectory," said Mrs. Oldman.

This task was apparently a congenial one, for by degrees Eve dried her eyes, and when an hour later she started to the rectory, some dark lines under the beautiful eyes were the only traces of her

tears, except she was a trifle paler than usual. Eve was certain of sympathy at the rectory, for she felt sure neither Mr. Leicester nor Grace would for one moment believe Noah was guilty of setting the forbidden net; and her hopes were realised, for Grace walked back with her to express her sympathy, and Mr. Leicester promised to call that day.

"Noah, here comes Miss Grace. I expected she would, for she is mighty fond of you, and Eve has told her of this trouble. What a pair of pretty maids they are! Any mother might be proud of either of them. Look; one looks every bit as much a real lady as the other, though I say it that shouldn't," said Mrs. Oldman, standing by Noah's side and watching the two girls as they approached the ark slowly, for they paused every now and then to gather some of the wild marsh-marigolds.

Grace was the taller and fairer, but though very sweet-looking, she could not rival the brilliant beauty of Eve. She had come out in a simple cotton dress; and Eve, in a clean print, was quite as well-dressed; so that a more critical judge than Mrs. Oldman might have agreed that to look at them one would never imagine how great was the difference in their position.

"Tush, wife! Eve is my own child, and a beauty, too, praise the Lord; but Miss Grace is a lady born and bred, as anyone may see, though there never was one with less pride, and Eve is nought but an eel-man's daughter, and never will be more unless it is a broadman's wife."

"Don't be too sure of that. Eve will be a lady some day, as sure as Adam Day will live to be a gentleman; and not one of the broadmen will she ever look at, though five or six of them are crazy after her, and she as good as told Jack Farrar as much the last time he was past here with his wherry, and he is the best chance for a girl round these parts."

"And what else is Adam Day but a broadman, pray? The son of a broadman, an eel-catcher like myself."

"Oh, he is a broadman fast enough, and he'll be a gentleman too, but he won't be Eve's husband for all that, though I know it is the wish of your heart; and you may take my word for it, for in those things a woman sees a mile where a man only sees a yard before him; but here they come. Good morning, Miss Grace; it is like you to come at once to see my old man in his disgrace."

"In his trouble, Mrs. Oldman; it is no disgrace. I am sure Noah no more set that net than I did; but I wish we could find out who has played you such a trick," said Grace, shaking hands with her foster-parents, as she always did, while Eve went into the ark to tie up the flowers for Grace to take back.

"So do I, for Noah will have to pay for it, whether or no, and five pounds is a large sum for us," said Mrs. Oldman. "Though he do take it so quietly, he appears to rather enjoy it than otherwise."

"No, indeed, I don't, wife, but I shan't make a trouble of it; there are worse misfortunes at sea."

"What does Adam Day think about it, Noah?" asked Grace.

"I haven't seen yet him, Miss Grace, but he'll be round here directly after his dinner. It is Saturday afternoon, and we are going to the decoy. Adam will be a great deal angrier about it than I am, I fear, for patient as he is with his old mother and the schoolchildren, this is the sort of things to rouse his indignation, though young as he is he has learnt how to be angry and sin not."

Just then a wherry with its dark brown sail slowly approached, for the wind was light and the sail flapping, and Noah moved away to lower his net, but before the wherry reached the net the sail was taken down, the anchor cast in the shallow water, and the wherryman pulled himself ashore in the gig he was towing at his stern.

Grace Leicester saw it was Jack Farrar, and knowing he was a great admirer of Eve, and would probably stay to dinner in the ark, she left, saying she must go and read to old Mrs. Day before luncheon. The wherryman was a small, dark, handsome man, with curly black hair under his large brimmed hat, fierce black eyes, small well-cut features, and a short pointed black beard; but for his high boots and blue jersey he would have looked more like an Italian brigand than a Norfolk wherryman, for there was a wild expression in the black eyes, and a look of fierce determination in the well-shaped mouth, that seemed to say he would stop at nothing to get what he had set his heart on. He was no particular favourite of Noah's, but he was always courteous and hospitable, and at once gave the invitation to dinner, which Farrar expected and accepted. While they were discussing the eels and bacon, which, with some Norfolk dumplings, formed their meal, Farrar feasted on Eve's beauty, and could scarcely give the attention such a congenial subject as the episode of the police and the eel-net merited, to Noah's account of the doings of the past night. Eve was silent and ill at ease, perhaps because the subject was distasteful to her, perhaps because she guessed the object of Farrar's visit, and dreaded the impending interview with him, which she knew to be inevitable.

The simplicity of the manners of Farrar's class rendered it no difficult matter to be alone with Eve, so when dinner was over he accomplished this by asking her to go for a walk with him, and after a little coyness she put on her hat, and, willing or unwilling, accompanied him.

"Where shall we go?" said Eve, as they left the ark.

"Oh, not that way," said Farrar, as Eve turned towards the broad and Windham.

"The grass is so long here," objected Eve, as she took the way by the river, which Farrar seemed to prefer.

"Come for a sail with me, then. My wherry is here and light, for I am going to take in cargo; the wind, too, is in our favour. I'll take care of you. Will you come?"

"Oh no, thank you. Father would not like it. He never lets me go in boats unless he or Adam is with me."

Farrar frowned an angry frown, but accepted Eve's decision.

"Very well, we'll walk then, and I'll tell you what I came to tell you, though I expect you know it well enough without the telling. Eve, I love you. I would die for you this moment if it would make you happier. You have heard this story often enough, for you have many lovers, I know; but, Eve, you never heard it from one who loves you as I do. One lock of your hair is more to me than the wealth of the Indies; and I'd walk ten miles any day for one of your smiles. Ever since I first saw you that Sunday evening two years ago, as you walked into Martham Church, with your father, looking like a beautiful rose, I have loved you—loved you as you will never be loved again, and now at last I can speak, for the wherry is all mine now, and I can afford a wife as well as any man on the broads. Eve, my darling, will you have me?"

And Farrar seized Eve's hands, and

brought his handsome face close to hers, as with bated breath and beating heart he waited for an answer, his black eyes glowing with passion so fierce that Eve dared not look up at him, but let her long lashes droop and veil her own grey eyes.

The May sun was hot and powerful as the passion of the man, but the cold east wind which was blowing was not more cutting than Eve's manner, as she struggled to withdraw her hand, and said proudly: "I do not love you; please let me go."

"Say at once you are too proud to look at a wherryman; a broadman like your father isn't good enough for you, you must have a gentleman; but let me tell you, as true and loving a heart may beat under a jersey as under a coat. I know more than you think, perhaps; oh, you need not be afraid, I am neither going to hurt you nor to tell tales, but this much I'll tell you—you shall be my wife and no other man's; you are mine

by right, because no other man loves you as I do; and I'll have you, as sure as my name is Jack Farrar."

"How dare you talk to me in this way! I'll never speak to you again!" said Eve, as, with a final effort, she freed herself from his grasp.

"Oh, yes, you will; speak to me, now, and say you forgive me for my rudeness; I was mad to talk to you like that; but Eve, my love, my love, it was because I love you so madly that I said it. Only forgive me, and I will never be so rough with you again." And he stretched his hands out to her with an imploring gesture, and Eve, turning round, saw the black eyes were filled with tears, and her heart smote her with pity.

"I forgive you," she said, with all the majesty of a young queen, and then turned and walked rapidly back to the ark, leaving Farrar apparently rooted to the spot, gazing after her retreating figure.

(To be continued.)

THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH,"
"EXCELSIOR," "THE OLD CLOCK
ON THE STAIRS."



I think there may be some interest in a sketch of a famous man who has passed away in our own time, and in a description of the influences under which he produced the many songs which speedily attained a world-wide popularity. Though our mothers sang them, they still find a place in our repertoire, and though they are no longer "new songs," and yet have scarcely

taken full honours as "old songs," they remain favourites, even in the very debatable and trying climate of "old-fashion."

The poet to whom we allude is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and the songs are those well-known lyrics, "The Village Blacksmith," "Excelsior," and "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

Our poet was born in 1807, at Portland, Maine, U.S.A. He seems from the outset to have been a fortunate individual, nurtured in quiet affluence, favoured with well-conditioned parents and grand-parents "on both sides of the house." He has celebrated the place of his birth in the poem "My Lost Youth."

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,

And the sea tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;

The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of
doves

In quiet neighbourhoods.

He seems to have been gifted from the first with a sweet, equable temperament, and an almost morbid shrinking from anything which seemed to him violent or exaggerated. When he was about twelve years old he first discovered the charms and wealth of literature through the fascinations of Washington Irving's Sketch Book.

As a schoolboy, he was evidently exemplary, for several quaint "reports" have been preserved, by which we learn that—

"Master Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school. His conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable."

And again, "He has during the week distinguished himself by his good deportment."

He first appeared in print when he was thirteen. The "appearance" was "a poem" in the local paper; the authorship was kept a secret between himself and his sister. His first experience of a critic was enjoyed (or suffered) on the same day. For one of his father's friends, all unconscious, asked old Mr. Longfellow, "Did you see the piece in to-day's paper? Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover it is all borrowed, every word of it."

From school he went on to college, where his verse-making continued, but was only of the ephemeral sort. He did not find it easy to decide on a career, for we find him writing to his father, "I hardly think nature designed me for the bar, or the pulpit, or the dissecting room; I am altogether in favour of the farmer's life." There must have been something very beautiful in his filial relationship, since he could make the following frank confidence: "The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature . . . I am almost confident in believing that if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature." Nor did his father receive this confidence with any ridicule or scorn,

though he naturally modified it by the considerations of experience, saying "a literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant. But you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation." Therefore out of the three professions our young poet chose the law, but always as a means to an end, and not an end itself. He decided, "I can be a lawyer: this will support my real existence; literature, an ideal one."

His dutiful submission secured its own reward. It was his father himself who brought him news that his college was anxious to send him to Europe, that he might qualify himself for a professorship of modern languages about to be founded in his *alma mater*. Nothing could have more completely squared with his utmost hopes and aspirations.

This was his first visit to Europe. He travelled in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, and then returned to fulfil the duties of his professorship. In the year 1831 he married Mary Potter. In 1835 he resigned his professorship at Bowdoin, in favour of one at Harvard, and revisited Europe, accompanied by his young wife, who sickened and died at Rotterdam.

After going home and fulfilling his duties at Harvard for about six years, he paid another visit to Europe. On his return in 1843 he married again, and though in this instance his domestic life was prolonged to eighteen years, yet it came at last to an untimely and violent end. In the summer of 1863, Mrs. Longfellow's dress caught fire as she was sealing some packets, and she died a few hours after. The remainder of the poet's life was spent quietly occupied in literary labour among his young family and his old friends. He paid yet one more visit to Europe (1868-9), where he spent a long time in England, was received at Windsor Castle, and it is said half-shocked and half-delighted our formal court etiquette by giving the Queen's outstretched hand a hearty grasp instead of a perfunctory kiss! His last years were cheered by much affectionate appreciation, to which he responded by uncounted charities and courtesies. He "departed" in 1882, for over him we may surely

use his own words above the grave of Albert Dürer in Nuremberg—

“Emigravit—is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.”

The last lines he wrote seem what he would have chosen to write had he known they were his last; for they were these—

“Out of the shadow of night
The world moves into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.”

Longfellow's nature seems to have been saturated with poetic sensibility. His inspiration was true and sweet, rather than powerful and stirring. Wherever he turned his eye, his consciousness was laying in stores for his muse to work upon, perhaps years afterwards. “Out of my childhood,” he wrote “there rises in my memory the recollection of many things rather as poetic impressions than as prosaic facts.”

Probably few poets have a wider circle of admirers, and we feel that we may refer to any of his verses with the assurance that they are already familiar to most of our readers, while the few who do not know them should certainly lose no time in making their acquaintance.

His first widely popular piece was “The Psalm of Life.” It was written on a summer morning in 1838, in the pleasant rooms he occupied in Cambridge. It is to be noted that though from boyhood he had possessed the faculty of versification, and the yearning to express himself, yet his full power did not come upon him till he had been chastened by sorrow. “The Psalm of Life” brought him fame and profit, but it brought him far more—the assurance that he had inspired and cheered many wavering or drooping souls. Some of its verses are very open to criticism. But it was a voice which went straight to the world's heart, and was translated into many tongues, even into Sanscrit! “The Psalm of Life,” said one of the poet's most intimate friends, “was written as an exorcism against all bad spirits and blue devils. It was sung to cheer the unhappy, not to chime in with their wailings.”

When this same friend, Mr. Ward, had lost his wife and their baby, he had written to request Longfellow to translate for him a certain pathetic German song. The right mood would not come at that time, but it came by-and-by, and the result was the well-known “Two Locks of Hair.” It is a singular and interesting coincidence that the original song was written by the German author, not from his own experience, but also as the expression of the pathetic lot of a friend.

It was about this same time that Longfellow produced “The Village Blacksmith.” He alludes to it, slightly, in a letter to his father, “as a kind of ballad on a blacksmith which you may consider, if you please, as a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury.” For the poet's great grandfather on the paternal side had been himself a blacksmith, and it is a significant fact that “a blacksmith's shop, where the farm horses were shod,” had stood opposite his grandfather's roomy old house at Gorham, a favourite resort of the poet's boyish holidays. But the special village smithy of the poem, “under the spreading chestnut tree,” was an old smithy at Cambridge. In 1879 the children of Cambridge presented the poet with an easy chair made out of the wood of this tree.

But, perhaps of all his poems, the song

“Excelsior” had the widest and swiftest popularity, though possibly it may not enjoy the most enduring favour. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes calls it “a trumpet call to the fiery energies of youth.” Its inspiration came in this wise:

One day Mr. Longfellow's eye fell upon a scrap of newspaper, a part of the heading of one of the New York journals, bearing the seal of the State of New York, a shield with a rising sun, and the motto in heraldic Latin, “Excelsior.” At once there sprang up in his imagination the picture of the youth scaling the Alpine pass, bearing in his hand some slender pennant affixed to his alpenstock, sufficient to bear his chosen motto. This the poet made a symbol of the aspiration and sacrifice of a nobly ideal soul, whose words and aim are “an unknown tongue” to the multitude, and who, refusing to listen to the cautions of experience or prudence, or to the pleadings of home affections, of woman's love, or of formal religion, presses on to a higher goal. That goal he does not perfectly attain in this life, but in dying still presses on to a higher beyond. The Latinity of the motto was questioned by some of the poet's friends at the time, and afterwards by critics, who thought it should be either *Excelsius* or *Ad Excelsiora*. The poet explained the word as part of the phrase, “Scopus meus excelsior est,”—my goal is higher. In truth he was not responsible for the borrowed Latin, and evidently the word excelsior was the word the poem needed.

Our readers will do well to bear in mind this story of the poem's origin and significance, as it has lately become the fashion to carp at it, asking in captious spirit, “What does it all mean?”

The form of the poem lends itself easily to parody. At the outset it was unfortunately illustrated. The artist bestowed on the mountaineer, not the alpenstock and pennant which would have been so suitable, but a broad, trailing banner with a heavy staff. The poet himself reported that Hawthorne, the novelist, made great fun of the pictures, saying that “the absurdity of ambition was rendered obvious by seeing this figure carrying a huge log of wood up the Alps, with as much fervour as if the safety of the world depended upon it.”

But the verses had living seed in them, and no blunders could destroy it.

It is said that when a German translation of “Excelsior” appeared, the students of Innsbrück, meeting the translator, embraced him and kissed him with transport.

The original of “The Old Clock on the Stairs” stood in the hall of an old-fashioned country seat, surrounded by poplars, and belonging to some of Mrs. Longfellow's relatives. In November, 1845, the poet records in his journal—

“Began a poem on a clock, with the words, ‘For ever, never,’ as the burden: suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity—*C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux—Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effroyables révolutions, un réprouvé s'écrie, ‘Quelle heure est-il?’ et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond, ‘L'Eternité!’*”

In the following month he reports that the verses were already a success, and in January, 1846, he recommended them to somebody who asked for words suitable for music.

Dr. Wendell Holmes, in summing up Longfellow's poetic art, says—

“It was in his choice of subjects that one source of the public favour with which his writings were received obviously lay. A poem to be widely popular must deal with thoughts and emotions that belong to common, not exceptional character, conditions, and interests. In ‘The Old Clock on the Stairs,’ we find the history of innumerable households told in relating the history of one, and the solemn burden of the song repeats itself to thousands of listening readers, as if the beat of the pendulum were throbbing at the head of every staircase.”

The poet Longfellow kept a diary singularly free from any morbid introspection. Almost every day he notes the weather, or the aspect of some place he was visiting, with some phrase of wonderful poetic beauty, in which it is often easy to find the germ of a future poem. As we are only writing the story of famous songs, we may but glance at his other productions by noticing that though he was within easy reach of “Acadie,” the scenery of his “Evangeline,” he never visited it, and further that he wrote some prose works, less known than his verses, but two of which, at least, “Hyperion” and “Kavanagh,” are of rare originality and finish, and seldom fail to take a strong grasp on the minds of those who read them.

In person, the poet Longfellow was handsome and attractive. “His voice, countenance and manner conveyed one harmonious impression. . . . His dignified bearing made him appear tall, though he was not above the medium height. . . . One young enthusiast exclaimed, after seeing him, ‘All the vulgar and pretentious people in the world ought to be sent to see Mr. Longfellow, to learn how to behave.’ . . . His simple and beautiful courtesy made every caller think himself a friend.” Alas! this disposition was often abused by mere autograph hunters and similar intruders, and we blush to say that under this head the poet more than once notes in his journal, “What queer women there are in the world.”

On one occasion, he describes how an English gentleman introduced himself without letters, abruptly saying, “In other countries, you know, we go to see ruins and the like, but you have no ruins in your country, and I thought—I thought—I would call and see you!”

We do not think we can close our paper better than by a few extracts from the poet's common-place book, selecting those most likely to be interesting and valuable to our readers.

“The happy should not insist too much upon their happiness in the presence of the unhappy.”

“A great sorrow, like a mariner's quadrant, brings the sun at noon down to the horizon, and we learn where we are on the sea of Life.”

“Each new epoch of life seems an encounter. There is a tussle and a cloud of dust, and we come out of it triumphant or crestfallen according as we have borne ourselves.”

“What discord should we bring into the universe if our prayers were all answered! Then we should govern the world, and not God. And do you think we should govern it better? It gives me only pain when I hear the long, wearisome petitions of men asking for they know not what. As frightened women clutch at the reins when there is danger, so do we grasp at God's government with our prayers. Thanksgiving with a full heart—and the rest, silence and submission to the Divine Will.”



POULTRY KEEPING:

A RECREATION AND SOURCE OF INCOME FOR GIRLS.

By THEO.

PART II.

As by this time I hope that you have received some idea as to your poultry-house and run, I will give you a few directions concerning the selection of your stock.

Let me say at once, however, that I can give you no advice upon showing and show varieties.

I take it for granted that most of you are beginners in this delightful pursuit, and that as such you have little or no experience, but are determined to take it up as a real recreation, with the intention of doing your utmost to make it pay.

Let our motto be "Economy and utility," and certainly if you want profit and peace of mind, keep out of the showing line. As an old gardener remarked to me the other day, "There's naught like good layers. T'other kind! why you breed 'em, and feed 'em, and fash with 'em, but you get naught by 'em!"

The gardener's remark is assuredly correct, as far as beginners are concerned, for even if in after years you become so hen-fever stricken that you cannot refrain from fancy breeding, yet until that day you had better be content with success or failure in some less delicate and expensive stock.

Upon this stock question there are as many different opinions as there are feathers in a hen!

Every poultry fancier whom you consult descants on the excellences of the particular breed in which he is interested; gives you the most astonishing egg-production averages, and after having taken you to see his stock, makes you firmly believe that unless you take his advice your experiment will be a hopeless failure.

The next adviser you go to tells you to get good first-crosses. One advises large birds, another small; one suggests that white fowls look so picturesque, another that black fowls don't show the dirt; and finally your old

servant remarks conclusively that there is nothing like a good barndoor fowl, such as she used to help her mother to feed when she was a girl!

All this advice is very perplexing, but a good deal of it can be much simplified by considering three questions—

For what purpose do you want your fowls? Under what conditions do you intend to keep them? What is the length of your purse?

Whether you want fowls for close confinement or for an open grass range, always select good hardy birds, and if your object be to produce eggs, let them be of the best possible laying strain.

A good layer can usually be told by its coarse large comb and wattles, and by its body being generally larger behind than in front, which is the opposite to what you find when choosing for table purposes. The laying qualities of hens depend far more on the laying strain than upon any particular breed, though some breeds are no doubt more generally prolific than others.

Always know where your birds came from and how old they are; or if you are too inexperienced, ask some poultry-keeper to help you.

It is most disappointing to have spent your money and then to find that your purchase consists of either aged birds, which show plenty of appetite but very few eggs, or else of some grand-looking creatures, neither pure-bred nor a good cross, perhaps delicate into the bargain.

Another great secret of success in poultry-keeping is to know when to buy and when to kill.

The best time to start poultry-keeping is in the early spring—say February or March—in order that you may gain your first experience during the summer months.

Have your house all ready, pay everything up, see what money you have left, and only buy as many good birds as you can pay for.

Don't get a cheap lot, whatever you do; far better get six good-laying, young, healthy birds, than ten unguaranteed ones of which you know nothing.

If you do not want to spend much at the beginning, and care little about appearances, you might begin with common "barndoor" fowls.

At that time of year you ought to be able to get good pullets of average laying qualities for from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings each; they should be eight or nine months old, and just beginning to lay.

If you begin with this sort of stock you will, I believe, have very fair results, if fed and managed according to later instructions.

As you have nothing to do with chickens you do not require a cock, so you can save his keep and a good deal of annoyance to your neighbours. Of course the eggs in this case will be of no use for hatching purposes.

If all goes well now, your hens will lay right through the spring and summer months in abundance. They may be rather troublesome about wanting to sit, but if you don't wish them to do so they are easily cured by putting them in a coop with a floor composed of two-inch bars placed at two-inch intervals, raised from the ground by bricks at each corner. The hen cannot then sit, and if she be given plenty of food and water she will soon recover and want to begin to lay again.

Always let a broody hen be in sight of the other birds, and do not try all the cruel operations advised by many, such as dipping in cold water, starving, keeping in the dark, etc. Remember that your object is to keep her in good condition, that she may lay again as soon as possible.

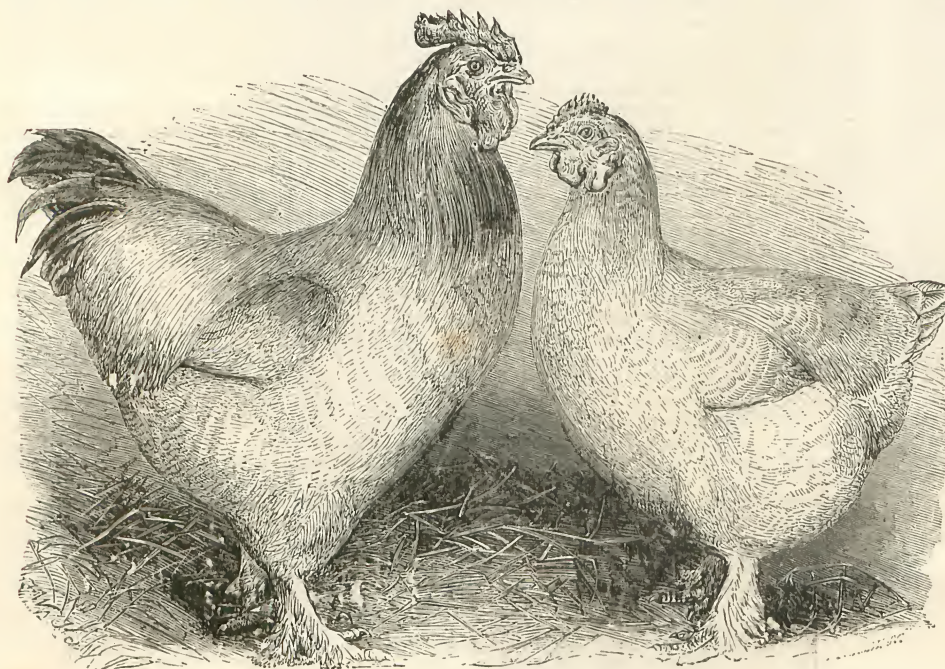
From August to November may be termed the moulting season, and your hens will in no wise escape, and they will begin sooner or later. As they are only common birds, I should advise you to kill them at the first sign of moult. You can then sell them for eating purposes, to the household, for from two shillings to three shillings—according to whether you live in the town or country—and then renew your stock with March-hatched pullets, which should keep you in eggs all through the winter.

This sounds rather a heartless way of doing, and if you are very fond of your hens, and any of them are specially good layers, they may be kept another season, but you must have some early hatched pullets every autumn, or there will be no November or December eggs, and when eggs can be sold at six for a shilling during the winter months this is a consideration, and shows which way the balance-sheet will turn at the end of the year.

If you have rather more money to spend at the beginning of your enterprise, I should advise you to buy instead of barndoor fowls some good first-cross pullets, or pure-bred ones.

I think I shall never forget my intense delight and wild excitement when the L. and N. W. Railway van brought to the door the hamper containing my first seven pullets.

They came from a well-known breeder of good laying stock, and as I had a fancy for nice-looking black birds, they consisted of two Minorca-



WHITE COCHINS.

Langshans, two Minorca-Brahmas, two Houdan-Cochins, and one pure Plymouth Rock; they cost thirty-five shillings.

I of course opened the hamper at once. Naturally after the journey the inmates were rather lively, and flew about wildly, but at last they were prevailed upon to go into an empty stable, for I must confess that I had been in such a hurry to get them that the hen-house was not ready when they did arrive; and even when a day or two afterwards I was able to put them into the proper place, they had neither peace nor comfort, for, being very wet weather, the sides and roof of the house began to leak, owing to not having been properly tarred, so that altogether I had rather a discouraging time, all through want of a little forethought. They arrived the middle of February at twelve o'clock, and by one o'clock I had my first egg!

By March they were in full lay, and gave me 122 eggs, and in April 160; and so on through the summer, except when they wanted to sit.

The Minorca-Langshan, which laid first, and whom on account of her flaming red comb I named "Rosie," laid between eighty and ninety eggs without missing a day, but afterwards she began to "clock," as the North-Country people call being broody.

Another hen laid on during the moult to the end of October, until she hardly had a feather on her; but this is not very advisable, as they are obliged to take such a long rest to get up their strength afterwards.

I hatched some Minorca-Langshan chicks in the end of April, which began to lay in November, but I was very short of eggs during September and October.

I hope you will learn by my mistakes, and manage better in your first year.

Discussions rage in the poultry-books and live-stock journals concerning the relative merits of first-crosses and pure-bred fowls; but no decided conclusion has yet been arrived at, as so much depends more upon the laying strain than upon any peculiarity in the breed.

I would like to give you some idea of the different kinds of fowls, so that all may be able to choose according to their individual surroundings.

As we are considering fowls from the egg-



BARNDOR FOWLS.

production point of view, I shall enlarge most upon those breeds which have this special quality, and will mention in each case whether most suitable for an open range or close confinement. We will afterwards consider the main first-crosses, which will be easier after we have learnt a few of the characteristics of the pure breeds.

Pure breed fowls may be roughly divided into two classes—sitters and non-sitters.

It does not necessarily follow that a hen belonging to the sitting class will always want to sit at some part of the year, nor *vice versa*, but nevertheless there are certain varieties that have been so much cultivated and bred by man for laying purposes, that the desire to reproduce the species has almost entirely departed from the hens.

For never think that it is natural for any bird to lay a constant succession of eggs for no reason but the gratification of her owner. It

is an acquired developed habit, and if the best laying varieties were allowed to mix and degenerate, they would gradually go back to the natural custom of laying eggs according to the number of broods they wished to rear.

I hope to describe shortly some of the principal breeds at the end of each paper, so this week I will take the Cochins, Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, and Langshans, all of which are devoted sitters.

Cochins.—There are three chief varieties of this breed—the white, partridge, and buff.

All Cochins have feathered legs, very short tails, evenly serrated upright combs, and very loose fluffy plumage.

The white Cochin should be perfectly white all over. The illustration gives the impression of a black tail, but this is incorrect.

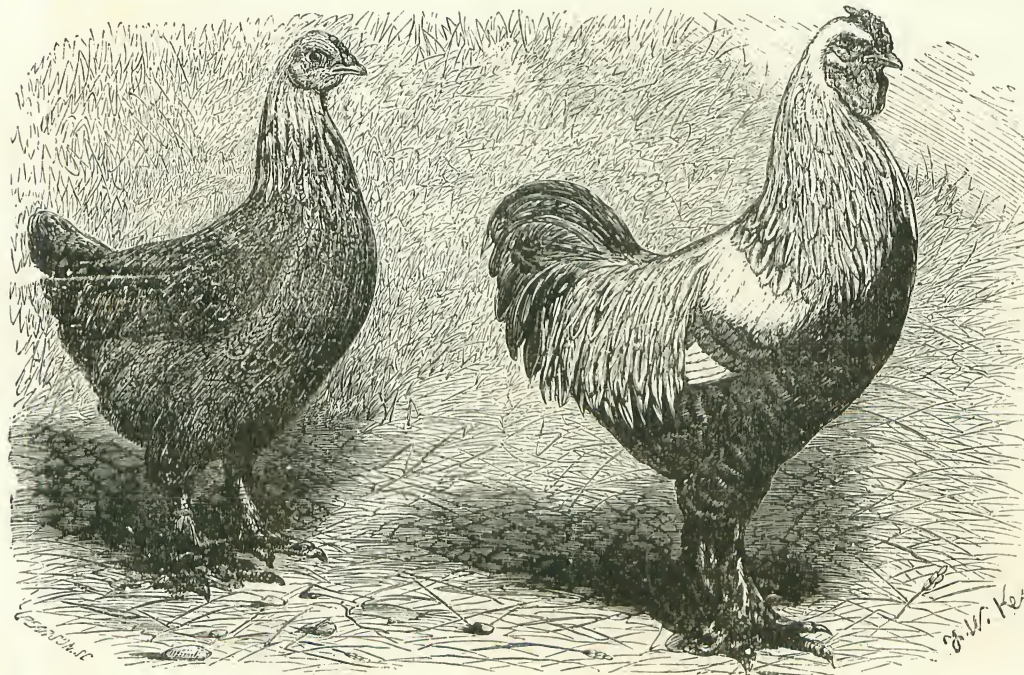
The partridge are, as the name suggests, of a partridge colour, mottled; the cock having a black breast and black leg feathering, with a good deal of red on the neck and back.

The buff are of a shade of buff colour, the cock throwing some very rich feathers in his tail.

Mr. Wright, in his "Book of Poultry," calls the Cochin the "Father of the Poultry Fancy," because when these fowls were first imported into England, in 1843, there arose such a Cochin-fever that people paid enormous prices for a single specimen; and this interest in one breed naturally cultivated the interest in others, and in poultry-keeping generally, which has never since declined.

Brahmas.—These birds can be obtained either in the light or dark variety. The light ones should be white all over, except the hackle feathers, which should be striped; and the tail feathers, which though short are longer than the Cochins, should be black, just edged with white. Both varieties have pea-combs firmly set to the head, and well-feathered legs.

Dark Brahmas are very handsome birds. The cock



DARK BRAHMAS.

has a black breast, tail feathers, lower part of the body, and leg feathers. The hackle and saddle feathers are grey or greyish white and black.

The hen's hackle feathers are striped black and white, and the tail feathers are black, and the rest of the feathering is of a greyish hue of alternate shades, which on a well-marked bird looks exceedingly nice.

Plymouth Rocks are a very favourite breed, and are large birds, coloured in two shades of grey—very light and very dark. The marking on each feather should be very even, so that the birds have a regular mottled appearance.

Plymouth Rocks vary very much in shade, and are difficult to breed correctly. All have upright combs, the hen's being rather small; the legs are quite free from feathering, and should be of a decided yellow colour.

Langshans.—This breed of fowls is a comparatively new one, but is making its way by its handsome appearance and useful qualities.

Mr. Cook, in his "Poultry Breeder and Feeder," describes them as follows:—"The Langshan has more tail than the Cochins, and has black legs, slightly feathered down to the outside toe, not the middle one, which should be free from feathers. The thick fluff (vulture hocked) is a fault with them, especially the cocks. These are rather long, should be broad in the chest, and should carry themselves very erect. Their combs should be evenly serrated and erect. They have a beautiful green gloss upon their plumage."

All these four breeds are good average layers, though never, perhaps, quite coming up to some of the non-sitting class.

For hardiness and endurance of cold the breeds may be placed in the following order of

merit—Cochins, Brahma, Plymouth Rock, Langshan.

All are very troublesome in the spring and summer, on account of their sitting propensities; the Cochins and Brahmas make the best mothers. All lay brown and tinted eggs, which with some people is an attraction, and where eggs are sold to dealers, brown have an advantage over white ones. The Cochins and Brahmas are the brownest.

Where eggs are required for home use, I think the Plymouth Rocks or Langshans would prove the most satisfactory, especially as they are also the best table birds.

All these breeds do well in confinement, as they are of a quiet and peaceable nature. The Langshans are rather nervous, and they and the Plymouth Rocks fly well, so require higher wire netting to keep them confined than the Brahmas and Cochins.

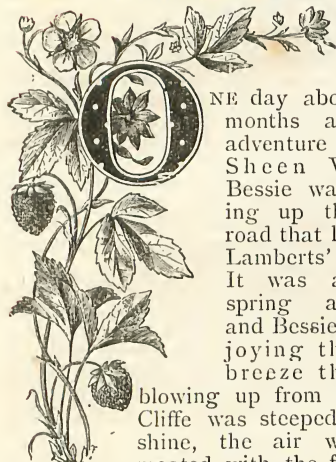
(To be continued.)

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE OATLANDS POSTMARK.



ONE day about three months after her adventure in the Sheen Valley, Bessie was climbing up the steep road that led to the Lamberts' house. It was a lovely spring afternoon, and Bessie was enjoying the fresh breeze that was blowing up from the bay. Cliffe was steeped in sunshine, the air was permeated with the fragrance of lilac blended with the faint odours of the pink and white May blossoms. The flower-sellers' baskets in the town were full of dark red wallflowers and lovely narciss. The birds were singing nursery lullabies over their nests in the Coombe Woods, and even the sleek donkeys, dragging up some invalids from the Parade in their trim little chairs, seemed to toil more willingly in the sweet spring sunshine.

"How happy the world looks to-day," said Bessie to herself; and perhaps this pleasant thought was reflected in her face, for more than one passer-by glanced at her half enviously. Bessie did not notice them; her soft grey eyes were fixed on the blue sky above her, or on the glimpses of water between the houses. Just before she turned into the avenue that led to the house, she stopped to admire the view. She was at the summit of the hill now; below her lay the town; where she stood she could look over the housetops to the shining water of the bay, with its rocky island in the middle. Bessie always called it the bay, but in reality it resembled a lake, it was so land-locked, so closed in

by the opposite shore, except in one part; but the smooth expanse of water, shining in the sunlight, lacked the freedom and wild freshness of the open sea, though Bessie would look intently to a distant part, where nothing, as she knew, came between her and the Atlantic. "If we only went far enough, we should reach America; that gives one the idea of freedom and vastness," she thought.

Bessie held the idea that Cliffe-on-Sea was one of the prettiest places in England, and it was certainly not devoid of picturesqueness.

The houses were mostly built of stone, hewn out of the quarry, and were perched up in surprisingly unexpected places—some of them built against the rock, their windows commanding extensive views of the surrounding country. The quarry was near the Lamberts' house, and the Coombe Woods stretched above it for miles. Bessie's favourite walk was the long road that skirted the woods. On one side were the hanging woods, and on the other the bay. Through the trees one could see the gleam of water, and on summer evenings the Lambert girls would often sit on the rocks with their work and books, preferring the peaceful stillness to the Parade crowded with strangers listening to the band. When their mother or Tom was with them, they would often linger until the stars came out or the moon rose. How glorious the water looked then, bathed in silvery radiance, like an enchanted lake. How dark and sombre the woods! What strange shadows used to lurk among the trees! Hatty would creep to Bessie's side as they walked, especially if Tom indulged in one of his ghost stories.

"What is the use of repeating all that rubbish, Tom?" Bessie would say, in her sturdy fashion. "Do you think anyone would hear us if we sang one of our glees? That will be better than talking about headless bogies to scare Hatty. I like singing by moonlight."

Well, they were just healthy, happy young people, who knew how to make

the most of small pleasures. "Everyone could have air and sunshine and good spirits," Bessie used to say, "if they ailed nothing and kept their consciences in good order. Laughing cost nothing, and talking was the cheapest amusement she knew."

"That depends," replied her father, craculantly, on overhearing this remark. "Words are dear enough sometimes. You are a wise woman, Bessie, but you have plenty to learn yet. We all have to buy experience ourselves. I don't want you to get your wisdom second-hand; second-hand articles don't last, so laugh away, child, as long as you can."

"I love spring," thought Bessie, as she walked on. "I always did like bright things best. I wonder why I feel so hopeful to-day, just as though I expected something pleasant to happen. Nothing ever does happen, as Chriss says. Just a letter from Tom, telling us his news, or an invitation to tea with a neighbour, or perhaps a drive out into the country with father. Well, they are not big things, but they are pleasant for all that. I do like a long talk with father, when he has no troublesome case on his mind and can give me all his attention. I think there is no treat like it; but I mean Hatty to have the next turn. She has been good lately; but she looks pale and dwindled. I am not half comfortable about her." And here Bessie broke off her cogitations, for at that moment Katie rushed out of the house and began dancing up and down, waving a letter over her head.

"What a time you have been," cried the child, excitedly. "I have been watching for you for half an hour. Here is a letter for your own self, and it is not from Aunt Charlotte nor Uncle Charles, nor any old fogey at all."

"Give it me, please," returned Bessie. "I suppose it is from Tom, though why you should make such a fuss about it, as though no one ever got a letter, passes my comprehension. No, it is from Miss Sefton; I recognise her handwriting,"

which was true, as Bessie had received a note from Edna a few days after she had left them, conveying her own and her mother's thanks for the kind hospitality she had received.

"Of course it is from Miss Sefton, there is the Oatlands postmark. Ella and I were trying to guess what was in it; we thought that perhaps as Mrs. Sefton is so rich, she might have sent you a present for being so kind to her daughter; that was Ella's idea. Do open it quickly, Bessie; what is the use of looking at the envelope?"

"I am afraid I can't satisfy your curiosity just yet, Kitty. Hatty is waiting for the silks I have been matching, and mother will want to know how old Mrs. Wright is. Duty before pleasure," finished Bessie, with good-humoured peremptoriness, as she marched off in the direction of the morning room.

"Bessie is getting dreadfully old-maidish," observed Katie, in a sulky voice. "She never used to be so proper. I suppose she thinks it is none of my business."

When Bessie had got through her list of commissions she sat down to enjoy her letter quietly, but before she had read many lines her colour rose, and a half-stifled exclamation of surprise came to her lips; but in spite of Hatty's curious questions, she read steadily to the end, and then laid the letter on her mother's lap.

"Oh, mother, do let me hear it," implored Hatty, with the persistence of a spoiled child. "I am sure there is something splendid about Bessie, and I do hate mysteries."

"So do I, Hatty; we think alike there. Shall I read it aloud, my dear?" and as Bessie nodded, Mrs. Lambert read the letter in her quiet, silvery voice.

"My dear Miss Lambert," it began, "I told you that I should not allow you to forget me, so you see I am keeping my promise like a reliable young woman. Mamma says I have made a bad commencement to my letter—that self-praise is no recommendation. I think I remember that profoundly wise saying in copy-book days; but I hold a more worldly view of the subject. I think people are taken at their own value, so, on principle, I never undervalue myself, and the gist of all this is, that I do not intend to be forgotten, by a certain young lady who enacted the part of good Samaritan in the Sheen Valley."

"Now as I must candidly confess to a sincere wish for a better acquaintance with this same young lady, I am writing in my own and mamma's name to beg you to favour us with your company at The Grange for a few weeks."

"You must not think this a very unconventional proceeding on our part, as our parents were old friends. Mamma is writing to Dr. Lambert by the same post, and she means to say all sorts of pretty things to induce him to entrust you to our care."

"I wish I had the power of persuasion. Mamma has such a knack of saying nice things, but indeed you must come. The Grange is such a dear old house, and we know such pleasant people, and I want you to see our Kentish lanes, and

indeed mamma and I will make you so comfortable. I don't mention Richard, because he is nobody, and he never interferes with our friends."

"Now I am taking it for granted that you will not refuse me, so I will proceed to tell you our arrangements. Mamma and I have been in town the last five weeks, and we are both of us tired to death of Vanity Fair, so we mean to go back to Oatlands next week. You may come to us as soon after that as you like, fix your own day and your train, and I will be at the station to meet you."

"I remain, yours most sincerely,

"EDNA SEFTON."

"Oh, Bessie, how delightful! But I don't like to spare you again so soon."

"Now, Hatty, don't be selfish. You must not grudge Bessie the first real treat she has ever had offered to her. We have none of us had such a chance before. Fancy staying at a place like The Grange, and seeing lots of nice people."

"I wish you could go in my place, Chrissy, dear. I am not quite sure how I should like staying with strange people; we have got into homely ways, never going anywhere except to Aunt Charlotte's or Uncle Charles's, and I don't know how I should get on with rich people like the Seftons; besides, father and mother may not wish me to accept the invitation," glancing at her mother's thoughtful face.

"We must see what your father says about it," returned Mrs. Lambert, rousing herself with difficulty from her abstraction. "I would not talk about it any more, girls, until we know his wishes. It will only disappoint Bessie if she makes up her mind that she would like to accept the invitation, and father thinks it wiser to refuse. Let us put it out of our heads until he comes home, and he and I will have a talk about it."

"Yes, that will be best," returned Bessie, putting the letter in the envelope. "Father will not be home until late, but that does not matter; to-morrow will do quite well." And, to her sister's surprise and disappointment, she refused to say any more on the subject.

"Mother is quite right," she observed, as Hatty fussed and grumbled at her silence. "If we talk about it, I shall just long to go, and shall be vexed and disappointed if father wishes me to refuse."

"But you might coax him to change his mind. Father never likes disappointing us when we set our hearts on anything," urged Hatty.

"No, indeed, I never like arguing things with father. He is not one to make up his mind in a hurry, like some people; he thinks over a thing thoroughly, and then he gives his opinion. If he does not wish me to go he will have a good reason for saying so. I never found either father or mother wrong yet, and I am not going to find fault with them now. Don't let us talk any more about it, Hatty. I want to think of something else." But in spite of this wise resolution, Bessie did think a good deal about the letter, and in her heart she hoped that her father would allow her to accept Miss Sefton's tempting invitation.

Dr. Lambert did not return home that night until long after his girls had retired to rest, and to Bessie's surprise he said nothing to her at breakfast; but just as she was leaving the room to give out the stores, as usual, he called her back.

"Oh, by the bye, Bessie," he observed, "I have to drive out as far as Castleton this afternoon. I will take you with me if you care to go."

"I always care to go with you, father, dear," replied Bessie, and then she hesitated, as she remembered Hatty's pale cheeks; "but I think you ought to take Hatty instead, it would do her so much good, and she does so love a drive."

"No, I think you shall be my companion this afternoon; I will take Hatty to-morrow," replied the doctor, as he took up his paper again.

"Good child, she always thinks of poor Hatty," he said to himself, and his eyes glistened. "They are all good girls, but not one of them is so unselfish as my little Betty; she takes after her mother in that. Dora never thinks of herself."

Bessie went about her household tasks with a light heart, for she had the prospect of a pleasant afternoon before her. The drive to Castleton would be lovely, and she would hear what her father had to say about the letter. So she was ready and waiting by the time the pretty little victoria came round to the door, and as Dr. Lambert stood in the porch, he thought the happy sunshiny face looked very attractive under the new grey hat.

"You look very smart, Bessie," he said, smiling; "have I seen that very becoming hat before?"

"Only last Sunday," returned Bessie, brightly, "but I always put on my best things when I drive with you, that your daughter may do you credit," for Bessie in her heart thought her father the handsomest man in Cliffe; and indeed many people admired the doctor's clever, refined face and quiet, genial manners.

The sturdy little roan trotted briskly down the lower road, as it was called, and Bessie leant back and looked dreamily at the golden ripples that lay on the water, while the branches overhead threw flickering shadows on the road before them, until her father's voice roused her.

"You and I are to have some talk together, I believe; would you like to see Mrs. Sefton's letter, Bessie? Your mother showed me the one you received from her daughter." And as Bessie eagerly assented, he handed it to her.

"It is a very nice letter," she observed, as soon as she had finished it; "it could not be more kindly expressed."

"No, Mrs. Sefton is a lady-like woman, and she knows exactly what to say; it is a grand thing to have tact." And then he paused for a moment, and continued, in an amused voice, "The world is a very small place after all. I have lived long enough in it not to be surprised at running against all sorts of odd people in all sorts of odd places, but I must own I was a little taken aback

when you brought Miss Sefton into my house that night."

"You knew Mrs. Sefton when you were a young man, father?"

"I suppose I knew her family well, for I was engaged to her for six months." And, as Bessie started, "Well, you will think that an odd speech for a father to make to his daughter, but you see I know our Bessie is a reliable little woman, who can keep her tongue silent. I have my reasons for telling you this; you have always been your mother's companion, as well as my right hand, and I would not let you go to The Grange in ignorance of the character of its inhabitants."

"Oh, father, do you really mean me to go?"

"We will come to that presently; let me finish what I was saying. I was fool enough to engage myself to a beautiful girl, knowing her to be unsuitable in every way for a poor man's wife, and I daresay I should have persisted in my blindness to the bitter end, if I had not been jilted by the young lady."

"My dear father!"

"My dear little Betty, please don't

speak in that pitying tone; it was the best thing that could have happened to me. I daresay I had a bad time of it, young men are such fools, but I soon met your mother, and she healed all wounds; but if Eleanor Sartoris treated me badly she met with her punishment. The man she married was a worthless sort of fellow; he is dead, so I need not mind saying so now; he was handsome enough, and had all the accomplishments that please women, but he could not speak the truth. I never knew a man who could lie so freely, and in other respects he was equally faulty, but Eleanor was infatuated, and she would marry him against the advice of her friends, and the first thing she found out was that he had deceived her on one point. She knew that he had married when almost a boy, and his wife had been long dead, but he kept from her that he had a son living. His excuse was, that he had heard her say that nothing would induce her to undertake the duties of a stepmother, and that he feared a refusal on account of Richard. In this he had overreached himself; she never forgave

the deception, and she barely tolerated the poor boy. I am afraid, from what I heard, that their short married life was not a happy one. Eleanor had a proud, jealous temper, but she was truthful by nature, and nothing was so odious in her eyes as falsehood and deceit. I can feel sorry for her, for no woman could respect a character like Sefton's, but I have always blamed her for her hardness to her stepson. His father doated on him, and Richard was the chief subject of their dissension on his death-bed. He begged his wife to be kinder to the boy, but I do not know if this appeal softened her. The property belongs of course to her stepson, and in a sense she and her daughter are dependent on him, but it is not a united household. I know very little about the young man, except that he is industrious and fond of out-of-door pursuits, and farms his own estate, but I hear he is a little clownish in appearance. Now, we are stopping because I have a patient to see here, but I shall not be ten minutes, and we will resume our conversation presently."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

STUDENT.—1. The sect called "Owenites" is only another name for "Socialists." The party originated under the auspices of one Robert Owen, who thought to reorganise society by abolishing religion, in any of its special forms, and establishing society on a basis of co-operation and community of goods. His book, entitled "New Views of Society," appeared in 1816. 2. We do not recommend anyone to select literature as a means of living, unless gifted with any special talent for it, in some particular branch.

HOUSEKEEPING.

TWO BUSY WORKERS.—The jacket was intended to be worn in bed at night.

DORA McCARR.—We think you might live as you describe on £120 per annum, and you might lighten your burden of housework by having a good charwoman to do the washing and heavy cleaning, once a fortnight. £70, in these days of stained or painted floors and rugs, ought to be more than enough to furnish your five-roomed house.

DOROTHY TUP'S PHANTOM.—The subject of serviette-folding is too large for these correspondence columns. We hope, however, to give some articles on the subject shortly. Wedding rings were introduced by the Jews. Formerly the ring was used as a signet, and its delivery was a sign that the giver intended to endow the person who received it with all the authority he himself possessed. We have an example of this when Pharaoh took off his ring and put it on the hand of Joseph, and set him over all the land of Egypt. Thus by the gift of the ring to a woman, her husband gave her the same power as himself, to issue orders, and to act as his representative. Thus, there would be no reason for a woman, unless she possessed all the worldly wealth, to give a wedding ring to a man. There was, however, anciently, an exchange of rings at the betrothal ceremony, and this is, probably, the origin of the wedding ring worn by men on the Continent of Europe. They are not usual in England, because not accorded a place in the marriage ceremony here.

C. A. F. We were much interested in your pleasant letter, and your efforts to live the best of lives. You should rub the fender with sweet oil, let it stand for forty-eight hours, and then rub with unslaked lime, reduced to a fine powder. This will clean and take out the spots made by rust.

MUSIC.

ONE TRYING TO BE PATIENT.—Novello's or Cramer's instruction books would suit you.

ROSE LANACH.—It would be impossible for us to say whether your voice be worth cultivating without having heard it. The only thing we can recommend you is, that you should get some singing-master in your own town to try your voice and give you an opinion.

AN ORGANIST AND WILD ROSE.—The organ at the Albert Hall, by Willis, is the largest organ in the world. It has 111 sounding stops; the total number of pipes nearly 8,000, and they range from the size of a straw, to 32 feet (C). The next in size is the St. George's Hall organ, Liverpool, which contains exactly 100 sounding stops, disposed between four claviers, and pedal. The pedal range is two octaves and a half, and the total number of pipes is 5,739. The Crystal Palace organ has 65 stops, and the total number of pipes in it is 4,508. We regret that we cannot help you with regard to your other query.

LOTTIE MOSELEY.—We think Beethoven's Sonatas would not be too advanced for you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AGNES.—Iphigenia was a daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, who was decreed to be sacrificed to Diana at the time of the Trojan war, to expiate her father's offence in killing her favourite stag; but the goddess took compassion on her. The story is too long to repeat here. Dryden wrote a drama called "Cymon and Iphigenia."

DRAPER.—We cannot say anything about the holidays, unless they were mentioned in your indentures. You had better consult your father.

IVY.—We see no difficulty in understanding the statement in the quotation you give about the hereditary privilege, said to have been granted to the De Courcy family, of keeping the head covered in the presence of the sovereign. It is stated in plain, unequivocal language. We do not undertake to return answers within any specified time.

DEPRESSED ONE.—You ask, "What are the signs whereby we may know when God's Holy Spirit is with us?" Your next remark gives you the answer you need: "I do earnestly pray for forgiveness, and that He may be with me." It is the Holy Spirit that inspires you with a desire that He should be with you, and thus He must be with you. He instils into our hearts good desires, and He does not incline you to try to deny your petitions! Nor cause you to "hunger and thirst after righteousness," to leave you starving. He must be "with you," beyond all doubt, if evil thoughts "make you truly most unhappy." Wicked thoughts are put into your mind by the Evil One. Repudiate, and pray against them, and you will find that "greater is he that is for us, than he that is against us. Ye are complete in Him." Let thanksgivings for thus leading you be as hearty as your prayers.

NETTLERASH.—At one time the holder of the "freedom of the borough" gives the privilege of exercising certain trades. The holding of that distinction at present only has the right to vote for the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen. The longest word in the Welsh or ancient British language is, "salmanyrelwysenyramalwch," signifying, "psalms of the church in the desert." We have several times given a reply respecting the English language; and it is uninteresting to our readers in general to continue repeating ourselves.

SARA.—1. If you suffer from headaches, we think that sea bathing would be a risky experiment for you. The complaint may result from more than one cause, however, and you should obtain an opinion upon the question from a doctor who has personal acquaintance with you. 2. The initials employed in the "Church Catechism," in lieu of the Christian name or names, are singular and plural. "N" stands for "name," a singular name; "m" is a contraction of two "ns," otherwise standing for two "names." "MS." stands for "manuscript," and when the "s" is doubled they stand for the plural, "scripts."

MAB does not comply with our directions, and thus she may expect her letters to be set aside. We are always telling our readers that we (as Editor) have nothing to do with the Publishing Department. If you need books or magazines from our publishing office, you should write to our Publisher (Mr. Tarn). Your writing is legible, but you use too hard a pen.

PHILLIS PENELOPE.—Certainly, there is an Irish language, and a very beautiful one too. But since the country belonged to England, conferred by one of the Popes of Rome, and never withdrawn, and peopled by the English-speaking gentry and farmers, the aboriginal language is known only to certain scholars, and spoken by a small portion of the peasantry. We thank you for your nice grateful letter.

A GRATEFUL NEW ZEALAND GIRL (Dunedin).—We appreciate your kind approval of our paper, and that of your fellow colonists, in your beautiful adopted country. We are unable to offer our pages to contributors in general: we are well supplied by regular members of our staff, who are experienced writers. Your writing is very good. We do not send private answers to our correspondents.

JOSEPHINE.—We recommend you to get a good hairdresser to singe the ends of your hair, the small as well as great. Although the gipsies are popularly supposed to be of Egyptian origin, Sir H. Rawlinson once gave an account of their migration at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, tracing them very distinctly from the Indies, through Persia, Syria, and Asia Minor, to the Bosphorus. Their dialect corresponds with Hindustani.

LILLIE J.—We can only suggest, as excellent winter residences, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Wight. House-rent is sufficiently moderate at both places. Jersey would be, perhaps, the best. Other expenses would not differ much from those in England. It would be well to visit both localities, and see for yourselves. The climate of the Isle of Wight is a very good one for a semi-invalid, especially Shanklin.

FLORRIE.—We regret that we cannot help you. The meaning and history of the local monuments and tablets in the English churches can usually be found out by applying to either the vicar or else to the sexton, if he be accustomed to act as cicerone to it.



VOL. X.—No. 463.]

NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

RAIN PICTURES.

RAIN from a blackened cloud;
Down in a drenching rush, whilst the
gusty wind blows loud,
And the muffled thunder breaks and
ranges in dull deep roar,
As the plunge of the pouring flood
grows awfully more and more.

Rain from the cottage eaves;
Dripping so gentle and soft thro' the
budding of green spring leaves,
Whilst the birds cower close in their nests
and watch it with bright quick eyes,
Then prune their breasts with their bills
and twitter a glad surprise.

Rain on an ocean cape;
Where the surge strikes its caverns and
crag, and mists wrap its terrible shape,
And a lonely ship is seen a-shudder on
ocean bare,
As the wind slacks out of her sails
into leaden motionless air.

Rain on a field of corn;
Rustling its yellow breadth in the clear
white light of morn,
And the gracious drops fall fast on the
dust-dried ear and blade,
Then trickles adown the stems where
the scarlet poppies are laid.

Rain on a factory town;
Pressing the shroud of smoke closer
and closer down,
Till the furnaces glare aghast and the
engines shriek as they strain,
And the toilers by anvil or loom are
faint with a new-found pain.

Rain on the old churchyard;
Where the quiet flowers bloom in the
depths of the soft thick sward,
And the rich and the poor lie down in
a common unbroken rest,
And the passion has ebbed away from
each now tranquil breast.

Rain past a rainbow high;
Arched o'er this little earth, spanning
the whole vast sky,
Teaching that trouble must come, and
torrents of tears must fall,
But a throne has been set up in heaven:
a Promise is over all.

ALFRED NORRIS.



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"DRIPPING SO GENTLE AND SOIT."

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

LITTLE MISS MUCH-AFRAID.



ESSIE had plenty of food for meditation while Dr. Lambert paid his visit to his patient, and he found her apparently absorbed in a brown study when he returned to the carriage.

"Father dear," she said, rousing herself, as he

placed himself beside her, "I have been thinking over all you have told me, and I cannot help wondering why you wish me to visit Mrs. Sefton, when she treated you so badly."

Dr. Lambert was silent for a minute; the question was not an easy one to answer. His wife had said the very same thing to him the previous evening—

"I wonder that you care to let Bessie visit at The Grange, when Eleanor Sartoris treated you so badly." And then she added, "I think she is very much to blame, too, for her behaviour to her stepson. Margaret Tillotson tells me that he is an honest, good-hearted fellow, though not very clever, but that want of appreciation has made him shy and awkward."

But he had been able to satisfy his wife without much difficulty; all their married life there had never been a shadow of a doubt between them; her calm, reasonable judgment had wholly approved her husband's conduct on all occasions; whatever he did or said had been right in her eyes, and she had brought up her daughters to think the same.

"Well, do you know, Bessie," he said, playfully, "I have more reasons than one for wishing you to go to The Grange. I have taken a fancy to Miss Sefton, and I want her mother to be acquainted with my daughter; and I think it will be good for you to extend your knowledge of the world; you girls are tied too much to your mother's apron-strings, and you must learn to do without her sometimes."

This was all very well, but though Bessie smilingly accepted this explanation of her father's motives in permitting her to go to Oatlands, she was clever enough to know that more lay behind.

Dr. Lambert had long ago forgiven the injury that had been done to him. His nature was a generous one; good had come out of evil, and he was tolerant enough to feel a kindly interest in Mrs. Sefton as an old friend. It is true she had created her own troubles, but in spite of that he could be sorry for her.

Like a foolish woman, she had built her life's hopes upon a shifting, sandy foundation; she had looked on the outward appearance, and a fair exterior had blinded her to the hollowness beneath. The result was bitterness and disappointment.

"I should like her to see our Bessie," he had said to his wife. "Bessie is just like a sunbeam; she will do her good, and even if things are different from what she sees at home, it will do her no harm to know how other people live. Our girls are good girls, but I do not want them to live like nuns behind a grating; let them go out into the world a little, and enlarge their minds. If it were Christine, I might hesitate before such an experiment, but I have perfect confidence in Bessie." And his wife's answer to this had been—

"I am quite sure you are right, Herbert, and I am perfectly willing to let Bessie visit your old friend." And so the matter ended. The doctor got his way as usual, simply by wishing for it.

The drive was a long one, but it seemed short to Bessie, and she was quite sorry when it was over.

"Thank you, father dear; it has been such a treat," she said, with a loving little squeeze of his arm; and then she ran in to find her mother. Mrs. Lambert looked up inquiringly, as Bessie took off her hat and gloves.

"Well, my dear, have father and you settled it?"

"Yes, indeed, mother; and I am really to go. Father seems to like the idea. He has evidently fallen in love with Miss Sefton. I am afraid I am a great deal too much excited about it at present, but Hatty will soon damp me."

"Poor child! she never likes you to go away. She does not mean to be selfish, and I know she struggles hard to control her feelings, but she will have a good cry when she hears you are going to Oatlands."

"We must not let her mope, mother. If I thought it were good for Hatty I would stay at home, to prevent her feeling so miserable, but it would be false kindness to give in to her; she would hate herself for her selfishness, and she would not be a bit happy if she knew she had prevented my visit. I would rather see her fret before I go, and bear it as well as I can, and then I know she will cheer up soon, and be looking forward to my return."

"You are quite right, Bessie, and neither your father nor I would allow you to sacrifice yourself for Hatty. Too much indulgence on your part would only feed the poor child's nervous fancies. I know she feels her parting with you for a week or two as a serious trial, and I daresay it is a trial to her, but she must take it as one, and not selfishly spoil your pleasure. Now we will forget Hatty for a few minutes; there is something else troubling me. How are you to be fitted out for your visit, when I

dare not ask your father for any more money?"

"Well, I have thought about that, too," returned Bessie, briskly. "I was reviewing my wardrobe all the time father was at Castleton House. He was quite half an hour away, so I had plenty of time. I was a little worried at first, thinking how I should manage, but somehow I made it all straight. Listen to me, mother dear," as Mrs. Lambert sighed and shook her head, "Miss Sefton has been here, so she knows we are not rich people, and she will not expect to see many smart dresses. I don't want to pretend to be what I am not. We cannot afford to dress grandly, nor to have many new frocks, but I am sure we are just as happy without them."

"Yes, but you have never stayed with rich people before, Bessie," returned her mother, sadly. "You do not know how shabby your old things will look beside other people's silks and satins. Father does not think about these things, and I do not like to remind him; but you ought to have a new jacket, though we did say the old one must do this year."

"Now, mother, will you be quiet, please, and listen to me, for I am brimful of ideas, and I won't have you worry. The jacket must do, for I do not mean to ask father for a new one. I have my grey dress and hat; and father thinks they are very becoming; and there is my Indian muslin Uncle Charles gave me for best occasions, and if you will let me buy a few yards of white nun's cloth, Chrissy and I will contrive a pretty dinner dress. I like white best, because one can wear different flowers, and so make a change. Perhaps I must have a pair of new gloves, and some shoes; but those won't cost much."

"You are easily satisfied, darling," replied Mrs. Lambert, fondly. "Yes, you shall have the nun's cloth, and I will give you some of my lace to trim it. And there are the pearls that I wore on my wedding day. Your father is so fond of them, but I always told him they were put aside for you. Wait a moment, they are in my escritoire, and you may as well have them now." And Mrs. Lambert unlocked the drawer, and opening a little box, placed the necklace in Bessie's hand. It consisted of three rows of tiny pearls, and was very simple and pretty.

"Oh, mother, how lovely!" exclaimed the girl. "Is it really for me? That is just what I wanted; my gold chain is so thin that I hardly ever dare to wear it. It has been broken twice. But this is far prettier." And Bessie clasped the little necklace round her neck, and then went off proudly to show her treasure to Christine and Hatty, while Mrs. Lambert shed a few tears at the thought how little she had to give her girls. The next moment she dashed them away indignantly.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself,"

she thought. "What would Herbert say if he found me crying in this childish way? What do our girls want with ornaments and pretty dresses? They have youth and good looks and good manners. My Bessie is a perfect gentlewoman, in spite of her shabby frocks. No one could help being pleased with her gentle, modest ways. I expect it is my pride. I did not want Mrs. Sefton to think we are not rich. But I am wrong: my girls are rich. They are rich in having such a father, and in their own happy natures." And then Mrs. Lambert thought of those other ornaments that she desired for them—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; the priceless jewels of innocence and purity, which are the fairest adornments of a young girl.

"These will not be lacking," she said to herself. "My Bessie's unobtrusive goodness will soon make itself felt."

Bessie had made up her mind not to trouble about her scanty wardrobe, and she was quite happy planning the nun's cloth dress with Christine.

But though Dr. Lambert said nothing, he thought a great deal, and the result of his cogitations was a five-pound note was slipped into Bessie's hand the next evening.

"Go and buy yourself some finery with that," he observed, quietly.

Bessie could hardly sleep that night, she was so busy spending the money in anticipation; and the very next day she was the delighted purchaser of a new spring jacket, and had laid out the remainder of the five-pound note in a useful black-and-white tweed for daily use, and a pretty lilac cotton, and she had even eked out a pair of gloves.

Three dresses to be made; no wonder they were busy; even Mrs. Lambert was pressed into the service to sew over seams and make buttonholes.

Hatty never complained her back ached when she worked for Bessie; her thin little hands executed marvellous feats of fine workmanship; all the finer parts were entrusted to Hatty.

"I feel almost as though I were going to be married," observed Bessie, as she surveyed the fresh, dainty dresses. "I never had more than one new gown at a time. Now they are finished, and you are tired, Hatty, and you must just go and lie down, like a good child."

"I am not tired, not a bit," returned Hatty, touchily; "and I am going out with Ella."

Bessie held her peace. Hatty's temper had been very trying the last ten days; she had slaved for Bessie, to the detriment of her health, but had worn an injured manner all the time.

She would not join in the conversation, nor understand a joking remark. When Christine laughed at her in a good-humoured way, Hatty pursed up her lips, and drew herself up in a huffy manner, and would not condescend to speak a word. She even rejected Bessie's caresses and little attempts at petting. "Don't, Bessie. I must go on with my work. I wish you would leave me alone," she would say pettishly.

Bessie did leave her alone, but it made her heart ache to see the lines under

Hatty's eyes, that showed she had cried herself to sleep. She knew it was unhappiness and not temper that was the cause of her irritability.

"She is ashamed of letting me know that she cannot bear me to go away," she thought. "She is trying to get the better of her selfishness, but it conquers her. I will leave her alone for a little, and then I will have it all out. I could not go away and leave her like that." For Bessie's warm, affectionate nature could not endure the thought of Hatty's pain.

"I have so much, and she has so little," she said to herself, and her pity blunted all Hatty's sharp sarcastic little speeches and took the sting out of them. "Poor little thing, she does not mean half she says," she remarked, as a sort of apology to Christine, when Hatty had marched off with Ella.

"I don't know how you put up with her as you do," observed Christine, whose patience had been sorely exercised that morning by Hatty's tempers. "She is treating you as badly as possible. I would rather have been without her help, if I had been you; we might have had Miss Markham in for two days, that would have shamed Hatty nicely."

"I don't want to shame her, Chrissy dear; poor little Hatty, when she has been working so beautifully, too. She is worrying herself about my going away, and that makes her cross."

"As though no one else would miss you," returned Christine, stormily, for she was not quite devoid of jealousy. "But there, it is no use my talking, you will all treat Hatty as though she were a baby, and so she behaves like a spoiled child. I should like to give her a bit of my mind." And Christine tossed her pretty head, and swept off the last dress, while Bessie cleared the table.

Bessie's visit was fixed for the following Tuesday, so on Sunday evening she made up her mind that the time was come for speaking to Hatty. As it happened they were keeping house together, for the rest of the family, the servants included, had gone to church. Hatty had just settled herself in a corner of the couch, with a book in her hand, expecting that Bessie would follow her example (for the Lambert girls were all fond of reading), when a hand was suddenly interposed between her eyes and the page.

"This is our last quiet evening, Hatty, and I am going to talk instead of read, so you may as well shut up that big book."

"It takes two to talk," observed Hatty, rather crossly, "and I am not in the mood for conversation, so you had better let me get on with 'Bishop Selwyn's Life.'"

"You are not in the mood for reading either," persisted Bessie, and there was a gleam of fun in her eyes. "When you pucker up your forehead like that I know your thoughts are not on your book; let us have a comfortable talk instead. You have not been like yourself the last week, not a bit like my Hatty, so tell me all about it, dear, and see if I cannot make you feel better."

"No, Bessie, don't try, it is not any

use, unless I jump into somebody else's body and mind. I can't make myself different. I am just Hatty, a tiresome, disagreeable, selfish little thing."

"What a lot of adjectives! I wonder they don't smother you. You are not big enough to carry so many. I think I could word that sentence better. I should just say, 'Hatty is a poor weak little body to whom molehills are mountains, and the grasshopper a burthen.' Does not that sound nicer?"

"Yes, if it were true," returned Hatty, sorrowfully, and then her ill-humour vanished. "No, don't pet me, Bessie, I don't deserve it," as Bessie stroked her hand in a petting sort of way. "I have been cross and ill-tempered all the week; just unbearable, as Christine said; but oh, Bessie, it seemed as though I could not help it. I was so miserable every night to think you were going away, that I could not sleep for ever so long, and then my head ached, and I felt as though I were strung on wires when I came down the next morning, and every time people laughed and said pleasant things I felt just mad, and the only relief was to show everyone how disagreeable I could be."

Hatty's description of her overwrought feelings was so droll that Bessie, with some difficulty, refrained from laughing outright, but she knew how very real all this was to Hatty, so she exercised self-control, and said quite gravely—

"And so you wanted to make us all miserable, too. That was hardly kind, was it, when we were all so sorry for you? I do think you have a great deal to bear, Hatty. I don't mean because you are so weak in health; that could be easily borne; but it must be so sad always to look on the dark side of things. Of course, in some sense, we all project our own shadows; but you are not content with your own proper shadow, you go poking and peering about for imaginary ones, and so you are dark all round."

"But your going away to Oatlands is not imaginary," returned Hatty, piteously.

"No, you foolish child. But I hope you do not grudge me a pleasant visit. That would be a great piece of substantial selfishness on your part, of which, I trust, my Hatty would not be capable. Supposing I gave in to this ridiculous fancy and said, 'Hatty hates me to go away, and so I will just stop at home, and Miss Sefton shall be disappointed.' I wonder how you would like that."

"That would not please me either. I am not so selfish as that. Oh, Bessie, do tell me how I am to conquer this nervous dread of losing you? It is not selfishness, for I do love you to have treats; but when you go away, I don't seem to take any pleasure in anything; it is all so flat and disagreeable. Sometimes I lie awake and cry when I think what I should do if you were to die. I know how silly and morbid it is, but how am I to help it!" And here Hatty broke down, and hid her face on Bessie's shoulder.

(To be continued.)

A GIRLS' TOUR IN BRITTANY.

CHAPTER II.



DINAN is a delightful place for artists. Besides the steep Rue de Jersual, with its ancient porte, there are many interesting subjects in the town. The fronts of the houses are often supported on columns, forming a covered footway. The shelter thus afforded is chosen by market women, whose light caps and bright coloured wares light up the dark recesses.

Needless to say, the market once a week spreads all over the place, and one is in constant danger of stumbling over a pile of coarse, well-shaped pottery or into the midst of other merchandise, alive or dead.

There are two interesting churches. From the Place Anglaise, just behind the church of St. Sauveur, a splendid view is obtained from the old town walls. The Rance flows in a narrow and romantic valley at the foot of a precipitous descent of 250 feet. By moonlight, or in the early morning, its windings may be traced amid its wooded walls by a delicate line of mist.

We took a boat on the river one evening, and a man, walking on the path, towed us as far as Lehon. This little village, with its bridge, and its groups of women washing in the stream, is a favourite resort of artists. The abbey was undergoing restoration, so we could not visit it.

The neighbourhood abounds in interesting excursions. We went to St. Esprit, where there is a graceful granite crucifix, and to the Hospice des Aliénés, where the 600 lunatics are, if fit, employed in gardening and farming.

Having read the "Lady of la Garraye" by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, we were interested in visiting the ruined château. This lady, while in the bloom of youth and beauty, and with every advantage that a happy marriage and great wealth could bestow, was thrown from her horse, and incurably injured, disfigured, and crippled. After spending some time in a state of great despondency, her thoughts were diverted by her father confessor to the unalleviated sufferings of the poor. With her husband's full sympathy and consent their château was turned into a hospital, and their lives were devoted to the study of medicine and the care of the sick. The lady is said to have become an excellent oculist, and the marquis received marks of distinction from the king for his discoveries. The noble pair happily did not live to see the hospital they

had endowed destroyed by the Revolution in 1793.

The caps at Dinan would be very plain and flat but that their long side-flaps are turned up and pinned across the top of the head, thus producing a much more piquant effect. The dress is generally dark blue linen, with a narrow stripe.

After a week's stay we left Dinan with many regrets, and took the train to Guingamp, a journey of five hours. Guingamp is an ordinary old-fashioned French town, with old timber and stone houses, with curious angle turrets. It has the usual open squares with trees, a river with water-mills, and a fine church (Notre Dame de Bon Secours), containing recent stained glass, commemorative of the Franco-Prussian war. Here, as in all Breton towns, we were struck with the devoutness of the people. A little chapel outside the church, divided from the street by a fine iron grating, was crowded at all hours.

We were told that the first umbrella was made at Guingamp, also that gingham takes its name from this place. It occurred to us to wonder whether Mrs. Gamp derived her name, as well as her umbrella, from this source. Unless as a starting point for Paimpol and Tréguier, I should not advise a traveller to stay there. It is better to go on to Morlaix, which is a much prettier place, and serves as headquarters for St. Pol de Léon, Carhaix, and the Montagnes Noires. We purposely left this corner and the town of Brest unexplored, preferring to see them properly another time than just to "glance and nod and bustle by."

So from Guingamp we went to Quimper, stopping for two hours at Landerneau in passing. The whole journey to Quimper occupied about eight hours. The route was very picturesque, the railway line lying so high that we often looked down into deep ravines, as in Cornwall.

In passing Morlaix we seemed to be as high as the church spire, the river with its wide quays and tall-masted vessels lying far beneath. Sometimes we travelled through miles of moorland, bright with bell-heather and furze, and caught glimpses of the sea when an arm ran inland; or through forests of fir trees, or acres of brushwood. Now and then we came on a small village or considerable town like Morlaix or Landerneau, but there seemed few scattered houses to connect them.

We thought ourselves in the midst of moorland solitudes, when we suddenly caught sight of elaborate carpet-bedding of clumps of Pampas grass and other signs of horticulture, and found that the train was running into Quimper station. The town was a great surprise to us. After Guingamp it had quite a Parisian air, with its two rivers running through the principal streets, its endless bridges, its boulevards, cafés, gay shops, and the delicate spires of its cathedral.

It is cleaner, too, than many Brittany towns, for let us not attempt to disguise the dirty and undrained state of some of them. We heard many groans on this subject from our countrymen, more from our countrywomen, who perhaps in their secret hearts place cleanliness above godliness. They really believe in cleanliness, because they "live by it" (the literal meaning of believe). A lovely engraving of Quimper appeared in the October number (1886) of the "Portfolio." The view is of a "narrow street of over-hanging houses, timber-framed and gabled, with the bright fleches of the cathedral of St. Corentin to close the vista. These fleches are of quite recent date, having been added to the fifteenth-century towers in 1854. The money

was raised by a public subscription called the 'Sou de St. Corentin.'

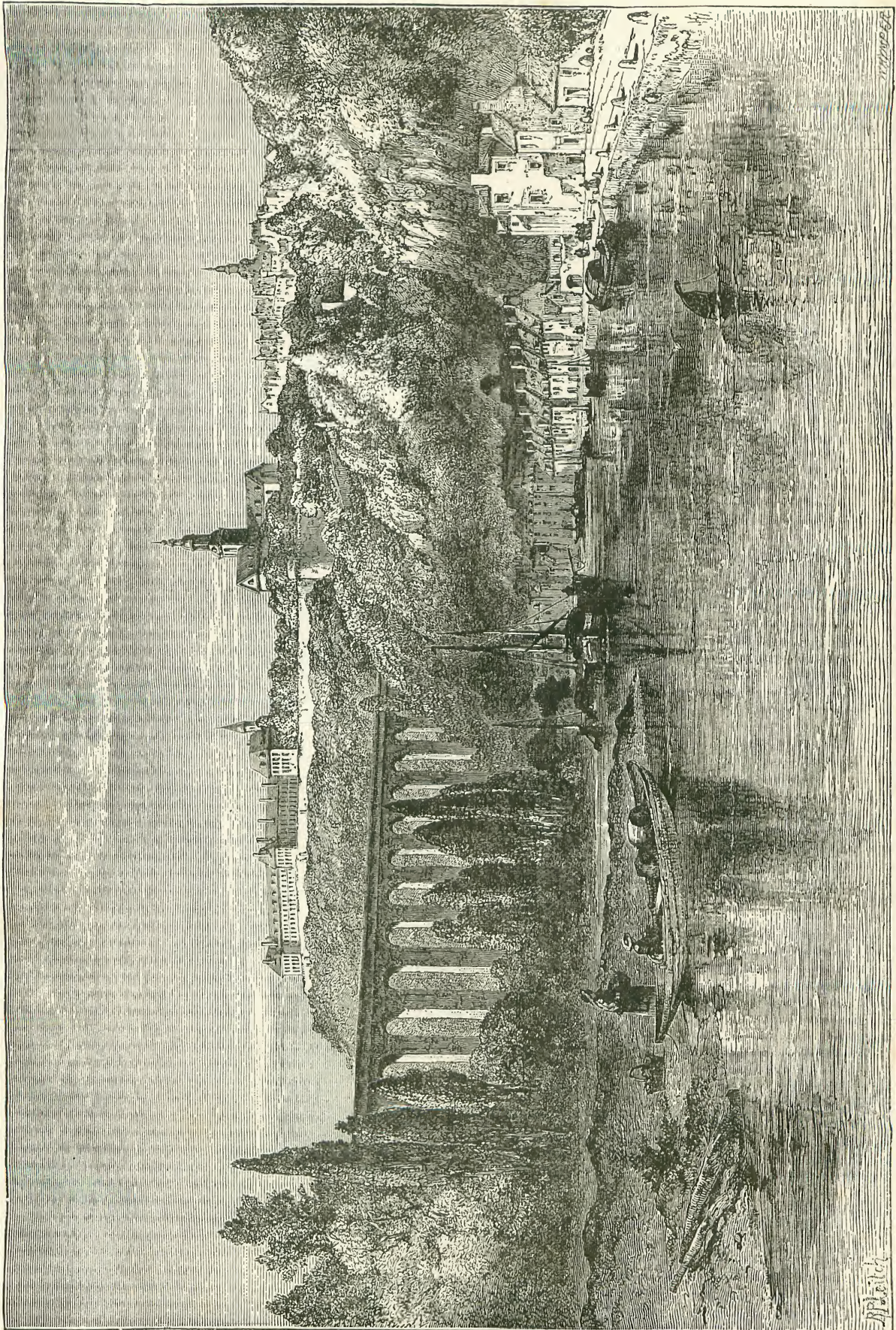
We went to high mass on Sunday morning. No sooner had we stepped inside the building than all the sensations a cathedral gives came over us—a sense of vastness, and of one's soul being drawn up with one's eyes. Far off in the Lady Chapel, through the apse, which bent slightly to the left, the stained glass gleamed like jewels. I first noticed a similar bend in one of the old churches in Coventry. Many ingenious theories have been suggested to account for the peculiarity, the favourite one being that it is emblematic of the droop of Our Saviour's head upon the cross. Others say that the east end of churches are so placed as to greet the rising sun on the festival of the saint to whom the building is dedicated. Perhaps it has been merely a fanciful device to break the uniformity of line, and to give more variety of light and shade, or it may have been a purely accidental circumstance, brought about by the dovetailing of new work on old. This last idea seems confirmed by the fact that the bend is never found, in any noticeable degree, in new cathedrals, or in those which have been built (comparatively speaking) all at one time. The nave was filled almost entirely with peasant women and school children, presided over by Sisters of Mercy in long cloaks and dresses of soft creamy white and dead white hoods. The eye rested upon them with a sense of relief; they were saintly characters, far removed from our hurrying, fractious, irritable world. Suddenly up jumped one of them, whose back we had contemplated with emotion, and seized one of the children, pulling it this way and pushing it that in such a manner as quite to break the spell of our enchantment. The aisles were filled with several hundred soldiers in long blue surtouts; they were returning from the autumn manoeuvres, and were there of their own accord, not on parade. The day before we noticed soldiers just returned from Tonquin, praying in the church. It is said that France draws almost all her priests and her bravest soldiers and sailors from Brittany. The Bretons have a manly gravity and a devout seriousness very much more suggestive of their Welsh and Cornish kinsfolk than of the typical Frenchman. Their language is not unlike Welsh, as is shown by such a name as "Rhuys."

The women's costume at Quimper is very pretty. The cap is peaked, being indeed raised on cardboard. The front is plain white linen, the back beautiful lace, through which gleams the colour known as the Virgin's blue. The dress is of a dark thick cloth, with an incredible number of plaits round the waist, a small over-bodice very much cut out at the armholes and trimmed with black velvet. The bodice is cut square at the throat, displaying a white chemisette and low ruff. The children are dressed in the same way, except that their headdress is a pretty coloured skull cap.

The men's costume has something Spanish about it, and also reminds one of ancient worthies of the Stuart period. A wide-brimmed felt hat, with ribbon ends, a long blue vest, with a very short waistcoat over, profusely ornamented with buttons; generally blue trousers. On fête days beautiful gold or silver embroidery is worn by both men and women.

In the country districts the old men wear long hair and bragou brass—i.e., white cotton trunk hose, very fully plaited, gaiters and sabots.

As the vast congregation streamed out of the cathedral into the sunlight of the open "Place" an auction was going on, and



DINAN.

women seated at stalls were eagerly proffering their wares.

In the afternoon we crossed the river and walked through a lovely wood to the top of a steep hill, whence a view is obtained of the windings of the Odet as its stream widens on approaching the sea.

Next day we rose before the sun and took the 6.30 a.m. train to Douarnenez, there took a carriage to Audierne (two and a half hours), and thence to the Pointe de Raz (one and a half hours), the Land's End of France, one of the extreme points of the Old World, spoken of by Ptolemy of Alexandria as Gobœnum Promontorium. We enjoyed the long drive immensely, as the day was exquisitely fine.

The scenery in the parts of Brittany we visited is not imposing nor wildly romantic, but it is well wooded and very pleasing. In September the face of the country glows with the rich colours of furze and heather, while the red stalk of the buckwheat makes a ruddy sheaf in the harvest field.

Perhaps one does less justice to the landscape from the charming scenes in peasant life which every turn of the road reveals.

It is always market day somewhere, and to our unaccustomed eyes every group on the roadside was a picture; even the cows are different from English cows, being smaller and generally black, or black-and-white, and allowing their white-capped mistresses to drive them along by a long cord attached to their horns. If the women share in the hard outdoor work, they also seem to take a leading part in the responsibilities of buying and selling, and have by no means a down-trodden look. On Sundays and holidays the men walk out with their wives, and generally carry the baby.

Occasionally on returning from market some of these "lords of creation" dismount from their ancient steeds, and deliberately seek out some shady place in which to sleep off the effect of too copious *pour boire*. But even in this respect we English are not in a position to reproach them.

At the little village of Confort we saw a rather modern "Calvary," and a church containing a remarkable arrangement of bells. A number of small bells are fixed round a wheel, called the wheel of fortune. At certain intervals in the service a statue called "Sautiear-Rod" causes the wheel to turn. Our driver always slackened speed and raised his cap on passing the wayside crucifixes.

Audierne is a tiny seaport, with sardine and oyster fisheries. The heads of the sardines are used for tillage, and the tin shavings from the boxes glisten in all sorts of unexpected places, and form inexhaustible playthings for children.

After our own Land's End, the extreme point of Finisterre is rather disappointing. Not that it is a place to despise in a storm, far from it; but in ordinary weather there is nothing to rival the mighty billows which daily expend their force against our Cornish coast.

The awful "Baie des Trépassés" looked so exquisitely calm and blue, that it was difficult to recall the weird legends of the place; how the Druids were supposed to embark after death from that shore for interment in the "Ile des Seins;" how lost souls are said to wander about lamenting, while the bones of sailors shipwrecked on this dangerous coast knock at the doors of fishermen until they receive Christian burial.

Towards the Point of Brest there was such a lovely effect of pale blue sea contrasting with the deep nearer blue, such a hazy and mysterious mingling of sea and sky and land, that it was easy to picture King

Arthur sailing from this coast (as the legend describes)—

"To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard
lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer
sea."

(The French *Cornouaille* and the English Cornwall claim in common the legends of the Round Table.)

From the Pointe de Raz we also overlooked the site of the submerged city of Is, from which Paris takes its name, the word suggesting a humble attempt on its part to rival the glories of this ancient place. According to the legend old King Gradlon was weakly blind and indulgent to his beautiful, wicked daughter Dahut. She stole his keys, and by design or accident opened the sluice gate, which protected the city, thus admitting the intruding tide. Gradlon mounted his horse in flight, taking Dahut behind him, in spite of the advice of St. Corentin. The waters gained on them until the saint dragged her off, when they ceased to pursue the king, who reached Quimper safely. He made that place his seat of government, and his equestrian statue may be seen over the west front of the cathedral.

The "Ile des Seins" is inhabited chiefly by the widows of seamen; it is very barren, and contains not a single tree. The passage to the mainland is so dangerous that there is a saying, "Jamais homme n'a traversé le Raz sans avoir peur ou mal." There is also a touching Breton prayer, "Mon Dieu secourez moi pour traverser le Raz, car mon navire est petite, et la mer est grande."

On our return to Douarnenez in the evening, we saw the sardines lying out to dry in the sun, while girls and women from the "Usine," in small Quaker-like caps, sat about in groups laughing and chatting, and eating their supper out of tin cans.

We hope never to forget the first sight of Douarnenez Bay. The sun was setting in rosy colours on one side, while on the other was an effect of pale light, like the tender, pure silver of moonlight. The Isle of Tristram lay in the centre of the apparently land-locked bay; the red or white sails of fishing boats, dotted in every direction, caught the dying sunlight, while delicate sardine nets, hung out to dry near the shore, draped from the masts like finest lace. A windmill and a church tower stood out black against the sky, to be reflected like the rosy clouds, silver light, and ruddy sail in the calm waters.

Owing to a very wet day we were unable to make the excursion to Pont l'Abbé and Penmarch. We finally left our comfortable quarters at the Hotel de l'Epée, Quimper, at six o'clock one morning, and started in heavy rain by train for Concarneau.

We were getting quite accustomed to start in the dark, and to see the sunrise from the train. Concarneau is a very ancient town, built on an island surrounded by strongly fortified walls, and connected with the mainland by a drawbridge. Only the roofs of the houses and the church spire are visible from the modern village which has grown up on the seashore. We longed to stay there a month, but a couple of hours having sufficed for a cursory glance, we inquired for a carriage to take us to Pont Aven.

After some difficulty we discovered the sole proprietor of such luxuries, and found ranged in a half open shed a number of vehicles,

which, from their venerable antiquity, might have been constructed by Noah's family on landing. One specially commended to our notice by its owner was more on the model of the original ark than the rest, and was of such ponderous size that we felt it would be cruelty to animals to take it out with less than a pair. So we chose a more humble vehicle, a kind of high, square waggonette with a covering like the canopy of a four-post bed, possessed of American leather curtains to be drawn at will. A *bon cheval* being promised, we left, fixing the hour of ten, and the price of ten francs.

We thought the equipage long in coming, until it was explained to us that at Concarneau the hour of day is twenty minutes later than the railway time. In due course it arrived, driven by a small boy, and drawn by an animal, a contemplation of whose body was an involuntary lesson in anatomy. However, his mettle was in inverse proportion to his flesh, and he took us along at an alarming speed. The iron rods of our canopy creaked and swayed, and we rolled about, while he tore down one hill in order to gain impetus to carry us up the next.

We were almost pitched out by an abrupt stop at the celebrated "Pierre Tremblante," and shocked our young driver by declining to alight and move it. We next turned aside to see a Menhir, and found it a much more beautiful object than we expected. It is an immense upright stone, roughly conical in shape, surmounted by a small stone cross, doubtless the attempt of some good Christian to neutralise the enchantments of a bygone age. On such a day there was nothing menacing or forbidding about this prehistoric relic; its colour was delicate grey, embroidered with white, yellow, and orange lichen. It stood surrounded by gorse and bell-heather in a veritable "Field of the Cloth of Gold." A clump of trees stood near, and in the distance stretched line after line of tree-covered hills.

The good roads in France make driving pleasant. It is true they are generally very straight, but in Brittany they seem never to be bordered with poplars, but generally with hedges, in which the richest and ripest blackberries hang in tantalizing profusion. The natives seldom consider them fit for food. We arrived at Pont Aven about twelve o'clock, and took up our quarters in the Hotel des Voyageurs, kept by Mademoiselle Julie Guillon. A great disappointment awaited us. A "pardon," which we would have given a good deal to see, was just over. For obvious reasons landlords in other places do not tell strangers when these village gatherings are likely to take place, and so we had understood that all of them were over. I afterwards ascertained the approximate date of one or two.

The Pardon of St. Barbe and Faut—last Sunday in June.

The Pardon des Oiseaux, Quimperlé—White Monday.

The Pardon de Notre Dame de l'Henriot, on the seacoast—8th September.

The Pardon Pont Aven—Sunday and Monday near 21st and 22nd September.

The Pardon des Fleurs—1st May.

Some of these pardons have a religious character, while others are evidently a survival of ancient heathen rites. The day ends with dancing and merrymaking. It is the best time to see the endless variety of Breton costumes, many of which have been handed down for generations.

(To be continued.)



BEFORE AND -BEHIND THE COUNTER.

BY MEDICUS.

ONE day last summer my Newfoundland dog and I were on the beach at Eastbourne doing nothing, and doing it well, when two young ladies passed near us. They were both faultlessly dressed, and both were good-looking. But as well-dressed beautiful girls are by no means *rare aves* at this delightful watering-place, neither Bob nor I would have thought twice about them, had it not been for a certain remark we heard one make. Now Bob is one of the most polite dogs that ever swam—and so am I; so it is almost needless to say we were not listening to the young ladies' conversation. The words were borne along towards us, borne along on a zephyr, let us say.

"Poor dear aunt! she has such droll ways, and so many funny fads!"

"'Fads' is slang, isn't it, master?" said Bob.

"Yes, Bob," I replied, "'fads' is slang."

The honest dog and I now sat down among the shingle to consider the derivation of the word "fad."

"It is not English you know, Bob," I said; "although there is an obsolete old verb 'to fadde,' meaning 'to trifle.'"

"No," assented Bob, shaking his wise, black head. "It is not English, and it is not Newfoundlandese. At all events, I have never heard the fisher folks of St. John's make use of any such expression. I fear we'll have to fall back upon French, master."

"Good idea, Bob," I cried. "Let us fall back upon French. Now there is 'fadaise,' for instance."

"'Fadaise!' The very word, master. 'Fadaise' means 'foolery,' and most fads are foolery. And now, master, I'm off for a swim. That's my fad. Won't you come?"

I did not accept the dog's invitation, but continued sitting on the stones—thinking.

Some of the thoughts I thought while sitting on the stones I embody in this paper.

I did not stop and wonder what particular form of fad or fadaise the young lady's dear aunt was fond of faddling with. You see there are so many sorts that are highly popular. Some are called—satirically—manias. There are, for instance, the china-cupboard mania, the stamp mania, the album mania, the plaque-painting mania, the autographs-of-great-people mania, and a host of others. Some fads are styled hobbies, and many of these are really very useful, combining health, pleasure, and recreation all in one, and therefore tending to keep the possessors of such hobbies young, by banishing care, *ennui*, and wrinkles. When hobbies do actual good to others, without trespassing on their liberties of thought or action, they are much to be recommended.

As a medical man, I cannot even deny that so apparently silly a hobby as that of collecting samples of the postage stamps of various countries and kingdoms may not possess advantages of a hygienic nature, though gardening ranks high above it, and it is very unlikely indeed that a stamp maniac will ever become president of a republic.

But there are some funny fads in fashion nowadays that are extremely selfish, not to say sinful. I know some ladies whose great delight is to haunt sale rooms. They take a special delight even in reading the catalogue a day or two before, and are usually to be found well to the front in the auction room. They are not bargain hunters. They seldom buy anything except the merest trifle, but they are always there. Well, such a fad as this may be innocent enough. But what is to be said of ladies who make a hobby of house-hunting

or apartment-seeking at any town or village where they may happen to reside for a time? It gives them pleasure—pleasure of the Paul Pry order—but it is pleasure at the expense of others.

The most selfish form of "fad" of all, however, is the shopping fad. It is also, unfortunately, the most common. If there be anything that it is possible to say in behalf of people guilty of this sin, it lies in the fact that, like cruelty to animals, the

"Evil is wrought

For want of thought."

At least, I am glad to think it is mostly so. This shopping hobby is a frailty which is peculiar to the female sex, and especially to that large section of it that has nothing to do and too much time to do it in.

I happened to be in a shop the other day where many ladies were being served. Though rather in a hurry—being a busy man—politeness made me wait, while curiosity bade me watch. A writer, you know, must study human nature in every phase and form. One lady who sat not far off had such piles of silks and velvets and books of patterns before her, that I naturally came to the conclusion her bill would presently amount to forty pounds at least. I should not have cared to wager which moved the faster, her tongue or her fingers.

"I don't think," she said at last, "I shall make up my mind to-day."

She then expressed a desire to purchase a yard or two of ribbon, to match the shade of a morsel she produced from her *porte-monnaie*. A tall, sedate-looking, and severely-genteel individual—I think they call him a shoplifter, or shopwalker, or something—then escorted her to another counter; and I may as well say here at once that half-an-hour after this I saw the lady languidly gathering herself away from that counter, which was heaped with drawers and boxes, having failed to match her morsel of ribbon. She no doubt went away to another shop, and had another pale-faced lassie to pull the shelves and piles to pieces in order to amuse her.

It was a downright relief to my feelings to notice the dispatch with which a farmer's wife—at least she looked so—did her business not far off. She was buying blankets, rugs, sheeting, and flannels. There was no inanity and no vanity about this honest lady, and I do not believe she asked the shopman one single silly question, nor spoke at all for speaking's sake.

Having business in the carpet department, I noticed the same sort of cruel trifling going on here. Two ladies were seated at their ease, while a young Scotchman, as tall and strong as a brewer's drayman, but perspiring nevertheless, was tossing about huge drums of carpet, and displaying them in a most artistic way for their delectation. Did they buy anything? Oh, yes; at last they did—to wit, three yards of linoleum, and during the time they took to make up their minds about this, a man of ordinary taste could have selected carpets for every saloon in the steamship City of York.

It is really no exaggeration to say that this shopping hobby has of recent years become a very serious evil in this country, and ladies who adopt it are not only obstructionists from a business point of view, but are guilty of doing immeasurable mischief to thousands upon thousands of their sisters who have to slave behind counters to serve them.

It may be said that my sympathies are with the shopgirls. This would be true enough, although, on the other hand, I pity from my

very soul those who can find no better way of passing their time than pretending to shop.

Many ladies, no doubt, find that to enter a large shop, and have young men and women to dance attendance on them while they leisurely examine "pieces," is somewhat of a relief to the irksomeness of their lives. But surely if they chose they could find a hundred better ways of passing the time than this. No? Well, I have no desire to pose as a society reformer, but as a medical man, I am bound to say that no more unhealthy hobby could be found than that in question. A lady, unless she happens to belong to the wealthier circles, has to walk around while engaged during a forenoon's shopping. Now ordinary brisk walking is one of the most useful forms of exercise there is; it strengthens every muscle of the body, including the heart, it influences the secretions of every vital organ, and secures for the fair pedestrian good appetite and refreshing sleep at night. It does more; it banishes *ennui* by relieving the brain of over-abundant blood. The vital fluid is withdrawn from the head towards the moving muscles, hence congestion is quite done away with, and aches of all kinds, and even weariness of mind as well as body, become things of the past. On the other hand, the shopping-walk is nothing better than a wearisome, stagnating, unwholesome saunter. The blood at no time flows briskly on; it depends towards the extremities from the mere force of gravity, causing a tendency to varicose veins, and trouble of a far more dangerous character. It is dammed up in the brain, so that headache is aggravated, instead of being relieved, and in consequence the lady returns home, as a rule, languid and over-fatigued, and usually as cross as a baby cutting a tooth. It is not the sauntering round the streets, or the dawdling by shop windows, that has caused all this fatigue of limbs and brain, but the breathing of air impregnated with poisons of all kinds, while bending over goods in shops. Indeed, there is no sort of emporium which I can at present call to mind half so much laden with—to give it a plain name—bad air as a draper's shop. It may be lofty and spacious and well-ventilated, but it is, nevertheless, filled from floor to ceiling with an obnoxious though microscopic dust of animal and vegetable fibre. To spend hours in such a place, as some ladies do, is to expose health and nerves to far greater danger and strain than most people have any conception of. It would be very easy for me to bring both chemistry and physiology to bear me out in what I say, but if I did I should have to state the case in language so plainly graphic that I might well be put down as an alarmist.

I hope as it is I have said enough to cause some people to consider whether there may not be better and more healthful ways of spending a forenoon than in shopping so-called. At all events after reading this they need be at no loss to account for the general lassitude, loss of appetite, nervousness, insomnia, and probably dull, stupid headache from which they are apt to suffer after a day spent in the pleasant indulgence of their favourite "fad."

But if hours spent in shops has a degenerating effect upon those before the counter, what about those behind it? Well, simply this: there are few occupations in life more enervating than that of the shop assistant. The lady before the counter can sit all the time, and she has a certain amount of pleasurable excitement, which makes the time seem short. The girl behind the counter has all the weary heart-

dragging strain. Comparatively speaking, the exercise she must take in moving about in reaching and stretching and putting her body into unnatural positions is more tiring to her than is the treadmill to the convict, and rest she has none, unless standing on one leg to relieve the other means rest. Nor is her mental condition while serving one to be envied; she must smile and look pleasant whether she feels so or not; she must assume an interest she does not possess; she must lay herself out to please not only the probable customer, but the proprietor of the shop or store. His hawk-eye is ever on her or her doings, and on his favourable impression depends her little all of present comfort and happiness in life. It is just a question, by the way, whether it might not be for the interests of masters of such establishments to be a little less exacting and tyrannical in their bearing towards their shop assistants than they generally are. Luckily for themselves the latter are for the most part young, and therefore can bear a deal of hardship. But though young they are not invariably constitutionally strong, and very many of them break down just at the time when their prospects are of the brightest. Although the position of shop assistant is one which offers a semi-genteel career for the daughters of thousands of the poorer middle class, still parents would do well to note whether their girls are strong enough to bear the continued strain of such a business before

permitting them to enter thereon. If a girl has any weakness of the chest or any internal organ, whether inherited or acquired, it is almost certain to develop itself behind a draper's counter. The telegraph office would give her a far greater chance of life and health, or a clerkship of almost any kind, while a situation which would necessitate her being much in the open air would give her the best chance of all.

A girl who means to go behind a counter must have a good supply of pure blood to begin with, for depend upon it she will soon need it all. She should have blood enough to well tinge both her lips and gums and mantle in her cheeks; she should be of good firm flesh, and in habit a hearty breakfast eater. To place a young girl who does not feel fresh and buoyant first thing in the morning, or who has to dawdle over her breakfast, behind the draper's counter, is quite as great a sin as to throw a person into deep water who had never learned to swim. The latter has quite as good a chance of life as the former.

But for many girls who shall read this paper of mine the die is already cast, their lines in life are already laid, and they must walk thereby. Well, I do not wish to make such discontented with their situations; but I should be doing less than my duty did I not warn them against being careless of their general health.

Recreation is what they need above all

things, and their lives should be regulated by the laws of health. They may think they get enough exercise all day, but it is not life-giving exercise. The tiredness which it creates is not natural, nor does it conduce to healthful sleep. A good brisk walk will tend to banish this shop-weariness and restore the proper circulation through the brain. A cold sponge bath in the morning and an occasional warm bath at night, if taken regularly, often acts like a charm in restoring and toning all the vital functions. Good, wholesome diet taken at regular hours day after day is the mainstay of the mental and bodily system.

Medicine should be avoided unless specially ordered by a properly qualified medical man.

Let me tell shopgirls then, in conclusion, that if they suffer at all from nervousness, backache, headache, and weariness, or are too easily fatigued, they should not lose a day in adopting a better system of living. They must not do this half-heartedly, but determinedly. Good habits soon become second nature, and if they conduce to entire health and happiness, surely they bring a great reward.

To ladies who take delight in shopping, I can say little more than I have done. But very much happier, indeed, would the lives of shop assistants be, if lady customers only did their business in a more business-like way, while on the other hand the ladies themselves would be the gainers in time and health.

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER II.

OF all the girls who became, from the causes mentioned in the last chapter, friends as well as pupils of Bessie McBain, there was not one, perhaps, with whom a closer bond of intimacy had been formed than Kitty McGowan. Possibly the great contrast in their natures had something to do with this, for although a certain amount of similarity in tastes and dispositions is generally supposed to be essential to the happiness of any two persons who are thrown much together, yet there is no doubt but that people with characters the most opposed do take a great liking for each other, a liking, too, which does not pass off, but is abiding; and therefore we must conclude that there is an attraction to us in qualities seen in others, but in which we ourselves are deficient, that draw us to them instead of having the contrary effect. However this may be, the fact is certain that the minister's daughter, just and equal though she was as to all outward appearance, never favouring one of the girls more than another, did nevertheless feel a stronger affection for Kitty McGowan than for any other member of what she jokingly called her "family." On Kitty's side this affection was returned with full measure, and taking its colour, as must always be, from her own individual character, it was more demonstrative, and in a sense violent, than Bessie's calm, placid nature admitted of in her own case. The two girls were as great contrasts in their looks as in their minds. The one, tall, slight, and very fair, with a colour like a wild rose, and large soft grey eyes, seemed always more fragile when she stood beside Kitty, no taller than she, but cast in a much firmer mould and looking nearly the same age, though Bessie was senior by about six years. Kitty's eyes were grey, too, but considerably darker than her friend's, and her brown hair fell short and curly round her neck till she was seventeen, when her grand-

mother insisted on its being done up and made tidy; so it was fastened in a knot at the back of her head. But no amount of combing and brushing would prevent a sort of halo of curling hair, which refused to "go smooth," and, in fact, looked pretty in the sunshine, but decidedly unruly by the side of the long coils, like pale silkworms' silk, which adorned the head of "Miss Bessie."

"Awel, awel," said Mrs. McGowan, sometimes, "I ken ye canna mak some folk like ither folk; it's just like the trees and the flowers; and so I must e'en put up wi' Kitty's locks, though they're no to my mind exactly."

The girl's "tempestuous hair," as she called it herself, was of a piece with her tempestuous character, as was the mobile and sensitive mouth, and also the nose, with nostrils which dilated under any strong emotion, so that Bessie used to say she had only to look at Kitty's nose to see whether she were pleased at anything agreeable, or furious about anything disagreeable. Quick-tempered and impulsive, she had the faults and virtues which so often go with that class of character, as well as the advantages and disadvantages which as a rule go with it also; among the first being a keenness of feeling which enables the possessor to enjoy anything to the utmost, and among the latter the natural consequence—namely, being able or rather compelled to suffer pain to the utmost.

"I don't know how it is, Miss Bessie," said Kitty, one day, "but you always seem so much the same; always so kind, and never cross or miserable, as I am sometimes. All the years I have known you you have hardly ever changed, and I know the other girls think the same."

"Well," said Bessie, "I can't explain it—unless it is my nature. That is really the reason. You know I am not a person to imagine things, or even wish much for anything I have not got. I think I am of what people call

a happy disposition, and enjoy just what comes."

"Yes, I suppose that is it," said Kitty, thoughtfully. "Of course people can't help their natures, can they? I know what you are going to say," she went on, as Bessie was about to speak. "You mean that if we look for help in the right direction, we shall get it, and be made less stormy and disagreeable."

"You need not say disagreeable, dear," and Bessie laid her hand on Kitty's arm, "for that you never are, to me at least. But perhaps sometimes your grandmother may wish that you were more quiet and happy in your life as it is, and for your own sake I should like to throw a little oil upon your disposition," and she laughed. "Just as, very likely, you would like to put a little more fire into mine."

"No, no, dearest Miss Bessie. I could not bear you to alter at all. When I come up here and see you and have a talk, as I am doing now, I feel ever so much better for it after. I am like a rough sea, I think, and you do throw oil upon the waves. I often go and sit close to the Dee—you know how near it runs just at the bottom of our garden—and there are stones there like a beach, and the sound of the waves as I sit there—I don't know how it is, but I seem to dream, and fancy things, all sorts of things, till I get quite in a maze, but happy then; and after, when I have to get up and go through the garden to have tea—well, it's very wicked, I'm afraid, but it all seems so dull, and the same every day. I wish grandmother would let me go to Edinburgh."

"To Edinburgh. Why?"

"Only just for a little while," said Kitty. "I might go into a shop or something and see people. You see, Miss Bessie, except you there is nobody ever to see here. Grannie has two old women and one old man who come sometimes, and of course I know the girls at the school, but lots of them go away to places;



not that I should like service, perhaps; but at any rate they go, and two of them who left last winter are married now."

"Are they?" asked Bessie; "which two? But of course I know. I had a letter from Maggie, telling me, and from what she said I should think both she and Jean had been sensible, and found really good husbands."

"They are well-to-do," said Kitty, "and steady, I believe, and the girls are much happier now than they were when they lived here."

Bessie smiled.

"Well, it's early days yet, you know; not but what I hope and believe they will go on being happy; but though I have never been out in the world at all myself, I always have a feeling that any circumstances, however bright they look outside, are sure to have some sort of drawback. One reason why I fancy this is because it seems to me that if we were allowed perfect happiness in this world we should never think about another."

These sorts of conversations took place time after time, Bessie's patience never seeming to tire, and Kitty's ideas being ventilated in a way that was good for her. She used to say it "took the cobwebs out of her brain" to have a chat with her friend; and so things went on, both girls leading lives of more or less routine, and having but little pleasure or excitements, except what they drew from their own resources. When Kitty was eighteen, however, and Bessie close upon twenty-four, a change happened of great importance to at least one of them, as it was the marriage of the latter to a young minister who often helped her father with his duties.

Robert Forbes was his name, and he was so perfectly suited to Bessie that the young couple started in life with that good prospect of hap-

piness which comes from a sympathetic understanding of another's character. As for money, they had not a great deal certainly, but Mr. Forbes possessed a small private fortune, left him by his father; and Bessie, being an only child, must eventually come into whatever her father and mother had to leave. For the present it was settled for them to live in the Manse, chiefly because of Mrs. McBain's health, which made it almost essential that she should not lose her daughter's care and companionship; and the girl herself was so devoted to both her parents that she was well pleased at the arrangement, especially as Robert had no objection whatever to it, and only thought it a reasonable and proper one, all circumstances considered. The engagement between him and Bessie was not a long one, for there was nothing to wait for; and one fine morning they stood in the little church, in the sunshine, and were married; Bessie looking very pretty in her simple white dress and bonnet, with her pale golden hair showing below the brim, and her grey eyes softer than ever from happiness, which also deepened the rose-flush on her cheek. Then there was a quiet luncheon at the Manse, and Mr. and Mrs. Forbes started on a fortnight's honeymoon, Bessie wearing as her travelling-dress a light grey cashmere, and straw bonnet of the same shade, with a trail of pink roses. Nobody cried, for were they not coming back in a short two weeks' time, to take up their abode in the old Manse again? and meanwhile Kitty had promised to do all in her power to supply her friend's place, so far as reading to or waiting upon Mrs. McBain went.

Consequently, as soon as the wedding party had left she set to work to make things look straight and comfortable again, pushing back the chairs and tables into their usual places—for the servants had plenty to do clearing away

the luncheon, and so on—and making herself generally useful.

Mrs. McBain thanked her over and over again, and said what a comfort it was to have her about now Bessie was gone; and she found, as days went on and she got accustomed to the ways at the Manse, that her work there grew more pleasant, or perhaps it ought to be said less burdensome, for Kitty was not by nature fitted for any office requiring much patience and a constant looking out for signs which would tell her what was wanted.

She was capable of great usefulness and self-denial about large things, but

"The daily round, the common task," from its very smallness and absence of excitement, tried her powers of endurance, whether in the cottage, where her grandmother, though not exactly ailing, was certainly fidgety, or in the Manse, where poor Mrs. McBain perpetually wanted a book brought, or her needle threaded, or scissors picked up from the floor, or a new bit of ribbon to make a collar for the cat; or, in fact, a thousand-and-one things which Bessie had always done for her, and from natural affection and evenness of temper had never felt to be a trouble.

Kitty was the exact converse of all this, but nevertheless she did her duty, as she had made it one, by her promise to Bessie, and by degrees it became easier; and she realised the satisfaction, moreover, of feeling she was of use and a comfort to someone. Her grandmother was of a rather hard, self-contained nature. It was very seldom that she expressed any pleasure in Kitty's society, so that the outspoken thanks by which her efforts to please Mrs. McBain were rewarded, were as new to her as they were welcome, and often quite repaid her for her unwonted care and patience.

(To be continued.)

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

EVE's tears were very near the surface that day, and no sooner was she safely at home than she sank on to the first chair, and throwing off her hat burst out crying, much to the distress of Noah, who had been sleeping in his chair by the fire, while his wife was engaged in a ceremony daily performed by her about this time of day, and characterised as "cleaning herself."

"My dear child! what's the matter now?" exclaimed Mrs. Oldman, appearing in the doorway, while Noah rose and stood over his daughter, stroking her pretty wreaths of red-brown hair.

"I wish they'd leave me alone, they are all so silly. I wish there were no men except father," sobbed Eve.

"Well, if that is all you have to cry for, pray keep your tears for a better sorrow; we all know the men are idiots, though it is the women that make them so, but they aren't worth crying over, that is very certain. I suppose Jack Farrar has been making love to you, that is about the truth of it, and his love-making didn't please your ladyship," suggested Mrs. Oldman, who was intensely curious to know what had happened.

"They none of them please me with

their nonsense, except Adam Day, and he never----" began Eve, through her sobs, but her sentence was never finished, for as she spoke Adam, by one of those inexplicable but oft-occurring coincidences, stood in the doorway.

"Come in, Adam; we don't mind an old friend like you, and you have heard of our trouble about the net, no doubt," said Noah, as Adam hesitated to come in. Eve didn't choose Adam to see her tear-stained face, so she retreated into her own little room, leaving Noah to explain her tears as he saw fit; but Adam had seen Jack Farrar outside, looking as black as thunder as he was returning to his wherry, and he drew his own conclusions, which were very near the truth, and turned the conversation on to the eel-net.

"It is a bad business, I am afraid, and the worst of it is I don't see what is to be done," said Adam, when he had heard the story.

"There is nothing to be done, except for me to pay the fine, and there is an end of it," said Noah, cheerfully.

"I fear not; I am very much afraid it is only the beginning; but let us be off to the decoy, and we'll go on to the club; perhaps we may learn something there."

The club that Adam spoke of was a working men's reading-room and institute at Fordham, a little town the other side of Windham Broad, about three miles from Noah's ark; it was frequented by most of the broadmen living in the adjacent villages; wherry-men and eel-men and a few tradesmen also visited it.

Noah was perhaps the most popular, as he certainly was the best respected member of this club, and Adam, though a rare, was a very welcome attendant, for the broadmen were all very proud of their rising young friend, who had already risen above their level; and if their prophecies were to be realised, would live to be a gentleman by position and education, if not by birth. Until the arrival of Noah and Adam, a lively conversation had been going on among the dozen men who were present about the net which had been found on Noah's eel-set, and its seizure by the police, an account of which had been given them by Jack Farrar, who was present. But no sooner did Noah and Adam enter than a sudden silence fell upon the room, and everyone seemed to be absorbed in his paper, except Farrar, who sat sulkily smoking and drinking more beer than

was good for him, to drown his disappointment.

"Good evening, my friends," said Noah, as usual, but to his amazement no one answered, and Adam's careless "Good-evening" only met with a cold reply.

In a moment Noah grasped the situation; the news of his trouble had evidently reached the club, and the men had decided he was guilty; and in the face of such circumstantial evidence Noah could not blame them, although, as he had been a trusted friend of many for the last forty years, he was hurt, and inwardly thought they might have waited till they had heard his defence before they judged him. The silence was an awkward one, but Noah was not outwardly one whit disconcerted by it; he took up a paper, and moving to his usual seat called for some tea, and began to read, looking so calm and dignified that any stranger would have once declined to believe that that grand-looking man, with his clear, truthful, blue eyes, his long white beard, which gave him a patriarchal appearance, and the undefinable air of holiness which surrounded him, could have been guilty of any dishonourable action.

By degrees the conversation was resumed, at first in under-tones, but neither Noah nor Adam attempted to take any part in it, and after about an hour Noah rose to go home.

"I'll follow you in a few minutes. I want to have a few words with our friends here, first," said Adam.

Noah smiled, a warning smile, which seemed to say, "Be moderate, for after all what does it matter?" and then filling his pipe he went out, looking a great deal more dignified than his self-appointed judges.

"And now, my friends," said Adam, "you have seen fit to decide that Mr. Oldman is guilty of using the prohibited net found on his set last night. Allow me to tell you I know for a positive fact he is innocent. That net must have been set at low water, or it never would have been so full as it was at midnight, though only a one-inch mesh; and I can prove that Noah was with me, first at our decoy, and then at my house from six till nearly ten last evening. More than that I am not at liberty to tell you, nor is it necessary, for if you can suspect him it is not likely you'll believe me; but until an apology is offered to Mr. Oldman for your conduct this evening, I shall not enter this room again, and I am quite sure of this, Mr. Leicester will not either."

And with this Adam left the room, for the men were too much taken aback to make any reply, and he walked quickly after Noah, whom he soon overtook.

"We may thank Jack Farrar for this. He and Eve had had some words to-day, I expect, and seeing me come to the ark didn't improve his jealous temper, so he came down here, and no doubt gave a garbled version of the whole affair; and is probably telling those stupid fellows at this moment that I was in league with you," said Adam.

"Never mind, Adam, my lad. I must just live it down; it is a trial the Lord has sent me, and I must be patient.

Look there, who can think of such a trifle as this in the face of a grand sight like that?" said Noah, pointing to the sunset.

Norfolk, like most flat countries, is noted for its sunsets, and that particular three-cornered portion which forms the district of the broads is specially famous in this respect. In autumn the finest sunsets are seen, but the one to which Noah drew Adam's attention on this May evening was a grand sight. The whole western sky was a blaze of crimson and gold, streaked with bands of purple cloud, and underneath lay the shallow waters of the broad, reflecting the colours of the sky as the soul of a man gives back the thought of his friend. As far as eye could reach over silver broad and shining river, green pastures and watery marsh, the warm glow of the setting sun was spread, as though he were loth to leave them, and this was his parting embrace. The village of Windham on the other side of the broad, with its little church and spire; the marshmen's cottages; the rectory-house in its grove of poplars, with their delicate new blue-green leaves; the little white windmills which were dotted about the marshlands—all were glorified by the golden light of the setting sun.

"There is many a lesson to be learnt from Nature, Adam, isn't there? The sunlight now is like the love of God—it shines alike on all; but whereas all Nature is grateful and reflects back his light, human nature is cold and ungrateful, and does not respond to the love of God, or if it does, only feebly," said Noah, as he stood gazing at the scene before him, apparently quite forgetful of the unkindness he had just met with.

"Yes, I often think what a lesson in cheerfulness and contentment Nature teaches us. Look at the dumb animals now—how happy they always seem; and the birds seem as if they could not contain themselves for joy; it is only man who gets depressed and miserable, and yet our worst troubles pass away almost as quickly as the sunset glow fades from the sky," said Adam.

"Ah, but we are all given to look at our troubles through the microscope, so to speak; we exaggerate the things of time, and our poor little finite minds are not big enough to grasp the things of eternity. I often think that 'the secret of the Lord' is to look at things from His standpoint, as far as we can, and not from our own; they look so different then."

They had reached the borders of the broad by now, and hastened to get across so that Adam might help Noah to set his net before the tide turned; and as it was nearly high water, they walked quickly on landing, and had nearly reached the ark when they met Mr. Arthur Clifford, now a handsome young fellow a year or two younger than Adam. He was in a great hurry and did not stop to speak; in fact, he appeared anxious to avoid Noah and Adam, and put out at meeting them.

"What can Mr. Arthur be doing down here at this time, I wonder? He seemed to come from our place," said Noah.

"No good, I am afraid," said Adam, gravely; but if he knew more of Arthur

Clifford's movements than his companion he did not say so.

On the following Monday morning a very unusual visitor came to the ark—the postman, and what was still more unusual, he brought a registered letter for Noah—the first he had ever received in his life.

"A registered letter for your father! It has something to do with this here eel-net business, you may be sure then," said Mrs. Oldman to Eve, who looked pale and nervous.

But when Noah came in and opened the envelope, it was found to contain nothing but a five-pound note; not a line, not a word accompanied it, and where it came from Noah no more knew than a new-born babe, as his wife remarked. The post-mark was Norwich, but that was no clue, as Noah knew no one in Norwich in the least likely to send him a five-pound note.

"Do you think, now, Noah, it was Miss Grace sent it to pay your fine with?" suggested Mrs. Oldman.

"No, I don't. If Miss Grace had wished to pay the fine she'd have given me the money straight away, but she knows well enough I would not have taken it from her; it ain't Mr. Leicester either, for he does not believe they'll fine me; however, we shall never know who it was, I suppose, but it'll save me drawing any out of the savings bank to pay the fine to-morrow."

Eve took no part in the discussion about the money, and seemed glad when it was dropped; she was not herself either that day or the next, and cried and clung to Noah when he started for Fordham, where the magistrates were sitting, and could settle to nothing while he was gone, but wandered about like a restless spirit, and yet would not take her mother's advice, and go and meet him when he might be expected to return.

"I can't make the child out lately; 'tain't all her father's net that is worrying her, and it ain't Jack Farrar either, and I am certain it ain't Adam; there is no more between her and him than there is between him and me, or between that white drake and the little bantam," said Mrs. Oldman to herself, as she gave her fowls their supper.

"It struck me too she knew something about that five-pound note this morning by her manner, but if I was to say so to Noah he'd scold me for harsh judging; there never was such an unsuspicious man as he is, and lucky for me he is, for if ever he were to guess—but there, he'll never know that, so what's the use of thinking about it? It would be a bad day for me indeed if he did, that's certain; but here he comes, so I'll go and hear what has happened," she said to herself, as Noah was seen approaching the ark.

Noah was tired and hungry, for he had missed his dinner, but he was in very good spirits, for though he had been fined, the bench had told him they were sure he was innocent, though the fact that the net was his own, and was found on his eel-set, gave them no alternative but to fine him, and they hoped the author of so costly a joke would be discovered.

(To be continued.)



Words from the German of W. MÜLLER.

Music by H. A. J. CAMPBELL.

Allegretto.

VOICE. *p* *cres.*

Sweet fad-ed flow-'rets, flowers that she gave, Ye shall lie

PIANO. *p* *cres.*

dim.

with me, low in the grave; Tear-ful-ly droop ye, withered and pale—

dim.

Do ye my sad fate mourn and be - wail?

Sweet fad-ed flow-'rets, can tears re - store All thy fresh beau - ty? Ah! nev - er -

more! Tears can - not ev - er bring back a - gain Love..... that has

per - ished—weep-ing is vain! Through all the

spring-time, through win ter's gloom, Rest ye, sad blos - soms, there in my tomb;

But when she, think - ing, wan - ders a - near, Sigh - ing—“He lov'd me,

he, once so dear!” Ah! then, dear blos - soms, spring forth once more,

Come is the may - time, win - ter is o'er.

PIANOFORTE DUETS AND PIANOFORTE DUET PLAYING.

SONATAS.



IN my first article I referred generally to the duets left us by the old masters; it will now be my duty to give some account of the modern sonata duets. I shall also make a few remarks on some duets by old masters that were

simply touched upon in my last article.

To commence with the earlier, Clementi is undoubtedly entitled to great consideration, for he wrote no less than seven sonata duets. Exceedingly melodious, with highly interesting counterpoint, they present, with a very small degree of difficulty, a great amount of musical genius. The number of chord passages is very limited, but, nevertheless, the sonority produced is marvellous, especially considering the comparative weakness of the instrument he had to write for.

In an interesting account of a dinner given to him at the Albion Hotel, on December 17th, 1827 (when he played in public, absolutely, I believe, for the last time), I read that a sonata duet of his (op. 14, in E flat) (No. 5 of the complete edition, published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel) was played by Moscheles and J. B. Cramer.

Four of these duets are published in the popular Peters edition; but I should advise anyone desirous of playing these charming compositions, to get the complete edition published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel in the "People's Edition," at a cost of 1s. 6d. or thereabouts.

I referred to Onslow in my first article. He wrote two most characteristic and charming sonatas in duet form.

The first, in E minor, contains a romance and finale that cannot be surpassed for graceful melody and bright contrapuntal writing. Here again the degree of difficulty is very slight considering the effect produced.

This is a point on which great stress should be made, and I cannot help making a slight digression in order to emphasise the fact.

Naturally, the beginner wishes to obtain some pleasure from the art he is pursuing, and which he cannot obtain by his own unaided efforts; but let him get someone to play a duet of the

simplest kind with him, and at once the effect is doubled by the mere commonsense fact that there are four hands on the piano instead of two.

To resume—Onslow's second duet (in F minor) is in a deeper and more original vein than the first. He works in the style of Mozart as far as the construction of his music, yet the style of melody is different; just as there is a difference of style of melody between Sterndale Bennett and Mendelssohn, while their construction is very nearly identical.

A greater degree of skill is required for the interpretation of this work.

These two sonatas are published in the Peters edition at a very low cost.

The Lachners—Franz, Ignazio, and Vincenzo—have contributed to art in this form, but I have only a sonata duet of Franz Lachner, op. 20, which is distinguished by a knowledge of the sonority of the piano and a skill in construction.

Friedrich Kiel has written two charming sonatas, which are also published in the Peters edition.

I come now to one of the greatest pianoforte sonata duets that has ever been written—a posthumous work by the much-lamented Hermann Goetz. It is numbered op. 17 and is in G minor. It is in three movements and an introduction.

This introduction is constructed upon a theme fugally treated, of a passionate nature, and is worked at some length in a dignified, sorrowing manner, running without pause into the first movement proper, the principal subject of which is constructed out of the first six or eight notes of the introductory theme.

The whole movement is conceived in a nobly dignified manner, and throughout the whole of the sonata there is not a bar which even borders on the commonplace. The second subject is of a melancholy, plaintive nature, commencing with a figure in the bass, which is imitated canonically (although not in strict canon) for some time.

The slow movement has a theme used alternatively, as subject and accompaniment, combined with a counter subject of a melodic nature.

The last movement has an introduction of the nature of a chorale, and is also of a plaintive character. Space forbids a most detailed criticism; but this work (scarcely known in England) has only to be played at the Popular Concerts in order to take a high rank.

Coming now to living writers, it may be supposed that there is not much material to work upon. Mr. E. Aguilar, the well known writer and teacher, has written one or two sonata duets, but I have not had the pleasure of hearing them.

Rubinstein has written one gigantic (I use the word advisedly) duet sonata. It lies before me now, and casually turning its leaves I find that it is sixty-three pages long—over thirty for each player.

I cannot, of course, go into details, but there is a scherzo which would tax the powers of great players, and altogether the work bristles with difficulties. It is not altogether inspired, but there are a good many moments of inspiration in it, and it is well worth the while of pianists to practise. It is published by Senff, of Leipzig.

In the same manner that a little boy reserves as a *bonne bouche* the piece of bread which has the most jam on it, I reserve for notice till last the sonata duets of Theodore Gouvy.

They are three in number—op. 36 in D minor, op. 49 in C minor, and op. 51 in F major (published by Reichault, of Paris). They are works that would tempt me to dilate upon at considerable length. I know of no composition in this form more charming. They are conceived in the most graceful melody, lucid construction, and resonant sonority. Not of great difficulty, they are, nevertheless, works requiring careful practice, and must be well studied and rehearsed before performance. They have afforded me the most unmitigated delight, and the first one I played was a charming surprise that I shall long remember. He has written also other duets of which I shall make mention in due course; but these sonatas form a group that would entitle any man to the rank of an original composer had he never written a note before or after. To most amateurs (and, indeed, to most professors in England) the name is a blank, but they will be richly repaid by investigating his compositions.

I must not omit to mention the grand sonata duet in E flat of Moscheles, a composition in his most melodious and original style.

I hope to continue in my next with "Duets (not sonatas) in Classic Form."

WALTER VAN NOORDEN.
(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARY S., and OTHERS.—At the present time a number of institutes in various parts of London connected with the Young Women's Christian Association are joining in a united movement for the promotion of evening educational classes. An endeavour is also being made to extend the movement to the provinces. The teaching provided will be thoroughly efficient. The classes will be open to all young women, and the fees will be extremely moderate, to bring them within reach of the largest number. Among the subjects to be taught will be included reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, shorthand, French, music, dress-cutting, cookery, ambulance, nursing, etc. Already classes have been held at some institutes, with results that encourage the London council of the association to look forward hopefully to the success of this new forward movement. A list of London institutes where the classes are held will be furnished on application to the secretary, 16a, Old Cavendish Street, W., endorsed "Educational Classes."

C. J. A.—"Call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea," was written by Eliza Cook, and will be found in her poems.

CURIOUS MEG.—Protestant Christians are far outnumbered, and so are the Roman Catholics and the Orthodox Greek Church, by the Buddhists and other Asiatic religions and Pagans. Of Buddhists there are more than of any other faith, for they number 360,000,000, the Protestants only 100,000,000.

BEL AIR.—California is very dear for both house-rent and living. Land is comparatively cheap; and an intending settler had better purchase a site and build a frame house for himself. If he should build it large enough to take in boarders, he might make a good deal of money. But we are not disposed to recommend emigration, excepting under specially advantageous circumstances.

M. F.—The announcement of what we call "Banns of Marriage" dates back to the times of the Primitive Christian Church; for this we have the authority of Tertullian. The practice was introduced into France in the ninth century. The earliest enactment in the English Church was promulgated A.D. 1200, and is to be found in the eleventh canon of the Synod of Westminster, which enjoins their being called three times. The 62nd canon of the Synod of London is still more explicit (A.D. 1603-4).

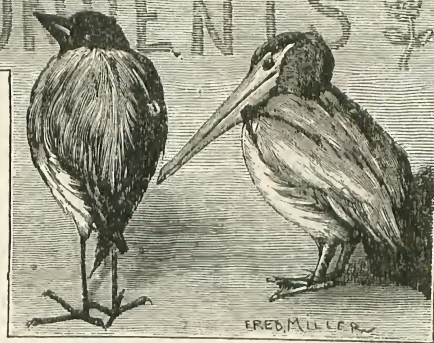
LOUISE.—Consult our indexes for the making of *pot-pourri*.

D. A.—To any ladies and respectable young women desiring to emigrate to Australia or New Zealand, we recommend an application to the Hon. Mrs. Toynce, head of the Girls' Friendly Society, for information and advice. Those who go out under Mrs. Toynce's auspices are placed under the charge of a chaperon provided by the Christian Knowledge Society, one who has had due experience of colonial life. Arrangements are made for their reception on arrival. Letters of introduction and testimonials are very desirable, in addition to any which the society may provide.

ONE WHO WANTS TO BE LOVED AND DIOGENES.—Put soup plates, or rather basins, containing beer, in the kitchen, and slips of card or laths of wood leading up to the brim as ladders. The beetles will walk up these and thus drown themselves in trying to reach the beer. In addition to this plan use Keating's insect powder very freely about the openings in skirting boards and grate, and you will get rid of the nuisance.

IDA.—We should advise you to take anything which you can get, for which your poor appetite has any inclination. You seem to be in a critical state, and were you able to take cod-liver oil, a teaspoonful at a time, it might be of service. Some can take it in very hot coffee, some in sardines at breakfast.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS



TENNIS.—Miss Dod is at present our lawn tennis championess. You should not depend on a stray answer from us or any other editor as to the terms employed or the rules of the game. Procure, through any librarian, the latest manual issued, as both are multiplied, as a general rule, according to the popularity of the game. Such books are usually to be had for about a shilling.

EXCURSIONIST.—The gigantic equestrian figure cut in the turf, overlooking Weymouth, is that of George III. There are ten, if not more, remarkable monuments of this kind in England. The Wilmington Giant (Sussex Downs) is said to have been cut by Julius Caesar. The White Horse of Berkshire is attributed to King Arthur; the White Horse of Westbury, Wiltshire, commemorates a victory of King Alfred over the Danes, and was cut by him; and the White Cross of Whiteleaf, Bucks, was cut by his son, in memory of a victory gained by Edward the elder. The Red Horse on the Cotswolds commemorates the gallantry of the Earl of Warwick at Towton Heath, who slew his horse to share the same dangers as his soldiers. There are White Horses of Cherhill and of Alton Barnes, Wilts; and also of Kilburn, near Thirsk, of no historical nor antiquarian interest; and there is the Trendle Hill Giant, Dorset, of great antiquity, said to represent the Saxon god "Hiel." A famous book by Mr. Tom Hughes is called the "Scouring of the White Horse," relating to the revival and cleansing of that in Berkshire. Much pains are usually taken by the people near to keep the various figures distinct. The Wilmington giant has been outlined with either white tiles or white bricks to preserve it.

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.—There are, doubtless, philanthropic institutions in all civilised countries, but we may confidently state that benevolence, as exhibited in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, is carried out on a far larger scale than in any country on the globe. The income of the parochial charities of the City of London alone is estimated at from £110,000 to £115,000 per annum; and the total yearly income of the 1,028 trusts of the City guilds or companies, over and above the parochial charities, amounts to about £185,820.

ARCHIE'S DARLING.—If you call a man by his Christian name, you might address him by it in writing. But how is it that you correspond with any man not a member of your own immediate family, to whom you are not engaged? It is an indiscreet proceeding.

"A MISSIONARY."—We do not think that any good result would follow from sending texts of the Bible to an Atheist. They would not meet his difficulties, as he does not admit their inspiration. Had you given your private address we might have sent you a book for him. The less you converse with such persons the better, you not being well instructed in the arguments to refute their statements.

HILDA M. M.—1. We read your letter with interest, and are gratified by your appreciation of our paper. We regret that there should be little or no demand for translations, as our magazines are over-stocked with original unpublished contributions; and unless scientific works, or those of research, our publishers are not very ready to accept them. 2. Your handwriting would be improved if a little rounder; it is too angular to be pretty and artistic, and you should make a decided difference between the "n" and the "u."

ANTIQUARY should make a solution of cyanide of potassium, half an ounce, in a wineglassful of water, and immerse the old sword or dagger in it for a few minutes. Then take it out and clean it with a paste composed of cyanide of potassium, Castile soap, whitening and water, mixed to the consistency of thick cream. This will move the rust effectually. To prevent any return of rust, brush the articles over with fine white varnish.

HOUSEKEEPER.—If you obtain some hay, sprinkle it with chloride of lime, and leave it in the room where the smell of paint is bad, and place a few basins of water there, the smell will be gone in a few hours.

HOPE.—We regret that we have no satisfactory recipe to give you respecting the excessive growth of hair on your arms. Wear tulle or lace sleeves to your evening dresses; or elbow sleeves with a deep fall of lace to the wrists, and bracelets or long gloves.

IVANHOE.—We do not, as a general rule, approve of cold baths. Sponge baths of cold water are usually preferable. You would require a still for manufacturing rose-water.

FREDERICK CROWDER.—Many thanks for your correction. The lines, "Now is the constant syllable clicking," are from "Of Today," in the "Proverbial Philosophy" of Martin F. Tupper, not by Dr. Parr.

SIX YORKSHIRE GIRLS.—Accept our very warm thanks for so kind a letter of acknowledgment of what trouble we may take for the benefit and pleasure of our girls. We hope our magazine may continue to earn your grateful appreciation. Accept our best wishes for your happiness and well-being.

SIXTEEN.—Any vow taken by a girl under age, and living in her father's house, we are distinctly told in the Old Testament (under the Law of Moses), is not binding unless taken with the perfect knowledge and consent of her father. It is wrong, in any case, to bind a young child of ten years old under any vow (indeed, there is no question of an infant in the case), as it has not come to years of discretion, and cannot estimate the difficulties that may try its steadfastness of purpose in mature life. Besides, the adult may see reason for deprecating a hard and fast rule of such a nature, and even regard it as unscriptural; and the exercise of the "right of private judgment" is a birthright with which those who take (and with equal right) a different view have no authority to interfere. So be at peace, and pray for Divine guidance now you are approaching an age to form an independent opinion. At five-and-twenty you will know better.

BRIGHTSIDE.—The origin of the "Dunmow Flitch of Bacon" is to be traced to the year 1111 A.D., when founded by a noble lady named Jurga. It fell into disuse, and was restored by Robert de Fitz Walter, A.D. 1241. The man claiming such a prize and distinction had to kneel on two stones at the church door, and swear that for twelve months and a day he had never had a quarrel with his wife, nor wished himself unmarried. Alas! between the years 1244 and 1772 there were only eight claimants!

PERSEAN'S MISTRESS has made a great mistake in letting her cat be so much out of doors. Perhaps sulphur powder might be of service. Better wash the cat well with soap and water, drying it very carefully, and rolling it in flannel. The presence of insects generally shows that the cat's health is affected.

S. E. R.—Chloride of lime with water is used to bleach flowers with, and would also answer for small bones of birds. If you have such a very strong taste for natural history, it would be better to get your parents to allow you to study it thoroughly and regularly. Women are at the present time making a profession of natural history, and their researches are most valuable, Miss Ormerod being a very celebrated authority on our insect plagues. Such studies and researches are not cruel; but everything can be conducted in an evil as well as in a good way. The taste for these particular studies is born in one; it is not acquired.

A WELSH GIRL.—Milk is called a perfect food, containing all the needful elements of nutrition. Bread, if all the wheat be ground up together, is also a perfect food; hence it is called the "staff of life." Meat, butter, sugar, and eggs are heat-giving elements. Salt is one of the mineral salts found in the blood. We are only able to give you a very general answer on a very large subject.

AYLESBURY.—We thank you for the description of your interesting ring you have given us; but it came too late to be named in our articles on "The Days of Chivalry." Only a few mottoes were given as specimens amongst a large collection. Your own, i.e., "God's Providence is our Inheritance" (engraved inside a massive plain gold ring, ploughed up in a field at Quainton Bucks thirty years ago), is a very nice one, and bears out the statement of the writer, that much religious feeling was evidenced in such mottoes.

SUSAN.—1. Your cow, if a fairly good one, and carefully attended to, ought to yield sufficient milk to make about six pounds of butter a week at least during the summer, and half that in the winter. Thus you may reckon on obtaining, on an average, above 200 pounds in the year. This allows between six weeks and two months of being dry before calving. 2. It is a vulgar habit to abbreviate words, and should be carefully avoided in writing to a stranger, or to anyone of superior position or more advanced age than yourself.

UNE PENSEE.—We regret that we are unable to give you any advice, as we fully approve of your mode of life in all respects save one, viz., you ought not to sleep with an invalid (we mean in the same bed). Your own health will become deteriorated and your nerve-power enfeebled.

ONE WHO WISHES TO HELP HERSELF does not appear to be one of those entitled to emigrate. She has her own sphere of duty here, it seems to us. She had better try to extend her dressmaking business, and take an apprentice or assistant. Emigration in the present day is not to be recommended where people have employment and duties in England.

GINGE had better write to the publisher, "G.O.P.," 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., and inquire about the volumes she needs. Some volumes are out of print, and can be got secondhand only. 2. You had better get the tulips in the bulbs for your window garden.

D. C. may, we think, follow the rules of his office, which are the laws of his country in this matter. Our Lord seems to have considered that necessary work must be performed.

VERA, DAISY JENKINS.—If you will take our advice you will draw up no law papers for yourself, nor for anyone else. Experience shows us that some of our first lawyers have failed in being lawyers to themselves; and you would find the same thing in your own case, and perhaps do the opposite of what you had intended.

JANEY.—The specimens of ferns and grasses which you have collected for decorating a screen should be carefully spread out and pressed between sheets of blotting paper, under a weight. Then cut a little strap, by means of two delicate incisions in the cardboard, on which the specimens are to be affixed; insert the thick end of the stems if too large for gumming; and employ a cement for the rest of gum tragacanth. To prepare this for use put a small piece into a wide-necked bottle filled with cold water, and it will swell very considerably, and absorb the water in a few hours. Then place the bottle in boiling water, and when it liquefies it will be ready for use.

MEMORY.—We see an announcement in the papers to the effect that the whole system of memorising, which has been taught in England by various masters, is about to be explained in a book published in Boston. A very excellent series has been recently given on the subject in the *Exchange and Mart*, office, 170, Strand, W.C. To ourselves personally, the value of such aids to memory seems to consist in your having enough memory to remember them. But we may be mistaken. Lack of attention and interest in your surroundings is a fruitful source of bad memories. This should be checked, and an alert, quick, bright manner acquired. These and thoughtfulness, and unselfishness for others, are great aids to a good memory.

CARLO.—We never encourage anyone to think of secretarships. They are extremely difficult to obtain, and need exceptional abilities also. Perhaps your failure to succeed in teaching meant that you had never learnt how to teach. If you studied book-keeping you might take a business situation in a shop; or perhaps you might like to go into a bookseller's or stationer's business, as being more quiet and suitable to your wants.

DAUGHTER OF ERIN.—The name "Ireland," or "Taren-land," signifies "Land of the West." The country, having been known to the ancients, has had many names at several periods. The Greeks called it *Iuverna* two centuries before Christ. Caesar called it *Hibernia*, the name given it by the Phenicians, meaning the "utmost or last habitation." *Iris* and *Erin*, as well as *Hibernia*, are derived from the same Celtic root. It began to be called *Scotia* towards the decline of the Roman Empire, and employed by the monastic writers until, in the 11th century, the ancient designation, *Hibernia*, returned to use. The ancient Celtic bard, Ossian, supposed to have been the son of Fingal, gives the original name as *Iunisiail*.

NELLO.—We are not acquainted with any Homes of Rest for girls in business in the localities you name. Perhaps one of those recently named in our answers to other correspondents may suit you.



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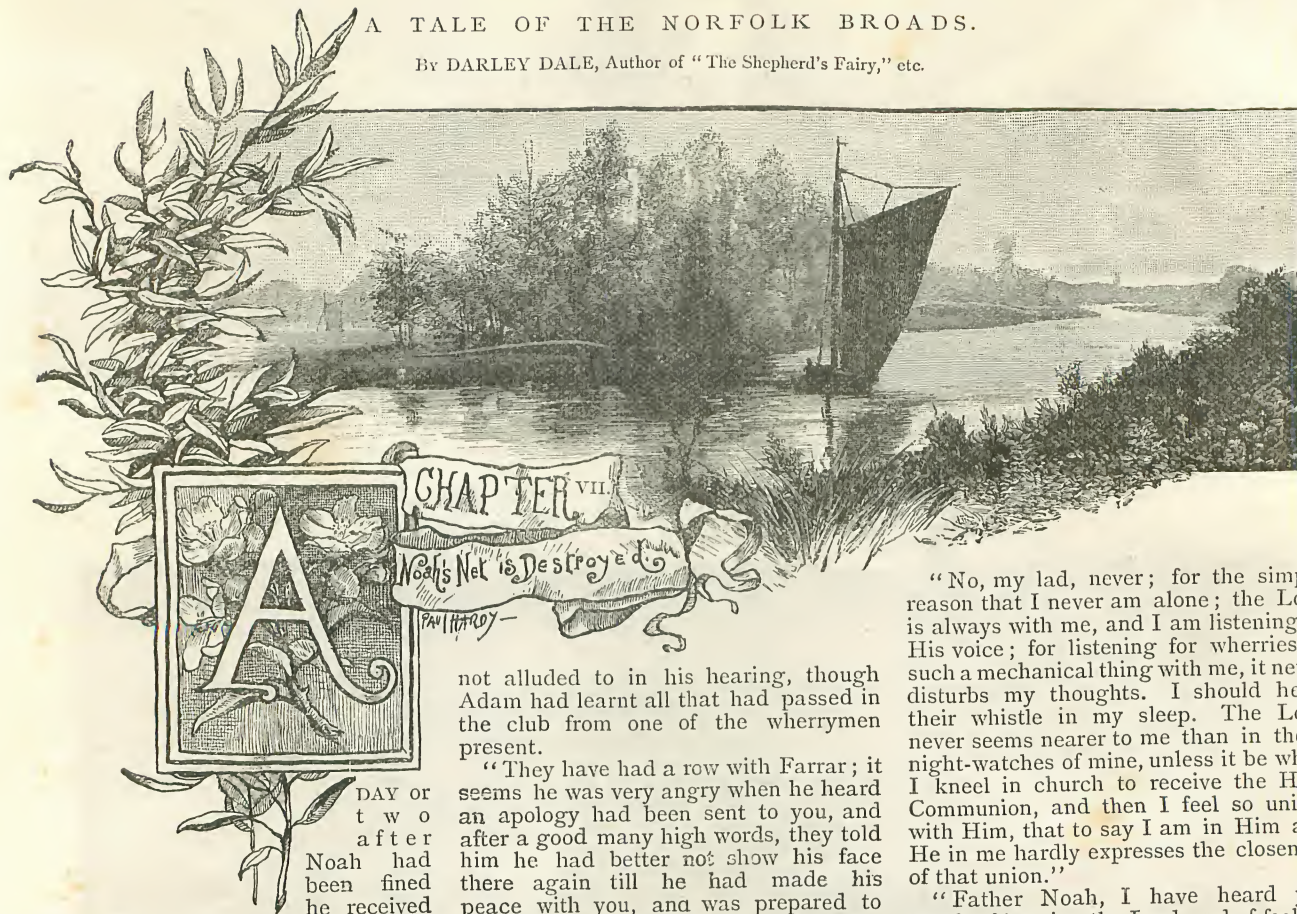
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"HALLOA, FARRAR! IT IS YOU, IS IT?"

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc.



DAY or two after Noah had been fined he received a visit from two men, one an eel-man like himself, the other a wherryman from the Broadmen's Club at Fordham. They came to apologise to Noah for the manner he had been treated on Saturday evening in the name of the club, and to beg he would think no more of it, but come as usual to the club. They had seen the report of the case in the local paper, and had almost unanimously come to the same conclusion as the magistrates, namely, that Noah was innocent; the only dissentient voice had been Jack Farrar's, and it was he who had in the first instance insinuated that he knew Noah to be guilty. A meeting had been held to discuss the matter on the previous evening, and the result was the visit of these two representatives, a visit Noah received most cordially, and promised to look in that night or the next on his way back from the decoy, and assured the delegates he fully forgave the unkindness which had been shown him.

He did not go that evening, because there was service at the church and a choir practice afterwards, which he had forgotten at the time; but the next evening he and Adam left the decoy earlier than usual to have more time in the reading-room. The room was as full as it had been on the previous Saturday evening, except Jack Farrar was absent, and Noah's reception this week was as cordial as it had been cold the week before; but the matter of the eel-net was

not alluded to in his hearing, though Adam had learnt all that had passed in the club from one of the wherry-men present.

"They have had a row with Farrar; it seems he was very angry when he heard an apology had been sent to you, and after a good many high words, they told him he had better not show his face there again till he had made his peace with you, and was prepared to withdraw his accusation," said Adam, as he went home with Noah, having previously seen that his mother was settled off for the night.

"The truth is poor Farrar is so cut up because Eve has refused him, that he does not quite know what he is doing, I expect, though to go about slandering me is hardly the way to gain her affections. Don't mention it to her, Adam; the child hasn't seemed quite herself lately, and it would worry her."

"I shan't see her to-night; look, there is a light in her little room; she has gone to bed," said Adam, in a tone of annoyance.

"Well, we'll set the net and then go in and have some supper. This'll be almost the last time I shall set it till the autumn. I shall begin bobbing and spearing next week, and tickling for trout and tench."

The net was duly set, and then, as Mrs. Oldman was gone to bed as well as Eve, Noah fried some tench he had caught that day for supper, made a kettleful of tea, and the two friends sat down to their repast. They were very quiet in all their movements, and talked in undertones, because of the fish, for the net was set close to the ark, the door of which stood open, and Noah's keen ears were on the alert for the warning whistle of an approaching wherry all the time.

"Do you ever feel lonely as you are sitting up at night here listening for wherries?" asked Adam.

"No, my lad, never; for the simple reason that I never am alone; the Lord is always with me, and I am listening to His voice; for listening for wherries is such a mechanical thing with me, it never disturbs my thoughts. I should hear their whistle in my sleep. The Lord never seems nearer to me than in these night-watches of mine, unless it be when I kneel in church to receive the Holy Communion, and then I feel so united with Him, that to say I am in Him and He in me hardly expresses the closeness of that union."

"Father Noah, I have heard you speak of hearing the Lord, and of feeling His presence. Tell me, do you ever see Him?"

Noah hesitated a moment, and then he said, very reverently—

"My son, for you are a son to me, I suppose when we pray we all of us make a sort of picture in our mind of the Lord Jesus, and at times that picture is more vivid than at others. I think as I grow older it gets brighter and more distinct, but I can remember the time when it was only a faint outline, and now there are seasons when He seems to have enveloped Himself in a cloud which I cannot pierce; but faint as that vision, if I may call it so, may be, it is as real a presence to me as you are sitting there; and more real, for your spirit may be wandering as your body remains there, and it is the Spirit of the Lord which is with me."

"Why, Noah, you are a Platonist without knowing it. You have got hold of his doctrine of ideas, which is the centre of all his philosophy."

"Then it is the Lord who taught it me, not Plato, for I know nothing of his philosophy except what I have heard you say about it. But however that may be, my Saviour is a much more real person to me than you or any one else, though my idea of His person may be only a faint one; how can it be more when we are so weighed down with sin and the cares of this life? Besides, are we not told it is only the pure in heart who shall see God? Adam, I often think

what a bribe this is to us men to be pure, even if the vision is not to be granted in this world, as of course it cannot be in all its fulness; but I believe if we were only pure enough to behold it, it would be granted us to a much greater extent than we have any idea of even in this world; and I believe it is granted us here in proportion to the purity of our hearts. There are people of whom one feels as sure they have caught a glimpse of the Lord's face as one feels of the purity of their lives. Look at Miss Grace, or her father; one feels sure they have been with the Lord and seen His face, for it is reflected in their own countenances."

And as Adam glanced at the noble face of his companion, with his clear blue eyes, and the serene calmness which was his most characteristic expression, he thought there could be little doubt the vision of the King in His beauty had already faintly dawned on him.

"The Lord is very near us, Adam; we are so apt to think of Him as far off in some other world which we call heaven, and which, I suppose, we picture to ourselves as a place up among the stars. I say up, but of course I know there is no up or down about it. Now my belief is, heaven is a state; it may be a place, too, I don't know, and I don't suppose the wisest man living can tell me, whether it is or not; but something which I can't doubt tells me that where the Lord is there is heaven, and when He is with me, as he is sometimes, I am in heaven, though my body may be sitting here watching my net, or kneeling in yonder church. I never think of the Lord as away in another world; I think of Him as near me, with me, as close to me as my carnal nature will allow Him to come, and that is a thousand times closer than you, my most intimate friend, can ever come to me. There is no union that can compare in closeness to the union of the soul with its God, its Maker, its Saviour, its Heavenly Guide. How rarely one man's spirit ever really touches his dearest friend's; how dreadfully few of our deepest thoughts can we ever share with our nearest and dearest; but to Him it is as easy as it is delightful to lay bare our inmost thoughts, thoughts often too deep for words. When I was a young man, Adam, I dreamt as you dream, and as most men and women have dreamt in their youth, that one day I should find a being with whom I could share my every thought, and so I have; but that Being is my Saviour, not the wife of my bosom, who was also the love of my life. The most intimate friends, the fondest lovers, can never make even a tithe of their thoughts known to each other. Our immortal spirits can never find that rest and sympathy, that intimate communing for which they crave, except in God; but I don't think we realise this in its fulness till love's young dream has been dreamt, and we wake to find ourselves face to face with the realities of our position. We crave for happiness, and we think or act as if we thought happiness was the end for which we were created. It isn't; God is the end for which we were created, and He brings happiness with Him, but we must find Him first."

Noah spoke slowly, and paused between his sentences, as he had a fashion of doing. Adam sometimes thought he was waiting for the words to be given him, and now he did not interrupt him, but sat thinking over what he had heard and perhaps questioning the truth of part of it, for he was young and had his dream of love like other men, and if he thought there was a young, pure spirit, an innocent girlish heart not a hundred miles off, with whom he could share all his thoughts, and in whom he could find the love and sympathy his soul craved for, who shall blame him?

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo, tu-whoo-oo," suddenly cried an owl, breaking the solemn stillness of the night outside and the sacred silence which had fallen on the two friends. The weird cry roused Noah from his meditation, and to Adam's surprise he rose quickly from his seat and went to the door, listening intently.

"It's only an owl," said Adam, surprised that such a practised ear as Noah's should not at once have recognised the cry to which he was well accustomed.

"I know, but it is a wherry as well, though it has not warned me," said Noah, anxiously, as he hurried out, followed by Adam, who seized the bull's-eye which stood lighted ready for an emergency.

They reached the water's edge just as a wherry sailed almost noiselessly past before they had time to lower the eel-net, which it plunged bodily through, tearing away five or six yards with it.

"Holloa, there! what are you about? Why didn't you whistle and warn me of your approach? Who are you? Are you asleep, or what do you mean tearing my net to pieces in this way?" exclaimed Noah, as he heard the net give way, before he had time to slacken it, for the wind was fresh, and the wherry sailed quickly.

No answer came from the wherry, but as Adam suddenly turned his bull's-eye on it, he distinctly saw Jack Farrar at the tiller of his cumbersome craft.

"Holloa, Farrar! it is you, is it? I see you plain enough to swear to you when Mr. Oldman summons you for malignantly and wilfully destroying his property," shouted Adam, angrily.

But the wherry sailed silently and majestically away, the owner not deigning to take any notice of either Adam or Noah, though had he played the same trick on any other eelman on the broads, the storm of oaths and curses which would have greeted him would have been returned with interest.

"It was Jack Farrar, the scoundrel! I should like to horsewhip him," said Adam, turning to Noah, who was hauling the end of his broken net out of the water, anxious to see what damage was done, and perhaps also anxious to let off some of the wrath he felt in action before he trusted himself to speak, for he had also recognised Farrar by the light of the lantern Adam turned on him.

"Did you see the graceless scamp, Father Noah?" continued Adam, bending over Noah, and holding the lantern for him.

"Yes, my boy, I saw him; I wish I

hadn't, for I should have thought it was some wherryman who had been napping, but Farrar was wide awake enough, and I fear there is no doubt he did it on purpose. This is a bad night's work, indeed, worse than that of the one inch mesh. If Eve had refused Farrar before that happened, I should have thought now he had had something to do with that," said Noah, as, having hauled up one end of the net, he turned to his boat, which always stood moored close by, and pulled himself and Adam across the river to haul up the other end.

There were of course no eels caught that night, all having escaped when the net was broken, and this in itself was a loss of one or two pounds, for on a good night as many as twenty stone of fish are sometimes taken, but this is in the autumn when the catches are heavy, because the eels then move towards the mouth of the river. The catch on this night would probably have been much less than that, but the damage to the net was a much more serious matter, for when the men returned with the other end they found one-third of the net had been torn quite away, and it was not at all probable they would ever recover it.

"I could not get this net repaired under five or six pounds if I were to put it out, and even doing it myself it will cost me several pounds, to say nothing of the time it will take. I shan't do much more than have it ready by next October, working all my leisure hours at it," said Noah, as he and Adam threw the dripping, broken net ashore till daylight.

"I hope you'll prosecute Farrar," said Adam.

"No, my lad, no; I'll just forgive him. Poor fellow, he has done himself more harm by his spite than he has me."

"I expect he has; there is more than one wherryman will give him a thrashing for disgracing them by his conduct when they hear of it," said Adam.

Noah knew this to be true, for such a serious breach of the etiquette of the broads—for it was a point of honour among the wherryman to warn the eel-catchers of their approach—was not likely to go unpunished.

"But they need not hear of it, and it is far better that they should not. I shan't mention it at the club, and I would rather you did not, Adam. Of course the fact that the net was broken by a passing wherry must come out; my wife will tell that to everyone she sees, but neither she nor anyone else need know that the wherry was Jack Farrar's, and that he did it on purpose; you and I can keep that secret, can't we?"

"Yes, if you wish I will, certainly," said Adam, rather reluctantly, though he admired Noah for his clemency, and shortly after he went home to bed.

Adam Day's was not a happy home; his poor old mother, for whom he had willingly sacrificed some of the best years of his life, and counted it only his duty to do so, was cross and cantankerous and by no means grateful for the sacrifice. She would far rather Adam had remained an eelman, like his father, and was always reproaching him for not having done so. She did not hold with

book-teaching, being no scholar herself, as she was wont to say, and though the school-house in which she lived with her son was a far more comfortable home than he could ever have given her had he remained an eel-catcher, she was always grumbling and complaining that the noise of the children coming in and out of the adjoining schools crazed her. Adam bore it all very patiently, knowing that as long as his mother lived here he must stay, although he was far too good a man for the post, and qualified for much higher work than teaching village boys. He had a real genius for teaching, and the dream of his life was to go to college and take his degree, which would qualify him for teaching in either private or public schools for boys of the middle and upper classes; but this was impossible in his mother's life-time; he could not leave her to keep his terms, nor would she ever allow him to throw up his certain work there for an uncertainty; still less could he take her with him to either Oxford or Cambridge. It was a great trial to Adam to be forced to go on with this drudgery, knowing his capacity for better work, especially as Mr. Leicester had more than once offered to advance him the money for his college expenses, feeling sure, as he did, Adam would have no difficulty in getting an assistant mastership in some school when once he had taken his degree, probably with honours; but there was no help for it; he could do nothing in his mother's lifetime; and Mr. Leicester, though regretting it almost more than Adam did, acknowledged he was right.

Mr. Leicester had been an excellent friend to Adam. Finding what an exceedingly clever boy he was, he had taught him Latin, Greek, and mathematics, but

the boy soon outstripped his tutor, and though Adam constantly went to the rectory to read Greek with the rector, the latter had long ceased to be able to give him any help in his mathematical studies, in which Adam specially delighted. During these Greek readings Grace Leicester was always present, for her father liked to have her with him, and though he had such a high opinion of Adam's talents, it never occurred to him that Grace would ever look upon Adam as anything but the village school-master, who lived and moved and had his being in quite another sphere than that in which the Leicesters were born. And, indeed, Grace was as well aware of the difference in their positions as her father, or as Adam himself, who looked up to her as the most perfect type of womanhood he had ever seen; though that is not saying enough, for his acquaintance among the gentler sex was limited almost entirely to Eve and Grace. Suffice it to say, Adam worshipped Grace afar off, as Dante worshipped Beatrice; in her was realised his ideal of perfect maidenhood. The exquisite purity which seemed to cling to her as the dazzling robe of an angel; the gentleness which surrounded her and seemed to emanate from her as moonlight from the moon—a soft and subtle influence; the holiness which crowned her fair golden head with a gentle dignity, all placed her, in Adam's opinion, far above the rest of her sex. Eve Oldman was no doubt more beautiful, and, though only an eelman's daughter, attracted more attention from the gentlemen who visited the broads in their yachts, or who came on fishing excursions every year, than Grace Leicester, as Adam well knew. And it was to Eve Oldman that Adam was commonly

supposed to be secretly engaged, for they were often together, though Noah was generally with them, and Eve persistently rejected all other suitors, though fortunately they usually managed to console themselves with another wife, instead of seeking revenge, like Jack Farrar.

As Noah had foreseen, Mrs. Oldman stopped the very first wherry that passed the next morning and told the owner of the accident to Noah's net the previous night, laying great stress on the fact that no whistle had been sounded; he told the next wherry he passed, and the event became a nine days' wonder in the neighbourhood, and it was soon known that all the wherrymen were of the opinion there had been foul play, and their suspicions rested on Jack Farrar, who received several broad hints to take care what he was about or he might find himself ducked in the Muck Fleet one fine day, not only for destroying Noah's net, but for setting the small mesh; for the general opinion now was that Farrar set that also; but this opinion neither Noah nor Adam shared.

Noah didn't believe it, because it occurred before Eve refused Farrar, and though it was well known the latter hated Adam, and looked on him as a most dangerous rival, and was also very angry with Noah for encouraging him, still it was incredible that he should play such a trick on Eve's father a few hours before he asked her to marry him.

Adam didn't believe that Farrar did it, for the simple reason that he knew quite another person was the culprit; but to explain who this was we must go back a little and begin a new chapter.

(To be continued.)

USEFUL HINTS.

KEEPING JAM.

For many years my jams never kept well; they either fermented or turned mouldy. My cooks in turn blamed the fruit, the place they were stored in, the sugar, etc., but did not for a moment imagine they could be in fault.

At last, wearied out, I determined to try myself, and see if I could not make jams and jellies that would at least keep a reasonable time.

I believe I have succeeded well in this rainy summer, and with delicate fruits such as strawberries, raspberries, etc.

The secret is never to leave the preserving-pan for one moment from the commencement of the proceedings, and not to skim the fruit.

I put as a rule one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and stir the mass well from the time it is put on the fire; as the scum rises, and when boiling has begun, I stir more vigorously. After a time the scum begins to boil itself clear. When quite clear, the jam thickens, and I then take the pan off the fire and put the jam into warmed jars.

All the jams I have made this way are bright and clear, and some of the fruit has been gathered on a damp day.

Red currant and raspberry jellies I have managed in the same way, and with the same

satisfactory result. I never skim the jelly as the scum rises, but let it boil itself clear. I find fifty minutes or an hour ample time for preserving ten pounds of fruit; allowing twenty minutes for brisk boiling.

I have adopted this plan with an oil stove as well as an open fire. I need hardly say that by this method waste of any kind is avoided.

TO KEEP TARTS OR MEAT PIES HOT.

The present suggestion offered may not have occurred to some of our young cooks. Suppose you have another dish of the same size as that in which your tart or pie is made, take it and fill it about one-third full of water—I need hardly say hot water—and let your tart or pie rest over this until it is wanted, either on the top of the oven or inside. If mince, of course it must be watched to see that the crust does not take any hurt, but this will keep your fruit or meat quite hot without hurting your crust. It is much the same as the "bain marie" that is used on the top of the stove or hot plate to keep the various contents of the saucepans hot.

A USEFUL AND KINDLY WORD OF ADVICE TO GIRLS.

It is not generally known that a threading of cotton or silk elastic in the back of stays in

place of the cord that is usually sold in them, is a great comfort and no little contribution to health. Ease of movement is what most people desire, yet few, perhaps, go the right way to secure it. I have worn elastic in my stays for many years and have found great advantage arise therefrom. I remember when first I bought it for the purpose, and mentioned it to the girl who served me, she laughed at the very idea. "Why, whenever you move," she said, "up and down, you will have your stays gaping open." "Exactly what I want," I said; and so my stays have gaped open for many years and will do so I trust to the end of my life. I have found comfort and ease therefrom, and advise others to try the same.

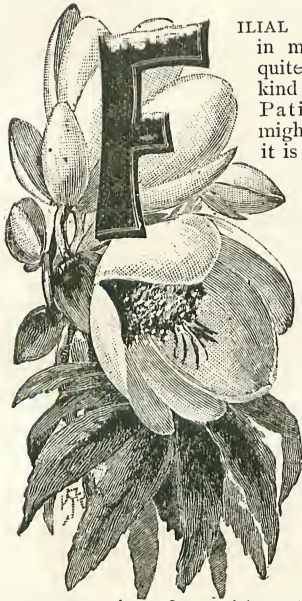
I should add, you may still have your dress moderately tight—the elastic will still do its work and make your figure the better.

RECIPE FOR REMOVING INK-STAINS FROM LINEN, &c.

If at hand, take a lemon, cut, and squeeze its juice at once upon the place stained; then rub with yellow soap, and rinse in cold water. The effect is almost magical, but the application should be instantaneous, for which purpose a lemon should be always kept in the house.

TYPES OF VIRTUE ; OR, IDEAL HEROINES OF ENGLISH WRITERS.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.



FILIAL Obedience is in many respects quite a different kind of virtue from Patience. We might almost say it is natural to be dutiful to our parents, and unnatural to be patient. Don't be frightened, my readers, I have not said anything terrible; but we must consider this matter a little, and in order to do so will take an example—call her Lucy—and will give her

an opportunity of exercising the virtues of Filial Obedience and Patience.

Lucy is a so-called good girl; I say "so-called," because outwardly she is quite a model to other girls; there is no naughtiness about her, her conduct is perfectly steady, and undoubtedly, in many ways, she is an uncommonly good girl. Her impulses are good, and she has had a careful training; that higher life, however, that taking to heart the truths of the Gospel which gives to those who wish and try to obtain it a magnificent motive for right, she knows little of.

Now, my readers, temptation assails the best of us, and how will Lucy withstand it? She is tempted to filial disobedience; her mother asks her to do something which is intensely disagreeable to her; it is not anything wrong, of course, but it rebels against her little pet fancies, puts a stop to her pet pleasures. It is a strong temptation; why should she not indulge in those pet fancies and pleasures? why not? Because her mother forbids her. Lucy thoroughly understands the upshot, and without thinking for a moment of her duty to God or the fifth commandment, overcomes the temptation and obeys; not because it is her duty to obey, but because the love she has for her mother is very great. In other words, it was natural for her to disobey, because her inclination would so lead her; but at the same time it was natural for her to love her mother, and thus a bad but natural impulse was overcome by a good but natural impulse.

Such a girl neither could nor would practise patience, at all events not a high form of it. Suppose, for instance, she was stricken down with illness; she might force herself to be calm because the doctor tells her she will not get well if she is not; but this is no virtue. Patience is essentially a virtue of the mind, and an extremely subtle one: so much so that though it does not do so, it occasionally appears to control a noble passion.

Filial obedience is a thoroughly natural virtue, and can be and sometimes is practised by people who are otherwise almost wholly bad. It springs at first from a feeling of weakness and reliance on those who are older and more experienced than ourselves, and

afterwards it is kept alive by love, to which is added reverence and a strong feeling of indebtedness. All this is purely natural, and is as true of the Atheist as of the Christian. Religion adds little to our obligations to our parents, but it makes neglect of those obligations doubly culpable, for I need hardly remind girls that their parents stand to them in the position of God.

Though, as I have said, the mere emotion of love is often sufficient to make us do our duty to our parents and resist all temptation against the fifth commandment, it must not be forgotten that this love, like all other emotions, may not be forthcoming, and it is then that we must call upon our higher nature to sustain us in temptation. We may not love our parents, it may be quite impossible that we can respect them; the feeling of indebtedness, however, ought always to remain, and certain duties to them must always be performed. Filial obedience, like all the other virtues, has its heroines, and these are they who have been badly treated, wrongly used by their parents, but who never forget their side of the obligation, however much the obligation on the other side may have been neglected. Of such heroines Shakespeare's Cordelia is a splendid example.

The paternal duties are more necessary to the well-being of society than the filial ones, but are of a less spiritual order. In the brute creation, note how strongly developed are the instincts of love and protection of offspring, and how comparatively poorly they are reciprocated. The cub whines when its mother is taken from it, because it has looked to her for protection; but the mother is enraged and torn with grief at the loss of the cub, because of her almost human-like love.

Filial duty being so natural, so usual, and generally so instinctive, its opposing vice is branded with infamy by the world. Men care little whether we are dutiful to God, still less whether we are dutiful to ourselves; but they fiercely condemn the undutiful to parents. The world sneers at the girl who is a regular church-goer and speaks harshly to her mother. The world reverses the order of Christ's two great commandments, and places duty to our neighbour first, and cares little if the other is kept at all, unless the second is forgotten; and then it ridicules religion, and makes prayer and church-going almost a fault. The world is wise in its generation, and provided natural virtues are practised, does not inquire the motive. If we are loved for our goodness, it is because we practise worldly, that is to say, natural virtue.

There is an underlying of truth in the world's judgments. If you neglect your duty to your parents, my readers, you neglect your duty to God. Natural virtues become supernatural if the motive is to do God's law. We cannot keep the first great commandment without the second, but—and this is a reservation all Christians must take to heart and ponder on—we can keep the second and not the first, and as Christians we know that if we do so we are guilty of fearful sins of omission.

Cordelia is the heroine of the magnificent tragedy of *King Lear*, and though she is famous even amongst Shakespeare's women, yet she is, in comparison to many of them, a mere sketch, and is absent during the greater part of the play.

In the first scene, Lear, the aged King of Britain, weary of the cares and business of the State, calls together his three daughters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia, and the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, husbands of the

two older. Cordelia is unmarried, but has for suitors the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy, who are in Britain, rivals for her hand. Lear states his purpose to divide the kingdom into three parts, and confer them on his daughters; but asks them first to say which of them loves him best, thereby deserving the largest portion. Goneril, the eldest, speaks first, and describes her love as more than speech can utter, dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty—

"A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you."

A third of Britain is conferred on her, and Regan, wife of Cornwall, is asked to speak. She tells of a love like to Goneril's, only greater: no other joys she knows but happiness in her father's love. Cordelia, meanwhile, is surprised and shocked at her sisters' professions of a love which would be evil if true, seeing that they are married; but which she knows to be mere cunning statements to draw a prize. After Goneril's speech she communes with herself—

"What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent;"

and after Regan's still more exaggerated statements:—

"Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue."

Lear gives a portion to Regan which equals that of Goneril, and then asks Cordelia what she can say to draw a third and richer inheritance than her sisters. Cordelia is therefore asked to surpass Goneril's and Regan's exaggerated statements, which she could not do with honesty, for her heart loved more than her eloquence could attest.

To Lear's question she answers "Nothing." Lear tells her that nothing will come of nothing, and bids her speak again, to which she answers:—

"Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart unto my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less."

At first sight this appears perhaps ungracious; the impression is, however, partly corrected in her next speech, and when we find how great her love really is, proved so splendidly in deeds in the after-scenes of the play, we may consider this as a protest against her father's foolish desire and her sisters' dishonest statements. Lear again asks her to mend her speech, and she replies:—

"Good, my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty;
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all."

The foolish king, deceived and flattered by Goneril's and Regan's professions of love, liked not his youngest daughter's straightforward honesty; and blinded to all sense of justice, divides Cordelia's portion between the other two, and silences the good courtier Kent, who protests against his folly and wickedness.

The King of France and the Duke of Burgundy now arrive on the scene, and Lear informs them that Cordelia is dowered only with a curse. Burgundy thereupon throws up his quest, but France asks the reason of the curse, and Cordelia, who is a thorough woman, conscious of right, speaks thus:—

"I yet beseech your majesty—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what
I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak—that you make
known
It is no vicious plot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and
favour;
But even for want of that for which I am
richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to
have it
Hath lost me in your liking."

The King of France now sees Lear's folly, and prizing Cordelia more than ever, takes her for his wife, and asks her to bid them all farewell.

Cordelia's farewell to her sisters shows how well she knew their characters, and, woman-like, she is not loath to speak her mind:—

"The jewels of our father, with wash'd
eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what
you are;
And like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well
our father;
To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place;
So, farewell to you both."

The sisters Goneril and Regan reply in mocking tones, and Cordelia leaves them with the following sentence:—

"Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them
derides.
Well may you prosper!"

With this Cordelia disappears from the play until the last scene in the fourth act, and as it is not my purpose to trace the plot except where our heroine appears, I will only briefly allude to those events which led up to Cordelia's splendid acts of devotion to save her aged father.

Lear soon reaps the result of his folly, and finds that Goneril's and Regan's professions of love were mere words. He first seeks the hospitality of Goneril and the Duke of Albany, with an escort of one hundred followers. Goneril communes with Regan, and they agree that their father is a worry in their State, his followers riotous, and himself an old and unwise fool. Goneril complains to Lear, through a steward, and bids him dismiss one-half his train. Lear, mad with anger and disappointment, seeks his daughter, only to find her steadfast in her purpose, which she states in unkind words. The aged king curses Goneril's ingratitude, and seeks his second daughter Regan, who bids him make peace with his eldest daughter, and obey her orders.

Lear, on finding Regan in league with her sister, and equally ungrateful, leaves his unnatural daughters and goes raving mad. Attended by his fool and a faithful follower, he

rides to a lonely heath in a raging tempest, and seeks shelter in a cave.

Meanwhile the King of France, hearing of divisions in the kingdom of Britain and the hateful conduct of the sisters, lands an army at Dover, which Cordelia accompanies. We hear from a messenger how great was Cordelia's grief at the wicked treatment of her father.

"Faith, once or twice she heaved the name
of 'father'

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart!
Cried, 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies!
sisters!

Kent! father! sisters! 'What, i' the
storm? i' the night?

Let pity not be believed!' Then she
shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd; then away she
started

To deal with grief alone."

The King of France is called to his country by State affairs, but Cordelia remains with the army at Dover, and on being told of the approach of the British force, resolves to give battle for her father's sake.

" * * * O dear father,

It is thy business that I go about;

Therefore great France

My mourning and important tears hath
pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's
right;

Soon may I hear and see him!"

The mad Lear is brought to Cordelia, and her sorrow at his state is exquisitely portrayed. No thought of former wrongs is with her; she strives with loving care to restore the lost mind and give comfort to the aged frame. Lear recognises his daughter, and deeply repents of his injustice.

"You must bear with me;

Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old
and foolish."

The battle is fought, the British are victorious, and Lear and Cordelia taken prisoners. Thus had the noble daughter risked and lost all for a father who had so cruelly wronged her. The play is a terrible tragedy. Cordelia is hanged in prison, and Lear, who tried to save her and killed her murderer, dies. Goneril and Regan do not, however, prosper. Lying to their father, one deceives her husband, and both fall in love with the base-born Edmund. In jealousy Goneril poisons her sister and then slays herself. Thus Cordelia perishes for her filial love, and her sisters of jealousy and for a guilty love.

In the commencement of the article I treated of filial duty largely from its moral side, because Cordelia and her self-sacrifice illustrate so grandly the beautiful sentiment which surrounds the virtue.

The affection which we bear for our parents ought to be of quite a different kind from any other, and most like that which we give to our Maker: the love of an inferior to a superior, of one who owes to another a debt so great that it can never be repaid. Except in matters of faith and morals, when our conscience is the supreme arbiter, we must allow our parents to exercise a power over our wills and actions until we are of age; and even after we have attained manhood and womanhood we must hearken to their advice, and only disregard it when our reason or conscience have quite decided that it is bad. Their wish ought to weigh with us before our caprice, but not before our reason and conscience, which, when not warped and deadened by error, are direct inspirations from God.

I have heard girls say, "Oh, my parents and I get on capitally together; we are like

brothers and sisters or intimate friends; there is no constraint whatever." To which other girls reply, "How delightful! My parents are quite different, unfortunately." Probably the girls who answer in this fashion have better parents, or certainly parents who exercise their duties in a more proper fashion. There must not be the same form of intimacy between parents and children as exists between intimate friends, because such friendship is founded upon a feeling of absolute equality, which ought not to exist in filial love. Then what makes conversation so delightful with intimate friends is the knowledge that if we disagree we can say so openly, without fear of a rupture, and the more intimate we are the more open and candid we may be. With our parents this is not the case; differences of opinion on unimportant matters are often better not expressed, or if they are, should be put more in the form of suggestions, as is the case when a premier addresses his sovereign.

Be careful, you older girls, to greatly value your parents and to make their lives comfortable and happy, for you will probably outlive them many years, when nothing in the world will console you for a knowledge of neglect and careless treatment of their wishes. A terrible reckoning comes to the ungrateful child. Matured intellect and experience of the world to those who are not base, bring back much of the childish love of parents, grown dim during the passionate period of youth. There comes a time when pride of life brooks no authority, when intellect and passions are strong, but unused to their strength and unrefined by experience—a time of impatience and a longing for power, often misdirected when it is obtained, and making us discontented when it is not; a period of neglect of former ties, and a striving for new. Then is it that love of parents gets diminished and duty is forgotten. But there comes another time, when experience has guided the intellect and restrained the passions within their rightful bounds, when former bounties are remembered, and also their miserable return; when early love comes back again, fortified by knowledge; when we realise that nothing we can do, no sacrifice that we can make, is sufficient return to our parents.

Remember also, you older girls, that Time affects us all, but in opposite ways. It strengthens your body, clears your intellect, and prepares you for the battle of life; it is, in fact, kind to you; but it is not so to your mother or father. That which it gave it comes to take away; time is not a donor, but a lender; the body which it matured it now comes to wither, not quickly—slow and sure are its methods. It works with care and by degrees, stone by stone it builds, and stone by stone it demolishes. But the picture is, for a Christian, not altogether a gloomy one; this Time, this all-powerful agent is controlled by a good God—is in one sense God Himself. His ways are inscrutable, but something has been revealed. Man was not built with such exceeding care merely to be destroyed; bounties turned to good account bear fruit in eternal reward.

But, you older girls, remember also that this time of decay, though it leads to a new birth, brings trials, sickness, and disappointed hopes. You cannot restrain the work of destruction, but you can somewhat allay its terrors. You can comfort the aged mind and support the aged body. You may succeed in making the final stage in life's journey more pleasant. Linger by your parents' side during the long months and years of decline; let their bent frames rest on your strong arm; let the dimmed eyes and feeble minds know that you are at your duty and thankful; and be present when God takes the souls to their haven of eternal rest.

JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER III.



FORTNIGHT soon slipped away, and Mr. and Mrs. Forbes came back, amidst general rejoicings, to the old Manse, which was to be their home. How happy everybody was, and what a cheerful party sat down to dinner that day, Mr. McBain bringing out a bottle of champagne to celebrate the event, as he said, and his wife looking really al-

most well with the flush which seeing Bessie again had brought to her cheek; while Kitty, who had asked if she might stay and wait at table, hovered about, pleased to be near them all, especially her friend and counsellor, and listen to the description of the place, far up in the Highlands, where the married pair had been for their honeymoon. By the end of the week everything seemed to have resumed its usual aspect, except that Robert Forbes lived in the Manse instead of only coming there now and then for the day; but otherwise there was no change. Bessie waited on her mother, as before, and looked after the flowers, and the ducks and chickens, in the old way; and so the daily life flowed on evenly and without interruption for about a year.

To Kitty, however, it did not prove an uneventful twelve months, as she made the acquaintance of a young man who worked for a large firm of builders in Aberdeen, and who came occasionally to see an uncle living in a cottage some little distance from Mrs. McGowan's. This uncle was on the point of leaving his native land for New York, in order to spend the remainder of his life with a son married and settled out there, and his nephew's company was not only agreeable but useful, helping him, as he did, in many ways, with regard to the arrangements for the voyage. During one of these visits the younger man happened to meet Kitty McGowan walking, and was so much struck with her looks that he soon managed to get acquainted with her, and then the time given hitherto to his uncle was somewhat curtailed in favour of hours passed at Deeside Cottage, sauntering with Kitty on the banks of the river, and weaving plans for the future which looked so bright to both, sure as they were of each other's affection, and confident of getting on if only health and strength were continued to them. The first thing Kitty did after James Ferguson asked her to marry him, and had told her grandmother his wishes, and received her consent and blessing in reply, was to go up to the Manse to see her friend.

"Well, Kitty," said the former, looking up from her occupation of weeding a flower-bed, and shading her eyes from the sun by tilting her sun-bonnet over them, "isn't it a lovely day! Have you anything particular to ask

me?" she went on, observing something unusual in the girl's face and manner.

Kitty blushed, and played with the strings of her apron, but spoke out, nevertheless.

"Yes, Miss Bessie," she said, quite forgetting in her excitement that it was no longer Miss Bessie, but Mrs. Forbes she was speaking to. "Yes, I have indeed. Jamie Ferguson has asked me to marry him, only last evening, but I felt I must come and tell you as soon as I could after."

"Jamie Ferguson! Oh, yes, that's the young man you told me of who comes from Aberdeen. I did wonder a little sometimes, whether there was anything between you and him, but you kept your own counsel this time, Kitty," she smiled, and added, "I am very glad, dear, and you have my very best wishes for your happiness, as I'm sure you know. Is it quite settled? I mean, does your grandmother approve?"

"Oh, yes, she does, quite, and I think she is pleased too. Jamie is very steady, and has plenty of work always. It is a large firm, and they employ a great many men. He can only come here when there is half a day's work instead of a whole one, of course."

"No, of course not," said Bessie; "so you can't see him very often, I suppose; but when you are married it will be different. I'm afraid I shall lose you then. Won't you have to live in Aberdeen?"

"Not yet," said Kitty; "they say lodgings are so dear there, and grannie wants me to stay, so I shall still live at the cottage, and Jamie will come backwards and forwards every day by train. There is a very early one which he can go by in the morning, and it's not far, you know, to the station." She paused, and then said rather timidly, "I can hardly believe I am so happy as I am now; it seems to me as if the dreams I used to have when I sat by the river have come true. I don't mean that I was thinking of Jamie; I couldn't, for I didn't know him then, but somehow my life feels so different since he came; it's not dull now ever."

"Now look here, Kitty," said Mrs. Forbes, with a smile, but speaking rather gravely; "don't think for one moment that I want to spoil your happiness, or take the gloss off your prospects. I think you know your old friend too well for that; but I know you, too, very well indeed, and you are such an excitable, impulsive creature that it's generally too much up or too much down with you. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," said Kitty; "I know I'm not equal, like you. That is what I always used to say, but I can't make myself different, though perhaps it would be better if I could."

"All I mean, dear," said Bessie, "is this: you enjoy things so keenly that even a little disappointment comes with greater force upon you than a heavier one would most likely on another person, and I really do not believe that any lot in life is quite free from some little drawback." Kitty looked up as if about to speak, but looked away again.

"I know what is in your mind," said Bessie; "you are wondering what I have to complain of in my lot. Well, I have nothing to complain of; on the contrary, I have a very happy life; but even in this there may be some things I should like to have which God has not seen fit to give me. I am very fond of babies," she added, in a lower tone; "and sometimes when I see the cottagers with theirs, I feel a little envious. There's a confession for you. But after all we don't

know, and perhaps some day—— But you see that there is often some little thing which is not just what we like in everybody's life."

"I see," said Kitty. "I daresay everybody does have something to bother them one way or another, so it's no use expecting too much. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"That is what I mean, dear, and if you make up your mind to it, then I think any annoyance which may happen is less likely to have a bad effect and get exaggerated in one's ideas. I suppose you have not thought when the great event is to come off, have you?"

"Well," said Kitty, "grannie was saying just now that she didn't see why we couldn't be married next month. Jamie is as well off now as he is likely to be for a year or two, at any rate, and I shall just tidy up my things, and buy myself a new bonnet and gown, and perhaps two or three pairs of stockings. There won't be any furniture to get or house to see to, as we shall live at the cottage still."

"You must let me give you the wedding-gown and bonnet, Kitty dear; it will be a real pleasure to me. What colour do you like best?"

"Oh, thank you," said Kitty, warmly. "I shall be pleased to be married in a dress you gave me. I think a nice blue is a good colour; green is jealous, they say, and red is too bright."

"Very well, dear, blue it shall be, and a pretty straw bonnet trimmed with white."

It was July when all this was settled, and the weather was beautiful, and warmer than it often is in Scotland. Kitty trod on air—her heart was so light that she seemed to, at least, for when the heart is light the step follows suit; and it is curious how much may be gleaned as to the mental condition of anybody by observing their walk. She flitted about the cottage perpetually, as busy as a bee, and though the neatness and tidiness of everything could really not be improved upon, yet there were little touches of brightness, such as new flowered chintz covers for a chair or cushion, or a fresh bit of red stuff for the centre table, which gave an additional smartness to the place, and harmonised well with the radiant look of the girl as she went joyfully about her work.

At length, in the beginning of August, Kitty's wedding-day arrived, and, with a sort of romance very characteristic of her, and an entire forgetfulness of all "Miss Bessie's" prudent warnings, she went out early that morning to her favourite nook close to the Dee, and, sitting down, she dipped her hands in the stream, letting the water run through her fingers as she held them up afterwards to dry, and apostrophised the Dee thus—

"Oh, beautiful river; how often I have come and sat here close to you and you have talked to me, and how often I have come because I was unhappy and dull; but now, dear Dee, I am not going to be dull or unhappy any more; Jamie is so good to me, and we shall be always happy." Then she got up and waved her hand, as she moved away saying, "Good-bye to Kitty McGowan, dear river, you will have Kitty Ferguson to come and talk to you very soon."

James Ferguson, his wife, and her grandmother got on very well together, and wished for nothing better than the Deeside cottage, which, in fact, was as comfortable as anything could be, and quite roomy enough to take them all in easily. So they lived on there in peace and happiness, and Jamie went early each morning by train to his work in Aber-

deen, and occasionally to some other place where a building job was to be done. His uncle had gone long since to America, and his cottage was let to strangers, who were not very desirable acquaintances, as they were always dirty and untidy. The family then consisted of an *oldish* man and his two sons, all labouring men, who got their living by working in the fields or breaking stones on the road, or in any way they could, and spent, so people said, more than they could afford, or was good for them either, in drink. The old man was quiet enough himself, but the sons were noisy and apt to be quarrelsome; and sometimes when Kitty was walking and chanced to meet either of them, there was a rudeness in their manner

which made her always avoid them if possible. They never became friends with her husband in the true meaning of the word; the men were too different ever to fraternise very well; but if they met they had a chat about the subjects of local interest, and Jamie, who was well informed for a man of his position, would tell them what was going on in the world according to the newspapers, rather pleased at being able to impart knowledge, and be looked up to in a measure as a consequence. He also found that by degrees the two young men seemed to take a liking to him, and rather made opportunities for meeting him. By degrees, therefore, it came about that James Ferguson and the two Grants, Andrew and Sandy, were pretty often together if their work lay in the

same direction, which happened occasionally, though not often; or perhaps when Jamie had to go to Aberdeen, as he did most days, they would meet him on his return and walk to Deeside Cottage with him, being invited once in a way by Mrs. McGowan to come in and have a cup of tea—an invitation which was never seconded by Kitty, who disliked them cordially, and rather showed it by her manner. However, they had smartened themselves up a little since their first visit to the cottage, and were scrupulously civil, so that the old grandmother was not averse to their company now and then, and rather liked to see them at the tea-table.

(To be continued.)



WAITING FOR CHURCH.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

LIGHTS and shadows, shifting—blending
On the level sward below,
Graceful branches, swaying, bending
O'er the river's quiet flow;
All the faint delicious murmur
Of the summer in the air,
And the church-bells chiming—calling
To the Father's house of prayer.

Drifting softly, floating slowly
Through the stir of leaves and flowers,
Comes that message clear and holy,
Speaking to this earth of ours;
Speaking to the little children
In the dawn of life's fair day,
Saying, "Seek Me, seek Me early,
In mine own appointed way.

"Seek Me while the dew remaineth
On the blossoms of the heart,
Ere the world's pollution staineth,
Or the virgin blooms depart:
Soon the freshness will be over,
Soon the petals fade and pale;
Come to Me—and I will bless thee
With a joy that cannot fail."

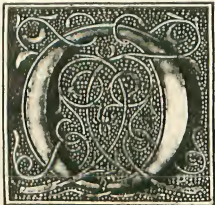
Father, show me how to praise Thee
When I seek Thy courts to-day;
Guide me by Thy love, and raise me—
Let me feel the words I say.
Bless me on this hallowed morning,
Bid my soul to Thee draw near;
Teach me, and my heart shall listen—
Speak, Lord, and Thy child shall hear.



THE CHEF.

By MARY POCKOCK.

HOW A FRENCH COOK MAKES SAUCES AND GRAVIES.



NE cannot say of French sauces, as of many French soups, that they are very simple; they are very numerous, and most of them require very careful making. They are not necessarily extravagant if the cook manages well. For instance, in many recipes mushrooms are an important ingredient. For chopping, if properly washed, the skins and stalks are quite as good as the mushrooms themselves; also, if only used for flavouring, to be strained out before the sauce is served. These are what many French cooks use, reserving the mush-

rooms for dishes where they are required whole. Readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will find, if they compare the recipes of various French writers on cookery, that sauces with the same name are very differently made. I have given two recipes for Tartare sauce which will show this. Many others vary quite as much, so that those who try French cooking must not be disappointed if they make a sauce from a recipe and find it is not like one they have tasted somewhere else; but remember, that as a Tartare sauce made with gherkins would be very unlike one made without, so they will find differences in other dishes. Some of the following gravies and sauces are served as here given, or are used as a base for more elaborate preparations. One of the most important is:—

*Jus (gravy).—*Besides the gravy from roast meat it is made thus: Take all the trimmings

you have from meat, game, or poultry, add some pieces of bacon and 2 lbs. of veal (knuckle of veal does very well), one large onion, one carrot cut in pieces, a bunch of thyme, savory, basil, parsley, a bayleaf, a shalot, a small clove of garlic, and a lump of sugar, put in a stewpan over the fire with half a pint of broth or water; let it boil two hours, stirring and looking from time to time to see that it does not stick to the bottom of the stewpan. If the moisture dries up too soon, a little more broth or water must be added; when the vegetables are cooked and begin to adhere to the stewpan and take a brown colour, draw quite to the side of the stove, pour in another half a pint of broth or water and let it stand to soak off what has dried up, stir well; then add about one quart of water or broth, depending on the quantity of trimmings, etc., you have put in; salt very



"AND THE CHURCH-BELLS CHIMING—CALLING
TO THE FATHER'S HOUSE OF PRAYER."

moderately, and place over a quick fire; boil for two hours, skim, strain through a cloth, and put aside for use.

Thick Gravy.—Mix a tablespoonful of flour with cold water, and add to the gravy one hour before it is done. If not thick enough more can be added, but flour in gravies and sauces must be well cooked; it is not sufficient to add the flour a few minutes before the gravy is served, as many English cooks do. This gravy is served as *sauce brune* (brown sauce). A gravy which is the base of the cookery in most restaurants is made thus—put two ounces of butter in a saucepan with two sliced carrots, two onions, and some chopped mushroom stalks and skins, a bunch of herbs, parsley, bayleaf, four cloves, an old fowl and some veal (both cut in small pieces), part of a ham bone or some bacon bones (necks and feet of chicken are sometimes added), turn about in the stewpan for a few minutes, sift in a little flour, then add water or broth enough to rather more than cover the contents twice; that is to say, if the stewpan is nearly one-third full, let the broth or water make it two-thirds full; boil up and skim, then put the lid on and keep it boiling two hours, add some lumps of butter kneaded with flour, let it stew until the meat all falls from the bones, strain through a hair sieve, and set aside for use.

Sauce Espagnole (Spanish or brown sauce).—Put two tablespoonfuls of oil, or a piece of butter, in a stewpan, with the trimmings of lean meat and any remains of ham or poultry (some add game), a chopped onion, a sliced carrot, two or three mushrooms or mushroom trimmings, a little thyme, a clove, a small quantity of nutmeg, salt and pepper; when the meat is a light brown add a little flour, stir, then moisten with sufficient broth or water, add a bunch of parsley, let it simmer three or four hours, skim and take the fat off, strain through a sieve. This sauce is often used to add to other sauces.

Sauce au Velouté or Blonde.—Melt one ounce of butter in a stewpan, add some button mushrooms or trimmings, two ounces of ham, and about half a pound of uncooked veal (cut small); put the stewpan over a slow fire, and turn the ingredients about until all are of a pale gold colour, then add one pint of white (preferably veal) broth or water, and let all simmer one hour, then take out the meat and add two or three tablespoonfuls of cream, let it simmer for a quarter of an hour, stirring all the time; when it shall have attained a proper consistence strain it, and employ with any meat, but not with game.

Bechamel.—Melt two ounces of butter in a stewpan, stir in about two ounces of flour, cook for seven minutes, or until the flour leaves the sides of the stewpan; stir all the time; then remove from the fire, moisten with one quart of boiling milk, stirring as you add the milk, put back on the fire, and stir until it boils; then draw to the side of the stove, and add two ounces of raw ham and a small bunch of herbs and parsley, salt to taste, simmer twenty-five minutes, strain, and it is ready for use. This sauce is also made with half white stock and half cream.

Sauce Allemande.—Put half a pint of velouté sauce in a stewpan, add three tablespoonfuls of water in which mushroom trimmings have been boiled, and the same quantity of veal or chicken broth; boil eight minutes, stirring all the time. Mix the yolk of an egg with a little raw cream, take the sauce from the fire and add the egg and cream to thicken it, put back on the stove for a minute or two, but do not let it boil again. Serve.

Sauce Hollandaise.—Put four tablespoonfuls of good vinegar in a little stewpan, reduce it by boiling to half the quantity, take it off the stove for two minutes, then mix with it three yolks of raw eggs, a pinch of pepper and salt, stir two minutes over a gentle fire, then add

slowly, dropping one little piece in after another, two ounces of butter; continue to stir the sauce over a very slow fire until it thickens, then stand the stewpan in the bain-marie, or in a saucepan of boiling water, and add another two ounces of butter, slowly, in the same way as the first two ounces; continue to stir; at the end of ten minutes the sauce ought to be of a proper consistence and creamy; serve at once. This sauce must be made slowly, stirred the whole time, and always in the same direction.

A Simpler Sauce is made thus—Put one ounce of butter in a stewpan, work into it one tablespoonful of flour and a pinch of salt, add a little cold water, put over a slow fire, stir always the same way, let it boil five minutes, take from the fire and add the yolk of an egg, mixed with a little cold water, let it get hot again but not boil; just as it is to be served stir in quickly another ounce of butter and a little lemon juice or a few drops of vinegar.

Sauce à la Hollandaise, to serve with asparagus.—Make sufficient butter for the quantity of asparagus hot, skim it, and add some lemon juice and salt; serve in a very hot tureen. Should there be any sediment to the butter, it must be strained through muslin and made hot again.

Sauce Poulette.—Put one ounce of butter in a stewpan, add one and a half ounces of flour, cook thoroughly without letting it brown, moisten with three-quarters of a pint of white broth, stir till it boils, then draw it off one side. Add a bunch of sweet herbs, parsley, some mushrooms or mushroom trimmings, salt and nutmeg; let it simmer a quarter of an hour, then take the fat off and strain the sauce, put it back in the stewpan, thicken with the yolks of two eggs, and finish by stirring in one ounce of butter, a little more nutmeg, chopped parsley, and the juice of a lemon.

Sauce Ravigote.—Cook one ounce of butter and three-quarters of an ounce of flour together without letting them brown, then moisten with sufficient stock; boil. Add one tablespoonful of finely minced shalots, a few crushed peppers and a little parsley, boil for fifteen minutes, skim and strain into a clean saucepan; boil for another ten minutes, draw from the fire, and stir in a teaspoonful of mustard that has been mixed with vinegar and a tablespoonful of good oil; finish with a teaspoonful each of finely chopped parsley, pimpernel, and tarragon. A little spinach green is sometimes added to improve the appearance.

Sauce Raifort (horseradish).—Put in a stewpan one ounce of butter and one ounce of flour; stir and cook the flour without letting it brown, then add a quarter of a pint of white stock or water, and the same quantity of boiled milk; stir until it boils, then let it cook five minutes; have ready two tablespoonfuls of finely grated horseradish, add this with a little salt and a pinch of sugar, make the sauce hot, without boiling, and serve.

Sauce Tomate.—Put an ounce of butter in a stewpan, throw in a minced onion, a bay-leaf, a sprig of parsley, two cloves, a few whole peppers, and a little salt; cook a few minutes, then add one pound of tomatoes cut in quarters, let them cook half an hour, then rub the whole through a sieve; if not thick enough put the purée back in the stewpan and add a little butter and flour, and cook for ten minutes, or if too thick a little stock is added to the purée.

Sauce Verte.—Put in a stewpan over the fire a teacupful of veal broth, with a little lemon juice, pound separately chervil, tarragon, cress, and pimpernel; press the juice into a basin and mix with it the yolks of four raw eggs; take the stock from the fire and mix slowly with the eggs, season with salt, and make the sauce hot, but do not boil it; serve at once.

Sauce Piquante.—Put two tablespoonfuls of

minced shalots, with salt, pepper, and a very little grated nutmeg in a stewpan with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; put over the fire, and reduce, that is to say, let all the vinegar boil away, then add half a pint of good brown stock, simmer twenty minutes, skim, and before serving add about eight pickled gherkins very finely chopped.

Sauce Piquante à l'Eau.—Take six shalots, mix them, chop two or three sprigs of parsley, warm an ounce of butter in a stewpan, put in the parsley and shalots, shake in a good teacupful of flour, stir with a wooden spoon for a few minutes, add rather less than half a pint of water, salt, pepper, and nutmeg, boil half an hour before serving, add a few drops of vinegar or a little lemon juice.

Sauce Poivrade.—Put in a stewpan two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, an onion, and two shalots, chopped small, a bay-leaf, some parsley, thyme, whole black pepper, and two cloves; put on the fire and by boiling reduce the vinegar to half the quantity; add three-quarters of a pint of thick gravy, simmer for a quarter of an hour, skim well, let it simmer for another quarter of an hour, strain through a fine strainer, and serve hot.

Sauce aux Echalotes (shalot sauce).—Put in a stewpan two tablespoonfuls of minced shalots and five tablespoonfuls of vinegar, put over a fire, and let the vinegar evaporate. When the shalots are dry, add half a pint of broth, tie up a bay-leaf and some spices in a piece of muslin and put them in with a sprig of parsley; let the whole simmer twelve minutes; take out the parsley and spice, colour with a little caramel (burnt sugar); mix a teaspoonful of flour with a little butter, add it to the sauce, boil a few minutes to cook the flour, finish with a little pepper; skim, and serve without straining.

Sauce au Pauvre Homme (poor man's sauce).—Chop half a dozen shalots and an onion, cook them in oil or butter without letting them brown, sift in a little flour, stir and cook, then add some broth and one tablespoonful of vinegar, stir and boil for six minutes; draw from the fire, add a tablespoonful of minced capers and two anchovies, boned and chopped, finish with some pepper and chopped parsley.

A simpler sauce, Au Pauvre Homme, is made thus:—Put half a pint of stock in a stewpan; when it boils throw in a handful of chopped chives, two or three slices of lemon, without pips, and a few fine breadcrumbs, let the whole simmer a quarter of an hour, take out the lemon, and serve the sauce.

Sauce Italienne.—Mince two onions or six shalots, cook them in butter, then add double the quantity of chopped mushrooms, stir over the fire for a few minutes, sift in a little flour, cook three minutes, add three-quarters of a pint of stock, boil fast for ten minutes, finish with a little cayenne pepper, and serve.

Sauce aux Champignons (mushroom sauce).—Chop some mushrooms, cook them in a little butter, add some stock, some parsley, and a scallion or an onion, boil gently for half an hour, and pass through a sieve; make hot again and serve.

Sauce Robert.—Chop two large onions, put them in a stewpan with an ounce of butter, turn them about and cook until they are a light brown, add a dessert-spoonful of flour, cook three minutes, then add half a pint (or more, if required) of stock, boil until the onions are done, skim the fat off, and add two teaspoonfuls of mustard mixed with the same quantity of vinegar and some pepper and salt. This sauce is liked with fresh pork.

Sauce à l'Oseille (sorrel sauce).—Take two handfuls of young sorrel, strip the leaves from the stalks so as only to retain the tender parts of the leaves, cook them eight minutes with a teacupful of water, drain them on a sieve. Put in a stewpan a quarter of a pound of clarified butter, boil it until it begins to colour, then

mix the sorrel with it, season with pepper, salt, and nutmeg, stir over the fire, make quite hot, and serve.

Sauce Estragon (tarragon sauce).—Put a sprig of fresh tarragon in a stewpan with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and some black peppers; put over the fire, and evaporate nearly all the vinegar, then add one ounce of butter mixed with a tablespoonful of flour, cook for a few minutes; next stir in nearly half a pint of boiling water, boil ten minutes, take out the peppercorns and sprig of tarragon. Prepare a large tablespoonful of tarragon leaves by cutting them in lozenge-shaped pieces, plunging them in boiling water, and draining them well; add these to the sauce, and serve.

Sauce Maître de Hôtel.—Make some sauce with one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, and sufficient water to make it a proper consistency; boil five minutes, take another ounce (or if liked richer two ounces) of butter, work into it some lemon juice, salt, cayenne, or white pepper, chopped parsley, and a little grated nutmeg; stir this into the sauce, keep the saucepan at the side of the stove for a few minutes, but do not let the sauce boil again; serve.

Maître d'Hôtel Butter is butter with lemon juice, chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and sometimes nutmeg worked into it. It is very nice for putting on steaks and for many other purposes.

Sauce Béarnaise.—Put in a stewpan four tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one tablespoonful of chopped shalots, some peppercorns, a sprig of tarragon, and a bay-leaf; boil the vinegar down to half the quantity, remove the stewpan from the fire, take out the bay-leaf, tarragon, and peppercorns, put in three yolks of eggs (not beaten), stir with a wooden spoon over a slow fire until the eggs thicken, then take from the stove and stir in one and a half ounces of butter, adding it in little pieces; stir again over a very slow fire until it is thick, then while you stir it quickly add another one and a half ounces of butter, putting it in in little pieces as before; then finish the sauce with a tablespoonful of chopped tarragon, and serve at once.

Sauce au Citron (lemon sauce).—Boil half a pint of water or fish stock, add salt, pepper, chopped parsley, one ounce of butter, and the juice of a lemon; keep hot on stove for five minutes, then serve without boiling.

Sauce au Civet (to serve with leverets, hares, or rabbits).—Take the liver of a hare, leveret, or rabbit, half cook it in any white fat or butter, add half a pint of stock, three or four little onions, two bay-leaves, and two or three mushroom stalks; let all simmer until the flavour is good; rub through a sieve and serve. This sauce is often made with two-thirds stock and one-third red wine.

Beurre Noir (black butter).—Put three ounces of butter in a frying pan over a quick fire. When it is brown skim it and turn it into a basin, and put it aside; then in the same pan put two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a little salt; reduce the vinegar by boiling it to one tablespoonful, then add the brown butter, stir a minute, and turn the sauce, boiling, over the fish or eggs to be served with it.

Caramel.—When brown sauces are not a good colour, a little caramel is often added; it is made thus:—Put two tablespoonfuls of crushed white sugar into a small saucepan or stewpan that is not tinned (a little copper skillet is nice for the purpose), but that you have wetted with cold water, stir the sugar over a moderate fire until it is a dark brown, then pour in gently about a quarter of a pint of water; keep stirring until all the browned sugar is mixed with the water, then take from the fire, and when cool bottle for use.

French cooks serve more cold sauces than we do; they are frequently very convenient where there are not many servants, as they can be prepared some hours before they are wanted. Some of the following sauces make excellent salad dressings.

COLD SAUCES.

Vinaigrette.—Put a tablespoonful of good mustard into a basin with half a teaspoonful of ground pepper and some salt, moisten gradually with equal quantities of oil and vinegar; chop finely two shalots, a teaspoonful of capers, a pickled gherkin, half a teaspoonful of parsley, a few tarragon leaves, and the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. If too thick, more oil or vinegar is added, whichever is liked.

Sauce Raifort (horseradish).—Grate a stick of horseradish, put it in a basin with an equal quantity of very fine breadcrumbs, add a pinch of sugar, some salt, and a little vinegar, whip four tablespoonfuls of cream, and incorporate with the other ingredients.

Sauce à l'Huile.—Remove all the peel and the white from two lemons, cut them in thin slices, removing the pips, put them in a basin with three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and six tarragon leaves, chopped with a very little piece of garlic, and a little ground allspice; mix all together. This sauce is useful with grilled fish.

Sauce Verte (green sauce).—Take parsley, chervil, tarragon, marjoram, cress, and borage in equal quantities (a good sprig of each), chop them, then pound in a mortar; when reduced to a paste add the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs; pass the whole through a sieve; add one teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of pepper, salt to taste, then mix in by degrees three tablespoonfuls of oil and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Sometimes two or three chives are used instead of borage, and some cooks put more borage. This sauce is often served with boiled beef.

Sauce Mayonnaise.—Put the yolks of two raw fresh eggs into a basin, with a wooden spoon stir into them a little salt, then stir in drop by drop eight tablespoonfuls of good olive oil, adding from time to time a drop or two of lemon juice; when the oil is all absorbed the sauce should be thick and smooth; finish it with a few drops of tarragon vinegar. This sauce is very delicate, and it requires patience to make it; the oil must be added slowly, and the eggs always stirred the same way. Chopped parsley, tarragon, scallions, or gherkins are sometimes added to mayonnaise.

Sauce Tartare.—Put the yolks of two hard-

boiled eggs through a sieve into a basin, add two yolks of raw eggs and a saltspoonful each of mustard, pepper, and salt, stir the eggs with a wooden spoon, dropping in oil as for mayonnaise, and now and then a few drops of tarragon vinegar; when the sauce is thick add one or two tablespoonfuls of very finely chopped gherkins.

A Simpler Tartare Sauce is made thus.—Take three shalots and a handful of chervil and tarragon, chop all very finely, add pepper, salt, and one tablespoonful of vinegar, the same of mustard, three tablespoonfuls of oil, taking care to stir all the time you are adding the ingredients; beat up well, and serve; more oil may be added if liked.

Sauce Remoulade.—Bone four anchovies, put them in a mortar with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and a dessertspoonful each of chopped onions, capers, parsley, and pickled gherkins, a little salt, and a saltspoonful of dry mustard; pound all together to a paste, then add two yolks of eggs uncooked, stir, and add, drop by drop, as for mayonnaise, a quarter of a pint of salad oil and a small spoonful of vinegar.

Another way of making Remoulade for those who do not like so much oil is to make a paste as above with the hard-boiled eggs, and the addition of a few drops of vinegar, then add slowly nearly half a pint of warm velouté sauce, and two tablespoonfuls of salad oil; beat the whole until cold.

Parsley Sauce.—Chop some parsley, add a tablespoonful of crumb of bread that has been soaked in water and squeezed, put into a mortar with the parsley, and pound, rub through a sieve, add salt, pepper, vinegar, and a little cold broth. This is served with beef.

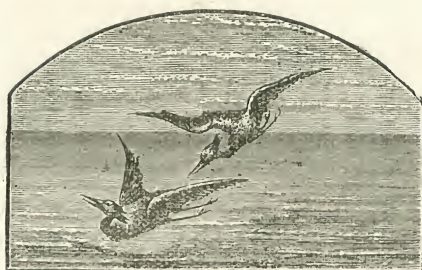
Sauce Ravigote.—Make a good mayonnaise with eggs, oil, tarragon vinegar, and a little dry mustard added; when the sauce is thick enough, take some parsley, shalots, pimpernel, and tarragon leaves (all very finely chopped), and stir them into the sauce.

Sauce Ayoli à la Provençale or *Beurre de Provence*.—Take three cloves of garlic, remove the outsides, and pound them; when well-pounded, add a piece of crumb of bread, the size of an egg, that has been soaked in warm water and squeezed; pound with the garlic, then add the yolk of an egg; mix into a smooth paste, then add oil (that is neither warm nor too cold) drop by drop, turning it all the time slowly with the pestle; when it begins to get creamy a few drops of water may be added, and the juice of half a lemon is added, a drop or two at a time; about one-third of a pint of oil is sufficient, and when finished the sauce should be thick and creamy.

Beurre d'Anchois (anchovy butter).—Wash and bone some anchovies, pound them in a mortar, pass them through a sieve, put them back in the mortar, and add an ounce of good fresh butter for every five anchovies; pound together, and put aside for use.

It is very important for most cold sauces that sufficient time should be given for their preparation, and that good oil should be used.

(To be continued.)



OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE KENTISH LANES.

BESSIE did not make any answer for a minute or two, but her eyes were a little dim as she heard Hatty sob.

"I must not break the bruised reed," she said to herself. "Hatty's world is a very little one; she is not strong enough to come out of herself, and take wider views; when she loves people, she loves them somehow in herself; she can't understand the freedom of an affection that can be happy in the absence of its object. I am not like Hatty; but then our natures are different, and I must not judge her. What can I say that will help her?"

"Can't you find anything to say to me, Bessie dear?"

"Plenty, but you must wait for it to come. I was just thinking for you—putting myself in your place, and trying to feel as you do."

"Well!"

"I was getting very low down when you spoke; it was quite creepy among the shadows. 'So this is how Hatty feels,' I said to myself, and did not like it at all."

"You would not like to be me, Bessie."

"What an ungrammatical sentence! Poor little me! I should think not; I could not breathe freely in such a confined atmosphere. Why don't you give it up and let yourself alone? I would not be only a bundle of fears and feelings if I were you."

"Oh, it is easy to talk, but it is not quite so easy to be good."

"I am not asking you to be good. We can't make ourselves good, Hatty; that lies in different hands. But why don't you look on your unhappy nature as your appointed cross, and just bear with yourself as much as you expect others to bear with you? Why not exercise the same patience as you expect to be shown to you?"

"I hardly understand you, Bessie. I ought to hate myself for my ill-temper and selfishness, ought I not?"

"It seems to me that there are two sorts of hatred, and only one of them is right. We all have two natures. Even an apostle could say, 'Oh, wretched man that I am! Who can deliver me from the body of this death?' Even St. Paul felt the two natures warring within him. How can you and I, then, expect to be exempt from this conflict?"

"Don't put yourself in the same category with me, Bessie. You have crushed your lower nature, if you ever had it."

"Oh, hush!" replied her sister, quite shocked at this. "You can't know what you are talking about." And here her voice trembled a little, for no one was more conscious of her faults and shortcomings. Bessie could remember the time when the conflict had been very hard; when her standard of duty had been lower than that she held now; when she had been as careless and indifferent

as many girls of her age, until Divine guidance had led her feet into better paths; and knowing this, in her humility she could be tolerant of others.

"You do not know what you are saying, Hatty, or you would not hurt me by such a speech; it is only your love for me that blinds you. What I want to tell you is this—that you must not be so impatient; you waste all your strength in saying hard things about yourself, instead of fighting your faults. Why don't you say to yourself, 'I am a poor, weak, little creature, but my Creator knows that too, and He bears with me. I cannot rid myself of my tiresome nature; it sticks to me like a Nessus shirt'—you know the old mythological story, Hatty—but it is my cross, a horrid spikey one, so I will carry it as patiently as I can. If it is not always light, I will grope my way through the shadows; but my one prayer and my one effort shall be to prevent other people suffering through me?"

"Oh, Bessie, that is beautiful!"

"You will find nothing else will help you to fight your bogies; do try it, darling. Be merciful to your poor little self; 'respect the possible angel in you,' as Mr. Robertson said. You will get rid of all your faults and fancies one day, as your namesake did in the river. You won't always be poor little Hatty, whose back aches, and who is so cross; there is no pain nor crossness in the lovely land where all things are new."

"Oh, if we were only there now, Bessie, you and I, safe and happy!"

"I would rather wait till my time comes. I am young and strong enough to find life beautiful. Don't be cowardly, Hatty; you want to drop behind in the march, before many a grey-haired old veteran. That is because you are weak and tired, and you fear the long journey; but you forget," and here Bessie dropped her voice reverently, "that we don't journey alone, any more than the children of Israel did in the wilderness. We also have our pillar of cloud to lead us by day, and our pillar of fire by night to give us light. Mother always said what a type of the Christian pilgrimage the story of the Israelites is; she made us go through it all with her, and I remember all she told me. Hark! I think I hear footsteps outside the window; the servants are coming in from church."

"Wait a minute, Bessie, before you let them in. You have done me so much good; you always do. I will try not to mope and vex mother and Christine while you are away." And Hatty threw her arms penitently round her sister's neck. Bessie returned her kisses warmly, and left the room with a light heart. Her Sunday evening had not been wasted if she had given the cup of cold water in the form of tender sympathy to one of Christ's suffering little ones.

Bessie felt her words were not thrown away when she saw Hatty's brave efforts to be cheerful the next day, and how she

refrained from sharp speeches to Christine; she did not even give way when Bessie bade her good-bye.

"You will remember our Sunday talk, Hatty, dear."

"I do remember it," with a quivering lip; "and I am trying to march, Bessie."

"All right, darling, and I shall soon be back, and we can keep step again. I will write you long letters, and bring you back some ferns and primrose roots." And then Bessie waved her hand to them all, and jumped into the brougham, for her father was going to take her to the station.

It must be confessed that Bessie felt a trifle dull when the train moved off, and she left her father standing on the platform. With the exception of short visits to her relations, that were looked on in the light of duties, she had never left home before. But this feeling soon wore off, and a pleasant sense of exhilaration, not unmingled with excitement, followed, as the wide tracts of country opened before her delighted eyes, green meadows and hedgerows steeped in the pure sunlight. Bessie was to be met at the station by some friend of the Seftons, as the country-bred girl knew little about London, and though a short cab drive would deposit her at Charing Cross, it would be far pleasanter for her to have an escort. Mrs. Sefton had suggested this, and Dr. Lambert had been much relieved by her thoughtfulness.

As the train drew up to the platform Bessie jumped out, and stood eagerly looking about her for the lady whom she expected to see, and she was much surprised when a gentlemanly-looking man approached her, and lifting his hat, said, with a pleasant smile—

"I believe I am addressing Miss Lambert."

"Yes, certainly; that is my name," returned Bessie, in rather an embarrassed manner.

"Ah, that is all right, and I have made no mistake. Miss Lambert, my mother is so seriously indisposed that she was unable to meet you herself, but you must allow me to offer my services instead. Now I will look after your luggage, and then I will find you a cab. Will you come with me, please; the luggage is at the other end."

"I am so sorry to trouble you," returned Bessie. "I have only one box—a black one, with E. L. on the cover." And then she stood aside quietly, while Mr. Sinclair procured a porter and identified the box; and presently she found herself in a cab, with her escort seated opposite to her, questioning her politely about her journey, and pointing out different objects of interest on their way.

Bessie's brief embarrassment had soon worn off, and she chatted to her new companion in her usual cheerful manner. She liked Mr. Sinclair's appearance—he looked clever, and his manners were quiet and well-bred. He did not seem

young; Edna had told her that he was thirty, but he looked quite five years older.

"I wonder how you recognised me so quickly!" Bessie observed presently.

"It was not very difficult to identify you," he returned, quietly. "I saw a young lady who seemed rather strange to her surroundings, and who was evidently by her attitude expecting someone. I could tell at once you were not a Londoner."

"I am afraid I must have looked very countrified," returned Bessie, in an amused tone.

"Pardon me, I meant no such invidious comparison. People from the country have an air of greater freshness about them, that is all. You live at Cliffe, do you not? I was never there, but it is rather an interesting place, is it not?"

"I think it a dear place," returned Bessie, enthusiastically; "but then it is my home, so I am not unprejudiced. It is very unlike other places. The streets are so steep, and some of the houses are built in such high, out-of-the-way nooks; you look up and see steps winding up the hill, and there is a big house perched up among the trees, and then another. You wonder how people care to climb up so many steps; but then there is the view. I went over one of the houses one day, and from every window there was a perfect panorama. You could see miles away. Think what the sunsets must be from those windows!"

"You live lower down the hill, then?" with an air of polite interest.

"Yes, in such a quiet, secluded corner; but we are near the Quarry woods, and there are such lovely walks! And then the bay; it is not the real open sea, you know, but it is so pretty, and we sit on the rocks sometimes, to watch the sunset. Oh, I should not like to live anywhere else!"

"Not in London, for example?"

"Oh, no, not for worlds. It is very amusing to watch the people, but one seems to have no room to breathe freely."

"We are pretty crowded, certainly," returned Mr. Sinclair; "but some of us would not care to live anywhere else, and I confess I am one of those people. The country is all very well for a month or two, but to a Londoner it is a sort of stagnation. Men like myself prefer to be at the heart of things—to live close to the centre of activity. London is the nucleus of England; not only the seat of government, but the focus of intellect, of art, of culture, of all that makes life worth living; and please do not put me down as a cockney, Miss Lambert, if I confess that I love these crowded streets. I am a lawyer, you know, and human nature is my study."

"I quite understand you," returned Bessie, with the bright intelligence that was natural to her. She was beginning to think Edna a fortunate girl. "There must be more in her than I thought, or this clever man would not have chosen her," she said to herself; for Bessie, in her girlish innocence, knew little of the law of opposites, or how an intellectual or scientific man will sometimes select

for his life-companion a woman of only ordinary intelligence, who will, nevertheless, adorn her husband's home by her simple domestic virtues. A wife does not need to be a moral whetstone to sharpen her husband's wits by the fire-side, neither would it enhance his happiness to find her filling reams of foolscap paper with choice specimens of prose and poetry; intelligent sympathy with his work is all he demands, and a loving, restful companion, who will soothe his hours of depression, who is never too weary or self-absorbed to listen to the story of his successes or failures.

"I shall be down at The Grange in a week or two—that is, if my mother be better; and then I hope we shall renew our acquaintance," were Mr. Sinclair's parting words as he took leave of Bessie, and Bessie sincerely echoed this wish.

"He is the sort of man father would like," she thought, as the train moved slowly out of the station. This was paying a great compliment to Mr. Sinclair, for Dr. Lambert was rather severe on the young men of the day. "I don't know what has come to them," he would remark, irritably; "young men now-a-days call their father, 'governor,' and speak to him as though he were their equal in age. There is no respect shown to elders. A brainless young puppy will contradict a man twice his age, and there is not even the same courtesy shown to the weaker sex either. I have heard young men and young women— young ladies, I suppose I ought to say—who address each other in a 'hail fellow well met' sort of manner; but what can you expect," in a disgusted tone, "when the girls talk slang, and ape their young brothers? I think the 'sweet madam' of our great grandmother's times preferable to these slipshod manners. I would rather see our girls live and die in single blessedness than marry one of those fellows."

"Father, we don't want to marry anyone, unless he is as nice as you," replied Christine, on overhearing this tirade, and Bessie had endorsed this speech.

It was rather late in the afternoon when Bessie reached her destination, and she was feeling somewhat weary and dusty as she stood on the platform beside her box. The little station was empty, but as Bessie was waiting to question the porter, a man-servant came up to her and touched his hat.

"Miss Sefton is outside with the pony carriage," he said, civilly; "I will look after the luggage ma'am—there is a cart waiting for it."

"Oh, thank you," returned Bessie, and she went quickly through the little waiting-room. A young man in knickerbockers, with a couple of large sporting dogs, was talking to the stationmaster, and looked after her as she passed; but Bessie did not notice him particularly; her eyes were fixed on the road, and on a pony carriage drawn up under the trees. Miss Sefton waved her whip when she saw Bessie, and drove quickly up to the door. She looked prettier than ever in her dark blue cambric and large shady hat.

"How do you do, Miss Lambert? I

am delighted to see you again. How punctual you are! Jump in. Ford will look after your luggage. This is a very different meeting, is it not, from our last? No snow about, but a very hot sun for June. Where is your sunshade? You will want it. Yes; that is right, put it up—my hat shades me. Now then, Ford, are you ready? Go on, Jack. What are you about, Jill? Are not my ponies pretty, Miss Lambert? Richard gave them to me last birthday, but I am afraid I plagued him a good deal beforehand to provoke such unusual generosity. There is nothing like teasing when you want a thing."

Bessie smiled, but remained silent; she was tired, and not quite inclined for repartee. They had turned into a long, lovely lane, so narrow that no vehicle could have passed them, and the thick hedgerows were full of pink and white briar roses and other wild flowers; on either side lay hop-fields. Bessie uttered a delighted exclamation.

"Yes, I told you you would admire our Kentish lanes. They are pretty now, but in the winter they are not quite so pleasant. Well, did Mrs. Sinclair meet you, as she promised?"

"No, her son came instead; he said his mother was seriously indisposed, and unable to keep her engagement."

"Neville met you. How extremely odd! How on earth did you discover each other? Were you very much embarrassed, Miss Lambert?"

"No, it was a little strange at first, but Mr. Sinclair was very kind and pleasant, and soon put me at my ease."

"Oh, Neville always gets on with ladies; there is certainly no fault to find with him in that respect. His civility is natural to him; he is just as polite to an old woman with a market basket and a few apples tied up in a blue-spotted handkerchief, as he is to a lady whose dress has been made by Worth."

"I call that true politeness," returned Bessie, warmly.

"There is not much of the precious commodity to be found in our days; the young men one meets in society are not cut after that pattern. And so Mrs. Sinclair is ailing again?"

"'Seriously indisposed,' was Mr. Sinclair's expression, and he looked rather grave, I thought."

"My dear creature, Neville always looks grave, as though he were engaged in a criminal investigation. He is a barrister, you see, and he troubles himself if his mother's finger aches. The dear old lady is *always ailing*, more or less, but there is never much the matter—a creaking door, you know the sort; only Neville always makes the worst of it. Now look here, Miss Lambert, this is what we call the village—just those few cottages and the inn; there is not even a church; we have to walk over to Melton, a mile and a half away. Isn't that pond pretty, with the ducks on it? and there is a flock of geese. Now we have only to turn down this road and there is The Grange." And as Miss Sefton pointed with her whip, Bessie saw the outlines of a large red house between the trees.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRL'S OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

It is just a year ago since we first appealed to our girl readers on behalf of a Girl's Own Convalescent Home. Our proposition, it may be remembered, was to obtain at once by means of the smallest subscriptions a thousand pounds, that being the minimum amount with which it would be possible to commence operations.

Twelve months have passed away, and yet we have only £383 17s. 2½d., a large sum indeed when looked at as a sign of the loving hearts and sympathy of those who subscribed it, but of no service for the special object for which it was given.

Even supposing the money came in in the same proportion, it would be years before we

could commence the work, therefore after much thought it occurs to us that we might seek some thoroughly good institution for girls, crippled perhaps for lack of funds, and by the money which has been subscribed help to build it up and strengthen its hands.

We trust this proposition will meet with the approbation and sympathy of those who have given of their means in answer to our appeal. It seems to us better to grant help in a pressing present need, than to postpone it indefinitely merely to bestow it in another form.

There has always been so much unanimity of feeling between us and our readers whenever any good work has been laid before us, that we cannot help hoping that all who have

helped us with their subscriptions will agree with us in the disposition of them.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged in No. 461 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £280 8s. 11½d.

A Little Girl, 3d., Bell Alison, 6d., Miss K. E. Lewington (collected), 3s., A. and E. G. Hexham, 3s., P. J. V., 6d., Mrs. V., 6d., Four Working Girls, 2s., Dorothy, 1s., C. R. S. (Psalms cxxvii. 1), £100, Anon, 2s., Susan, 6d., Effie M. Potter (collected), 5s., Eleanor M. Storey (collected), £1, E. E. M. E., 2s., Allie, 5s., Ada Schooby (collected), £1 3s.

Total amount received up to October 13th, £383 17s. 2½d.

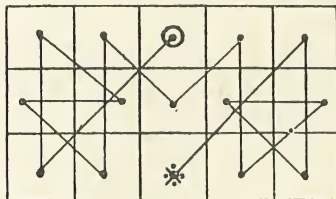
VARIETIES.

SYMMETRICAL PUZZLE.

It is required to produce a symmetrical figure by a series of dots and lines indicating the order in which these syllables should be read. Paper ruled in squares, as below, will be found a great help in working out the key. As an example we give the following puzzle complete with its key. Reading from the star, we follow the line, and find this passage from Carlyle's *Hero as Prophet*, "The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none."

scious	is	none	should	great
be	con	say	of	faults
of	to	the	I	est

Key to example—follow on from the star.



We now give a puzzle containing a familiar quotation from Shakespeare, and those of our readers who delight in such things will find that, though difficult, it is by no means impossible to find the solution.

NO. I.

it	not	peth	is	eth	is	bless	bless'd
i	cy	the	as	it	neath	him	him
strain'd	ty	drop	qual	that	twice	and	it
mer	tle	from	gen	be	on	place	that
of	dew	the	heav'n	up	takes	the	gives

HERO WORSHIP.—Some of the admirers of the great Duke of Wellington hit upon curious ways of expressing their regard. One of them was a Mrs. Dowell, who kept a tobacconist's shop at the entrance to Wilton Place, Knightsbridge. She was always inventing some new plan whereby to express her devotion, and sent his grace a long succession of patties, cakes, and other delicacies. As it was useless to attempt to defeat the old woman's pertinacity, everything sent was taken in. To such a pitch did she carry this mania that she kept a place for the Duke at her table, constantly expecting that the victor of Waterloo would call in and dine with her.

A SLOW POISON.

A physician said one day to Fontenelle, the French poet, "Coffee is a slow poison." "Yes, very slow," answered the aged author, smiling, "for I have taken it every day for more than four-score years."

NOTES ON TEARS.

The power (or weakness) of abundant weeping without disfigurement is an attribute of deficient rather than excessive feeling. In such persons the tears are poured from their crystal cups without muscular distortion of the rest of the face. In proportion to the violence or depth of emotion, and the acute or profound sensibility of the temperament, is the disturbance of the countenance. In sensitive organisations, the muscles round the nostrils and lips quiver and are distorted, the throat and temples swell, and a grimace, which, but for its miserable significance would be grotesque, convulses the whole face.

Men's tears always seem to me as if they were pumped from their heels, and strained through every drop of blood in their veins; women's, to start as under a knife-stroke, direct with a gush from their heart, abundant and beneficent; but, again, women of the temperament I have alluded to above (superficial sensibility) have fountains of lovely tears behind their lovely eyes, and their weeping, which is indescribably beautiful, is comparatively painless, and yet pathetic enough to challenge tender compassion.

I have twice seen such tears shed, and never forgotten them; once from heaven-blue eyes, and the face looked like a flower with pearly dewdrops sliding over it, and again, once from magnificent dark, uplifted orbs, from which the falling tears looked like diamond raindrops by moonlight.

Frances Kemble.

AN OLD SERVANT.—An instance of fixedness in domestic service is afforded by an old coachman, long in the employment of a noble lady, who gave all the trouble and annoyance which he conceived were the privileges of his position in the family. At last the lady could stand it no longer, and gave him notice to quit. The only satisfaction she got was the answer, "Na, na, my lady; I druve ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial."

LOVE ASLEEP.

Hush! hush! the God of Love here sleeping lies;
His hands disarmed and closed his restless eyes.
The bow, unstrung, awhile forgets to wound,
His useless shafts lie scattered on the ground.
Sleep on, sweet babe, and smiling, promise peace;
For should'st thou wake, we know 'twill quickly cease.

From the Latin.

OUR OWN WAY OF THINKING.

So wedded are some people to their own notions, that they will not have any persons for friends, or even for servants, who do not entertain similar views. Lord L.— makes a point of strictly cross-questioning his domestics as to their religious and political faith before he engages them. While residing on his Irish estates a groom presented himself to be hired, resolving, beforehand, not to compromise himself by any inconsiderate replies.

"What are your opinions?" was the peer's first demand.

"Indeed, then, your lordship's honour! I have just none at all, at all."

"Not any! Nonsense! you must have some, and I insist upon knowing them."

"Well, then, your honour's glory, they are for all the world just the same as your lordship's."

"Then you can have no objection to state them, and to confess frankly what is your way of thinking."

"Och! and is it my way of thinking you mane by my opinions? Why then, I am exactly the same way of thinking as Pat Sullivan, your honour's game-keeper, for, says he to me, as I was coming upstairs, 'Murphy,' says he, 'I'm thinking you'll never be paying me the two-and-twenty shillings I lent you last Christmas was a twelvemonth.' 'Faith,' says I, 'Pat Sullivan, I'm quite of your way of thinking.'"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A. BERRY.—The demand for female rubbers or *masseuses* is increasing, but however well acquainted you may be with the process, and expert in the work, you should be not only healthy but exceptionally robust, or you will not only derive injury yourself, but may injure your patient. In the first place you should be acquainted with Ling's Swedish system of gymnastics; have a practical knowledge of anatomy and physiology; going through a six months' course of instruction (at a cost of £10) at the Women's Medical College; and then a six months' training under a good shampoor, to complete your preparation for the vocation. You can obtain lessons in massage at the Hampstead Physical Training College, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W. The remuneration to be had for it rises from 3s. to 7s. 6d. an hour.

MAY OLIVER.—Lady students in London can find a residence at Russell House, Tavistock Square, W.C., of which the late principal was Miss Cail, who, with her sister, Miss Mary Cail, manage the institution. There is a committee, and also trustees forming the council, so that you may rely on the efficiency and respectability of the place.

ONSTANT READER OF "G.O.P."—The secretary of the College of Preceptors is C. B. Hodgson, Esq., 42, Queen Square, W.C.

WATER-LILY.—Your education would be very imperfect were you to omit reading certain standard works of fiction; but you should inquire of some competent person as to those suitable, in a moral or a religious point of view, to a girl of your age.

PRINCE'S PEARLS.—I. We have had articles on laying a table and waiting, etc. See vol. viii., p. 488, April 30th, 1887. 2. You should ask your lodgers which plan they prefer in frying eggs, as it is quite optional whether they be fried on one side only or turned; and whether rashers of bacon be served on the same dish with them or separately. Lay a napkin at the side of each person's plate, and when once used roll each and place them in rings, so that the lodgers may all know their own. Our articles on "Carving at Table," page 403, vol. iv.; and "Duties of Servants," pages 534 and 646, vol. ii., might be of use to you.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER AND BLUE-EYED VIOLET should write to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, for their rules and prospectuses. Violet's writing would not pass as it now is. Writing, spelling, geography, and arithmetic are amongst the special requirements.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. A. WARD (head-mistress of St. John's Schools, Canterbury Road, Brixton, S.W.) is thanked for her strong recommendation, from personal experience, of a home at Shaftesbury House, Seaside Road, Eastbourne, kept by a Mrs. Parsons. Terms for a bed in a dormitory, 12s. per week, inclusive, and for a private room 15s.; children 7s. 6d. All clean; food good and plentiful. Morning and evening family prayer (including reading and singing). We give the address of this Home of Rest very gladly, on the strong recommendations we have received, especially as so few can take in children with their mother, as in this case.

FRANCES S. I. (Bradshaw End, Cheshire).—We thank you for your recommendation of a respectable Home inquired for on the coasts of Brittany or Normandy. There is a pension for Protestants near Trouville, Normandy, which is open during the months of July, August, and September; terms 3 francs 50 centimes a day; but for this low charge they are required to attend to their own bedrooms, and bring their own bed and table linen with them, unless they prefer to pay a small sum extra. Address, Madame La Directrice, Maison Evangelique, Benzeval, Calvados, France. A letter of introduction from a clergyman or other respectable person is required; and the visits should date from the 1st or 15th of each month.

INQUISITIVE ONE.—You should read books of travels in all parts of the world, and books of antiquarian research, natural history in all its branches, and astronomy. Of the latter we have recently published one, illustrated. You do well in reading Sir W. Scott's works. You ought not to take singing lessons till you are sixteen, or you will spoil your voice; and, unless you mean to be a professional singer, an hour's practice daily is amply sufficient.

PRISCILLA.—Read our reply to "Inquisitive One." A visit to the seaside is good for the cure of hay fever.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—Your hen should be supplied with lime; old mortar should be scattered within her reach; and the nest where she lays her eggs should be darker than it is. If you cannot by these means prevent her from eating her eggs, either have her killed that she may not set the fashion to the other hens, or else burn the tips of her beak with a red-hot poker, so as to blunt it—a plan strongly recommended as quite effectual, and giving no pain whatever to the bird.

CHRISTINE.—You will find the recipe you require by reference to our indexes. Your hand is not formed.

PALLIE.—You are very much out of health, and ought to see a doctor. No one but a quack would prescribe for a girl or anyone without a personal interview. Did you never hear the proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison"? We can only give general advice, whereas many cases are abnormal. The habits, hereditary tendencies, and surrounding circumstances of the patient, and the possible complications in the special case, should be known to the doctor engaged to prescribe. One thing we may tell you, that, being subject to fits, you should abstain from eating meat.

SARAH B.—Although we have only just accepted the idea of women lawyers in this country, they were common and very distinguished in former times elsewhere. Professor Calderina held the Chair of Jurisprudence in the University of Bologna in 1360, and Professor Novello, who occupied it subsequently in 1366, were equally celebrated not only for their legal lore and abilities, but for their remarkable personal beauty. There are many distinguished female lawyers in America at present, and the gifted lady who has taken her double degree in the University of Dublin has many supporters in the vocation she has adopted.

MOSS ROSE AND ARUM LILY.—The unsightly excrescences on your hands might be removed by acetic acid being lightly touched in the centre with a camel's hair brush. There are many prescriptions given in our several volumes ("G.O.P."), which you can find on reference to the indexes. See the article by "Medicus" on "Teeth like Pearls." Some kinds of teeth are naturally rather yellow, and cannot be whitened, but they can be made beautifully clean.

LEONORE.—Pronounce the "re" in the word *livre* as if there were no "e," only sound the "r," as if written "leavr." We know no remedy for the natural roughness of your arms.

JEANNIE.—The phrase now in such common use, "the almighty dollar," is a quotation from Washington Irving's "Creole Village," i.e., "the almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land," etc.

FIDELIS.—We had pleasure in giving a little notice to your excellent society, "The King's Daughters," and are glad to hear that you will be able to establish a branch in Streatham, S.W., more especially as you so graciously attribute the event to our aid. We should be glad of any further information you could give us of the excellent society for invalids, called "The Shut-ins," of which we think you once wrote to us. We give your own address again, "Ventnor," Baldry Gardens, Streatham Common, S.W.

ADELINA.—See our answer to "Mrs. A. Ward," who gives so satisfactory an account of a home at Eastbourne.

COLINO.—Your verses need much revision. You should study the art of metrical composition before you attempt to write in verse. Your sentiments are good, but there is no originality of idea, without which there can be no genuine poetry.

LOUIE.—There is a consumption hospital at Brompton, S.W., which we believe is highly approved of.

F. E. S.—Glandular swellings indicate a consumptive or scrofulous taint in the blood, and may be caused by a bad cold. Mumps is a separate complaint; and persons of good constitutions may suffer from an attack, either induced by infection or a cold.

A LONELY GIRL.—We do not know on what grounds you objected to your lover going to see your mother. Was the connection between you clandestine? The great mistake was that you did not always meet at her house, and with her sanction.

BARBARA.—You should use the spectacles called "Clearers" at once, when your sight begins to fail. An aching round the eyeball, at the back and under the brows, is an indication of mischief, perhaps a little congestion; and your eyes need an oculist's advice, and the use of glasses of a power prescribed expressly to suit them.

LADY DOROTHY.—Your action was hasty in the extreme. You should have consulted your parents first. All you can now do is to place the matter in their hands, and let them act for you. They should politely inform him that the conditional engagement formed was without their permission, which he was bound in honour to have obtained before entering into any sort of compact, conditional or not, with their daughter; that it was clear to them that this indiscreet and hasty consent on her part had been repented of, and that they hoped that this representation of the case would appeal at once, not only to his good sense and knowledge of what is right, but his kind feeling towards one for whom he professed a regard.

"JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."—We are glad to give information or advice to our brothers as well as our sisters, and rejoice to hear that you have found benefit from reading our magazine. The Christian Progress Scripture Reading and Prayer Union, of which the Rev. Ernest Boys, Beverley, Sidcup, Kent, is the secretary, is a good one; headquarters, Exeter Hall, London, W.C. Also the Bible and Prayer Union—the Rev. T. Richardson, Vicar of St. Benet's, Mile End Road, London, E., secretary and director—is likewise an excellent one.

CARRIE.—No, the treatment of the ostrich in obtaining their feathers is not such as shown towards the poor goose. When fully ready for use the feathers are cut with a sharp knife, not pulled out, each taken very carefully, when the stumps dry up and wither and fall out, or are easily removed in about ten days afterwards. The finest white plumes fetch about £10 a pound weight; but the small ones, from very young birds, of eight or ten months old, are not worth more than about 30s. the pound weight. The largest quantity of these feathers comes from the Cape; some 35,000 birds supplying about 300,000 pounds a year. Smaller supplies come from Egypt, Morocco, Tripoli, and Buenos Ayres, at which latter place, however, the race is dying out, because, instead of cutting the feathers, they slaughter the birds.

N. D.—A gargle of a slight solution of powdered alum and water, or taking some tannin lozenges, might be of service to your relaxed throat, as well as bathing it outside with vinegar and water.

PHIBBS.—There is much freeness in your versification, also poetic feeling. "The brave heart" is good through the first four verses, but then needs revision. Count the syllables of corresponding lines, and let the beat fall always on their corresponding syllables.

EMILY SEVERN.—Old back numbers of the "G.O.P." are not "to be had at less cost than new ones," nor, in fact, are they to be had at our office at any cost.

MARIE.—You had better read our article on "Teeth like Pearls." Powdered chalk and mild unscented soap, used alternately night and morning, we consider much preferable than the use of salt; the latter would irritate the gums. There is no cure for moles. Warts may be removed.

DOLLYPIG.—Linseed oil may be as good as glycerine as a component part of your recipe for bronchitis; but you should get medical advice. There could be no irreverence in using an accordion to support your voice in singing hymns.

A DESOLATE ONE, "who desires a loved one," cannot pay her addresses nor propose to "the good young man." We regret that "the future happiness of the 'Desolate One'" should "depend on" the reciprocity of love between them.

A. WHITE.—The origin of the name of the London suburb, "Gospel Oak," may be found in the fact that it was customary, in ancient times, when marking the boundaries of parishes, to halt at remarkable trees, and recite passages from the Holy Gospels. At Burley Lodge, New Forest, there is a fine group of twelve oak trees, which go by the name of "the Twelve Apostles." They stand on the property of Lord Bolton. Old Herrick says—

... "Dearest, bury me
Under that holy oak, or Gospel-tree,
Where, though thou see'st not, though may'st
think upon

Me, when thou goest procession. . ."

GRATEFUL FOR A REPLY.—There is no demand for translations, except for those of scientific works, at least as a general rule; nor for such as those to which you refer, at any rate.

E. CHAMPION.—We think that the Home of Rest for Ladies, Bognor, Sussex, will answer your case. It is supported by the Merchant Taylors' Company; apply to Francis Faithfull, Esq., Merchant Taylors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, E.C. Three letters are required, from a clergyman, doctor, and a lady householder, respectively. No charge is made for railway fare, board, lodging, nor servants' fees. There are three essential requirements with which an applicant for admission must comply, i.e., that she must be a "lady," one in need of such assistance, and quite convalescent.

M. and E.—Of course your respective mothers "do not like you to stay out after dark," because no respectable girls venture to do so; it would be as much as their reputation is worth to do so. Remember that mothers have a right to enforce obedience, and you should submit respectfully and willingly.

ALICIA.—We doubt your suitability for the sort of work you wish to undertake, instead of domestic service. However, you might apply to Miss Webb, 127, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W., secretary for the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, etc. Should you be found ineligible, you might be employed as a "Bible-woman" at home.

IGNORANT ONE.—If true that "in gentlemen's company you are very objectionable," we advise you to remain at home when your family go out amongst their friends. Study our series of articles on "Good Breeding."

MAY BIRD.—Consult our indexes for an answer so often given as to the cleaning of piano-keys and ivory in general.

RESTLESS ONE should use two pillows instead of one at night, and tie up her lower jaw; and then perhaps she would not snore. It may be that she suffers from a relaxation of the tonsils or uvula; and gargling with a solution of powdered alum and water, or tannin lozenges, might help to cure the snoring. Young people ought not to make any noise in breathing.



EVENSONG.

The light grows dim
Upon the purple mountains, and I
raise

My little hymn
To mingle with the universal praise.

From all around,
Fields, woods, and sea, low wind-
borne songs arise—

One restful sound
Of holy peace ascends into the skies.

God of the day,
Thou art the fount of light and life
to all;

Thou art my stay,
And with a hymn of praise on Thee
I call.

God of the night,
Through veiling shadows still Thine
eye can see,

For Thou art light;
And, safely curtained, I can rest in
Thee.

J. HUIE.



VOL. X.—No. 465.]

NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SISTER-CROWNS.

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

THE Highland hills wore diadems of snow;
A garland pure was twined for maiden's
hair;
While sister-blossoms, that so whitely blow,
Were woven in a cross with tearful prayer.

Belovèd hands set on one gentle head
The bridal wreath—the crown of woman-
hood;
And o'er the other's buried bosom laid
The symbol of our pain—the holy rood.

So lightly stepped the happy, trusting bride!
So very still the "folded" sister lay!
Life wore its flowers with conscious joy and
pride,
Death meekly took its tokens of decay.

The sun shone brightly, though 'twas winter-
time,
Upon the orange flower, the deathly yew;
The bells rang out their glad, melodious
chime,
And brooding parent-hearts yearned o'er
the Two:

The maid at altar, and the maid asleep,
The sisters that in harmony had grown;
Both given away, for God and man to keep,
Both nestlings of one home, both fledged
and flown!

And as the mother thought of what had
been,
And as the father breathed a silent prayer,
Their souls were well assured that One un-
seen
Had each dear daughter in His tender
care.

O blossoms white! O virgin crown and
cross!
How much of love that cannot speak ye
tell.
Mute tokens of parental pride and loss,
Of faith and hope, which say "He doeth
well."

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"THE BELLS RANG OUT THEIR GLAD, MELODIOUS CHIME."

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE GRANGE.

As Miss Sefton spoke, the lane widened before them, and the hedgerows gave place to a short avenue of elms, the sunlight filtering through the thick interlaced branches, and throwing quivering shadows on the white road below; a low white gate opened into a meadow where some cattle were grazing, and on the right hand side was a large, straggling red house, with picturesque stables half smothered in ivy. The hall door stood open, and a fine Scotch deerhound lay basking in the afternoon sun; he roused himself lazily as the pony carriage stopped before the door, and as Bessie alighted he came up to her wagging his tale slowly, and put his long, slender nose into her hand.

"What a beautiful creature!" exclaimed Bessie, who was exceedingly fond of all dumb animals; "look how friendly he is, as though he were welcoming me to The Grange."

Miss Sefton, who was patting the sleek sides of Jack and Jill, looked round carelessly.

"Mac is a good old dog, but he is not always so amiable to strangers; he has his likes and dislikes, as we humans have, only I must tell Richard that he has taken to you—he is his property. Now let us go and find mamma." And Edna locked her arm in Bessie's, and followed closely by the deerhound, led her into the house.

There was no servant in attendance; a strange hush and stillness seemed to pervade the place. Bessie almost felt oppressed by it. The hall was large and dark, with a smooth, slippery floor, and was panelled in dark oak; oak settles and large carved antique cabinets were ranged round the walls. The great fireplace was filled with green boughs, and a tiger-skin, with a huge grinning head and eyes, lay before it. The quiet little country girl had never seen such a hall in her life.

"Take care; our oak floors are slippery to people who are unused to them," observed Edna. "Mamma is in the drawing-room, I suppose." And she opened the door and ushered her companion into a handsome room, with three windows opening on to a lawn. A lady, who was sitting on a couch reading, rose as she perceived the two girls, and crossed the room with a slow, stately step.

"Mamma, I have brought Miss Lambert."

"I am very glad to see her, Edna. My dear," taking Bessie's hand and kissing her cheek, "you are very welcome, for your father's sake."

"Thank you," returned Bessie, with unusual shyness, for Mrs. Sefton's stateliness rather awed her. Both her words and her manner were kind; nevertheless Bessie found it difficult to respond; even when Mrs. Sefton had established her in the corner of the couch, and was questioning her with polite interest about her

journey, she found herself answering in almost monosyllabic replies, as though she were tongue-tied.

"I cannot tell what came over me," she wrote the next day to her mother; "I never felt so bashful and stupid in my life; and yet Mrs. Sefton was most kind and considerate, only her graciousness seemed to crush me. She is very handsome, far handsomer than her daughter, slightly stout, but such a grand-looking figure; Miss Sefton and I look like pigmies beside her; but there is one thing that strikes me about her—a sort of hardness when she is not speaking. I never saw a mouth close so tightly; and then there is no rest in her face. I could not help thinking about father's story as I looked at her; it is not the face of a happy woman. I can imagine that disappointment in her husband has hardened her. I admire her very much; she fascinates, and yet repels me, but I do not think I could ever love her very much. Miss Sefton does, but then her mother dotes on her."

Bessie was devoutly wishing herself at home during that first quarter of an hour, but after a few minutes Mrs. Sefton's questions ceased, and she touched a silver mounted gong beside her, and almost as though by magic the door was thrown noiselessly back, and the butler entered with the tea-tray, followed by a footman in smart livery. Bessie wondered what her mother would have thought of the delicate Worcester china that was placed on a low table beside Mrs. Sefton, while a second table was quickly covered with bread and butter and dainty-looking cakes. Edna had thrown off her hat, and had coaxed Bessie to do the same; then she proceeded to wait on her guest. A little table was placed at Bessie's elbow, and all manner of sweet cakes forced on her. The very tea had a different flavour from her mother's tea; it was scented, fragrant, and mellow with rich country cream. Bessie sipped her tea and crumbled her rich cake, and felt as though she were in a dream. Outside the smooth shaven lawn stretched before the windows, there was a tennis net up, and some balls and rackets were lying on the grass. Some comfortable wicker chairs were placed under a large elm at the bottom of the lawn.

"Do you play tennis?" asked Edna, abruptly, as she noticed Bessie's eyes were wandering to the garden.

"A little; I am fond of the game, but I have not played a great deal; it takes time, and there is so much to do."

"Edna plays beautifully," observed Mrs. Sefton. "It is a fine exercise for young people if they are moderate, and do not over-exert themselves. We have some neighbours, the Athertons, who come in nearly every day to practise with Edna."

"Does not your brother play with you sometimes?" asked Bessie.

"Richard? Oh no!" And Edna's lip curled a little disdainfully. "He is far

too busy to waste his time on me—he prefers playing cricket with the village lads at Melton. By the bye, mamma, I left Richard at the station; he said he had business with Malcolmson, and would not be home much before dinner."

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear it," returned Mrs. Sefton, coldly; "of course it was no use my warning him against any dealings with Malcolmson; Richard will go his own way; but I confess that this infatuation for Malcolmson vexes me much," and a slight frown crossed Mrs. Sefton's white forehead.

"Was the young man with two splendid dogs that I passed in the waiting-room your brother?" asked Bessie, in some surprise.

"Yes, that was Richard," returned Edna; and she added, a little maliciously, "I can see you are a little surprised. I suppose you took him for a young farmer or gamekeeper. Richard is terribly clownish in appearance."

Bessie thought this speech was in very bad taste, but she replied quietly—

"I cannot say I noticed your brother, but one of the dogs attracted my attention, he had such a fine head; I should think Landseer would have enjoyed painting him."

"Oh, that must have been Gelert; everyone admires him; I know Neville coveted him. Now we have finished tea, and I daresay you will be glad to get rid of the dust of your journey, so I will undertake to show you your room. Mamma was going to put you into the big spare room, but I insisted that you would prefer a smaller one. Was I right, Miss Lambert?"

"Perfectly right, thank you," returned Bessie as she rose with alacrity.

Mrs. Sefton's eyes followed her curiously as she crossed the room.

"A healthy, fresh-coloured country girl," she said to herself; "quite a little rustic; but she seems a nice, harmless little thing; though why Edna took such a fancy to her rather puzzles me. I thought she would take after her father, but I can see no likeness. What a handsome fellow he was, poor Herbert—and so gentlemanly." And here Mrs. Sefton sighed; for to her it was always a perilous thing to recall the past. No woman had ever been so foolish as she; she had cast away gold for dross.

While her hostess was indulging in these heavy reflections, Bessie was uttering little staccato exclamations of delight at the sight of the room allotted her.

"What a lovely view!" she had observed, running to the window, for not only was the pretty shady garden to be seen, but some meadows, and a glimpse of a fir wood in the distance; and it all looked so cool and still, and the only objects of moving life were some white lambs, feeding by their mothers, and a pretty brown foal with its dam.

"Do you think you will like your room?" asked Edna, demurely; but there was a gleam of fun in her eyes as she put the question, for she had a vivid

remembrance of Bessie's room at home; the strips of faded carpet, the little iron bedstead, and painted drawers; and yet it had been a haven of rest to her that night, and she had slept very sweetly on the little hard bed.

"It is far too grand for me," returned Bessie, candidly. "I shall feel like a fine lady, for the first time in my life." And she looked round her with admiring scrutiny, noting every detail—the wax candles and hothouse flowers on the toilet-table, the handsome wardrobe and cheval glass, the writing-table with its dainty appendages, and the cosy-looking couch; even the brass bedstead, with its blue cretonne hangings, and frilled pillow cases, demanded some fresh comment.

"I think it is a lovely room, and far too good for me," finished Bessie.

"All our rooms are very comfortable," was the careless response; "but one is too used to this sort of thing to notice it. Now shall I send Brandon to help you? She is our maid, and understands hair-dressing perfectly. She will help you unpack, and arrange your things."

"Oh, no, thank you!" returned Bessie, in such an alarmed voice that Miss Sefton laughed; and then she continued, in rather a shamefaced manner, "You see I am not like you, Miss Sefton. I have not been used to luxuries and being waited on; we are plain people, and wait on ourselves."

"Just as you like," was the indifferent answer. "Brandon is the comfort of my life, though she is such a cross old thing. Now, Bessie—I am going to call you Bessie, and I beg you to lay aside the stiff Miss Sefton—you must tell me if I can lend you anything, or help you in any way. And you are not to trouble about making yourself smart, for we have no one coming to dinner to-day, and I shall only put on an old dress. We are in the country now, and I don't mean to waste my fine London gowns on Richard, who calls every material dimity, and never knows whether one is dressed in velvet or sackcloth."

Bessie smiled, and then asked if she might use any of the flowers on her toilet table.

"My dear child, just look behind you," was the amused answer; and Bessie saw a breast-knot of lovely crimson roses on the writing-table; "those are for your use to-night, but if you will let me know every morning what colour you want for the evening I will tell Brandon."

As Bessie was unpacking she heard a faint scratching at her door, and on opening it found, to her great surprise, Mac, the deerhound, sitting on his haunches with a very pleading look in his beautiful brown eyes.

"You may come in if you like, old fellow," she said, wondering at his sudden friendship for a stranger; and sure enough the hound walked in and stretched himself under the writing-table with his nose between his paws, quietly observant of every movement.

When Bessie had finished her unpacking, she proceeded to brush out her bright, brown hair, and arrange it in her usual simple fashion. Then she put on

the dress of cream-coloured nun's veiling, which was cut square and trimmed with her mother's lace; and when she had clasped the pearls round her neck, and had pinned on her roses, she felt she had never been so well dressed in her life, and, indeed, the girl's freshness and sweet expression made her very pleasant to look upon.

Bessie was sitting at the window thinking of Hatty when Edna entered, looking like a young princess to her dazzled eyes. The old gown proved to be a delicate blue china silk, and was trimmed in a costly fashion, and she wore at her throat a locket with a diamond star. As she came sweeping into the room, with her long train and fair coronet of hair, she looked so graceful and so handsome that Bessie uttered an admiring exclamation.

"Oh, don't look at me," observed Edna, rather pettishly. "I have told Brandon I really must discard this gown; it is getting too bad even for quiet evenings."

"I think it lovely," returned Bessie, much surprised at this remark; "I thought it was quite new."

"Oh no, it is nearly a year old, quite a patriarch in gowns, and besides, I am getting so tired of blue. Mamma likes me best in white, and I agree with her; but you look very nice, Bessie, more like a crimson-tipped daisy than ever. You remind me so of a daisy—a humble little modest bright-eyed thing."

"Thank you, Miss Sefton," returned Bessie, blushing at such an unexpected compliment. "I think I must tell Hatty that."

"Hatty! Oh, you mean the little pale-faced sister with the clever eyes. Now, what did I say to you? That I preferred Edna to Miss Sefton. Oh, there goes the second gong, and Richard has only just come in. Mamma will be so vexed at his unpunctuality. Why, I declare if Mac has not taken up his quarters under your table. I suppose he approves of Miss Daisy as much as I do."

Edna chatted after this fashion as she tripped down the oak staircase, while Bessie followed her more slowly. They found Mrs. Sefton in a somewhat ruffled mood. She looked handsomer than ever in her grey silk dress; her hands were blazing with diamond rings; her dark hair was still unmixed with grey, and hardly needed the lace cap that covered it.

"Richard has only just come in, mamma; need we wait for him?"

"It is our duty to wait for the master of the house, Edna, however much we are inconvenienced by the delay." And Mrs. Sefton fanned herself with a dissatisfied expression. "Your brother never thinks of our comfort, as long as he is engrossed with his own occupations. I must apologise to you, Miss Lambert, for our unpunctuality. I am sure, after such a journey, you must need your dinner."

"I am not at all hungry, thank you," replied Bessie, whose appetite was not stimulated by her hostess's aggrieved remarks. She sat literally on thorns during the next five minutes, while Mrs. Sefton fanned herself, and Edna walked

up and down the room, humming snatches of songs, and then breaking off into a sarcastic observation on the length of Richard's toilet.

"I shall expect great results," she was just saying, as the door opened and a tall, broad-shouldered young man advanced rather awkwardly into the room.

"I am afraid I am late again, mother," he began, apologetically; but Mrs. Sefton apparently took no notice of this remark, except by a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"We have been waiting half-an-hour," broke in Edna, with a pout. "You get worse and worse, Richard. Now, will you take in my friend, Miss Lambert, and mamma and I will follow?"

Bessie rose at once, as Mr. Sefton offered his arm, but beyond a stiff bow he took no further notice of her. His face wore a moody expression as they seated themselves at the table. His reception had evidently damped him.

Bessie glanced at him. Richard Sefton was certainly not handsome; his features were rather heavily moulded; he had a reddish moustache that hid his mouth, and closely-cropped hair of the same colour. His evening dress set rather awkwardly on him, and he had looked far better in his tweed coat and knickerbockers. Bessie was obliged to confess that Edna had been right in her description; there was something clownish about his appearance, and yet he looked a gentleman.

"Have you nothing to tell us, Richard?" asked Mrs. Sefton, sharply, when the silence had lasted long enough.

"Nothing that will interest you," he replied, rather gloomily; and Bessie noticed that his voice was not unpleasant. "I have been with Malcolmson all the afternoon." And he looked steadily at Mrs. Sefton as he spoke.

A slight flush crossed her face, but she evidently did not trust herself to answer.

"I know our opinions differ about him," he continued, as though forcing himself to speak; "but for my part I think him a clear-headed, reliable fellow. He has done my business well, and has relieved me of a great deal of responsibility."

"I hope you will not have cause to repent your rashness, Richard," was the severe answer; but Edna, who was watching her mother's countenance with some anxiety, interfered in an airy fashion—

"Oh, pray don't begin to talk business, Richard, or you will make mamma's head ache. You know she can't bear to hear Malcolmson's name mentioned. All this is not very amusing for Miss Lambert; can't you find something interesting to suit a young lady?" But if Edna hoped to pose as a peacemaker, she failed signally, for a sullen look came to her brother's face, and, with the exception of slight attention to his guest's wants, and a few remarks about her journey and the weather, Richard made no further attempt to be agreeable.

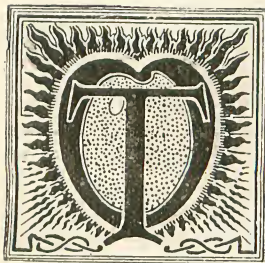
(To be continued.)

ART AND HEART;

OR,

DECORATION FOR THE POOR.

PART I.



HE teaching of Mr. Ruskin, no less than his life and its example, has wrought a deep influence on many who, nevertheless, would not admit his agency. We

need only point to the Whitechapel Fine Art Exhibition, the People's Palace, and Mr. Horsfall's Manchester Museum, as evidences that some at least of his lessons have sunk into minds that have proved responsive to them.

That there is no true "art" where there is no true "heart" is one side of his teaching, and the life of this preacher-critic, with its sacrifice and spending of self, go far to show the further truth, that where true heart exists—that is, where there are love for and sympathy with one's fellow—there

ought to spring (and does spring) from this a desire to ask all men to come in and sit down and share in the beauty and fitness of such things lovely as we can put before our fellows. The Beautiful is not, as one writer would always put it, the True, but it may often lead to it.

It was the recognition of the belief that art is a message from man to man, and that those who can speak that message should not be dumb, which gathered together some twelve or thirteen years ago a little band of art-workers. For the initiative in this, still further thanks are due to Miss Miranda Hill, whose name is so well known from its association with that of her sister, Miss Octavia Hill, in all kinds of work that lighten the lives of the poor. In a circular-letter addressed to certain of her friends, she pleaded for the formation of "A Society for the Diffusion of Beauty." "We have," she said in this letter, "a Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge. It is quite as Christian a work, if taken up in the right spirit, to endeavour to spread beauty, since we look on beauty as of God's appointment, and as one of His ministers for good." This sentence foreshadows the

scope of the work undertaken, firstly, by those who gathered round her, and, later, by a larger, and still widening, circle of friends. Under the name Miss Hill had proposed those associated together worked for a couple of years. It then seemed to them that the title was perhaps a little unwieldy and awkward, and they determined to rename the Society, and to select some such title as should be short and apt. The result was that in a re-constituted and reorganised state it announced itself to the world as "The Kyrle Society for bringing Beauty home to the Poor."

"But why Kyrle?" the reader will ask. "Who and what was Kyrle? And why choose the word to act as the name-giver of your Society?" Well, in the first place, its brevity gave it an advantage over many other names proposed; and in the second, the fact that the explanation of it to the "earnest enquirer" brings out the statement of our objects seemed a further gain.

"But all our praises why should lords engross?"

Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross!

With this invocation Pope* enters on a description of his type of the charitable, benevolent man. He draws the portrait in vivid colours, and sings of a blameless life, full of kindly work for others. He contrasts the death of the "Man of Ross," deplored and wept by all the country round, and his monument, the church "he built to God, and not to fame," with those of the miser, at whose death he says—

"A thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living, saved a candle's end."

John Kyrle, the Man of Ross, was born in Dymock in 1637, and lived well on into the next century, dying at the ripe age of ninety. His estate was situated in the town of Ross, in Herefordshire, and small though his income was (never amounting to more than £500 a year), yet he used his resources to such good purpose, that his name is still "had in remembrance" as a type of the unostentatious doer of good deeds.

Some of his work for others Pope enumerates, and describes his love for the beautiful finding vent in planting and hanging with woods "the mountain's sultry brow," and tells how he led through the village the little hill-side rill—

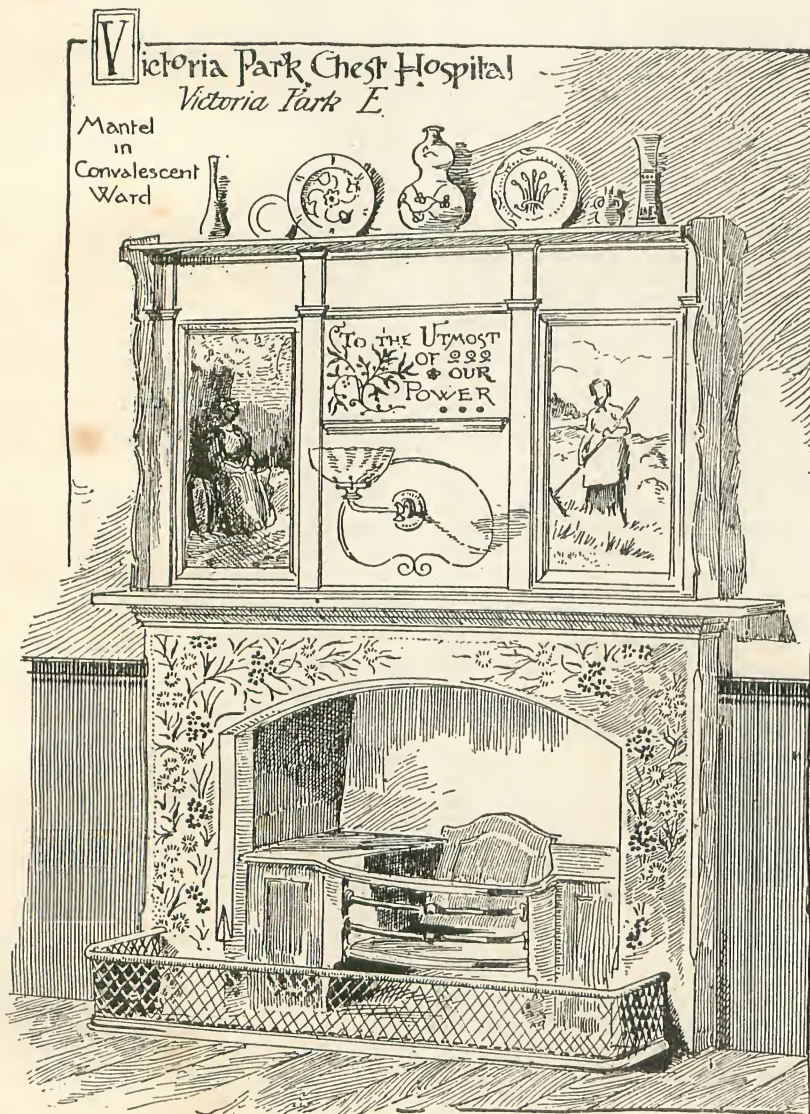
"Not to the skies in useless columns tossed,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain."

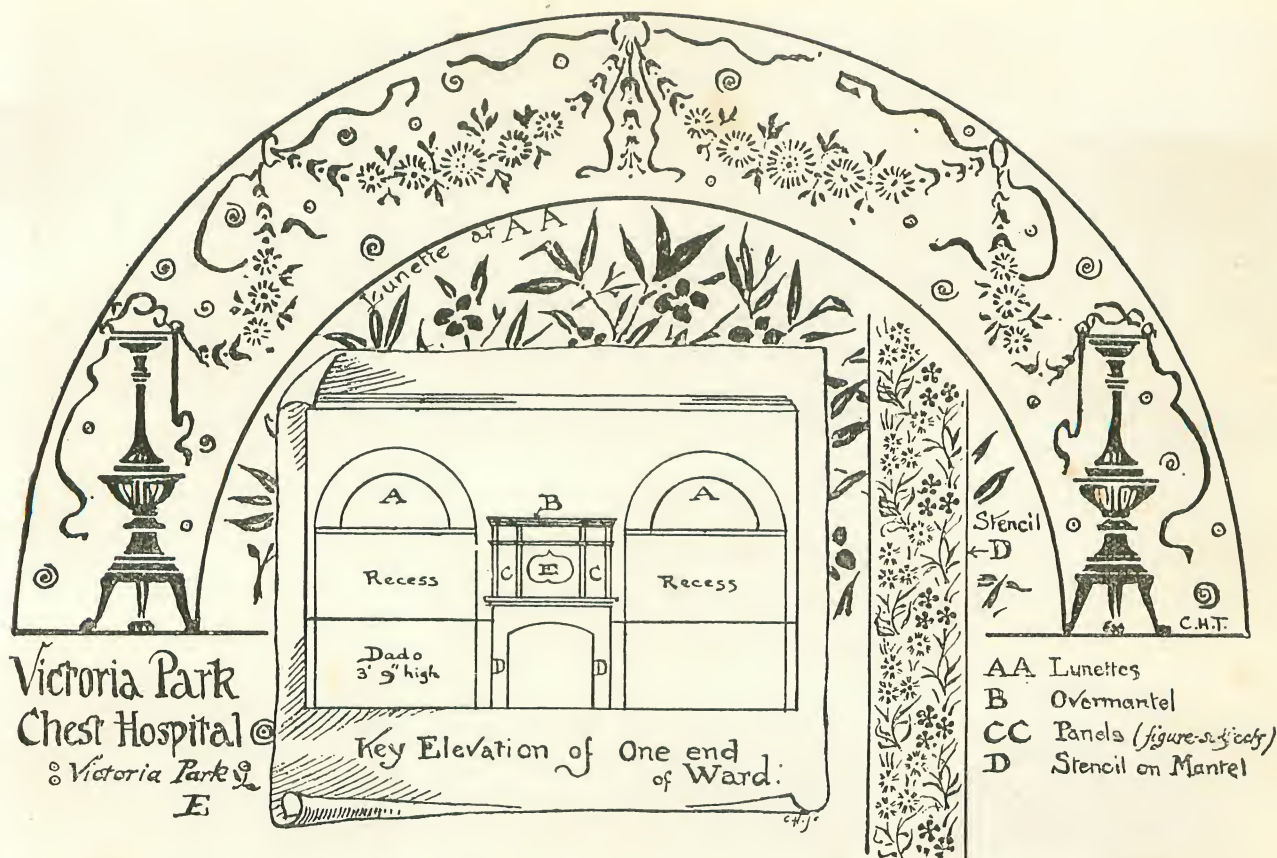
And then, asks the poet—

"Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that Heav'n-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies."

Such, and other deeds of a kindred nature, all tending to the pleasure and the gain of his humbler neighbours, and all given freely and gladly, formed the life-work of John Kyrle. And at the end, when he had done what he could to make lighter and brighter the lives of others, he "stole to rest, unheeded and unseen."

* "Moral Essays," Ep. iii., v. 249.





But the Society of which we are writing has partly removed Pope's further reproach—"His race, his form, his name almost unknown."

We have at all events done our best in that direction, inasmuch as we have elected John Kyrle if not as our "patron," at all events as our sponsor and our name-giver.

So much for a brief account of the rise of the Kyrle, and the origin of its name; to which we would add as concisely as possible that it has grown and prospered exceedingly, and numbers amongst its supporters and workers many names in different fields of art with which our readers would be acquainted. This series of papers, however, does not by any means profess to be an account in detail of its work, nor indeed an appeal for assistance. It is not that we scorn, or are superior to, offers of help in work or in kind. But it seems likely that the interests which the Society has at heart will be better served if we explain in detail at all events part of its operations; and trust to those who are interested in them and feel they would fain "go and do likewise" to form their own separate agencies, and to work side by side with the same end and object in view.*

The work of the Society in the main consists of four branches; but it is with only one of those that we now propose to deal. It brings the influences that beauty in nature and in art must needs exercise upon the people home to them by the following means:—

(1.)—The Society decorates by mural paintings, pictures, and so on, workmen's clubs, schools, hospitals, and such places of the poor.

(2.)—It lays out as gardens available pieces

* In connection with this we would remark that whilst the head office is at No. 14, Nottingham Place, London, W., there are branch societies in Birmingham, Cheltenham, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leicester, Liverpool, and Nottingham. The present articles, however, are confined to the work done by the London Society.

of waste ground, and presents such open spaces with benches, or when occasion needs, gymnasias.

(3.)—It gives, by the aid of its voluntary choir of singers, oratorios and concerts to the poor.

(4.)—It distributes, monthly, very large numbers of books and magazines to hospitals, infirmaries, and clubs in need of such help.

And in all these different lines of work it only exacts or saddles itself with two conditions:—

Firstly, that its assistance shall be given without payment, and without any distinction of creed. And, secondly, that the recipients shall do, in conjunction with the Society, all they can on their parts towards supplying the want they feel.

It is with the first of these four divisions of work that we propose to deal. In these days, when so many of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have studied drawing and painting, there must be many of them who want a field for the exercise of such skill as they have acquired, and whose "heart" would prompt them to make their poorer friends sharers in their "art," if they but had hints or suggestions as to the practical way of doing so. Every town has its hospital, infirmary, workhouse, boys' and girls' institute, and men's, boys', and girls' clubs. Many villages have their cottage hospital, schools, village hall, and club or institute. And the fact remains that few of these in town or in country convey any other art lesson than can be inculcated by the inspection of walls coloured "workhouse blue," tastefully set off with a dado painted mud colour. And yet how easy it is in place of an ugly room to have a pretty one, or to change one that is cheerless and triste into something which, if simple, is at all events bright and fresh and gay! Those coming into contact with hospital patients who have gone through their time of suffering in the room that is thus brightened know (for they are told

often enough) how thoroughly appreciated by the sick ones is a painting of a bunch of wild flowers, or of a view of the breezy Surrey hills. There is a certain amount of mild envy, the nurses have often told us, felt by those whose fate it is to be ill in an ordinary and undecorated ward, for such as have the better fortune to be relegated to one where the Kyrle Society has been at work. "Why, I assure you," once said a ward-sister, "as soon as the ward was finished in all its brightness and prettiness, there seemed quite a run on it." And bearing in mind that the sick body is too often the result or accompaniment of the tired and weary mind, we generally choose for hospital decoration such a treatment and such subjects as can be easily "understood of the people." Purists may object to decorative panels or friezes in which the attempt has been to make the flowers represented as naturalistic as possible. But how often have we found that a painting can best touch and teach the uneducated mind in so far as it leaves conventionalism behind. A flower should be represented simply, and as it grows. We think that to the sick labourer or navvy "the primrose by the river's brim" is most likely to be the object-lesson that all real art is if it readily recalls to him the flower that grows along the Dorset or Surrey lanes he left behind him so many years ago. Let it, as he would say, "look as if it grewed there," and remind him, as he lies weak and quiet, of boyish walks beside the country hedges sown thick with little yellow stars, and then it not only "a simple primrose is to him," but something more—much more.

On the other hand, when we come to treat other classes of institutions, we choose a different and wider range of subject. Friezes of allegorical figures, a well-known tale illustrated by a series of panels, conventional ornaments, inscriptions, or mottoes, all are used as occasion serves.

The way in which a piece of decorative

work is put in train is generally as follows. An application for assistance in making some "place of the poor" more bright and cheerful is received by the Decoration Committee. It is drawn up on a printed form, specifying the name, locality, and objects of the building in question, the terms of its tenure,* what portion of it our help is asked for, the size—roughly—of this room or rooms, and other details to enable the committee to consider the application in all its bearings. If we see our way to assistance, the next step is to depute some member of the society to visit the place, and to report on its needs and suitability for decorative treatment. The member at the same time suggests some method of dealing with it, and gives—on the basis of past

* Of course if the building is held on only a short tenure, this stands in the way of its receiving permanent decoration.

experience—an outline of the cost likely to be incurred. If a grant in accordance with this report is made, the room is then measured and a scale-drawing is got out, showing what is proposed. And this measuring and drawing of the "elevations," I would here say, is certainly not one of the easiest parts of the work to get done. Many amateurs can scheme out on paper an effective idea of colour-treatment for a room, but it seems far more difficult to find one who can make a workman-like set of scale-drawings showing its four walls.

The work is then allocated to different artists, being in some cases divided amongst half-a-dozen or more helpers, each, however, working according to the pre-arranged plan, and under the "headship" of the designer of the whole. There are those whose strong point is in figure-drawing, and others whose forte is conventional-pattern work, or flowers, or landscape, or lettering, and according to

his or her "line" each worker does a share of the general scheme. As a rule the only paid labour is that of the carpenter employed to do any necessary frame-making, and to fix and put up the decoration when completed.

In this and the following papers we propose to set before the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER some specimens of Kyrle Society work. And this, not so much with a view of recording the help the Society has tried to render to others, as of pointing out to a wide circle various inexpensive and effective methods of execution that we have only felt our way to after much experimenting.

The illustrations we give in this number represent the decoration lately carried out at the Victoria Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park. We propose in our next article to describe at length the design as carried out, and its cost.

C. HARRISON TOWNSEND.

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII. LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



ON the afternoon preceding the night on which the one-inch net was found on Noah's eel-set, Eve, it will be remembered, left her father's side suddenly after the report of a gun had been heard, to go for a walk. That gun was a signal. It told Eve that Mr. Arthur Clifford, who was staying at the rectory, was tired of Grace Leicester's society, and was going to walk to a certain heronry about a mile from the ark, and would be glad of her company. It was not the first nor the second walk they had taken together during this last visit of Mr. Clifford's, and the walks had been so delightful that Eve never paused to ask herself if they were wrong, or if she would like her father to know of them. And so this afternoon she started off, following the course of the river for about half a mile, but paying little attention to the beautiful sedges which rustled in the breeze or the forget-me-nots and wild marsh-marigolds which lined its banks, gleaming blue and yellow among the fresh green grass at her feet. On she walked, till she reached a clump of pollard willows, from among which a gentleman

in a tweed suit, with high boots and a large hat, like the broadmen, came forward and greeted her. He was of middle size, well-proportioned, well-dressed, and his easy carriage at once proclaimed him a gentleman; he was a handsome man, with curly brown hair, brown eyes, good features, with a good-tempered rather than an intellectual type of face, and a general air of contentment, and a determination to enjoy the good things the gods provided him; and they provided him with many of the things of this world generally supposed to bring happiness. He was rich, of good family, handsome, worshipped by his mother and sisters, popular among his acquaintances, loved by his friends; what more could he desire to make him happy? A few months ago he would have said nothing; but if you had asked him this afternoon, he would have said one thing was indispensable to his future happiness, and that one thing his mother and sisters, who had plenty of family pride, would think him mad to desire. Mr. Leicester, who had been his guardian since his father died, would be of the same opinion, and yet he had come to the conclusion he could not live without it, and was determined at all costs to have it; and this thing so necessary to his happiness was no other than Eve.

"How long you have been, Eve! I have been waiting ages," he said impatiently.

"I came directly I heard the gun, and I walked fast, too; you can't have been here very long," said Eve, archly.

"It seemed long to me."

"Ah, that is because you are so impatient to know what plans I have made for your lordship's pleasure to-night; you think of nothing but fishing."

"How can you say such a thing when you know it is you I am thinking of, morning, noon, and night. But have you asked your father to let me come and see him set his net to-night?" said Arthur, who, partly because he really wished to

see the process of netting eels, but still more because he wished for Eve's society, had begged to be allowed to come to the ark one evening.

"No; his net is broken, so he is not going to fish to-night; but I have made a capital plan," said Eve, and then she proceeded to describe her plan.

It was that Mr. Clifford should come to the ark about half-past seven that evening, when Noah would be at the decoy, and Mrs. Oldman at Fordham, and that he and Eve should set Noah's old one-inch mesh on his eel-set. Eve then undertook to lower the net, if any wherries passed, for she could hear them whistle as she lay in bed, and could easily jump out of her window, which, as the ark was only one storey high, was only a few feet from the ground, and lower the net without her father or mother knowing. All this was easy enough to do—the difficulty was to take up the net after it was set, and to dispose of the eels; and after much discussion, they came to the conclusion it would be better for Arthur to come at daybreak, let the eels go, haul up the net as quietly as possible, and put it back in the shed. He would never be able to catch the eels alone, and if he did he would not know what to do with them, as he could not use Noah's eel-trunks; moreover, as Eve explained, this small mesh was illegal, so it would not be right to keep the fish, but there could be no harm in setting it, just for the sake of the sport. Arthur Clifford agreed to this plan, as he would have agreed to anything else Eve suggested. His principal object was to have as much of Eve's society as possible. He cared a vast deal more for this than for eels or eel-nets.

They wandered slowly along the river-side, as they talked, till they reached a little boat belonging to Arthur Clifford; this was moored opposite a wide ditch or dyke, which was a short water-cut from the river to a large broad, which

we will call Filton Broad; this dyke went by the name of the Muck Fleet, fleet being a Norfolk word for shallow, and muck for dirt of any kind. The name thus explained was more expressive than euphonious, for the water in the dyke was both shallow and muddy; small boats could and did traverse it, but wherries wanting to get from Filton Broad to Windham must go round by the river, a journey of two or three miles; whereas Muck Fleet was barely half a mile long. On one side of it lay some marshlands, rich in snipe in winter, their monotony varied by the quaint little windmills, which help to drain them; on the other side—the side nearer to Windham—lay some rich green pastures, now golden with buttercups, a brilliant, burning gold, which only Norfolk pastures seem able to produce to this extent. Sheep and cattle were peacefully grazing in the meadows, and about half way down Muck Fleet stood a plantation, chiefly of beeches, on the pasture side, in which was a heronry.

The pastures were several feet above the level of the water in Muck Fleet, which was affected by the tide, so that at low water a boat and its occupants would be invisible to people walking in the meadows, unless they came to the bank; and though the tide was flowing fast, only the hats of this pair of lovers were on a level with the pastures, as Arthur pulled his fair companion slowly up the dyke to the heronry, where the bank was lower, and they could land.

Arthur was in the act of shipping his oars, meaning to land, when the figure of Adam Day, who was strolling in the pasture, came to the bank to see who the occupants of the boat might be, just as Eve said—

"You must be sure and put the net back in the shed, mind, or we shall be found out."

Adam heard her, and though he did not know what she meant at the time, he guessed, directly he heard the one-inch mesh had been found on the set, that it must have been these two who set it; in fact, at the time he didn't pay much heed to her words, he was too much concerned to see her on such intimate terms with Arthur Clifford, though he was aware how much Arthur admired her; but until this moment he did not know they were in the habit of meeting clandestinely.

Except her father, there was no one Eve wished less to see at that moment than Adam Day, so pretending not to

have noticed him, she said to her companion—

"Let us go on and have a peep at Filton Broad before we land."

Arthur took to his oars again with alacrity, for Eve had always refused to go further than from the river to the heronry with him, saying her father never allowed her to go in a boat unless he or Adam Day was with her, though, as Muck Fleet was so shallow, she thought he would not see any danger in her going for a little row there, forgetting that he would probably have seen a great deal of danger of a different kind in the companion of her excursions.

Eve was very silent as they went on up the dyke, thinking how angry Adam would be, and wondering whether he would tell her father; but as the banks got lower, and the dyke widened, and then Filton Broad burst upon them, the beautiful yet cumbersome wherries, with their rich coloured sails and their heavy cargoes, sailing slowly and majestically by; the fishing boats and the white sails of some trim yachts contrasting with the old-fashioned wherries; here and there a steam-barge invading the sleepy waters and poaching on the work of the wherries; the sunlit waters of the broad stretching out as far as they could see under the bright blue sky; the cold wind lightly rustling among the reeds and sedges which lined the borders of the lagoon; the gulls skimming lightly over the surface of the broad; the reed-wrens and buntings softly and sweetly discoursing among the rushes; the larks carolling joyously overhead—as Eve saw these sights and heard these sounds, and the salt breeze softly yet boldly kissed her cheeks, and spoke of the sea away across the broad, her spirits rose, and she clapped her hands with delight.

"Oh! how beautiful it is! I should like to be in one of those wherries, and sail away, away over the broad out to sea. I wonder where I should get to!" said Eve.

"You would get to Yarmouth first. I believe you can see the lights plainly from here at night. Shall we go one day, Eve?"

"Oh, no; I was only joking. Look at that wherry; how pretty it looks, with the sun catching its sails, doesn't it?"

"That one nearest us, you mean? Yes, it does; but I don't see why the owner should be spying at us through his glass."

"Is he? Then it must be Jack

Farrar; he is sure to be about here somewhere, and he is always using his glass. We had better turn back," said Eve, uneasily, thinking the fates were against her that day, since she had been caught by two people.

"We had, if we are to set this net at half-past seven," said Arthur, looking at his watch.

The result of their evening's work is already known to us; and Adam's depression that night, and Eve's grief the next day, are now accounted for; while it is almost superfluous to say it was Arthur Clifford who, finding the mischief he had done, had sent Noah the five-pound note. Eve had been right in her suspicion that it was Jack Farrar who was spying at them through his glass, as they lay among the reeds and flags just outside Muck Fleet; but Farrar, though he recognised Eve, mistook Arthur in his broadman's hat for Adam Day, and, burning with jealousy, took his wherry round the next day and proposed to her. This, coupled with the fact that Adam arrived at the ark as he, having been rejected, was leaving it, convinced him that Adam was his favoured rival, encouraged by Noah; and mad with jealous anger against both Noah and Adam, he had tried to injure Noah's character, which the affair of the prohibited net rendered at first an easy task; and afterwards, failing in this, he had purposely destroyed Noah's eel-net. The trouble which the discovery of the net by the police had caused woke Eve's conscience to the sense that all these stolen meetings with Arthur Clifford were very wrong, and in the first blush of her repentance, when Noah was summoned, she resolved to have no more of them. But she woke also at the same time to another consciousness, and that was that she loved Arthur, and as this last feeling was a much more powerful one than the former, the resolutions were speedily broken. For a week after the net was discovered Eve did not go to the heronry, though she knew Arthur Clifford was waiting there every afternoon for her; but at the end of the week she could hold out no longer, so knowing that Noah and Adam were going to the decoy on Saturday afternoon, she resolved to go to the heronry, but she would walk there across the meadows instead of going up Muck Fleet in the boat, and to do this it was necessary to cross the river in her father's boat.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A REASON FOR DYING FIRST.

"Precedence of rank," says Furetière, "has its charms certainly, though I cannot go so far as a lady of my acquaintance who wished to die before her husband. I inquired of her the reason for wishing so extraordinary a thing.

"Because," said her ladyship, "'if my husband dies before me I cannot put his arms on his tomb, because he is not a man of family; though, should I die first, he can claim the right of placing my arms on my tomb, because I am a woman of quality by birth.'"

THE DROWNING BOY.

A little boy went one day into a river, and not having learned how to swim, had like to have been drowned. Seeing, however, a man at a distance, he called out to him for help. The man, as soon as he saw the boy's distress, began to expostulate with him on the folly of going into a river before he had learned to swim. The boy, instead of answering him, cried out:—

"Save me, save me; then chide as long as you will."—*From the Persian.*

IN GOOD COMPANY.

One day a friend of mine put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it and said to it—

"Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?"

It answered—

"I was a despicable piece of clay, but I was some time in the company of the rose; the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me, otherwise I should only be a bit of clay as I appear to be."—*Saadi.*

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

IN the vagaries and changes of the fashion for the coming winter we can find much cause for satisfaction, for we have dismissed the extremely high and ugly hats and bonnets, and have arrived at something unquestionably more elegant in its moderation. Yet there is really very little change in the shapes of either bonnets or hats, and hats seem this year to have been more worn in London than bonnets. The stringless bonnets have always had a very naked and unbecoming appearance to my mind, and so I am glad to say that all the newest shapes have strings, and for the most part they are of velvet, though the bows underneath the chin are very small, and have short ends not longer than the bows themselves. The hat or bonnet worn must harmonise with the dress below; but this winter they should be in accord with the small jacket or long mantle. If these be of a dark red, for example, the bonnet or hat must be dark red too. Black hats may, of course, be worn with any costume, and either bonnets or hats may be a combination of two colours, but one of the colours must agree with the mantle or dress.

Feathers appear to be the most popular trimmings, especially those of the ostrich, but the poor tortured birds, deformed and distorted, which made one miserable to see last year, are quite out of date; and only wings, which may be those of fowls or pigeons, and the commercial ostrich feather, are worn. Thus we may be thankful that the poor birds will have a respite from cruel, wholesale slaughter, and perhaps our sisters in the world may grow more thoughtful and kinder, and in time will learn to love God's creatures too



BRAIDED JACKET WITH DOUBLE BREAST.



TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

much to wish to mutilate and kill them for fashion's sake. I have no words to say what I think of this dreadful sin; and I hope my girl and women readers will feel some of my horror of it.

One reason for the improvement in our millinery this winter is that we have got rid of some French ideas, and returned to our quieter English tastes; for all our ridiculous and foolish-looking savagery of topknots come from France. When we hold to our really English creations, the small and graceful "Princesse shape," and the coronet-fronted bonnets, we have something suited to the beauty of our island homes, where, a recent American writer declares, "a woman of forty looks and really is as young as an American woman of thirty."

Nearly all hats are of felt, of fine quality and light weight; the brim rather wide and flat in front, and turned up at the back. The crowns are low and the top flat. There is also a very modified boat-shape, which is very pretty. The ribbons for trimming both hats and bonnets are still wide, and are mounted in clusters on the top; but nothing is extreme. I have seen several straw hats with the crowns taken out and filled with a collection of ribbon bows, or a "Tam o' Shanter cap" of velvet. Hats and small "toques" to be worn with costumes, matching the material, and made on buckram crowns, the brims being of velvet; these crowns take two folds of a turban. There are quantities of very cheap hats, with cloth tops of every hue, to be purchased in the shops at present, and so no girl need be without a neat head-covering; and if she have clever fingers she can transform one of them into something quite different, by a little thought and trouble.

Bonnets seem to show a tendency to return to an addition of inside caps; and we find bows, quilled tulle, and lace gathered up underneath the bonnets with the flaring brims. Some of the newest bonnets are very small and close, and are quite of the cap order; but as yet it is impossible to say whether these will be taken up or not.

I have carefully illustrated most of the

prettiest shapes of hats and bonnets, and have selected the simplest, so that they are quite suitable to be copied by the home-milliner, with whom I feel the greatest sympathy, and cordially desire to help. "In the New Gallery,"



A PLAIN DIRECTOIRE DRESS.

the hats and costumes shown are exactly what is being worn in London to-day, and they will form a guide to the walking dress of the season. The "Two English Girls" show the two simplest and most ladylike bonnets, and the exact size of the bows beneath the chin. The "braided jacket," which is illustrated, shows the shape of felt hat which most of our girls now adopt for morning walking costume; it is bound round the edge with a narrow silk galloon. I notice a great leaning towards black and white in millinery; for instance, a black hat with white wings, a black bonnet with a white feather, or with bows of white silk or velvet; and they are generally worn by quiet and elegant people, who dress well without great expense or show.

And now I must put in a word on colours, of which the first and foremost seems to me to be grey, in its darker variations of a grey blue, some of which are very nearly blue. These new hues are called "vapeur," "princess grey," and "nunnery grey." They are not very dark, but are pretty, and likely to be useful. Yellows are hardly seen even in millinery. Red is very much worn, but it is no longer bright, but dull red and crimson. One dark brown red is very handsome, and is called "Veronese," as it reminds one of the tints of that master's pictures. There is also a very fine dark red known as carnation. Terra-



IN THE NEW GALLERY—THE CENTRAL COURT.

cottas are very dark and rich, and more becoming than the early hue of that colour. Prune and dahlia are both found in cloth for ladies' wear, and in cloaks; but greys, browns, and very dark greens seem to be the predominating colours for the coming winter.

I must now turn to the subject of mantles and out-of-door raiment. In reality, there is not very much to say about them, for there is nothing worn but small jackets and long cloaks, with a few mantles here and there, which are jackets at the back, and have long pointed fronts, which make them look like long mantles more than anything else. Beaver cloth, lined with silk to ensure their slipping on and off over woollen dresses, forms the favourite material for these little jackets, and they are made up in all dark colours as well as neutral hues. The general shape is tight-fitting at the back and open in front, either with or without a waistcoat. Many of them have lapels and waistcoats of fur, and nearly all the jackets and mantles, if not fur-lined, are trimmed so as to make them look as if they were so. Sealskin jackets follow the same rule, and have open fronts and waistcoats of beaver. There are two small pockets on

the right front, and one on the left front, of most jackets, having flaps to them. One very stylish mode of trimming a plain jacket is represented in our picture, entitled "In the New Gallery." It is striped with braid from the neck (and sometimes also from the armholes) to the edge, the braid ending in each case in a trefoil shape.

All the newest cloaks are made full. Some are put into a yoke, some gathered round the shoulders; and a cloak, called the "Bonne femme," has a shaped neck-piece, and the cloak is put into it in wide pleats. Some have pleated backs fitted in, the fronts being double, and fulled into the neck by means of pleats or "smocking." All the fronts are long and double, like the striped cloak in our illustration; and few, if any, sleeves or capes are to be seen. Ulsters of tweed and plain cloths have capes, which are large, and fall to the waist and below the hands. Some of these large capes have tabs across the front, which button down, and others have hoods. Macintoshes will be made with fitting backs and the new double fronts, instead of the short capes coming only from the back.

In our paper pattern we give one of the new fashionable skirts that are flat, straight, and alike on each side, giving the same general impression of plainness that is shown by a redingote and hanging straight from the waist. The dress-improver has disappeared in favour of two crinoline flounces, as seen on some people; or else a tiny pad and one steel, six inches below the waist; and the much-draped and full skirts of last year are apparently quite passed and gone.

Jerseys and Garibaldis are still as much worn as ever, though of course in thicker materials; but most of them are now worn with some description of sleeveless Eton or Zouave jacket, made in velvet, silk, or moiré, which are much used over lace jackets in the evening. These last-named have full sleeves in puffs, with a deep frill of lace falling over the wrists.

I forgot to say (in speaking of skirts) that the large outside pockets have been brought back again by the taste for everything of the Directoire period. Braiding is much used, and the skirts of plain cloth have a border of braiding round the edge, the pockets and waistcoat also being braided. Some ladies, who are fortunate enough to possess them, are using the lovely rich squares of Indian, Turkish, or other Oriental embroidery for vests, collar, and cuffs for woollen dresses, and very rich they look. Gowns, all of woollen material, are more seen than those mixed with velvet. Homespun, vicuna, ladies' cloth, and woollens mixed with silk are all worn, and all suit well with the present style of making up into long coat-like dresses, which are as long as the skirt, hang evenly all round, and, in fact, are mantle and skirt in one. Very long princess gowns and long polonaises are as much worn as the Directoire coats and redingotes; and all of them seem to be equally well suited for winter clothes. This style makes all stout, rich materials more popular than they have been for years past, and so we see the advent of poplins, brocades, and matelassé, all of which are "old friends with new faces."

Stripes continue to be the leading feature in all patterns, and are generally produced in subdued combinations of colour, very fine stripes in groups being the most popular. Checks are also seen, and are large and simple, and generally unbroken crossbars of lines on a plain ground, two colours crossing each other. Then we have bordered robes of all kinds and colours, and also Persian and Indian tapestry designs, for both dresses and cloaks, and flannel with queer Japanese designs on it, for dressing-gowns.

The pattern selected for our paper pattern of this month is the "New Pleated Skirt," made quite plain, which has succeeded the old "Housemaid's Skirt," and is very much used for thick materials, such as tweed or serge. The skirt is in three pieces—front, side, and back. The front and sides are narrow and flat, the back being set in three large kilt folds, which are shown rather widely spread. The width of these folds is about equal to the width of the front. It is made to the ankles, and may be bordered with a plain band of ribbon or fur. It will take from six to seven yards of material, has a small pad, and one small steel placed six inches below the waist, at the back.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.," price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county; and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may always be obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as shall be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may know of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic under-clothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain basque bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, yoke bodice and bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, Emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket bodice, striped tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American Emancipation bodice (instead of stays), and new Corday skirt with pleats.



NEW SKIRT WITH PLEATS ONLY.

MITTENWALD AND ITS VIOLINS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER II.

It would seem out of place in writing of the violin to commence with the Mittenwald instrument and its makers, but for the fact that I came to this old-world Bavarian town to get some personal knowledge of both, and

to find answers to problems which had long puzzled me with regard to the violin.

Whatever is said, therefore, of the Mittenwald violin and its makers, must be regarded as affording some points of interest in and about the kingdom of sound, just as we study

a book on a new country before setting out on the journey thither.

It is curious to note how that the prosperity of a nation is often due to the special talent and enthusiasm of an individual cropping up at a time when, from loss and misfortune, the

people are easily directed and induced to throw their whole energy and talent into an undertaking.

It was so with the establishment of nearly every branch of the toy industry. It was so here in Mittenwald with the making of violins.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the art of violin-making in Italy was at its highest point of perfection. In Brescia, Cremona, Treves, Mantua, Verona, Padua, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, dwelt the most renowned masters, who gave lessons in the art of violin-making, and their fame went out into all lands.

Of course, Mittenwald being the central point between Italy and Germany, heard very much about it from the various travellers to and fro, in addition to which it had a very celebrated maker of violins dwelling near, and who often paid a visit to Mittenwald in search of special wood for his instruments; this was the celebrated Jacob Stainer, of Absom (a little village near Innsbruck) a man of surpassing intelligence, delicate constitution, and gentle manners, the first celebrated maker who exercised his art outside the charmed circle of Italy.

The people of Mittenwald had often watched him with curiosity as he went about their forests, mysteriously striking first one tree and then another with his hammer, and then putting his ear close to catch the sound.

At the periodical cutting down of trees he was sure to be present, listening for the sound of occasional large branches as they fell into the valley below, or regarding with attention the trunks of large trees whose tops and branches were decayed, to ascertain the number and character of the rings.

These mysterious movements of Stainer had a special fascination for one of the inhabitants of Mittenwald named Klotz, who desired above all things that his son Matthias should follow in the footsteps of Jacob Stainer, and become a violin maker.

It is said he could get no rest for thinking how it could be managed, and at length he consulted a friend of his, a traveller between Italy and Germany, who promised on his next journey to the South to take the boy with him, and leave him with one of the celebrated masters.

And so it happened that Matthias Klotz, then ten years old, was, by the influence of his father's friend, placed in the workshop of Nicolo Amati, in Cremona, little dreaming of what he was to do for Mittenwald in the future.

He had a hard time of it at first, for he was terribly homesick, but Amati was a kind man and a judge of character, and took a fancy to the modest, thoughtful German lad, and by degrees the intense longing for home subsided.

He gave himself up to his art with love and zeal, and in a few years he was one of Amati's best pupils, among whom at that time were Andreas Guarnerius and Anton Straduarius.

The preference shown by the master for Klotz roused the envy of the other pupils, who made his life a misery to him, and compelled him to seek protection in the house of Amati. They one day attacked him with weapons, and his remaining longer was out of the question, and so after eight years he left the town and the master whom he had learned to love, and wandered about till hunger compelled him for the time to take the place of an agricultural labourer.

This did not last long, he plucked up courage, took his staff, and sought out those towns wherein he could work at his craft. This was not difficult, and he made use of every opportunity of completing his education in the art of violin-making.

At length, after two years of wandering, he returned to Mittenwald, in his twentieth year.

as an authorised certificated master, rich in knowledge and experience, and in possession of the best models and drawings of violins, 'cellos, and other stringed instruments.

His determination was to found a school and take apprentices, as the masters in Italy had done, but before moving a step in this direction he went to the church of St. Nicolas, in Mittenwald, an old Gothic building, and prayed earnestly for God's blessing on and approbation of his work. His prayer was heard, and the seed which he sowed has for 200 years brought forth fruit a thousand fold.

Before leaving the church he went to the side of the stone altar and carved his name—*Matthias Klotz, Geigen Macher, im 20 Jahr, 1684*—which is still clear to read.

He became teacher first to his relations and then to his fellow-citizens. He related the position and influence of the Italian violin makers; he told them how Jacob Stainer, the man whom they had often seen, had rendered the little village of Absom famous in the world by his violins, and of the large sums of money people paid for his instruments.

He found observant, willing listeners, for many were without work owing to the depreciation of the Botzen Market, and gladly became his scholars.

And so it was that in the old market town of Mittenwald, in the midst of the Bavarian Alps, a German Cremona was established, without cathedrals and marble palaces, it is true, but producing violins as famous as those made in proud Cremona on the Po.

In one thing it had a preference over Cremona, viz., that in the neighbourhood there was an abundance of pine and maple wood—wood which was believed to surpass all other in intensity and quality of tone.

Just as formerly Stainer might have been seen wandering about the forests, so now Klotz was observed testing the trees and listening to the sound, and with an experienced eye detecting easily the age and grain of the wood, and noting those which would best suit his purpose.

In his time, and that of his immediate successors, the instruments made in Mittenwald were not sent abroad by agents or on ships over the ocean to foreign lands, but as a rule were carried on the backs of the makers themselves, and sold in Bavaria, Tyrol, Switzerland, and never carried beyond the Frankfort and Leipzig markets.

As time went on and the reputation of the Mittenwald violins became established, the business, if so it may be called, fell into the hands of the Neuner and Baader families, who undertook long journeys to London, Russia, and America, for the purpose of introducing the Mittenwald violins and other stringed instruments.

A century ago these journeys presented serious difficulties and dangers, but nothing daunted these enterprising people, and the result is that thousands of violins, 'cellos, guitars, and zithers are sent out from this little mountain town annually to all parts of the world. From Neuner's factory alone 10,000 are sent yearly to England and America.

The maker with his pack at his back has vanished from the road, and with him, of course, much of the early romance.

Entering Mittenwald from Partenkirchen in the summer, a wonderful sight meets the eye. Violins large and small, fresh varnished, violas without bridges, bassviols, guitars and zithers, finished and unfinished, hang in the cottage gardens and fields on lines from pole to pole, just as our clothes are hung out to dry. And to see them as you descend the hill, shimmering, shining, and swaying to and fro in the rays of the sun, calls to mind the German proverb, *Der Himmel hängt voller Geigen* (the sky is hung full of violins), by which is understood that things have a bright and pro-

ducing aspect, a proverb which well depicts both place and people.

Of the makers themselves you will scarcely obtain a glimpse, for they are off to the mountains on the first approach of summer to look after their fields, cows, and goats. Here they live roughly, sleep on straw, and do the work of peasants. No advantage which could be offered would keep a Mittenwald violin maker in the town during the summer months.

This intense love of mountain life is often a source of trouble to the wholesale houses, especially when large orders are waiting to be executed. They work faithfully and diligently during the winter, as you may see for yourselves if you visit the town at that season of the year; then in every window may be seen the master with his sons or apprentices seated before high benches, all occupied on the various parts of the violin.

Although there are two large factories here for the manufacture of stringed instruments, yet the art of violin making is essentially a home industry, in close connection, however, with the two great houses of Neuner and Hornstein and Baader and Co.

These houses in many cases give out the material to the home workers, and pay for the work when finished according to the manner in which it is completed. Some of the makers like to polish and varnish their own violins; others, on the contrary, deliver them to the wholesale houses white, and are polished and finished by their own special workmen.

There are a few individuals who, having worked well all the winter, and loving a roving life, prefer to be their own salesmen, and therefore as soon as summer appears pack up the instruments they have made in a chest, on the cover of which they paint a violin and the figure of their patron saint, and start for other lands, finding buyers among the clergy, schoolmasters, and play actors, and it sometimes happens that when no special home ties bind them to return to Mittenwald, they accept a good offer and settle in a foreign land.

To Herr Neuner we are indebted for much of the detail of violin making and violin mending in Mittenwald, the latter being quite as interesting as the former.

Our first insight into the art was in his factory and under his guidance. He not only allowed us to go through every room, but made us acquainted with each step, from the choosing and cutting down of the wood in the forest, to the moment when the perfect instrument stood waiting for the master hand to draw out its sweet sounds, for, perfect as it is, it is hopeless to charm without the controlling hand.

It required such an insight as this to teach us the complications of the simple-looking instrument we call the violin, and to prove to us how much more difficult it is in construction than either the harp or the piano.

We could not have learned it from books, it would have been too puzzling for comprehension, but seeing step by step of the process, and learning the reason and necessity of each, the mind gradually took it in, and no longer troubled itself as to the why and wherefore.

Unless we had seen with our eyes, we never could have understood how an instrument so simple in its construction could be so complicated in its details, nor could we have been so thankful to our ancestors for the trouble, time, and research they must have expended before arriving at the true form in which it has come to us.

The wonder, however, still remains in our minds, how, with the materials all ready to hand, so many centuries should have passed away ere this perfect instrument should have been discovered.

Musical instrument making is one of the

most ancient of arts; for the Creator, who placed in the heart of man an intense love of harmony, gave him at the same time the means of gratifying it, leaving him, however, to find out what the means were, and how to make them subservient to his will; and it was early in the world's history that Jubal, Adam's grandson, learned the secret of infusing life into dead matter, and producing sweet sounds from wood and metal, thereby earning for himself the title of "Father of all such as handle the harp and organ." From the beginning, therefore, the heart of man has craved for musical instruments and had them, but the violin, the king of instruments, is the child of the last two or three centuries only. No one knows the name or the country of the inventor, nor the exact date of its springing into life; yet what other instrument ever had the power of this to charm, to soothe, to provoke enthusiasm, to scold, caress, inspire, to paint the thoughts, to express the passions? "It is," says an old enthusiast,

"the sustainer of our voice, the necessity of our symphonies, the soul of our concerts, the life of our dances, the charm of our assemblies."

What is it which gives to the violin its enormous value, and places it on the throne of the domain of musical instruments?

It is a something detached from the instrument, yet a most intimate part of it—a something which holds it in subjection, and makes the air, the wood, and the strings submit to it, and which, being put in motion, draws forth the sounds, otherwise dormant, and makes them vibrate to its touch.

This magic wand, this sceptre, is the bow. Armed with this, the king of instruments never grows old like other instruments, but increases in strength and beauty with the centuries. Of the origin of this sceptre it is difficult to speak with certainty. Whether we derived it from Arabia or from Wales authorities are not agreed, but all are of one mind that it was brought to its present perfect form in France.

In the making of the violin there are certain fundamental principles to be observed, and as they have to do with nature, and not with opinion, they can never be infringed without damage to the instrument. The laws are the same, whether they have to do with the smallest of violins, or the largest double-bass, and the violin maker is bound to possess knowledge of these, otherwise his work will be a dead failure.

For example, he must understand thoroughly the nature of the wood to be used, the equilibrium of the air, the size of the model, the height of the arch, the piercing of the holes, the relation of the parts to the whole, and the composition and tint of the varnish.

All these came under our notice in Mittenwald, in Herr Neuner's factory, where the whole history of the violin is to be seen, and in the next chapter we will try and explain what we actually saw, beginning with the wood.

(To be continued.)

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER IV.



NINTEEN months had passed since that bright August morning when Kitty apostrophised the river just before going to the church for her own wedding. She had been many times since to her accustomed seat close to the Dee, and as she listened to the hum of insects, and all the other pleasant sounds which seemed to come with the sunshine, she told herself that her dreams had been realised, and that her cup of happiness was well nigh full. At first there used to be no "well nigh" about it. She was perfectly happy for about three months; but then these Grants, who had arrived ten days after her marriage, began to make friends so far as they could with Jamie, and she did not like it. Kitty had one unfortunate quality in her disposition—jealousy. She was so fond of her husband that she did not really like his even caressing a dog or cat, and directly she fancied he found a certain pleasure in talking to the Grants, she added that on to the dislike she felt because of their rough manner, and at last grew to positively hate them. Foolish, indeed, she was, and making worries for herself without the smallest foundation; but she chose to fancy that her husband liked a chat with Sandy or Andrew because they were men, and could talk of things she did not understand, such as politics in their bearing on trade, and the labour market, and so on, and as a result of that she imagined that perhaps Jamie rather looked down upon her; in fact, there was no end to the self-torment she went through, all for nothing; and being ashamed to confess to "Miss Bessie" that anything was troubling her, she kept it to herself and brooded, like the silly girl she was. Jamie meanwhile went on his way, did his work, and came home to his tea, happy, and at peace with all the world, never dreaming there was anything wrong, and never seeing that Kitty's face clouded over whenever he mentioned that the Grants had walked with him, or that he had been telling them such news as he could pick up in Aberdeen.

One evening, however, the shade was so apparent that he did notice it, and asked her what was the matter.

"I don't like those Grants," she burst forth. "You always seem to want to be with them instead of me."

"Why, Kitty!" exclaimed her husband, in astonishment, "whatever do you mean? I like the Grants, instead of you? Why, wife, you must be clean daft to say such a thing. Poor Andrew and Sandy! I never told you that the old man's gone—died yesterday. They are but ignorant folk, and like a chat, because I tell them what I read in the papers, and when I come back by train it passes the time if they meet me and walk home from the station. Kitty, woman, don't go troubling yourself about such-like follies. It spoils your pretty face, and makes me unhappy to see it." So saying, he went over and kissed her, adding—

"Ye'll not see much more of the Grants again, for they are going to emigrate to America, to try and find better work and wages."

"Oh," said Kitty, a good deal mollified, and somewhat ashamed. "Well, I can't say I'm sorry if they do go, but it's all right with you now, Jamie, darling," and she smiled brightly and gave him a kiss in return for his.

"Yes, my lassie, we'll have no more of long faces I hope now; Sandy told me he and his brother are going in a fortnight."

He sat silent for a time, drinking his tea, and then said:—

"I believe I shall have to go to London before long, on a job which they want a Scotchman for."

"London! but why do they want a Scotchman? They are no better builders here than in London, I suppose?"

"No, I don't believe we are," he said; "but it seems there's an old gentleman, a Scotchman himself, who's just got a fad to have some job done by his own countrymen, and so we'll have to go and do it, some of us. It'll be a pretty penny he'll have to pay, I'm thinking, us coming so far to the work."

"Yes," said Kitty, rather gloomily. "Well, I think he might be content with the builders in London, and not take you away."

"Aweel, aweel," interrupted Mrs. McGowan, "it'll no be for long that Jamie'll be gone, and maybe the wage will be extra."

Ten days after this conversation the two Grants came to say good-bye as they were to start for America next day. Jamie was not at home, so the visit was paid to Kitty and her grandmother.

"An' are ye really going to-morrow?" asked the latter.

"We leave to-morrow," answered Sandy; "and we'll stay in Aberdeen the night to see our sister who's married and settled there, and then start for America on Wednesday."

"We saw Jamie yesterday," said Andrew, "and maybe we'll see him in Aberdeen to-morrow to say good-bye."

And so they left, Kitty being glad to see the last of them, and Mrs. McGowan rather sorry, as she liked a little company.

Jamie came in soon after they had left.

"Well," he said, "I am ordered to go to London on Wednesday, for the job I told you of, but it won't take long—not more than a fortnight, I believe. A good many of us are going. I just met the Grants," he added, "and said good-bye to them. I'll write from London directly I can and tell ye about the place, which is grand enough, from all I hear."

"Yes," said Kitty, feebly. "I'll go and see that your things don't want any stitches put in them before you go, Jamie, dear."

Wednesday came and went, and with it Jamie; and Kitty, who had never been parted from him before for more than a few hours, felt so low and depressed, that it was all she could do not to burst out crying before her grandmother, who was not at all the person to sympathise with any such exhibition of feeling. By dint of great effort, however, she did "keep up," and went about her usual work without saying a word; only in the evening she walked to the Manse and had half-an-hour's talk with her friend, which did her more good than anything else possibly could have done. She walked home briskly, for it was dark and cold, and comforted herself with the thought that she would soon have a letter telling her where he was, and so on.

Two days passed in peace, as she did not expect to hear directly, but by Saturday evening she began to feel just a little surprised, and then vexed, because no tidings had come from her husband. Sunday and Monday did not count, but Tuesday came and still no letter; Wednesday and Thursday ditto, and in fact the second Sunday found her still without any tidings.

She grew pale, and black circles appeared under her eyes; even Mrs. McGowan began to be anxious, though she did not show it much.

At last Kitty burst forth, "I don't know how to bear it, grannie; what do you think can have happened?"

"I don't know, dearie; we canna tell. Maybe he's got so much work, and that's why."

"Oh, no! I am sure he would find a minute just to write to me, if it was only the work that he was busy about. Maybe he's ill. Oh, grannie, or——" she hesitated, and then said, "or——well I hate those Grants!"

"Hate those Grants? I know ye never liked them, but what have they got to do wi' Jamie?"

"Perhaps they saw him in Aberdeen and got him to stay there, or perhaps they've gone to London with him."

"Ye're just daft, Kitty," said her grandmother. "Ye ken they were going to America on Wednesday, an' Jamie never left here till that day, and besides, what should he be staying with them for?"

"I don't know," said Kitty; "but only I always hated them, and if it's not that, why then Jamie must be ill, or——" She could not utter the awful fear which she had of some accident having happened to him, and, in fact, extraordinary as it may seem, she was in reality much more possessed with the idea that "those Grants" were at the bottom of his silence than that any more natural and reasonable explanation might account for it.

Days grew to weeks, however, and still no word came to relieve the anxiety which was almost unbearable. Kitty was at her wit's end, and looked so ill that her grandmother was frightened about her, more especially as she still harped on the idea that the Grants had somehow influenced her husband. She went so far at last as to say she thought he had, perhaps, gone to America with them, or, on the other hand, that they had, perhaps, murdered him to get the little store of money which he had taken with him when he left Deeside Cottage.

She could not go and consult "Miss Bessie" either, as Robert Forbes was seriously ill with scarlet fever, and the Manse was consequently closed to everyone but doctors and nurses. Once, after nearly six weeks had elapsed, a letter came from the firm in Aberdeen to Kitty, asking whether she could tell them where her husband was, as the job in London was finished, and the other workmen had returned without him.

Poor Kitty went herself to Aberdeen then and saw the foreman, asking him what she could do, the result being that a notice was sent to the paper describing Jamie, and asking for news of him. The building in London had been so delayed, owing to bad weather, that it was only just finished, which was the reason of the firm not knowing that Ferguson was missing sooner.

Another week passed, and Kitty in despair went up to the Manse on the chance of seeing her friend. Bessie sent for her into the room she knew so well, and in a few minutes all the story was told.

"My poor Kitty," she said, with tears in her

eyes; "how you have suffered! But don't for one instant think that he has gone away, or stayed away, on purpose. We make such mistakes, we women, very often about that, dear, imagining things which have no foundation, and making ourselves miserable without cause. No, it is bad enough as it is, the terrible suspense. I tell you what, Kitty," she said, after a pause. "My husband is now so much better that he can quite well do without me for a day or two, or even more if necessary. I shall tell him my plan, and I know he will say at once 'Go.'"

Kitty looked up, not understanding.

"I shall go, dear," said Bessie, "and see if I cannot find your husband. Listen, Kitty! If he has met with any accident he will have

worry about his friends again—never worry about anything. This is so awful!"

"You have been very good and brave all this time, poor child," said Mrs. Forbes. "And now you try and keep on being brave till you hear from me, and I hope and pray my news may be good."

And thus it was settled. Robert Forbes encouraged his wife in her undertaking, and the very next morning saw her in the train on her way to London, full of energy and determination to do all that was possible to discover Jamie Ferguson. On her arrival she went at once to the house of an uncle, a lawyer, whom she felt sure would give her the best advice, and she found him fortunately not very busy, so that he was able not only to enter

into the subject fully, but also volunteered to go with her on her quest. He and his wife invited her to stay with them as long as she remained in town—an invitation which she accepted with pleasure—and so she took up her abode in a large house in the somewhat unfashionable neighbourhood of Russell Square, from whence she started with her uncle the following morning to begin her search.

Meanwhile Kitty was striving her hardest to control the anxiety which would have been terrible for any woman to bear, but was, if possible, even more terrible for her whose nature, highly-strung and excitable, was acted upon by a vivid imagination, which suggested horrors of every kind, till she sometimes felt afraid of a sudden collapse of bodily, if not mental, strength. But she struggled bravely, and forced herself to do her ordinary occupations, taking as well walks to the Manse to try to be of use to Mrs. McBain, now that Bessie was absent. Four days only passed—but they seemed like four weeks—and then a letter in the well-known handwriting came one morning.

"My dear Kitty," it began, "you have had sorrow, now you must try and bear joy. I have seen your husband. He is in St. George's Hospital, where he was brought the very day of his arrival here. He was knocked down by a runaway cart, and hurt and stunned, but no bones broken. He is doing perfectly well in body. The reason you never heard from him is that his memory for the time is gone. He is quite conscious, and knows the nurses and doctors, but of things and events in the past he has no recollection as yet. So, as there was no clue to his name or address, they could not write. Now, dear Kitty, come as soon as you like, and I know that will be at once. Take a cab at the station

and drive straight to 100, Russell Square, where I shall be looking out for you, and you will be among friends. Keep up heart. It won't be long, the doctors say, before Jamie will be quite himself again, and as delighted to see you as you will be to see him.

"Believe me, your affectionate friend,
"BESSIE FORBES."

Kitty's joy when she read this letter may be imagined, but cannot be described. Jamie was safe, not dead—not gone to America. As for his memory, she hardly gave it a thought, so sure was she that the very sight of her and the sound of her voice would work a complete cure in that respect. She could not rest now without seeing him; and putting a few things into a small box, she took the train to Aber-



"TRAVELLED UP TO LONDON THAT NIGHT."

been taken to one of the hospitals, and I shall go to them all in turn and see. I have a sort of feeling, dear, that he will be found there."

"Oh, Miss Bessie, how I thank you! But surely he would have written if he wanted to, or got somebody else to write."

"We never know," said Bessie. "So many complications happen sometimes. Of course, if I succeed, Kitty—in fact, in any case—you shall hear from me, and if he is where I think very likely he is, you shall come at once and see him."

Kitty could not speak, the relief of thinking something was to be done was so enormous. The tears ran over her cheeks, and she said—

"Oh, if I only have him back, I will never

seen that afternoon, and travelled up to London that night, arriving at an unearthly hour next morning; and going straight to Russell Square, as she had been told, early though it was, Bessie was not surprised to see her, and welcomed her so warmly that she felt quite at home, and sat by the fire with a cup of hot coffee which Bessie had had made directly she arrived, listening with a sense of wonderful rest and comfort to all the details of her husband's case.

"I can't help thinking that when he sees me he will remember," she said; but her friend shook her head as she answered—

"Hardly yet, I fancy, dear Kitty; we must have a little patience still."

That day the two women went to the hospital and saw Jamie. He was sitting up as a convalescent patient, and looked well, except for being somewhat paler and thinner, but when he raised his eyes to Kitty there was no remembrance in them; indeed, he turned to the nurse, asking, "Who is that?" And the

poor wife, after one cry of "Jamie, don't you know me?" burst into tears, and Mrs. Forbes took her away. The same thing happened often, only that Kitty grew more able to bear it without giving way openly, and at length, after a fortnight, her husband looked up at her and said, "Wife," and laid his hand on his forehead as if puzzled about something. There are moments about which it is better to be silent, and this was one of them; for such intense joy as filled Kitty's heart then can hardly be told.

From that day Jamie rapidly improved, and was soon pronounced able to leave the hospital. Mrs. Forbes' kind uncle and aunt insisted upon his coming to their house for a few days before attempting the journey to Scotland, and the night before he was to leave St. George's and come to Russell Square, Bessie went up into Kitty's room, and found her standing near the window, such a smile on her face, and turning her wedding ring round and round on her finger.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as her friend entered the room, "how happy I was when he put this on, and how miserable I have been since; but now, please God, the misery is over, and he will be with me again to-morrow. Oh, dear Mrs. Forbes, I don't know how to thank you for all you did for me. I should never have found him, perhaps, but for you!"

"Yes you would, dear, when his memory returned; but you would have had a longer waiting. Well, it's over now, and what a blessing he is really none the worse. Kitty, dear, you will never again fancy things about his friends, will you? I'm sure you won't! And you will try to feel that however happy we may any of us be, yet we must not make too sure of its continuing without a break."

This little story has come to an end now. Jamie came to Russell Square the next day, and a week later travelled back to Scotland with Kitty, and returned to old Mrs. McGowan and the Deeside Cottage.

[THE END.]

BIRD LIFE IN DECEMBER.

By A NATURALIST.

THE birds have not yet suffered from hard times; blackbirds and thrushes frequent those old garden walls which are built with rough stones, for they know well that snails and other creatures have sheltered for the winter within the crevices and cracks in the lower parts of them. The blackbird hops up in his half-bold, half-distrustful way, his bright dark eyes, with their rings of orange, looking all ways at once. He is not quite sure that all is right; some slight noise has alarmed him, for he hops a few feet into the strawberry bed, with his tail raised and spread like a fan. Nimbly he hops back to the wall, secures a large snail, and makes away with it. He will keep coming and going all through the short day.

The song thrush is not so shy; he will get his snail and take it to a stone in the summer-house, crack the shell on that, and then eat the poor owner of it. If you look at the place after he has gone to roost, you will find quite a small heap of broken snail shells. All day long you may hear him tap: tap! tap! and see him, too. The song thrush is a very confident bird in places where experience or instinct tells him that people will not hurt him; but the blackbird is shy always and everywhere.

A mournful pipe comes from the privet hedge surrounding part of our garden, up to the old wall. On looking, we see bullfinches, four of them, clinging to the top twigs, on the lookout for any berries that may be in their neighbourhood. Their breasts look like roses, they are so bright in colour. The title of parrot-finch would suit a bull-finch better than his own name does; I always think of a small parrot when I see one. A most playful and affectionate



THE BLACKBIRD.

creature he is, when domesticated, and he has a nice quiet song peculiar to himself, which he will sing for the benefit of those who treat him kindly.

At the bottom of the hedge a couple of hedge-sparrows hop in and out with their own special wing shuffle. The country folks call him "shuffle-wing," in some localities. He is quiet in all his ways, his plumage is sober in tone, and when closely looked at is very beautiful, as is also that of the cock-sparrow.

If, in the course of the short, bright day you can visit the woodland roads, where the great beeches reach out their huge arms, lacing and interlacing, you will hear a chorus of "Twink! twink!" and nothing but "twink!" The sound proceeds from a host of chaffinches that are feeding on the beech nuts or mast, which they find in plenty under the fallen leaves. As you walk on, a cloud composed of birds rises up, showing their beautiful white upper tail coverts and bright tawny plumage, barred with white and black. They are "bramblings," or bramble finches, which have come from northern counties to our more genial one. When the winter is over they will go back to begin their nesting time. And there are cottage children—mites, some of them—carrying sprigs and branches of holly full of bright red berries; they know where the best are to be found. They will cut each piece in a slanting direction, make bundles of the lot, and put them in the ground to keep fresh for their Christmas decorations; and before it gets dark, if you continue your walk, you will meet some of their bigger brothers and sisters with branches of mistletoe, which they had noted months ago growing on the old crab trees in the wood.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Twenty-five Progressive Studies for the Pianoforte, by Georges Pfeiffer.—These well-planned exercises, for style and finesse, combined with manual independence and the higher departments of technique, are greatly to be recommended, and would precede, in a most satisfactory manner, a study of either Clementi's "Gradus" or Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier."

The Diatonic and Chromatic Scales, edited by Charles Gardner, present no novel features, and connect major and minor scales, bearing the same signature, as heretofore. We hope some day to find the minor scale having the same key-note, second, fourth, fifth, and seventh as the major holding that connection, as the acknowledged "nearest relation."

Fifty Five-finger Inventions, by Edwin M. Lott, represent an earnest attempt to supply a much-needed equalising practice for the five fingers, without changing the position of the hand. Considering the limits to which Mr. Lott bound himself, it is really surprising to find so much interest in his melodies.

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

Daybreak. Four-part song, by C. A. Macirone.—This is a beautiful composition of Miss Macirone's, possessing all the

breezy vigour which Longfellow's words naturally require in the first part, and filled with a very touching sadness when the wino "cross'd the churchyard with a sigh, and said 'Not yet! in quiet lie.'"

A Book of Four Songs, by Kate Boundy.—These settings of Herrick's and Shelley's words show great individuality of thought and harmony.

The Parting Hour, by Ernest Birch, is a typical ballad of the period, as free from difficulty as it is from interest.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

A Ribbon and a Flower. A song, with sweet, sad words, by Mary Mark-Lemon, receives a rather poor setting at the hands of Joseph Barnby.

Ask Not. By Maude Valerie White.—There is always some trait of originality in the compositions of this talented woman. In this case the words are weaker than the music.

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

Little Guardian. A song, by Cécile S. Martog.—Although rather in the style of such works as "Daddie," "Auntie," "Childie," and other relative compositions, this little song has the advantage of looking at things from a cheerful, hopeful point of view, which is greatly in its favour.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Who Was It? is the title of a very funny song, by F. E. Weatherley, cleverly and humorously set to music by J. L. Roeckel.

La Cavalcade makes a brisk march, although inclined to the polka in style.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

Lullabye, my Darling. Words and music by Jenny Maude.—This is a simple, pretty berceuse, of which the first part is excellent.

The Dew is Sweet to the Lily. Song, by R. B. Addison.—Mr. Addison's songs are all nice, and this is no exception to the rule. The compass is from D up to E.

The Queen's Fester. A jig, by E. Boggetti.—Has all the freshness and go required, and would be very suitable for playing at a children's romp.

SOMERSET AND CO.

The Grenadiers. Polka-March, by Theo. Bonheur.—Is a lively quickstep, dedicated to Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, whose portrait is reproduced on the cover.

Jessamine, No. 1, of Floral Beauties, by J. E. Newell.—A drawing-room piece of the nocturne kind. Why "Jessamine," we cannot tell!

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

WE are once more encouraged to appeal to our young readers on behalf of this Home, in which they have been so long interested. A few weeks ago we told them that it must be closed next Christmas, unless a debt of £600 could be paid. A portion of that sum has been collected, but at least a third has yet to be gathered, if the inmates are to be saved from that destitution which must result from their being cast adrift on the stormy sea whence they were rescued. We venture to plead earnestly for them, and to ask our readers to allow the subscriptions they have generously sent in towards a Convalescent Home for Girls, to be transferred to Woodhouse, which is virtually a "Convalescent Home," since the doctor's bill for last year was only £2 3s. 9d., and the neighbouring Epping Forest is quite a health resort. Of course we all know that the contributions sent to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER towards founding a new Home for Girls are insufficient for the purpose. We have been told what a large sum is required to secure and maintain a permanent institution of this kind, and that the money in hand falls far short of it; indeed, that the scheme must be relinquished and the kind donations otherwise appropriated. This emboldens us to ask our friends to keep open the "National Society for the Protection of Young Girls," by allowing the £360 collected for the one Home to be transferred to the other. This sum will enable the committee to clear off the debt, and, we will hope, leave a small margin wherewith to start afresh. Instead of closing so valuable a preventive work, we would fain see it doubled. But for lack of funds, one hundred, instead of fifty, girls would be received at Woodhouse—saved from possible ruin. Our readers have done much towards filling the Home in the past, and we feel secure of their

help and sympathy in the present crisis, as well as of their aid in the future. Could they only see the bright, happy faces of the girls, they would, assuredly, lend a hand to save them; which hand will be, metaphorically, stretched out by giving them a Happy Christmas once more in their dear Woodhouse. The following letter, lately received by the secretary, will speak for itself. The writer was three years in the Home:—

"Dear Sir,—I must ask you to forgive the liberty I am taking in writing to you. I do not know if you will recollect me or not. I was school monitor under Miss Crane, but I have not heard anything of the Home since I left, except by occasionally reading scraps in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and the *Quiver*. I was sorry to read the other day that the funds were so low, but I sincerely hope that before long subscriptions will increase. I am sure if people only knew the immense good work the society carries on they would subscribe more liberally. I often think of the happy times I had in the Home and also of those evenings when you came in and enlivened us by joining in our somewhat boisterous run. Those were happy days indeed. I often feel thankful I was sent to the home, for many things I learned when there have proved invaluable to me since. I am glad to be able to tell you I have a good situation as parlour-maid. I have been eighteen months, and I hope to stay much longer."

All the letters from the girls in service are full of gratitude, and those from many mistresses are truly satisfactory. When we consider the degraded condition from which most of them were rescued, and that fourteen hundred and fifty have been trained, fed, clothed, and placed in domestic service, we thank God for His aid, and take courage. We feel sure that His servants will still help to

save the young from such a state of sin and wretchedness as we find chronicled in the last report. We read of one, fourteen years of age, with an insane mother, and deserted by her father. Of another, eleven, with no parents that could be discovered, found in possession of two notorious drunkards. A third, aged fourteen, declaring that certain black lines under her eyes were caused by the black eyes she used to get when she was young; and so on. Most of them have been snatched like "brands from the burning." Knowing this, and much more, we need not apologise for our continued efforts on behalf of this excellent charity, or for our somewhat bold proposal that our girls shall benevolently signify to the Editor their willingness to save it from annihilation.

Since the above was written, the sum of £100 has been sent for the Convalescent Home by C. R. S. The donor adds to her benevolent gift the text, Psalm cxxvii. 1. The Editor wrote at once to the kind lady, to state that it was in consideration to transfer the sum collected for the one Home to the other, and received an immediate permission to appropriate her munificent contribution as he thought best. Had our readers seen the thankfulness of the secretary of the Princess Louise Home, as we did, on learning that £100 of the debt was to be thus wiped off, and that, with their approval, the whole would be eventually cleared, they would rejoice with us in the prospect of maintaining an existing Institution. The gratitude towards C. R. S. is intense, and the text she quotes is to be placed over the door at Woodhouse, so that all who run may read the words, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEHOLD HARMONY.

"— by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty."

BEING THE

EXTRA CHRISTMAS PART

of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER"

For 1888. NOW READY.

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"Maggie Bag o' Bones." A Story. By S. L. GIBBS.

Winter Worries for Our Girls, Acrostics, etc.

EDUCATIONAL.

MARY.—For information about the LL.A., St. Andrew's degree, you should write to the secretary, Professor Knight, University of St. Andrew's, N.B. The examination takes place in April. It is held at several places in England, Birmingham being one of them. The standard is the same for pass and honours as that of the St. Andrew's M.A. degree, in the same subjects.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER will find all the information needful in Cassell and Co.'s shilling "Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices," in which copies of examination papers are given which have been set for former candidates.

SILVER KING.—The address of the Church Missionary Society is Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, E.C. The Church Zenana Missionary Society is at 9, Salisbury Square. We should think you would do well to qualify as a medical missionary for this branch in the South Punjab. You could apply to the secretary, Canon Crowfoot, Minster Yard, Lincoln. The address of the Zenana Medical College is 58, St. George's Road, S.W.—hon. sec., Dr. Griffiths. Help is sometimes afforded in training by the committees connected with Lady Dufferin's Fund, and also by the S.P.C.K., and some others.

AN INQUIRER and MARY.—On reference to our Answers on the question of entering hospitals as probationers, and also to our articles on nursing, etc., you will see that you would not be received anywhere at the age of eighteen. The age is fixed at from twenty-five to thirty-five or forty at most of them; and the earliest age is twenty-one, when you might be eligible at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, W.C. There they lodge, board, and train lady-pupils at one guinea a week, and nurses at 7s. 6d. a week, for not less than six months. They are received on the same terms at the Children's North Eastern Hospital.

SUNFLOWER.—We thank you for kindly expressing your approval of our magazine, and give your notice with pleasure. Those amongst our girls who desire to join the Utopian Reading Society are informed that the late hon. sec., Miss Impey, has retired; and that Miss Gibb, "Glenlyon," The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent, has taken her place.

H. M. H.—Apply to the matron, London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, E., where there is a training school for nurses without payment; and if appointed after a month's trial, a probationer will be paid £12 the first year and £20 the second. On the satisfactory completion of two years' training, and attendance upon the nursing lectures, a certificate is given.

LADY NYASSA.—The drawing you send is extremely well done; we should think you could make art a success, and regret to hear that you have to be taken from school. It is better for parents to practise economy in anything but in this, as in the present day it is of the utmost importance to their children. We should suggest your going to the Birkbeck Institution, Chancery Lane, E.C., or to the Polytechnic, Regent Street, W., or to some school of art near you, and making every effort to

keep up your studies, and in due season to pass those examinations you have not passed. In this way you will do much better for yourself and your parents, than by trying to find a situation when too young.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—Unless you joined one of the many societies constantly mentioned in our columns, we do not know what you could do for self-improvement; but you spell well and write a good hand. Could you not join a good library, and read standard works on history and literature?

GARÇON.—We may "suppose" so many things; for instance, "what should we have done without mouths or noses?" Is it not better "to-day, while it is called to-day," to help the humanity that really exists, and leave the humanity that never existed to take care of itself? Shall man by thinking find out God's ways?

MISCELLANEOUS.

F. Z.—It is not right to "pray that you may be married." Ask that your Heavenly Father would direct and rule your life just according to His own all-wise will. You are too young, by three or four years at least, to think of anything but your home duties and of how you may "requite your parents."

A SAD GIRL.—We sympathise much with you. You should try to go on a visit to some relatives or friends in the country, for a little time of complete rest and change of scene.

COUNTRY GIRL.—As you have been under the treatment of an aurist, it is to him that you should apply rather than to a stranger quite unacquainted with your case. He would know

what description of appliance would suit you the best, and the size of any "ear-drum" to be ordered, as ears are not all alike. Besides, he could procure what might be suitable for you at less cost than you could procure them.

A LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."

—Write to Mr. Tarn, enclosing a stamp for his reply. If it be satisfactory, send the money due and the amount required for the postage. August the 29th, 1866, was a Wednesday.

HOPEFUL ONE.—If qualified in age, character, and attainments, and have sufficient interest likewise, to obtain such a post, of which there are so few at the disposal of the Government, then the circumstance which you think might be an obstacle (which you have confided to us) would not, we think, prove to be such.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—There is no really definite period assigned to what is termed "the Middle Ages," for they vary a little as to date in different countries one from another. Speak-

ing roughly, the period includes about a thousand years, that is, from the fifth to the close of the fifteenth century. According to Hallam, in his "History of the Middle Ages," it commences "from the invasion of France by Clovis, A.D. 480, to that of Naples by Charles VIII., 1495." At the same time he says, "It is not possible to fix accurate limits to the Middle Ages."

LADY SELINA.—The most original of the new Christmas cards this season are those printed by Mr. Edmund Evans, in which real needles are displayed to represent organ pipes in the reproduction of Raphael's world-famed "St. Cecilia," a copy of which picture we ourselves printed in our last volume. There is another card of a beautiful drawing-room organ, in the Renaissance style, in which the shimmering needles do service for the organ pipes with great effectiveness and beauty.

** In our next monthly part we intend to print as the frontispiece the outline drawing only of the beautiful picture "A Morning Gossip," to be painted by our girls in colours, like the frontispiece to this monthly number, and in competition for prizes, of which Birket Foster and the Editor will be the adjudicators.

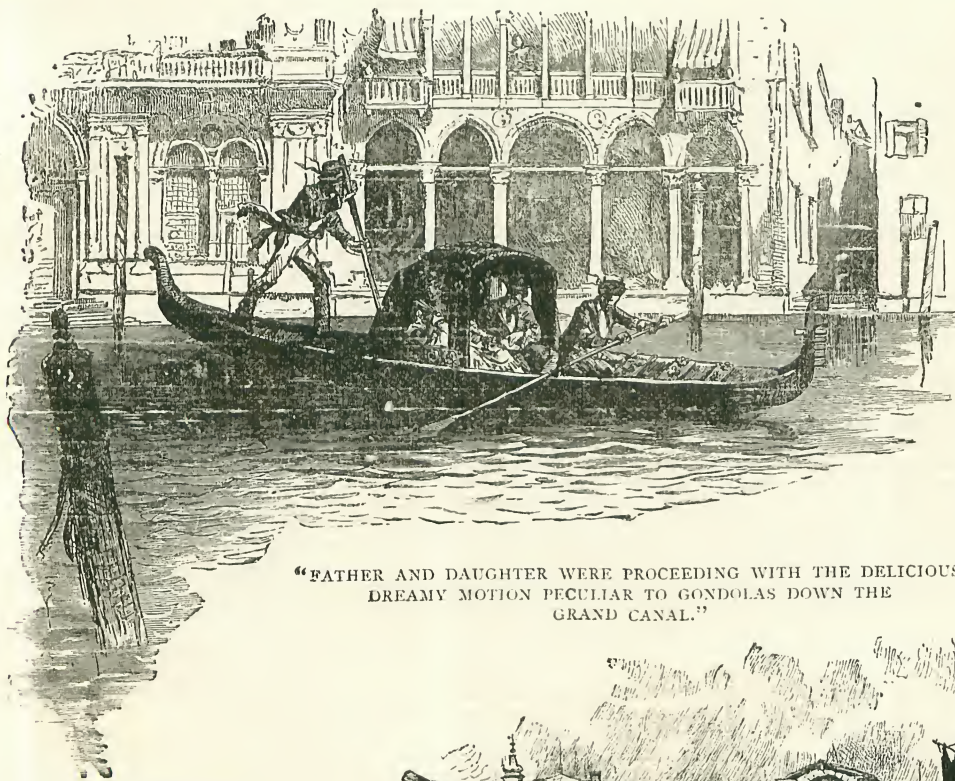
The results of our Competitions in Musical Composition and Needlework for Deep Sea Fishermen will be given in our next Part.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



A MODERN MONTAGUE.

BY
EGLANTON THORNE,

Author of "My Brother's Friend,"
"Ida Nicolari," "The Two
Crowns," etc., etc.

"FATHER AND DAUGHTER WERE PROCEEDING WITH THE DELICIOUS,
DREAMY MOTION PECULIAR TO GONDOLAS DOWN THE
GRAND CANAL."

CHAPTER I.

"THIS IS A MONTAGUE, OUR FOE."

"ARE you satisfied, Olive?"

"Satisfied, father!"

The word was repeated in a tone of
expostulation, as though it were one
which fell far short of the occasion.

"Venice does not disappoint your ex-
pectations?"

"Father, could anyone find Venice
disappointing?"

"Very easily if he came here in un-
favourable weather. You have no idea
what a dreary place Venice looks in
heavy rain."

"I can imagine it," said the girl,
lightly. "There would be altogether
too much water then. But in this sun-
light, with that glorious sky overhead,
Venice is simply enchanting. Oh, I

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THE RIALTO BRIDGE AND FISH MARKET.

could glide about in this gondola for ever. It is too delightful."

Father and daughter were proceeding with the delicious, dreamy motion peculiar to gondolas down the Grand Canal. The hearse-like cover of the boat had been removed, and as they lay back in the luxuriously-cushioned seats, the breeze which fanned them was at once soft and fresh. Perhaps there is no place that so inclines the traveller to yield to the allurements of *dolce far niente* as does Venice. Walking along the narrow, slippery *calles* and over innumerable bridges is not agreeable, and, when the perfect ease with which one may glide in a gondola from place to place along the watery ways has once been experienced, it seems absurd to take the trouble to walk anywhere.

There was a look of repose even on Mr. Denning's worn, thin, nervous face, and his daughter welcomed this indication that he was beginning to forget the home worries which had had so injurious an effect on his health, that his physician had prescribed for him many weeks of foreign travel, hoping that change of scene would free his mind from its painful tension.

Olive Denning looked to have life and energy enough for both. She was a girl of twenty, of slight supple form, rather above the middle height, with clear, dark complexion and soft dark eyes—eyes which had a wistful look at times, though the expression of the face was bright and buoyant. She wore a rose-coloured cotton gown, simple enough in style, but Olive had a knack of hitting upon just the colours that would heighten the beauty of her brown hair and eyes, and it seemed to her father that she had never looked better, also that she could not have chosen anything that would contrast more charmingly with the gloomy drapery of the gondola. A little white straw hat with rose-coloured band completed her equipment.

They had arrived at Venice in the dusk of the previous evening, and Olive had donned her gayest attire with a light, eager heart this morning, as she anticipated making acquaintance with the romantic city which from her childhood she had longed to see. There had not seemed much likelihood that her wish would be gratified, till quite unexpectedly circumstances had brought about this visit to Italy. By this time her anxiety respecting her father's health was sufficiently relieved to enable her to enjoy Venice thoroughly.

It was a pleasure to him to watch her eager, interested looks, turned now on this side, now on that, as their gondolier, a tall, fine man, with handsome, sunburnt face, who stood behind them gracefully propelling the boat by long oars, named the various palaces they were passing. It was as he watched her thus that he asked if she were satisfied.

"You would find life at Venice monotonous, I fear, when the novelty of the gondola had worn off," he said, in reply to her. "I can fancy a Venetian girl yearning to escape from its narrow streets, and make acquaintance with the wider world beyond."

"Oh, very likely a Venetian girl would," said Olive; "one wearies of sameness everywhere, and by constant gazing on them, these old palaces might come to look as uninteresting to her as I must own our village street at Wivescombe, where no change ever comes, has often looked to me. The church, the vicarage, the hall, nothing alters there."

"One change at least has taken place there within the last few months," said her father, in a low, bitter tone; "the Squire has robbed us of our right to Love Lane, which my father, aye, and my grandfather too, always regarded as belonging as much to our property as to his. They may call it law, if they will, but it's not justice."

Olive turned a troubled look on her father,

whose face had grown dark with anger. What had she been thinking of to recall the old vexed question of Love Lane to his mind?

At this moment the gondolier turned the boat to the right, and skilfully steering it in and out between barges and gondolas, drew it alongside a flight of stone steps.

"Why is this?" cried Mr. Denning. "Oh, to be sure—the bank! I had forgotten that I told him to bring me here."

The man had sprung out, placed a board from the boat to the steps, and stood waiting, with a deferential air, for the signor to land.

"You will not mind sitting here a few minutes, Olive?" said her father, as he rose.

"Not at all," she said, brightly. "I will wait as long as you please. How can anyone be in a hurry here?"

The gay scene which the Grand Canal presented in the bright sunshine of a September day afforded Olive ample amusement whilst she waited. She gazed with interest on each old grey palace and the coloured masts before its door bearing the badge of the noble family that once resided there. Many of the stone balconies had bright awnings stretched above them, and showed masses of green foliage, relieving the cold hue of the stone. Here and there a flag fluttered in the breeze, or a design in Venetian mosaic furnished a touch of harmonious colour, whilst on the water the long-proved, sombre gondolas glided to and fro. Sundry barges, and even a small steamer—most prosaic innovation—passed by, all giving animation to a scene as novel as delightful to the English girl.

Yet presently, as she looked about her, with eyes that missed no touch of beauty or quaint evidence of antiquity, her mind reverted to her rural home in the heart of Hampshire, and a very different scene rose before her mental vision. She saw the narrow lane, which at one side his land ran between her father's property and that of his neighbour, Squire Rowcroft. A pleasant bowery lane it was, fragrant in summer with wild roses and honeysuckle, and yielding in autumn the finest nuts to be found near her home. It was no thoroughfare for the general public, but merely a back way to the Hall, as the Squire's house was always called, and by means of a path across some fields, to the Chase, Mr. Denning's residence, which lay beyond. It was known as Love Lane, though why no one could say. Perhaps, in days long gone by, some pair of lovers, belonging to one house or the other, had so named it. Unhappily of late the lane had come to be associated with strife rather than with love. The two neighbours having fallen out over some parochial business, the question of the ownership of Love Lane was somehow brought up, and became the cause of wrangling and bitterness for years. Squire Rowcroft contended that Mr. Denning's property ended at the hedge which bordered the lane on his side, and that the lane had been originally intended to be a private way to the Hall, and to the Hall only. Mr. Denning, on the other hand, maintained that his land extended to the middle of the lane. He claimed a right to use it in any way he pleased, and his young heifers were allowed to stray into the lane, much to the annoyance of the Squire's lady, who had a nervous dread of encountering these animals, yet liked to avail herself of the shortest way to the village. John Denning was of a pugnacious turn of mind, and he determined to do battle for his rights, as he deemed them. It was at his suggestion that the matter was finally carried into a court of law, and he averred that he had no fear of the result. There was a grand turning out of musty old documents, much studying of maps and plans, and taking of measurements. Love Lane became the subject of a protracted lawsuit, in which all the neighbourhood was interested, and which consider-

ably drained the pockets of the two parties concerned in it.

It was a sore mortification to John Denning when at last the suit terminated by judgment being given in the Squire's favour; that is to say, it was decided that Love Lane was included in the Rowcroft estate. But at the same time the judge ruled that since the residents at the Chase had been accustomed for years to use the lane, its owner had no power to deny them the right of way. It was all one, however, to John Denning. Since the lane was to be considered the Squire's property, he vowed that he would never set foot in it again. He had excited himself greatly over the affair, and his chagrin at its issue was extreme. The enmity with which he had long regarded Squire Rowcroft grew more intense. He dreaded meeting him, flushed with triumph at his victory. But the two men were destined not to meet again for some time after the day on which their suit ended. John Denning fell ill and was ordered abroad. Some people believed that the physician's advice to him, to spend some months in foreign travel, had been suggested by himself in his desire to avoid the condolence of his friends; but however people might talk, Olive and her mother knew that the danger was only too real, which they sought to ward off by change of scene. Very anxiously the girl had watched her father as the days went on, and eagerly had she marked each sign of improvement, never failing to record it in the letters which she frequently sent home to allay her mother's anxiety. They had been travelling for more than two months, and she hoped that her father was ceasing to brood over his vexation. It was a disappointment to her to find that his feelings on the subject were still so sore.

When he came down the steps from the bank and sprang into the boat, he looked brighter. Clearly his talk with the banker had for the time driven every cause of annoyance from his mind.

"What a mercy it is that most of the people we meet understand French," he observed. "I have had a pleasant chat with an Italian gentleman, although I could not have said a word to him in his native tongue." Then addressing the gondolier in the only foreign language he could command, he bade him proceed down the Canal.

Presently, as they went on, they saw, turning into the Grand Canal, from a smaller canal on the left, several gondolas so laden with luggage that it was clear the travellers they bore had but just arrived at Venice.

"Look, father! these people are coming from the station," said Olive. "Oh, those are Englishmen, I am sure!"

In the first gondola sat two young men in grey tweed suits and peaked caps, whose healthy, sunburnt faces had a look unmistakably British. As the boats passed they gazed, not rudely, but with pardonable interest at their pretty young countrywoman in the rose-coloured gown.

"You are certain they are not Americans, Olive?" suggested her father, mischievously.

"Father! As if American faces ever attained that warm, brown hue! Besides, I heard them speak, and their voices were English."

"Really," said her father, laughing, "seems to afford you great satisfaction to meet with your compatriots."

"It does," said Olive, unabashed. "I wonder why it is that English people seem much nicer abroad than they do at home."

"You like them better because you see less of them, I suppose," replied her father. "Distance lends a certain enchantment to everything connected with our own country whilst we sojourn in a foreign land. When we get home you will begin to perceive our national faults."

At the thought of going home the cloud settled again upon his brow. Olive exerted herself, and by her lively talk soon succeeded in banishing it.

Having made the tour of the Grand Canal, they landed at the Piazzetta, and a little later went up by its delightfully easy ascent to the top of the Campanile, from which they had a magnificent view over the whole of Venice.

Afterwards they entered St. Mark's, and Olive was fascinated by the quaint, half-barbaric splendour of the grand old church, so different from any other cathedral she had seen. They explored it thoroughly, spending considerable time in examining the curious mosaics, and ascending to the roof to inspect more closely the famous bronze horses.

The whole day was spent in sight-seeing; and when they returned to their hotel, barely in time to dress for table d'hôte, Olive was tired enough, though she was not a girl easily fatigued.

When Olive and her father descended to the dining-room they found it rather crowded, for there had been a large influx of visitors to the hotel that day. Every place at the long table was occupied; but covers had been laid for them on a round table before the large window that commanded the Canal.

"This is delightful!" said Olive, as she took her place. "I would much rather sit here, for we can see all that passes as we take our dinner, and shall not lack entertainment, however long they keep us waiting between the courses. But who are to be our companions, I wonder?" for the table was laid for two others.

"You will soon know, if you have a little patience," returned her father.

He had scarcely spoken when two gentlemen entered the room, and were conducted by one of the waiters to the vacant places. At the first glance Olive recognised them as the young Englishmen they had passed on the Canal. Perhaps Mr. Denning was in reality as well pleased as his daughter to meet with English travellers. Certainly he made very gracious advances to these young strangers, and the four were soon talking freely together. Olive was not shy. Her manner as she talked to these chance acquaintances was perfectly frank and simple, and one of the two, at least, found her charming by virtue of her child-like frankness. But whilst she talked Olive was making shrewd observations, and she speedily came to the conclusion that the strangers were very nice, and "perfect gentlemen." The elder, who was also the taller of the two, was a man about seven and twenty, of fine, erect form, and an appearance of great physical strength, but with a gentleness of manner and a kindness in the look of his earnest dark eyes which struck Olive as being almost womanly, though no one could have described him as effeminate. His square, intellectual forehead, his firm, well-cut lips and powerful chin, all betokened a strong character. He looked a man to be trusted and honoured. His companion, whom he addressed as Martin, was perhaps some four years younger, but he was not one whose age could be easily guessed. Below the middle height and of sturdy build, with a large head, covered with thick reddish-brown hair, drooping heavily over his brows, he was undeniably plain, but his was the head of a student, and one which seemed to prophesy a not inglorious future. Studious as he appeared, his eyes had a merry twinkle, and his ways were so boyish that Olive liked him at once, and soon felt as if she had known him all her life.

In the course of conversation the Dennings were made aware that both the gentlemen were of the medical profession, the elder being a house surgeon at one of the London hospitals, and the younger a medical student attached to the same hospital.

When dinner was over the four strolled out into the wide hall of the hotel, and thence on to the steps which descended into the Canal. At their appearance shouts of "Gondola, gondola, signori?" were uttered by the gondoliers stationed outside, all eager to secure their custom. It was a most inviting evening. A glorious moon was rising and sending a track of silvery light along the gleaming water. Far away across the lagoon the church of San Giorgio caught the illumination, and its beautiful tower shone like silver against the dark blue sky. The air was cool and still. The soft plashing of oars fell soothingly on the ear. Now, if ever, was the time to see Venice by moonlight.

"Don't you want to try a gondola now?" the young fellow named Martin asked Olive.

"Oh, I should like it above all things," she replied eagerly; "father, do let us have a row."

"Very well, if your heart is set upon it," said her father, carelessly. "Will you join us, gentlemen?"

The young men accepted the invitation readily.

"You will need a wrap," said the elder one, addressing Olive, to whom as yet he had said little, though his keen, dark eyes had been observing her pretty closely. Olive ran off in high glee to get her hat and shawl. She was very glad that her father had taken to these strangers, and seemed to enjoy their society.

"It is so good for him," she thought, "to talk with someone whose conversation really interests him. It must be dull to have only me. And that Mr.—Stuart, I think his friend called him, talks so well, and seems to know so much. But though I am sure he is very clever, I do not feel afraid of him. He has such a kind, good face."

"I feel as if I were in a dream," she said, a little later, as she sat in the gondola between her father and the gentleman whose surname she supposed to be Stuart. "It does not seem as if it could be real that I am floating along in a gondola at Venice. My life has been so commonplace till now. I never expected that anything so romantic could enter into it."

"Then this is your first visit to Venice?" Stuart said.

"Yes, indeed. I never came abroad before. Till lately I had seen nothing beyond my native land, and of that I know very little; most of my days having been passed in one of the quietest of quiet villages in Hampshire. I assure you I am disgracefully ignorant and rustic."

He smiled.

"You must excuse my saying that I cannot accept that statement."

"Oh, you will soon find out that it is true. You have only to question me a little to discover that my ignorance is profound," said Olive, lightly.

"You know London, of course," he said.

"Yes, I know London," she answered demurely, so demurely that he divined that for pure mischief she was exaggerating her unsophisticatedness. "I was there last spring, staying with an aunt of mine at Bayswater, who did her best to initiate me into the mysteries of fashionable life. But she found me poor material to work upon. I do not take the polish well. Everyone can see that I am country-born and bred. She despaired of ever making a fine lady of me."

"What a blessing!" he replied. "I congratulate you on the fact. A fine lady seems to me the most useless, superfluous creature under the sun."

"Ah," said Olive. "I see you go in for utility. You admire women who can nurse the sick and wounded, who are not afraid to go into fever haunts or to visit the most dreadful persons; but I assure you I am not such a one."

"Certainly, I admire such women," he replied; "who would not? But I admire, too, the bright, helpful, unselfish women who make homes happy, good wives who strengthen the hands and hearts of their husbands, good daughters who devote themselves to the happiness of their parents."

Why did Olive's heart beat more quickly as he spoke? His words could not be meant to apply to her. He could not know whether or not she were a good daughter.

Unconsciously their tones had dropped, and Mr. Denning, who was talking with the other gentleman, knew nothing of what was passing on his left. When a pause in his talk recalled his attention to them they were speaking of Hampshire.

"I know something of Hampshire," Mr. Stuart was saying. "I have relatives down there whom I occasionally visit, though I have not seen them now for some years. In what part of Hampshire do you live?"

The thought of Love Lane still so rankled in Mr. Denning's mind that he was impatient of any talk about Wivescombe. Ere Olive could reply to the question addressed to her, he caught hold of her arm, and directed her gaze to the Rialto, towards which they were gliding, and which presented a striking appearance, with one side lit by the moonlight and the other in blackest shadow. And as they all began to remark upon the sight, the question was forgotten.

There was no lack of music on the water. The Venetians are a music-loving people, and every now and then a passing gondolier would break into a peculiar and somewhat monotonous chant, or the sound of a mandolin would be heard across the water.

"Do you sing?" Martin asked Olive.

"A little," she replied.

"No one will own to more than a 'little' singing," he said, with a smile. "But I don't mind telling you in confidence that my friend Stuart can sing a good deal if he likes." "Nonsense!" returned that gentleman. "Speak for yourself, Martin. I suppose you want me to say how well you sing."

Of course after that Olive was determined to judge for herself of the quality of their voices. She proposed that they should try to sing a glee together, and presently they hit upon one which they all knew. Their voices blended well as they rose upon the evening air. Olive had a fresh, clear soprano voice; Mr. Stuart a full, rich bass; and his friend, a not despicable baritone. One thing after another they tried, waxing gayer and gayer as they sang. Olive had no idea how time was passing, and it was a surprise to her when her father said it was ten o'clock, and they must get back to the hotel.

"I am not in the least tired," she said, as Mr. Stuart helped her to land. "I have never enjoyed an evening more!"

"Nor I," said Mr. Stuart, with an earnestness which surprised her, since this was not his first visit to Venice.

She bade the gentlemen good-night, and ran lightly upstairs, leaving them talking with her father in the hall. Her room was flooded with moonlight. She sank on to a seat by the window, threw down her hat, and sat there gazing on the moonlit water, the swaying gondolas moored below, the twinkling lights. Presently the sound of voices singing a romantic strain rose from a gondola. Some of the natives were giving the hotel visitors a serenade. How delightful it all was! No place had ever charmed her like Venice. She was glad that her father had decided to spend a week there. And those gentlemen too meant to stay several days, and she and her father would be sure to see more of them, which was well, for their society was certainly good for him. Olive was convinced that her mother would think so. But at this point her

meditations were disturbed by a knock at the door.

"It is I," said her father's voice; "may I come in?"

Olive ran to open the door.

"I want to have a word with you, Olive," said Mr. Denning, as he stepped into the room and closed the door behind him, "a word respecting those young men who have been with us."

Olive looked at her father in wonder. He had changed during the few minutes since they parted. His manner was nervous and troubled. Something had happened to disturb him.

"I am vexed now," he said, "that I so hastily invited them to join us. I find that the elder one is a most undesirable acquaintance."

"Father!" exclaimed Olive, in astonishment.

"Yes, my dear, he is," he returned, rather

testily. "He is a Rowcroft, cousin to Squire Rowcroft, who I think you will allow has proved himself to be no friend of mine."

"But his name is Stuart," said Olive.

"His name is Rowcroft—Stuart Rowcroft," said her father. "He has just told me so himself."

"Is that all?" asked Olive. "I declare, father, you frightened me so that I expected to hear nothing less than that he was a criminal in disguise."

"It may seem nothing to you, Olive," said her father with dignity, "but I wish you to understand that we can hold no further intercourse with these young men. We will be civil to them, of course; but any advances on their part must be checked, and we will avoid them as much as possible. Do you hear me, Olive?" he asked after a moment, as his daughter remained silent.

"Yes, father," she said with an effort, "I understand, and of course I will do as you wish. But it is a pity, for they seemed rather nice."

"I daresay he is very well in himself," replied Mr. Denning, "but I do not choose to make the acquaintance of any Rowcroft. Good-night, Olive." And kissing her on the forehead he turned away.

Olive echoed his "good-night" rather mechanically. She stood motionless, with her hands clasped before her till the sound of his steps died away along the passage.

"Oh," she said then, half aloud, with a deep-drawn breath, "how unfortunate! I quite thought his name was Stuart; I called him 'Mr. Stuart' once. Oh, why was he not named Stuart? It would have been so much nicer!"

(To be continued.)

HOW TO PLAY THE BANJO.

By FRANK MOTT HARRISON, B.Mus., A.C.O.

FEW instruments in the annals of musical history have made such rapid strides into popularity as the banjo. Less than half a century ago its tones were only to be heard emanating from the "log cabins" of the plantations in the Southern States of America, where it formed the solace of the slave; to-day it is seen in the hands of kings and princes, noblemen and statesmen, clergy and laity.

It is not difficult to understand the reason why the banjo has become so popular. It supplies a demand. Its ingenious mode of being tuned, and its simple manipulation, enables anyone possessed of average ability and a good ear to become a proficient player with a few weeks of perseverance, or to be able to accompany a song after a few hours of practice.

Its Origin.—The banjo is undoubtedly a development of the *Ravanastrom*,* which has been used in India for about two thousand years. The two instruments are almost identical in construction, with the exception that the latter has only one string.

The modern banjo was introduced into England from America, to which country it was probably taken by the African slaves, who originally obtained the idea from India. The unmusical name "Banjo" seems to have been derived from "Banya," the name of a Senegambian instrument of the guitar species. As an instrument for recreation and pleasure, the banjo is unique.

Description of the Instrument.—The design of the banjo must be familiar to everyone, but the technical names of its various portions (which are employed hereafter) are probably foreign to a great many. For this reason the accompanying sketch is given, with reference letters:—



- A—The vellum or drum.
- B—The brackets for tightening the vellum.
- C—The tail-piece to which the strings are fastened.
- D—The bridge.
- E—The strings.
- F—The finger-board (showing the frets), also called the neck.
- G—The nut (on which the strings rest).
- H—The head.
- I—The pegs.
- K—The "thumb" string peg.

* For a description of this instrument, etc., the student is referred to "The Banjo: its Origin, Construction, and Capabilities," by W. Temlett. London: Willcocks and Co., Berners Street, W.

The Strings.—There are five, six, and seven string banjos in general use. The first is essentially a solo instrument, while the other two are suitable either for solos or accompaniments; and, as the seven-string banjo is the more popular, these remarks will refer to that instrument in particular, as an accomplished player on it will find no difficulty in manipulating the others.

The seven strings are counted from right to left, and the seventh is generally called the thumb or octave string.

The tone of the instrument will considerably depend upon the quality of the strings; the best will invariably prove the cheapest. If the strings are too thick the tone will be dull; thin strings produce a bright and clear quality of tone. The strings should be as follow:—

The 1st. (D) a very fine string (specially made).

" 2nd. (B) a thin 1st violin string.

" 3rd. (G) " 2nd "

" 4th. (D) " 3rd "

" 5th. (C) a silver banjo string.

" 6th. (G) " "

" 7th. (G) a very fine string (specially made).

The position of the bridge is a matter of great importance when playing in the higher positions.

Rule.—There should be an equal distance from the nut to the twelfth fret, and from the twelfth fret to the bridge, *i.e.*, the twelfth fret should be equidistant between the nut and the bridge. Should the bridge be in other than the proper position, the higher frets will be out of tune.

On Tuning.—The banjo is tuned in the key of G major. Until the student is thoroughly acquainted with the intervals in which the banjo is tuned, she may find it necessary to take each

note from the pianoforte, which will be as follow:—

String: 7th. 6th. 5th. 4th. 3rd. 2nd. 1st.

Notes as written for the Banjo. } Actual sounds produced, and notes to tune from the Pianoforte.

* The 3rd string is tuned first.

It will be seen from the above that the banjo sounds an octave lower than the notation for which it is written.

There is another method of tuning, which is far more convenient, as the use of a piano may be dispensed with:—

1. Tune the third string (G) to a banjo pitch-pipe or tuning fork.

2. Stop this third string at the fourth fret, and tune the second string in unison with the note (B) produced.

3. Stop the second string at the third fret, and tune the first string to the note (D).

4. Stop the first string at the fifth fret, and tune the seventh string to note obtained (G).

5. Tune the sixth string an octave below the third.

6. Stop the sixth string at the fifth fret, and tune the fifth string to the C obtained.

7. Stop the fifth string at the second fret, and the note (D) of the fourth string will be made; tune the same in unison.

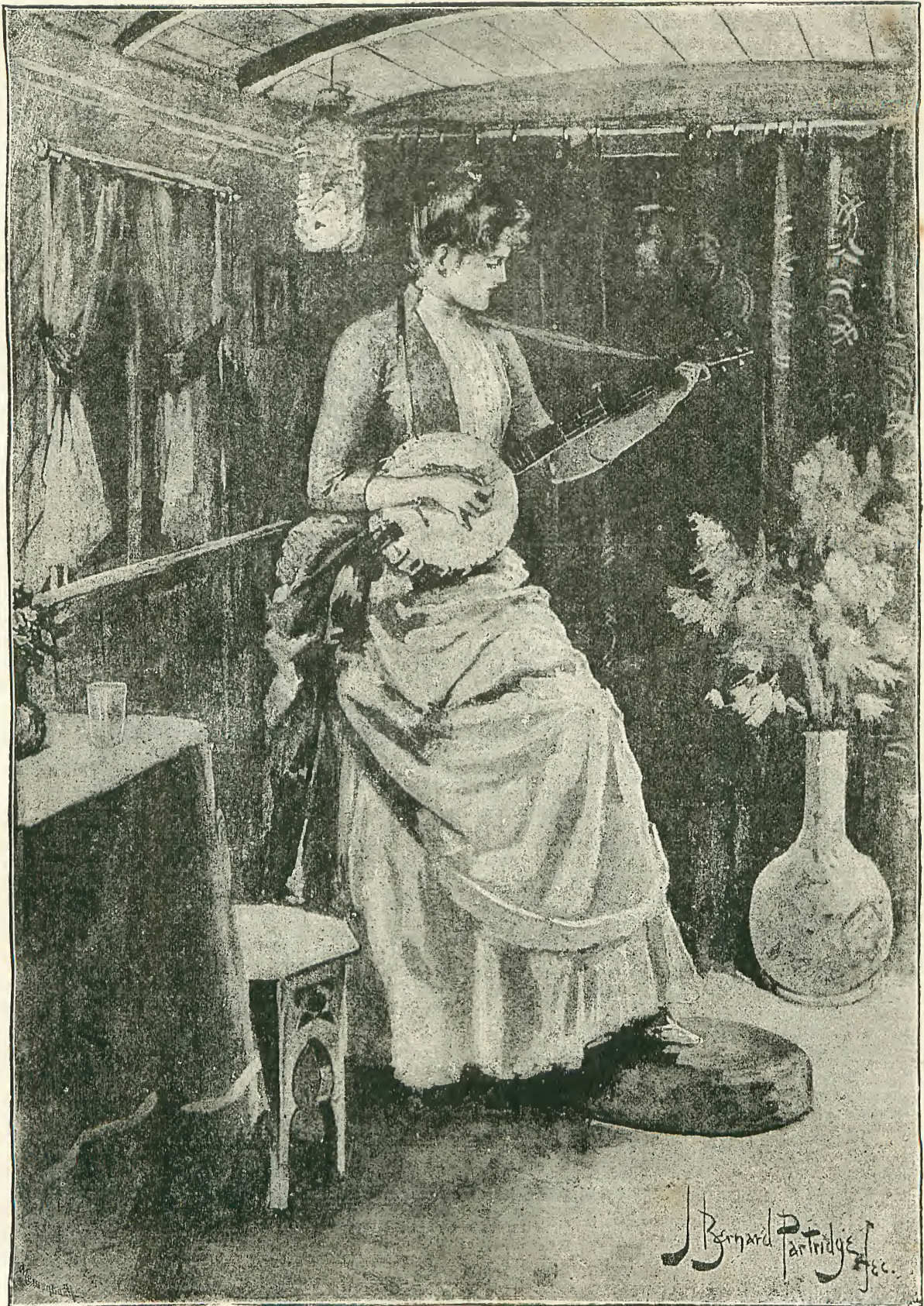
The instrument will now be in tune.

The compass of the Banjo extends over three octaves, from


sounding sounding with all the intermediate semitones:—

String: 6th. 5th. 4th. 3rd. 2nd. 1st.

(Thumb string.) G (Silver) C (Silver) D (Silver or Gut) G (Gut) B (Gut) D (Gut)



THE BANJO.

Only one note of a kind is shown above; but as each strag produces seventeen semi-tones, many of the notes are repeated in other positions on different strings—viz., the note  may be found at the fifth fret

on the first string, or by stopping the second string at the eighth fret, and so on.

How to hold the Banjo.—An easy and graceful style of playing depends in a great measure upon holding the instrument in the proper position; the student will do well, therefore, to study the illustration and observe the following directions:—

The player should be seated on an ordinary drawing-room chair, rather near the edge of the seat, with the left leg raised by means of a low footstool. The edge of the drum of the instrument should rest on the right thigh, as near the body as possible. Let the neck lay between the thumb and first finger of the left hand, but do not clench it. The neck should slightly incline towards the left shoulder. The right arm must rest on the edge of the drum, in order to bring the hand directly over the bridge. Place the little finger of the right hand on the vellum about two inches from the bridge and the thumb on the third string, the first and second fingers on the second and first strings respectively.

This is the position for

Striking the strings.—To set the strings of a banjo vibrating but little force is required, in fact force should not be employed at all, except in *forte* passages. The unpleasant "twanging" so often observed is frequently caused by the strings being "pulled up." Although difficult to describe without personal explanation, a few rules may enable the student to acquire a good tone.

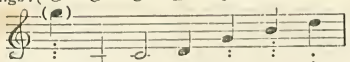
1. Place the little finger as before described, about two inches from the bridge.
2. Lay the tip of the second finger on the first string, the first finger on the second string, and the thumb on the third string. Then allow the thumb to spring quickly from its string against the first finger. The first and second fingers should spring towards the palm of the hand. Try each finger separately, then all together. In "striking" a chord the hand will assume the position as though it were squeezing something, but not too tightly.
3. Do not pull the strings up, which will cause them to "twang," and jar against the finger-board.
4. The thumb plays the four bass and thumb strings, and the first and second fingers the two remaining strings.
5. In playing a full chord of four notes, the third finger is introduced. Care must be taken to make the strings vibrate simultaneously, unless the chord be marked *arpeggio*, or a special effect be desired, as on a finishing chord, etc., in which case the fingers should leave the strings one after another; at the same time ascending the finger-board—e.g., the thumb may strike near the bridge, the first finger a little higher, and so on.

The various gradations of tone are obtained by playing *forte* passages near the bridge, *mezzo-forte* about two inches higher, and *piano* at the foot of the finger-board. Of course in playing *pianissimo* or *piano*, the strings must be struck more gently than in *forte* passages.

On forming the notes.—The horizontal lines on the finger-board are called frets. On most of the best modern banjos, instead of frets round pieces of pearl or ivory are inserted in the side of the neck, serving the same purpose as the frets. These frets or dots are each one

semi-tone apart, as the following diagram will show:

Open 7th. 6th. 5th. 4th. 3rd. 2nd. 1st.
strings: (G G C D G B D



(nutt.)

Fret.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	G#	C#	D#	G#	C	D#						
2	A	D	E	A	C#	E						
3	A#	D#	F	A#	D	F						
4	B	E	F#	B	D#	F#						
5	C	F	G	C	E	G						
6	C#	F#	G#	C#	F	G#						
7	D	G	A	D	F#	A						
8	D#	G#	A#	D#	G	A#						
9	E	A	B	E	G#	B						
10	F	A#	C	F	A	C						
11	F#	B	C#	F#	A#	C#						
12	G	C	D	G	B	D.. 1st Oct.						

(This string is never stopped.)

Of course the frets which produce the sharps are the same as used for the flats—e.g., the first string stopped at the first fret will make either D sharp or E flat.

The next consideration will be—

How to stop the strings.—Briefly stated, the fingers and frets go together, that is, the first finger is employed to stop the string at the first fret, the second finger the second fret, etc. This rule cannot be implicitly carried out, as certain chords require particular fingering. The following rules must be observed—

1. Use the tips of the fingers to stop the strings, and press them down very tightly, to prevent the string from jarring or an imperfect note being made.
2. In stopping a chord requiring a long reach do not place the fingers straight, but obliquely, which will facilitate the fingering.
3. Keep the knuckles as high as possible, to prevent the fleshy portions of the fingers and hand from touching the strings and thus hindering their vibration.

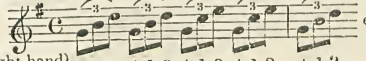
The positions are determined by the first finger; for instance, if the first finger be placed on the first string at the fifth fret, and the other fingers taking their places for the remaining intervals of the chord, the chord is said to be in the fifth position.

The position *barré* and *barré* refer to the left hand. The *barré* is made by placing the finger firmly across the strings at the fret indicated in the music. The position *barré* is formed by placing the first finger across as many strings as possible, the other fingers forming the rest of the chord, while the first finger keeps its position.

It is impossible in this limited space to treat of the various effects to be obtained upon the banjo. A slight mention of some of them must, therefore, suffice.


The *roll* is chiefly adapted for breakdowns or comic song accompaniments, and consists of a continuation of triplets played rapidly:—

Left hand, stop at frets: 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 1 2 0 0 0



Right-hand fingering: } + 1 2 + 1 2 + 1 2 + 1 2 + 1 2

The *tremolo* is very effective, but requires an immense amount of practice. There are several methods of producing it; two of the best ways are (1), by striking the tip of the first finger backwards and forward with great rapidity; (2), by playing the note with the thumb, first and second fingers alternately, viz.:—



etc.

The *harmonics*, or upper partials,* may be produced on all the strings (the seventh excepted) at the fifth, seventh, and twelfth frets. The finger should be pressed very lightly across the strings, which should be struck rather forcibly at the same time, near the bridge. Those who play the violin or guitar will at once comprehend this.

For an explanation of the slur, snap, and double-snap, the treatment of grace notes, etc., the student is referred to one of the many instruction books published for the banjo.

Banjo Literature.—High class music for the banjo is very limited: the instrument being essentially more for amusement than for the interpretation of classical works, which would be out of place, not to say absurd, upon it. Banjo players who aim at something higher than marches, breakdowns, and jigs, will feel the want of superior and suitable music, and will have to wait the time until some enthusiastic lover of the instrument endowed with the talent for composition comes forward, as the highly gifted musician Madame Sidney Pratten has done for the guitar. One accomplished musician, Augustus H. Walker, Mus. Doc., has composed a "Sonata in G for violin and banjo."† In this scholarly production the doctor has contributed a work which is both melodious and effective, and it would well repay the student's careful study. "What the banjo can do" will be seen in the concert solo "Home, Sweet Home,"‡ by Herbert J. Ellis.

This composition is very difficult, since it contains almost, if not quite, every effect the banjo is capable of producing. Marches with pianoforte accompaniment are both numerous and effective.

To those young ladies who sing, the following works are recommended—

Boosey's "Banjo Album of Modern Songs," Orsborn and Tuckwood's "Banjo Bijou," Chappell's "Books of Songs" (Nos. 1 and 2), and Ballantine's "Standard Songs," which contain the most suitable selections. A few favourite songs have banjo accompaniments adapted, including "Who's that calling so sweet?"

Among the numerous public performers on the banjo in England the names of Messrs. Ballantine and Ellis stand among the foremost. Mr. Ballantine, an accomplished guitarist and violoncellist, is renowned for his executive skill and artistic style. Mr. Herbert Ellis displays fine execution and produces many pleasing effects in his playing.

* The student is recommended to study "Musical Acoustics," by John Broadhouse, London: W. Reeves, Fleet Street. This work contains excerpts from the investigations of Helmholtz, Tyndall, Airy, and other scientists, and very interesting chapters on harmonics, etc., etc.

† Published by Orsborn and Tuckwood, Berners Street, London, W.

‡ Published by J. Turner, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"MOTHER, I am going for a walk across the meadows; shall you want to cross the river? If not, I'll leave the boat till I come back," said Eve.

"No, I shan't want the boat; but why don't you go to Windham instead of across them lonely meadows?" said Mrs. Oldman, coming to the door of the ark to see her start.

Eve made some excuse, and then got into the boat. She looked charming as she pulled herself across the river, while Mrs. Oldman stood gazing admiringly at her.

"Looks the lady, every inch of her; and if she ain't off to meet Mr. Arthur I ain't her mother. I see him on Sundays; can't take his eyes off the child all through the service; but Eve can take care of herself, I have no fear of that; only if my old man were to hear of it he'd take it to heart sorely, I am afraid. But dear me, where's the use of trying to stop them if they're bent on each other? I might as well try to stop my ducks from going to the river. He'll never do anything but what is honourable by her, I know that well enough, and if he chooses to marry her when he comes of age, why shouldn't he? I am not going to be the one to stand in her way," said Mrs. Oldman, as she spread Noah's net out on stakes outside to dry, and then took in the pike-liggers—bundles of reeds tied up together, and about the size of a rolling-pin—which were hanging up on nails on the side of the ark.

Meanwhile Eve walked across the golden fields to the heronry in the plantation, bounded on one side by Muck Fleet; but she had scarcely come in sight of the plantation when a well-known figure emerged from it, and hastened to meet her.

"How could you be so cruel all these days?" asked Arthur Clifford, for it was he, after their first greetings were over.

"Well, if you are so bent on studying the habits of the herons, greedy, gorging things, it is no fault of mine, is it? Have you seen one of their nests yet?"

"Yes. I climbed up a tree yesterday, and peeped into one while I was waiting for you. There were five pale green eggs in it."

"Lucky for you the hen bird was not sitting. They only lay six eggs."

"Ah, but I watched her go out on a fishing expedition first. There were several of them about here yesterday; but you think no more of seeing a heron in this part of the world than we do of a thrush or a blackbird in other counties. And now tell me why you have not been to meet me for so long?"

"Because I think it is very wrong of me to deceive father in this way. I was so sorry when I found the policeman had been and summoned him for our fault, that I very nearly confessed it was our doing. I never was so miserable in my life. I have been very wicked."

"My poor little Eve, I am sorry; but,

my darling, for my sake keep our secret a little longer, till my twenty-first birthday; it is only another month, and on that day we will be married first and tell them all afterwards. I come into my property then; now I only have an allowance, and Mr. Leicester is quite capable of stopping that if he knew of our engagement, for my mother and sisters will be odious to you till they have learnt to accept the inevitable; and he knows that as well as I do. Hold on, my little love, for another month, and then we will be married at Yarmouth, and sail away in my yacht till the nine days' talk our marriage will excite has blown over; and we will go to Paris, and get you some grand dresses, and we will travel for a year; and then when we come and settle down in my place in Essex, if you are not able to hold your own against the grandest lady of them all, I shall be surprised indeed."

"But, Arthur, are you quite sure I shall make you happy? You know I am only a fisherman's daughter, and you will have to teach me how to behave like a lady, or I shall make mistakes and make you miserable. Thanks to Adam Day and Miss Grace, my education has been as good as most ladies', but it is all the little things which make the difference between a lady and a poor man's daughter that I want to know," said Eve, gravely.

"And I will teach you, and Grace will teach you, for she will be a true friend to us both, I am sure, and you will soon learn, for you are a lady by nature now, my darling. I don't think I could love even you if you were not, and you have seen more of Grace than of any other girl, and have learnt a good deal unconsciously from her."

"Yes; mother never would let me play with any of the village children, only with Adam Day and you and Miss Grace—"

"Say Grace, my pet," whispered Arthur, interrupting her.

"Grace, my pet; you three were my only playmates," said Eve, wilfully misunderstanding him, which proceeding on her part caused one of those little interludes so interesting to lovers.

When this was finished Arthur renewed his proposal, Eve at last promising that she would go with him to Yarmouth to be married on his twenty-first birthday, and would keep their engagement secret during the month which intervened. How bitterly she was punished for this rash decision and wicked disloyalty to Noah and Mrs. Oldman we shall see.

"But we shan't be able to see much of each other during this next month, so you must be content with one evening walk a week. Saturday will be the best, because father and Adam are always at the club then," said Eve.

"But why can't we meet every day?"

"Because father would certainly find us; he begins marsh-mowing on Monday,

and he will be down here all day, mowing the other side of Muck Fleet, till five or six o'clock."

"Well, we can come here later, then."

"No, we can't; he'll be tickling trout and tench and pike fishing in the mornings and evenings; and eel-bobbing and spearing begins now netting is just over, so we shall never know where father may or may not turn up; he fishes all along from Windham Broad to Filton, and he is at that or marsh-mowing from early dawn to late at night. It is one of his busiest times, really, so it won't do to run any risks; but I'll meet you here every Saturday evening about six, and I can stay till dark."

"What was that?" exclaimed Arthur, starting at a sound like the splash of an oar in Muck Fleet, a few yards off.

They were standing under a beech-tree, Eve leaning against its silvery trunk, and gazing up into the clear blue sky peeping through the maze of fresh green leaves, of that lovely delicate green, perhaps the loveliest of all the young tender greens of early summer—the beech-green—while Arthur had been feasting his eyes on her beauty until he turned to look in the direction of the sound.

"It is only a water-rat," said Eve, carelessly.

"No, it was an oar; I hope no one is making off with my boat; come and see," said Arthur, moving to the edge of the dyke, a few yards from where they were standing. Eve followed, and as they reached the bank they saw a man in a wherryman's hat and jersey, pulling himself quickly up Muck Fleet towards Filton Broad, while Arthur's boat lay safely moored where he had left it a little nearer the river.

"It is Jack Farrar," whispered Eve, drawing back under the shelter of the trees, lest he should turn and recognise her.

"What is he doing here, I wonder?" said Arthur, suspiciously.

"Oh, he trades constantly between Yarmouth and Windham; I daresay his wherry is outside in Filton Broad, and he has very likely been to Windham for something. Perhaps he has been to the ark; if so I am very glad I was out."

But though this idea satisfied Eve and her lover, it was not correct; the truth was Farrar had been haunting the neighbourhood in his leisure moments since he caught sight of Eve and the man he supposed to be Adam Day in the boat at the entrance to Muck Fleet, but unsuccessfully until this evening, when, coming silently along in his boat, he had heard the sound of voices from the heronry, and standing up just opposite where the lovers were, he had overheard the greater part of their conversation; but in turning his boat to return he had inadvertently made the splash which had attracted Arthur Clifford's attention.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

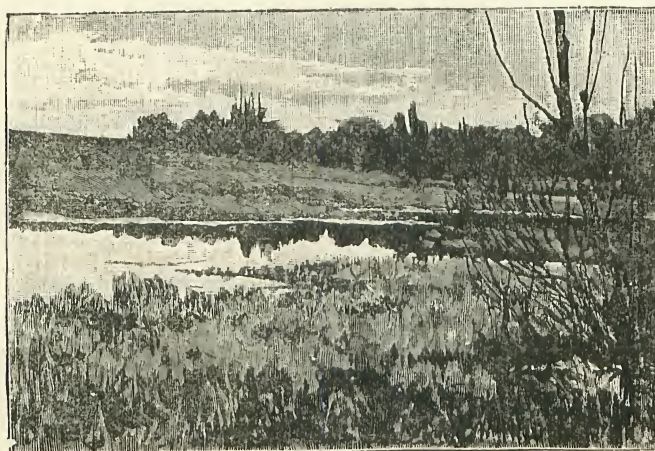
By WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM.

WHEN Israel out of bondage came,
 Before they saw the promised land,
 They journeyed far, with weary feet,
 Across the burning desert sand;
 So, when night's shadows gather round,
 And life's short pilgrimage is o'er,
 Walk firmly onward through the gloom—
 The Land of Promise lies before.

No human eye hath ever seen
 A land so beautifully fair;
 No mortal ear hath ever heard
 Such songs of joy as mingle there;
 And, scattered o'er the heavenly plains,
 Bright gardens, rich as Eden, lie,
 Filled with rich fruit that never fades
 And fragrant flowers that never die.

The mind of man can ne'er conceive
 That glorious land, so bright and fair,
 Nor can the painter's skill portray
 The shining forms that wander there.
 Now mounting on their glittering wings,
 Behold, they seek the vault on high,
 And strike anew their harps of gold
 To heavenly strains that fill the sky.

They gather round the shining hill
 On which the glorious city stands;
 They seek the living river there,
 And rest upon its golden sands:
 A crystal stream whose healing power
 Doth far excel Siloam's pool,
 For life eternal comes to all
 Who taste its waters, pure and cool.



OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER IX.
RICHARD SEFTON.

"RICHARD is a perfect bear!" exclaimed Edna, angrily, as she threw herself into one of the wicker seats on the lawn. It was a lovely evening; the sun was just setting, and she had invited Bessie to take a stroll round the garden.

"The dews are very heavy," remonstrated her friend. "I think we had better keep to the gravel paths." And then Edna had got up from her seat, grumbling as she did so, and had again reiterated her opinion that Richard was a bear.

"I think something must have put him out," returned Bessie, who was always prompt in defence of the absent. "He did not look quite happy."

"That was because mamma was so vexed about his unpunctuality, and about Malcolmson. Richard hates to vex her, and when she looks at him like that he always becomes gloomy and morose. I have known him silent for days, when they have fallen out about something. I am taking you behind the scenes, Bessie, but all our friends know that mamma and Richard do not agree. You see mamma is very clever, and she

likes managing, and Richard has a will of his own; he is very tenacious of his own opinions, and when he has got an idea into his head he can be as stubborn as a mule."

"Don't you think a man has a right to his own opinions, Edna?"

Edna pursed up her lips.

"A man like Neville, perhaps, who is clever and knows the world; but Richard is a perfect child in some things; he ought to be reasonable and allow mamma to have her say. Now, she dislikes Malcolmson—she does not believe in him, and Richard, as you hear, swears by him."

"Who is Mr. Malcolmson, if I may venture to ask?"

"Oh, he is an ugly, scrubby little Scotchman, whom Richard means to take as a sort of bailiff, or overseer, or something; I don't understand what."

"Your brother farms himself, does he not?"

"Yes; he has a large farm; and then there is the brewery a few miles off, and he wants Malcolmson for that. Mamma is disgusted, because she wanted Richard to take a *protégé* of her own—such an interesting young

fellow, and so poor, with a widowed mother and two or three young sisters; and my lord won't look at him."

"Perhaps he has his reasons for declining him."

"No, it is just his obstinacy; he will not allow mamma to interfere in his business. He thinks she ought to keep to her own department, and leave him to manage his own concerns; but mamma can't see it; she has been used to rule, and she is always offended when he refuses to take her advice."

"What a pity!" observed Bessie. "I think people in one house ought to be of one mind."

"My dear Daisy, your golden rule won't hold at The Grange. No one thinks alike in this house; mamma and I dote on each other, but we do not always agree; she makes me cry my eyes out sometimes. And as for Neville, as I told you, we have not an idea in common. I think perfect agreement must be rather monotonous and deadening; I am sure if Neville were to say to me, 'My dear Edna, you are always right, and I agree with you in everything,' I should be ready to box his ears. It is much more amusing to quarrel half-



NEE

“GOOD MORNING, MISS LAMBERT. YOU ARE AN EARLY RISER.”

a-dozen times a day, and make it up again. Oh, I do dearly love to provoke Neville: he looks so deliciously bored and grave."

Bessie was at a loss how to answer this extraordinary statement, but Edna gave her no time to collect her ideas.

"Quarrelling with Richard is poor fun," she went on; "he hasn't the wit to retaliate, but just sits glum, as you saw him to-night. I mean to tell Master Richard, though, that his manners were worse than usual, for he actually did not open his lips to his guest, although she was a stranger."

"Indeed you are wrong," returned Bessie, eagerly. "You are doing your brother an injustice; he spoke to me several times, and made remarks about the weather and my journey. I was just describing Cliffe to him when your mother gave us the signal to rise."

"What a brilliant conversation!" observed Edna, sarcastically. "Well, I will prove to you that Richard is in his sulks, for he won't enter the drawing-room again to-night; and if he did," she added, laughing, "mamma would not speak to him, so it is just as well for him to absent himself. Now let us go in, and I will sing to you. When people are not here mamma always reads and I sing to her."

Edna sang charmingly, and Bessie much enjoyed listening to her; and when she was tired Mrs. Sefton beckoned Bessie to her couch, and talked to her for a long time about her family.

"All this interests me; I like to hear your simple descriptions, my child," she said, when Edna interrupted them by reminding her mother of the lateness of the hour. "Now you must go to bed." And she dismissed her with another kiss and a kindly good-night.

As the two girls went out into the hall they found Richard Sefton hanging up his cap on the peg. He wore a light overcoat over his evening dress, and had evidently spent his evening out.

"Good-night, Richard," observed Edna with a careless nod as she passed him; but Bessie held out her hand with a smile.

"Good-night, Mr. Sefton; what a beautiful evening it has been!"

"Yes, and so warm," he returned cheerfully, as though the girl's smile had loosened his tongue; "it is glorious hay-making weather. I expect we shall have a fine crop in the lower meadow."

"Are you hay-making?" exclaimed Bessie, with almost childish delight. "Oh, I hope your sister will take me into the hay-field."

"I will promise anything, if only you and Richard will not turn over the hay-cocks now," retorted Edna, with sleepy impatience. "Do come, Bessie." And Bessie followed her obediently. Richard Sefton looked after her, as her white dress disappeared up the dark staircase.

"She seems a different sort from most of Edna's friends," he muttered, as he lighted his pipe and retired to the nondescript apartment that was called his study. "There does not seem much nonsense about her. What do you think about it, Mac?" as the hound laid his

head on his knee. "I imagine, as a rule, women have a precious lot of it." And he whistled a bar from the "Miller of the Dee."

"I care for nobody, no, not I, And nobody cares for me."

"What a long evening it has been," thought Bessie, as she leant out of the window to enjoy the sweet June air, and to admire the lawn silvered by the moonlight.

"It seems two days at least since I left Cliffe. Oh, I hope Hatty is asleep, and not fretting!"

"I wonder if I shall be happy here," she went on. "It is all very nice—the house and the country beautiful, and Edna as delightful as possible; but there is something wanting—family union. It is so sad to hear Edna talking about her brother. He is a perfect stranger to me, and yet I took his part at once. How could the poor fellow talk and enjoy himself while Mrs. Sefton was sitting opposite to him looking like an offended tragedy queen? He had not the heart to talk; besides, he knew that in engaging that man he was going against her wishes, and so he could not feel comfortable. Edna was wrong in calling him a bear. He was not at his ease, certainly; but he anticipated all my wants, and spoke to me very nicely. But there, I must not mix myself up in family disagreements. I shall have to be civil and kind to everyone; but it makes one thankful for one's peaceful home, and the dear mother and father," and the tears came into Bessie's eyes as she thought of her shielded and happy life, and the love of her sisters and Tom.

"God bless them all, and make me worthy of them!" thought the girl, with a sudden rush of tenderness for the dear ones at home.

Bessie was an early riser. Dr. Lambert had always inculcated this useful and healthy habit in his children. He would inveigh bitterly against the self-indulgence of the young people of the present day, and against the modern misuse of time. "Look at the pallid, sickly complexions of some of the girls you see," he would say. "Do they look fit to be the future mothers of Englishmen? Poor, feeble creatures, with no backbone to mention, leading unhealthy, frivolous existences. If my girls are not handsome, they shall at least be healthy; they shall learn self-control and self-guidance. Early hours will promote good appetites; plenty of exercise, fresh air, and good digestion will sweeten their tempers and enliven their spirits; a clear conscience and a well-regulated mind will bring them happiness in whatever circumstances they are placed. I am not anxious for my girls to marry. I don't mean to play minor providence in their lives, as some fathers do; but I would fit them for either position, for the dignity of marriage or for the unselfish duties of the single woman."

Dr. Lambert loved to moralise to his woman-kind; he had a way of standing before the fire and haranguing his family—anything would serve as a text for his discourse; some of his daughters certainly thrived on his homely prescrip-

tions, but Hatty was the thorn in her father's side, the object of his secret anxiety and most tender care—the sickly one of his domestic flock. Hatty would never do him credit, he would say sadly; no medical skill could put colour into Hatty's pale cheeks, nor cure the aches and pains and nervous fancies that harassed her youth. As Dr. Lambert watched the languid step, or dissatisfied voice, he would sigh, as though some thought oppressed him; but, with all his gentleness—and he was very gentle with Hatty—he never yielded, nor suffered anyone else to yield to her wayward caprices. "My dear," he would say, when Bessie pleaded for some little extra indulgence for Hatty, "you must not think me hard if I say distinctly no to your request. You may trust me; I know Hatty better than you do. Very little would make her a confirmed invalid. It is not in our power, not in the power of any man living," continued the doctor, with emotion, "to give that poor child health; but we may help her a great deal by teaching her self-control. Half her misery proceeds from her own nervous fancies; if we can help her to overcome them, we shall do more for Hatty than if we petted and waited on her." But Bessie had always found this wise prescription of the doctor's a very difficult one.

Bessie always called the hour before breakfast her "golden hour," and by her father's advice she devoted it to some useful reading or study. In a busy house like the Lamberts', where everyone put his or her shoulder to the wheel, it was not easy to secure opportunity for quiet reading or self-improvement. There was always work to be done; long walks to be taken; the constant interruption of the two schoolgirls; Ella's practising to overlook; Katie's French verbs to hear, besides household tasks of all kinds. In the evenings the girls played and sang to please their father, who delighted in music; sometimes, but not often, their mother read aloud to them while they worked. It was against the family rules for one to retire into a corner with a book; in such a case the unfortunate student was hunted out, teased, pursued with questions, pelted with home witticisms, until she was glad to close her book and take up her needlework, for the Lamberts were brisk talkers, and their tongues were never silent until they were asleep, and then they talked in their dreams.

When Bessie rose early as usual, the morning after her arrival at The Grange, she sat down by the open window, and wrote a long letter to her mother and a little note to Hatty. It was an exquisite morning; the thrushes and blackbirds, the merle and the mavis of the old English poets, were singing as though their little throats would burst with the melody, and a pair of finches in the acacia were doing their best to swell the concert; the garden looked so sunny and quiet, and such a sweet breath of newly-made hay came in at the open window, that Bessie at last laid down her pen. The household was stirring, but the family would not be down for

half an hour, so the maid had informed her, when she brought Bessie the morning cup of tea. Bessie had looked rather longingly at the pretty teapot, but her father had been so strong in his denunciations against slow poison, as he called it, imbibed on waking, that she would not yield to the temptation of tasting it, and begged for a glass of milk instead. This the maid promised to bring every morning, and as Bessie ate the bread and butter and sipped the sweet country milk, yellow with cream, she thought how much good it would do Hatty. Then she put on her hat and went softly downstairs, and, finding a side door open, went out into the garden.

She thought she and the thrushes and blackbirds had it to themselves, but she was mistaken, for in turning into a shrubby walk, skirting the meadow, she was surprised to see Richard Sefton sitting on a low bench, with Mac's head between his knees, evidently in a brown study. Bessie was sorry to disturb him, but it was too late to draw back, for Mac had already seen her, and had roused his master by his uneasy efforts to get free, and Mr. Sefton rose, with the awkward abruptness that seemed natural to him, and lifted his cap.

"Good morning, Miss Lambert. You are an early riser; my mother and Edna are hardly awake yet."

"Oh, I am always up long before this," returned Bessie, smiling at his evident astonishment, as she stooped to caress Mac, who was fawning on her.

"Mac seems to know you," he observed, noticing the dog's friendly greeting.

"It is very strange, but he seems to have taken a fancy to me," replied Bessie, and she narrated to Mac's master how the hound had pleaded for admission to her room, and had lain under her table watching her unpack.

"That is very odd," observed Richard.

"Mac has never bestowed a similar mark of attention on anyone but a certain homely old lady that my mother had here for a time, as a sort of charity; she had been a governess, and was very poor. Well, Mac was devoted to the old lady, and she certainly was an estimable sort of woman, but he will have nothing to say to any of Edna's fine friends, and generally keeps out of the way when they come."

"An animal's likes and dislikes are very singular," remarked Bessie, looking thoughtfully into Mac's brown eyes. "I believe Mac knows that I am a lover of dogs."

"Are you indeed, Miss Lambert? Would you like to see mine?" returned Richard, quickly; and his face lighted up as he spoke. He looked younger and better than he did the previous night. His powerful, muscular figure, more conspicuous for strength than grace, showed to advantage in his tweed shooting coat and knickerbockers, his ordinary morning costume. The look of sullen discomfort had gone, and his face looked less heavy. Bessie thought he hardly seemed his age—nine-and-twenty—and in spite of his natural awkwardness, he had a boyish frankness of manner that pleased her. Bessie was a shrewd little person in her way, and she already surmised that Richard Sefton was not at ease in his stepmother's presence. She found out afterwards that this was the case; that in spite of his strength and manhood, he was morbidly sensitive of her opinion, and was never so conscious of his defects as when he was presiding at his own table, or playing the part of host in her drawing-room, under her critical eye. And yet Richard Sefton loved his stepmother; he had an affectionate nature, but in his heart he knew he had no cause to be grateful to her. She had made him, the lonely, motherless boy, the scapegoat of his father's deceit

and wrongdoing. He had been allowed to live at The Grange on sufferance, barely tolerated by the proud girl, who had been ignorant of his existence. If he had been an engaging child, with winning ways, she would soon have become interested in him, but even then Richard had been plain and awkward, with a shy, reserved nature, and a hidden strength of affection that no one, not even his father, guessed. Mrs. Sefton had first disliked, and then neglected him, until her husband died, and the power had come into Richard's hands. Since then she had altered her behaviour; her interests lay in conciliating her stepson. She began by recognising him outwardly as master, and secretly trying to dominate and guide him. But she soon found her mistake. Richard was accessible to kindness, and Mrs. Sefton could have easily ruled him by love, but he was firm against a cold aggressive policy. Secretly he shrank from his stepmother's sarcastic speeches and severe looks; his heart was wounded by persistent coldness and misunderstanding, but he had sufficient manliness to prove himself master, and Mrs. Sefton could not forgive this independence. Richard took her hard speeches silently, but he brooded over them in a morbid manner that resembled sullenness. Yet he would have forgiven them generously in return for one kind look or word. His stepmother had fascinated and subjugated him in his boyhood, and even in his manhood it gave him a pang to differ from her; but the truth that was in him, the real inward manhood, strengthened him for the daily conflicts of wills. Poor Richard Sefton! But after all he was less to be pitied than the woman who found it so difficult to forgive a past wrong, and who could wreak her displeasure on the innocent.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A PLEASANT EXPRESSION.

Miss Smith was sitting for her photograph.

"I saw you in the Park last Friday, Miss Smith," said the photographer.

"Oh, did you?" said she.

"Yes, and also your friend, Miss Brown—if you could raise your chin a trifle, thanks—and what an atrocious looking hat she had on!" After a pause, "There, Miss Smith, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression."

TIME AND ETERNITY.—There are two things that should take up most of our thoughts and cares—time and eternity. Time, because it will so soon have an end, and eternity because it will never come to an end.

NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

"Gerty, did I show you this engagement ring of emeralds and diamonds that Charlie Brown gave me?"

"Oh, I have seen it before!"

"Seen it before?"

"Yes, when I was engaged to him last year."

HOW AND WHY SUNDAYS SHOULD BE KEPT.

The observance of Sunday as a Sabbath to the Lord is matter of obligation to every faithful Christian. No secular work should engage the body, no worldly thoughts the mind. It is a festival, and should be spent cheerfully; it commemorates the most inspiring of all achievements, and should be observed with elevation of spirit. On it light was created, therefore we should lay aside the works of darkness; on it the Lord rose from the bondage of the grave, so should we rise also to newness of life; on it the Holy Spirit descended, therefore on it specially should we rejoice in His Holy comfort and evidence His indwelling by active habits of grace and goodness.

AN HONOURABLE DIVISION.

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honourably with your brother Charles."

"What is honourable, mother?"

"It means that you must give him the larger piece."

"Then, mother, I'd rather that Charles should divide it."

BEAUTY IN PLAIN CLOTHES.

If ladies will take my word for it—and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular—I can assure them there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress.

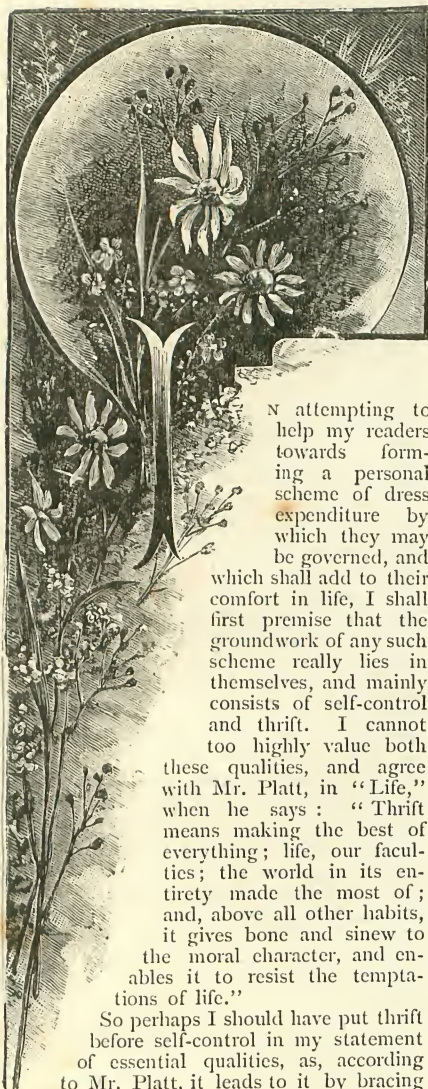
This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with everything that is showy and with what delights the eye more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever.—*Addison*.

A LAWYER'S MARRIAGE.—The attention to business of the famous Lord Chancellor Hardwicke was so great that on the day of his marriage he went to chambers as soon as the ceremony was over to inspect his papers as usual. He returned to them in the afternoon after tea, and did not appear at his own house again till supper-time.

EASY AND DIFFICULT.—What is easy ought to be entered upon as though it were difficult, and what is difficult as though it were easy.

WHAT SHOULD WE AFFORD FOR DRESS?

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE



N attempting to help my readers towards forming a personal scheme of dress expenditure by which they may be governed, and which shall add to their comfort in life, I shall first premise that the groundwork of any such scheme really lies in themselves, and mainly consists of self-control and thrift. I cannot too highly value both these qualities, and agree with Mr. Platt, in "Life," when he says: "Thrift means making the best of everything; life, our faculties; the world in its entirety made the most of; and, above all other habits, it gives bone and sinew to the moral character, and enables it to resist the temptations of life."

So perhaps I should have put thrift before self-control in my statement of essential qualities, as, according to Mr. Platt, it leads to it by bracing the whole moral man or woman. It seems that one cannot put too high an estimate upon it, and he also quotes Burns to show that the practice of thrift leads to higher privileges and blessings. He says—

"Be thrifty,
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

That, of course, is thrift in the widest sense; in the narrower one it means, not to spend a shilling when sixpence will suffice, and to purchase nothing not absolutely needful, to waste nothing, and to economise clothes by taking due care of them. And here a friend of ours gives us a hint, that we are saved from much temptation to spend money when we make a rule to carry very little in our pockets. This rule, however, appears to us to be capable of abuse in the carrying out.

For we may succumb to a worse temptation, *i.e.*, that of making our friends spend for us. We most of us have had experience of the friend who never seems to have any money, or who has "forgotten her purse," and whose

little debts, run up in this way, seem to be forgotten with only too much facility. So perhaps we must add to our thrifty ways honesty in the practice of it, and then we shall not offend against the highest law of being equally careful of our neighbour's interest as of our own.

Another rule seems to be that we must keep a strict account of our dress expenditure, and be very apt in comparing one year's outlay with another, so as to learn the lessons of each year's demands and experiences. A fixed time for a thorough review of the wardrobe is also needful; and likewise a fixed period for the renewal of certain expensive articles, which, under the limitations of small dress-allowances, we cannot obtain every year.

It is rare to find an English household where there is not some definite arrangement about money-matters and the amount to be spent by both the husband and the wife on dress, what departments of expenditure it is intended to include—stationery, short journeys, books, essentials of the toilet, charity, in short, all the small expenses of daily life that must be provided for. If a woman do her duty as a wife and mother, she has a right to be treated as well, at least, as a paid housekeeper, and have the comfort of a clear and definite understanding on money-matters; and however generous and loving the husband may be, it is better that he should, from the first, place his wife in this position, rather than treat her as a child or a mere plaything, and to place her under the necessity of asking for money at the last moment when she wants it, and perhaps undergo a thousand tortures, for fear she may be asking too much in his estimation or spending more than she has a right to spare. Be the income large or small, the working partner at home has her right to a reasonable and proper share; and no honourable man will consider the allocation of such money either a grievance to him or a favour to her. It seems to me that half of the causes why "marriage is a failure," or why husband and wife may make shipwreck of their matrimonial peace, lies in the fact of the lack of a clear, mutual understanding on money matters. The happiest married people that I ever knew, who had been happy for fifty years, had prescribed to themselves one unvarying rule—*i.e.*, outside the house the husband ruled unquestioned by the wife; inside the house the wife ruled unquestioned by the husband; while each leaned on the other for advice in all things relating to the general welfare of the home.

I have thus far been endeavouring to clear the ground in advance of me before proceeding to the consideration of my subject, for many things are included in my title. These really begin with the economical management of the income, and of the true way of doing it—*i.e.*, that the husband and wife, as joint partners in the concern, should put their heads together and consult first as to the wise partition of the general funds. Of these latter funds the rent and household expenses form the greatest part, of course; and most people who reside in London have to make up their minds to pay too heavy a rent in proportion to their income. In a flat this is in some measure made-up to them by the absence of certain other expenses.

Lastly will come the question of dress, what the dress allowances are to include, and whether stationery, charities, and travelling expenses are to be chargeable on them. The extra cost of evening dress has also to be considered, and (if the person be a girl) who will supply her ball dresses? Or, if court dress be required,

who will pay for that? All these things take some time to discuss, and we must remember that a professional man's wife is always a good deal criticised, and the amount of success with which the husband follows his profession is gauged by the apparel of his spouse. In America it is said that this is carried on to a vast extent, and the credit of a business man may be very seriously injured if his wife should fail to follow the prevailing fashion, or to wear some extravagant ornament on which she is by no means entitled to spend her money. But it must be done, such expenses must be entailed, or the economy practised will have disastrous effects on her husband's affairs.

And here we seem to feel it well to discuss another side question, which amongst women is often warmly debated, and has partisans both for and against. This consists in the sale of cast-off clothing, a custom which seems so universal amongst us, yet one at which all sensible persons must wonder, if they do not actually revolt at it. The prices paid are so small, while the garments sold, as a rule, are so good, too valuable, one would think, to their owners to be parted with so lightly. There are two reasons for this sale of good and half-worn clothes. The first is, that the wearer herself is not sufficiently clever, or not sufficiently industrious, to turn and remake them to advantage. The other reason is, that the prices of dressmakers are so high that they would not be worth remaking, while women who go out to work by the day are not often able to advise, and even supposing they could be obtained, they are not always satisfactory workers, and take a very long time to perform their work, which sometimes costs more than the materials are really worth. It seems strange that in all the outcry about "work for women" we should be always at a loss for good dressmakers, and good needlewomen of all kinds are so hard to be obtained. One would think that the quiet, sheltered life of a visiting needlewoman would be suitable and pleasant to many women, and the needful education which would enable them to cut out and fit new gowns, and cut down and remake old ones into children's frocks, would not be difficult to obtain. Evidently the true difficulty lies here, for the trade in ready-made clothing, the demand for it, and the enormous amount sold of it, increases day by day, whether it be in the department of children's clothing or in the ready-made apparel both of women and men. The shops also of the dealers in secondhand clothing increase and multiply, showing that but little use is made of the half-worn clothes by their original owners, which might be made over for children or altered for themselves again and again. When one hears of the small prices given, one is tempted to ask whether, if instead of selling, it would not be better to bestow it in charity on the many poor governesses and people of gentle birth and manners who cannot afford to clothe themselves.

This question of the making of dress is one of the burning questions of the day. Never were the materials of which dress is composed so cheap, and never was there a time when the dressmakers' bills were so long; and it seems more and more likely that this work, which is peculiarly women's own, will lapse from them; and that the private dressmaker will disappear before the outfitter and the "ready-made clothing" dépôt. Many women will tell you that they infinitely prefer seeing the skirt of the dress made-up before making a

purchase, as they know then exactly how it will look, and they are saved much disappointment when things come home. They also enjoy the additional advantage of knowing the exact cost of the dress when complete, of which most shops supply an accurate estimate beforehand.

Of course, many women have not the time needful to spend on the making of a dress at home; and they earn or save the money in many other ways. For example, they teach or take charge of their children themselves; they have an invalid to nurse, or the parish work must be aided; the household, it may be, is large, and the servants few; or the garden and the fruit and the poultry take up their time. Few people lead a more busy life than the female head of the house in England, especially if her home be in the country; and it has been truly said that while the master of the house shuts up his office and goes home to

dinner to rest the remainder of the day, women's work is never done until they retire to bed, and a large proportion amongst them not even then, if there be a baby or invalid in the house!

So far as our girls are concerned we are of opinion that they should be carefully instructed in the art of dressmaking, cutting out, and fitting and also in millinery; for with but a small allowance they will require all this knowledge to make things up inexpensively; and by doing so enable them to save something for other purposes, such as charities, gifts to others, and their own small pleasures. A girl of the present day requires a good deal of what may be termed "extra" dress. If she play tennis she needs a special kind of dress and shoes. If she ride she needs a habit and suitable gloves and hat; and the "tailor-made" gown seems to be one of the most useful things in her wardrobe. Ulsters, waterproofs, warm jackets,

and the heaviest item of all, boots and shoes, these last being articles in which it is almost impossible to pinch oneself, as most girls in England walk out in all weathers, and therefore a change of boots must be kept, and in the house the feet must be tidy also.

To do all this the utmost care must be given by our girls with moderate incomes. Three pairs of thick boots are generally required, if not four, as requisite in the country; and with careful mending at once when required, one new pair a year should be enough to keep up the stock. Many women consider that boot-trees are one of the most saving of investments, and enable their boots and shoes to stand double the wear and tear that they otherwise would. Certainly wet boots never recover their shape except by the use of boot-trees, and for gentlemen's use they may be almost regarded as one of the necessities of life.

THE PRIZE COMPETITION FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MISSION TO THE "DEEP SEA FISHERMEN."



HIS interesting and worthy society has, we are glad to say, received a very large addition to its stock of warm woollen articles through our competition. It was both large and successful, though it contained too many

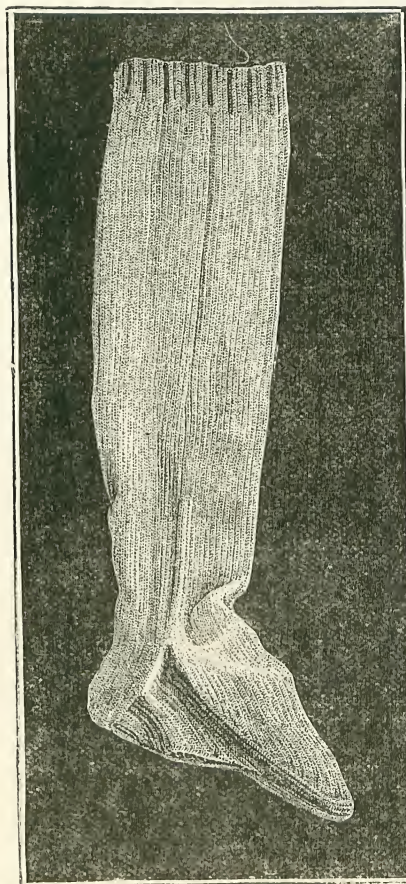
cuffs, and we think the girls who sent them in might in many cases have taken a little more trouble, and have made a muffler, or a pair of mittens. A considerable proportion of the work was excellent, the sailors' guernseys being very well knitted, and reflecting great credit on the workers. The same may be said of the heavy sea-boot stockings. The faults in this competition were those to which attention has been constantly called—i.e., knotted ends, cut off closely, and not run in, and tight knitting, especially at the finishing off row. In one case the examiner tried the knot with a slight pressure of the nail, when it immediately came undone and parted. Fancy the trouble of the poor sailor if all the knots were tied in the same fashion. Everyone who knits at all ought to know that knots are inadmissible, and that the two ends of wool should be laid side by side, and knitted in together. But it was evident, from the ages of those in whose work these faults occurred, that they were entirely the result of ignorance. The number and variety of the articles in the competition proved that its object commended itself to the sympathies of our girls. One competitor's wool was home-grown, and also home-spun by her mother, and, being undyed, it will certainly have the best chance of wearing well, and of affording warmth. Several of our girls knitted with crippled hands, and two of them had been called to a happier home of rest and peacefulness before they had completely finished the work they had commenced for the benefit of the poor toilers of the sea. In both cases the work laid down by the poor lifeless fingers was finished by the sorrowing mother, and sent in to the competition.

Of our blind girls, their many labours, and their excellence in finish, it is difficult to write. One of our competitors of 21 years writes:—"I have been blind from birth." But, though sightless, her work takes a first-class certificate worthily in seventy-one competitors of her own age. The industry shown in their pains-

taking work is very beautiful, and demonstrates how careful and godly has been the training of the English home and parents.

We have also one boy competitor, to whom we offer our thanks and congratulations, and a first-class certificate. Now that needlework and knitting are taught in our schools, we hope to welcome more industrious young people into our competitions on those subjects.

In spite of the clear directions given for the



"BAD WORK."

generality of the articles in this competition, there were some mistakes, one of which the Editor has illustrated. This sea-boot stocking had been decreased at the seam along the sole of the foot instead of making the proper decreases at each ankle, with the queer effect of producing a kind of bag where the heel ends. Others of our girls had sewn up the helmets wrongly, making a wide square of knitting instead of a long narrow bag. These the Examiners unpicked and carefully altered into the right shape. One of them, however, nothing could alter except unravelling, and that was out of the question, so it had to be sent in, hoping some clever sailor would find a use for it.

Age Six.

Two competitors.—Work very excellent; the muffler being especially good.

Age Seven.

Two competitors.—Work not quite so good.

Age Eight.

Two competitors.—Muffler and cuffs; but, perhaps owing to more lessons, the work at six is better.

Age Nine.

Nine competitors.—The pair of stockings sent in by Agnes Knight are quite wonderful for her age.

Age Ten.

Twenty-six competitors.—Work better, and showing much care.

Age Eleven.

Twenty-seven competitors.—Work good.

Age Twelve.

Thirty-three competitors.—Work excellent and painstaking.

Age Thirteen.

Thirty-nine competitors.—The finishing off in this class not so good.

Age Fourteen.

Thirty competitors.—Knots in many cases.

Age Fifteen.

Sixty-one competitors.—Eight pairs of sea-boot stockings, and the prize a seaman's guernsey, beautifully knitted. Work excellent.

Age Sixteen.

Sixty-four competitors.—The prize excellent work; but otherwise the work shows many knots and some carelessness.

Age Seventeen.

Seventy-four competitors.—Work not so clean in many cases as it should have been. Eleven pairs of sea-boot stockings in this class, all fairly well done.

Age Eighteen.

Eighty-three competitors.—Thirteen pairs of sea-boot stockings, but some of these too tightly knitted. The prize pair of stockings in this class excellent, evenly knitted, and well finished.

Age Nineteen.

Sixty-four competitors.—The guernseys in this class beautifully knitted. Eleven pairs of sea-boot stockings. Most of them fairly well knitted, though the knots are too numerous.

Age Twenty.

Eighty-seven competitors.—Work in this class shows a falling off; the knitting too tight, and the gussets of the foot generally carelessly knitted. Throughout the whole competition it has been curious to

notice the varying numbers of stitches taken at the ankle gusset, varying from 5 to 10, 15 to 18 and 20, and then falling to none at all. Twenty-one sea-boot stockings.

Age Twenty-one.

Seventy-one competitors.—Work better, but many knots visible, though the knitting is good. Fifteen sea-boot stockings.

Age Twenty-two.

Eighty-five competitors.—Work getting better and more artistic.

Age Twenty-three.

Sixty-one competitors.—Work not so good.

Age Twenty-four.

Eighty-one competitors.—Knitting of jerseys excellent.

Age Twenty-five.

Fifty-three competitors.—Work not so good. In several cases the tops of the helmets not sewn up; this occurred not only in this class but in all, so the Examiner, for love of the poor sailors, went through the day's work with a needle and wool to make the helmets complete.

Age Twenty-six.

Fifty-nine competitors.—Ten sea-boots. Work

excellent in this age; some crochet in it quite beautiful.

Age Twenty-seven.

Thirty-four competitors.—Work not perhaps quite so good. One competitor had very cleverly embroidered M.D.S.F. on the front of her guernsey, a very good thought.

Age Twenty-eight.

Fifty-eight competitors.—Eleven sea-boots. Work improved.

Age Twenty-nine.

Thirty-one competitors. Work not good. Nine sea-boot stockings.

Age Thirty.

Sixteen competitors. One pair sea-boot stockings. Work not so good.

Age Thirty-two.

Two competitors.

A large number of articles were sent in "Not for Competition," which the Examiner looked over carefully, and found that the needlework was in most cases excellent, and in all respects it compared favourably with the rest of the work sent in. The number of competitors was 1,154.

LIST OF PRIZE AND CERTIFICATE WINNERS.

PRIZES.

Age Six.

Barron, Nellie, Inverness.

Age Seven.

Salmon, Kathleen T., Reading.

Age Nine.

Knight, Agnes, Marden School.

Age Ten.

Hunt, Mildred Bertha, Horsham.

Age Eleven.

Lundie, Emily, Malvern.

Age Twelve.

Wilson, Anna, Holland.

Age Thirteen.

Tremearne, Mary, Leamington Spa.

Age Fourteen.

Combe, Beatrice Ellen, Andoversford, Gloucester.

Age Fifteen.

Henley, A.

Age Sixteen.

Hutchison, Anne Margaret, Moffat.

Age Seventeen.

Fleming, Alice, Ballinakill Rectory, Ireland.

Age Eighteen.

Sumner, Biddie, Melton Mowbray.

Age Nineteen.

Delap, Constance, Valentia Island, Ireland.

Age Twenty.

Key, Alice, Rugeley.

Age Twenty-one.

Henley, P.

Age Twenty-two.

Arminson, Lily, Ashton-on-Ribble.

Age Twenty-three.

Meller, Selina Jane, Blindley Heath.

Age Twenty-four.

Macfarlane, Mary A., Canonbury Park, N.

Age Twenty-five.

Jackson, Margaret A., Headingly, Leeds.

Age Twenty-six.

Abrahams, Eliza, Portsdown Road, W.

Age Twenty-seven.

Mist, Sarah Ann, Bromley, Kent.

Age Twenty-eight.

Tyrell, Amy, Great Malvern.

Age Twenty-nine.

Jaques, Ann Emily, New Barnet.

Age Thirty.

Howard, Mary, Thirsk.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Adams, Olive, Hammersmith.

Anderson, Annie, Finchley.

Applegate, C., Lavender Hill, S.W.

Archer, Mabel Emily, Blackheath.

Ault, Ada, Stamford.

Barker, Ellen, Finsbury Park.

Barker, Nora Evelyn, Doncaster. Died

June 20th. Certificate sent to her mother.

Beavan, G., Blackheath Park.

Bennett, Mary B., Marnhall.

Blagg, Eva Mary, Collingham.

Blinzler, Heina Hubert, Godesberg, Germany.

Bluns, Nellie, Dartford.

Bratchell, Mary, Marden School.

Bridge, Emily, Brentwood.

Brown, Alice L., Halesworth.

Burdett, Florence, Paddington.

Burgess, May.

Carver, Emma H., Peterborough.

Chapple, L., Southall.

Clark, Charlotte L., Upper Norwood.

Clayton, Anette C., Tullow, Ireland.

Clements, Rosa, Redhill.

Cobham, Florence, Eastbourne.

Cochrane, Anne M., Derby.

Cockman, Catherine M., Tufnell Park, N.

Collins, Mary Frances, Southsea.

Cummins, Lily Pooley, Cork.

Delap, Mary H., Valentia Island, Ireland.

Delcomyn, Agnes L., South Dulwich.

Digon, Margueritte, Harrogate.

Dodgshun, Louie, Leeds.

D'Orleans, Isabelle, East Sheen.

Edwards, Winifred, Mackworth.

Edwards, Cyril, Muckworth.

Elison, Sara Jane, Shillelagh, Ireland.

Fearnside, Janet, Birmingham.

German, Susan M., Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Good, Nellie, Bridport.

Handsford, Louisa, Sutton.

Hawket, Emily, Hastings.

Hedgeland, Ellen Constance, Lewes.

Hill, Lizzie, Redditch.

Hillary, H. J., Hastings.

Howell, Margaret, Wandsworth.

Horton, Amanda, Chelsea, S.W.

Humphries, Sarah E., St. John's, S.E.

Hunt, Sarah E., Sandy Bay, Hobart.

Howell, Florence, Wandsworth.

Iremonger, Letitia S., Retford.

Jolly, Forrest, Harrogate.

Jones, Susie, Carnarvon.

Jouy, Anais, Station Vogelnzang, Holland.

Kennedy, Jessie S., Kilnamock, N.B.

Kidd, Nora, Leith.

Kint, Kate, Highbury New Park, N.

Lawrence, Jessie, Upper Teddington.

Layard, Henrietta A., Bath.

Leatre, Cicely Martin, West Norwood.

Lockhart, Jessie C., Edinburgh.

Macaulay, Alice E., Snaresbrook.

Macduff, Mary, Bristol.

Mackinnon, Dora, Highgate, N.

Macintyre, Mary C., Greenock, N.B.

Marsh, Letitia, Leeboothwood, Salop.

Marston, Margaret.

Mason, Annie A., Lavender Hill, S.W.
 Mathie, Henrietta, Brilton.
 Mawdsley, Annie M., Nailsworth.
 Mayd, Eva, Newmarket.
 Meridith, Kate, Kew.
 Mitchell, Jane S., Barking.
 Morris, Florence, Builth, Wales.
 Morrish, Mary A., Fairfield, Manchester.
 Newman, Helen Mary, Emsworth.
 Nichols, Florence E., Stoke Newington.
 Oates, Crosbie, Knocknamuckly, Gilford, Ireland.
 Olney, Caroline A., Hitchin.
 Pells, Alice, Brockley.
 Pocock, Ethel Mary, Wisbech.
 Pollard, S., Cleadon Towers.
 Ravaisan, Amy C., Kilburn.
 Richards, Maria, Landsdown.
 Robertson, A., Acton, W.
 Serjeant, Charlotte, Exeter.
 Sheddon, C., East Cowes.
 Smart, Beatrice M., Sheffield.
 Smith, Charlotte C., Woodstock.
 Smith, Edith Kate, Dunmow.
 Smith, G. M.
 Squire, Mary, Colchester.
 Thomas, Sarah, Brentwood.
 Tuke, Ella A., Edinburgh.
 Turner, Mary E., Blackheath.
 Waind, Ada F., Folkestone.
 Waldergrave, Mary, Purton.
 Watson, Nellie, East Sheen.
 Webster, Marian, Hammersmith.
 Wilson, Amy, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
 Wingfield, Lilian S., Oakham.
 Worrall, Marie, Stoke-on-Trent.
 White-Mountain, Annie, Leeds.
 Yeo, Eleanor Mary, Exeter.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Adams, Olive, Hammersmith, W.
 Anderson, Annie, Finchley.
 Ashworth, Harriet A., Rochdale.
 Battson, Annie, Clapton.
 Bengough, Edith M., Stamford Hill.
 Berncastel, Gertrude L., Anerley, S.E.
 Boone, Alice, Nunhead.
 Boys, Charlotte, Brighton.
 Brett, Ellen B., East Ham.
 Brewster, Eleanor H., Retford.
 Briand, Maud M., Finsbury Park, N.
 Broome, Winifred.
 Bryant, Ellen, Cornwall.
 Buchanan, Isabel K., Sutton Coldfield.
 Buckland, Florence M. K., near Malmesbury.
 Bullock, Alice Mary, Leicester.
 Burdett, Annie A., Paddington.
 Burgess, Mary, Manchester.
 Burgess, Dora, Manchester.
 Burnham, Louisa E., West Croydon.
 Campbell, Mary J., North Kensington.
 Carsley, Mary E., New Barnet.
 Cator, Alice, Newmarket.
 Clay, Nina, Holyhead.
 Cockburn, Maria J., Surrey Square, S.E.
 Cook, Bessie, Wilts.
 Covill, Louisa, Lymington.
 Crasweller, Ella, Bury St. Edmunds.
 Dixon, Fannie, Harrogate.
 Dunlop, Catherine, Hawick, N.B.
 Evans, Queenie, Swansea.
 Farrington, Alice, Hyde Park.
 Fleming, Maud, Clifden, Ireland.
 Fordati, Frances, Farnham.
 Fordati, Margaret, Farnham.
 Forward, Emily, Stamford-le-Hope.
 Fox, Gertrude M., Manchester.
 Fox, Florence, Leicester.
 Fox, Mabel, Gloucester.
 French, Jessie Mary, Birkenhead.
 George, Lily, Aberdare, Wales.
 Glanville, Lottie, Camden Town.
 Gibson, Louisa P., Edinburgh.
 Green, Florence Roe, Bromsgrove.
 Hall, Charlotte I., Hamilton-on-Forth, Tasmania.

Hall, Helena M., Hamilton-on-Forth, Tasmania.
 Hickman, Maud, Clifton, Bristol.
 Hill, Rosetta, Bath.
 Hirst, Kate, Birmingham.
 Houston, Grace J.
 Hughes, Mina, Montrose.
 Jones, Lucy E., Brilston.
 Junkson, Emma, South Norwood Hill.
 Keen, Ada Mary, Canterbury.
 Kerr, Kate, Walsall.
 Key, Helen, Rugeley.
 Kidd, Gertrude Mary, Leith.
 Lamarque, Mabel, Godalming.
 Leatre, Martin, West Norwood.
 Little, J., Littleport.
 Lynch, Muriel A., Holland Park, W.
 Lyttel, Ada, Burton-on-Trent.
 Lyttel, Winifred, Burton-on-Trent.
 McCormack, Florence, Richmond.
 Marillier, Edith, Cape Colony.
 Maxwell, Mary E., Liverpool.
 Mayo, Penelope W., Salisbury.
 Meager, Olive, Swansea.
 Meek, Agnes R., Norwich.
 Miller, Frances, Holloway, N.
 Miller, Maud, Holloway, N.
 Mist, Helen L., Bromley.
 Morris, Hassie, Blackheath.
 Nash, Edith A., Bishopstoke.
 Parker, Maud, Maidenhead.
 Parkinson, Grace M., Euston Road, N.W.
 Parsloe, Edith M., Bath.
 Parson, Agnes A., Cheltenham.
 Pinhorn, Mary B., Cardiganshire.
 Powell, Annie M., Wallingford.
 Ravaisan, Amy C., Kilburn.
 Read, Ada, Thornton Heath.
 Richardson, Eleanor, Bury St. Edmunds.
 Robertson, Jane, Weston-super-Mare.
 Rolfe, Elizabeth, Brandon.
 Ross, Augusta, Victoria, Australia.
 Rule, Annetta, Goswell Road, E.C.
 Shepherd, Annie, Carshalton.
 Smith, Amy K., Peckham.
 Stenning, Adelaide, Redhill.
 Stevens, Mary, Brighton.
 Stevenson, Elizabeth, Rugby.
 Sutherin, Florence E. M., Camden Road, N.W.
 Tesckemaker, Constance, Teignmouth.
 Thomasson, Sarah A., Worcester.
 Tinsley, Mabel H., Warrington.
 Tuton, Lottie, Warrington.
 Unsworth, Ellinor, Kendal.
 Walters, Agnes A., Abingdon.
 White, Emily Helen, Walworth, S.E.
 Wilcox, Katherine A., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 Wilkinson, Beatrice, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 Windham, Katherine, Farnham.
 Wright, Adeline F., Warwick.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Ade, Bertha, Brighton.
 Anderson, Alice G., Somerset.
 Anderson, Emily, Clapham.
 Andrews, Charlotte A.
 Ashton, Bessie, Islington, N.
 Aston, Ella, Manchester.
 Axford, Eva, Ealing.
 Bacon, Jessie R., Farnham.
 Barnett, Ethel Mary, Worcester.
 Beales, Caroline, Great Wilbraham.
 Benn, Alice, Bradford.
 Bloomfield, Beatrice, Islington, N.
 Bonnor, Fannie, Redhill.
 Boorne, H. M., Reading.
 Brand, Helen, Brighton.
 Brett, Mabel M., East Ham.
 Carr, Evelyn Vincent, Dovercourt.
 Clark, Edith, Bishops Waltham.
 Clutterbuck, Ada, Gloucester.
 Cocking, Emma, Gainsboro.
 Craig, Jane, Luton.
 Cruwys, Mary, Devon.
 Curwood, Eliza, Newbury.
 Dailie, Frances, Little Kenny.
 Daly, Gertrude, E.
 Darke, Annie B., Gloucester.
 Delcomyn, Anna, Dulwich.
 Derry, Annie, Clapham.
 Dickens, D., Amptill.
 Dickens, Mary Ann, Amptill.
 Double, Florence M., Kensington.
 Drew, Amy, Cornwall.
 Dutton, Nina A., Upton-on-Severn.
 Edwards, Clara, Bath.
 Evars, Swindall, Stourbridge.
 Frost, Isabella Kate, Farnham.
 Fletcher, Margaret A., Lutham.
 Fitzgerald, Frances, St. Peter's Park, W.
 Fielding, Elizabeth, Cork.
 Farrant, Mabel, Taunton.
 Green, Annie H., Rochfort.
 Goodier, Mary, Cheetham.
 Gosling, Annie, near Hitchin.
 Hall, Adeline Stephenson, Hamilton-on-Forth, Tasmania.
 Hall, Alice Maud, Hamilton-on-Forth, Tasmania.
 Handsford, Louisa, Sutton.
 Hawtin, Alice C., Bristol.
 Hemphill, Evelyn Alice, Clonmel, Ireland.
 Holman, Edith.
 Holthan, Sarah, Penge.
 Huggins, Mattie, Bury St. Edmunds.
 Hunt, A. H., Great Yarmouth.
 Jervis, K. E., Highgate, N.
 James, Alice, Faringdon.
 Jones, Emilie, Middlesbrough.
 Jones, Gladys, Aberdare.
 Jones, Edith Mary H., Swansea.
 Kearsley, Clara Louisa, Derby.
 Kelsey, Mary S., Tunbridge Wells.
 Kentish, Florence E., Brixton, S.W.
 Law, Elizabeth A., Inverness.
 Leatre, Cicely M., West Norwood.
 Lonsdale, Maude, Alderley Edge.
 Lucking, Mary Emma, Chelmsford.
 Mackinnon, Elsie, Highgate, N.
 Marshall, Edith M., Beckenham.
 Martin, Henrietta H., Jamaica, W. Indies.
 Mays, Amy Margaret, Salisbury.
 Micking, Jessie A., Helensburg.
 Moore, Frances S., Sevenoaks.
 Morris, Lucy C., Builth, Wales.
 Nollie, Mary Ann, Aberdeenshire, N.B.
 Neill, Charlotte, Liverpool.
 Newman, Edith, Swansea.
 Ogilvie, Helen, Croydon.
 O'Neill, Eliza S., Lec.
 Owen, Mary E., Oswestry.
 Paige, Mary B., Plymouth.
 Parsons, Florence, Dulwich.
 Pells, Margaret, Brockley, S.E.
 Permewan, Philippa G., Cornwall.
 Phelps, Edith Anne, Dublin.
 Powell, Emily, Wallingford.
 Ray, Sarah A., Hendon.
 Raymond, Emma F., Stourbridge.
 Read, Constance, Thornton Heath.
 Richards, Amy F., Warwick Square, S.W.
 Rogers, Julia, Humby.
 Rose, Helen Clara, Brixton Hill, S.W.
 Salt, Clara, Copenhagen Street, N.
 Schneider, Ellen, Brighton.
 Scott, Margaret J. M., Dundee.
 Sherwin, Margaret E., Cockermouth.
 Simms, Mary J., Wandsworth.
 Smith, Ada M., Highbury, N.
 Smith, Amy K., Peckham, S.E.
 Sterling, Antonia, Teignmouth.
 Stone, Maria, Marden School.
 Thornton, Mary, Kendal.
 Tickner, Elizabeth, St. James, S.W.
 Tuck, Nesta H., Norwich.
 Wallis, Maude, South Norwood.
 Walters, Agnes A., Abingdon.
 Walters, Lilius G., Kensington.
 Webley-Parry, A., Bucklebury.
 Whirledge, Worcester.
 Whitehead, Lottie, Wiltshire.
 Willis, Ada, Tavistock.
 Woollett, Fanny E., Barnsbury, N.



ART.

LOUISA M. and CHILTENHAM.—Perhaps the Nondescript Sketching Club would suit you. Write for particulars, enclosing stamped envelope, to Miss Wilson, Manor House, Tatchbury, Totton, Hants; or else the Tom Thumb Drawing Society—hon. sec., Mrs. James Paine, Uplands, Harrow on the Hill. Or Miss Winder's drawing, etching, and painting clubs. Write to Belle Vue House, Ulverstone, Lancashire. If you were to procure the little Directory of Girls' Clubs, before recommended, you might choose from among the Educational Societies for yourself. The principal rules of many of them are given. You might paint upon a kind of thick mill-board prepared for the purpose, which can be had at any artists' colourman's shop. A few of the clubs named in the directory have changed hands or broken up; but at the cost of a card this can always be ascertained.

AMATEUR.—Yes, Marie Anna Angelica Kauffmann, R.A., was married. At the age of forty she espoused Antonio Zucchi, A.R.A., in England. He was an Italian decorative painter, a Venetian by birth, and was much employed in this country by Robert Adam as a decorator. He left England with his wife and settled in Rome, where he died 1795, aged about seventy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BARBARA. The marriage of first cousins is regarded as objectionable when there is some hereditary taint in the family, such as consumption. In this case it would be intensified in its effects by the united taint in the blood of both parents. But we must remember that the Jews have always married much closer relations (uncle and niece), and they are the most healthy people, we believe, in the world, not forgetting, however, that they are exceptionally moral. Can you not be guided by the advice of your parents?

ANNIE D.—We do not know of any help in such a case as yours. Why not make your affliction a stepping stone to higher things. Think how many sins of the tongue you are saved from by it. Think also how Christ "sighed" when He restored the gift of speech, and make up your mind steadfastly to forget it, and "go forward," that His "strength may be made perfect in your weakness" (see 2 Cor. xii. 9). Inquire about the possibility of wearing an artificial palate.

JOAN D'ARC.—You do not mention the size of your shells; if small, you can use them to cover boxes, fastening them on in patterns with strong glue.

MARY MONICA.—Paraffin oil for the hair is now generally used in the form of vaseline only, we think; and is generally considered good.

GOOSIE must not blame religion, but a mistaken way of demonstrating it, to which her father objects. Poor "Goosie," she seems to be between two stools, and we can only recommend good temper and a constant and patient "following after peace." An unselfish gentleness of disposition will often win over the most difficult people, and will be sure to benefit one's own soul.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER must "follow after peace," and remember that as her parents have given way to her desire, so she must give way a little to their wishes in return. October 13th, 1865, was a Friday.

HERO had better get some one to come and find out the rat holes, and stop them up first, if the place be so infested with them.

WHITE VIOLET had better go to the nearest nurseryman's or florist's and make the inquiry for herself.

DOROTHY MAY.—We sympathise much with you in your dreary life, but do not be dreary yourself, in spite of it all. We think, as the first doctor consulted was successful, you had better go to him again.

CONNIE.—We would never advise any woman to marry a man with drinking habits, and marriage, with the hope of reforming him, would be a great and fatal mistake.

AGATHA must get the doctor to interfere, and make the change for her, and induce her mother to consent to have two beds instead of one in the room. It is not good for young people to sleep with old ones.

MRS. CRICK.—We are happy to give you information about the "Judas Tree," obtained at Smyrna, from a resident clergyman. When in full bloom, a blaze of rose-hued flowers, the bees are attracted to it, for it has a luscious honey to present to them, and they indulge in it to repletion. But it holds poison amid its sweetness, and they fall dead round about the tree, which has proved a traitor to them. Tradition, and the fact of its deceptive attractiveness to the bees, may have led to its being named after the arch-traitor of our Lord. There are many traditions about this "Judas Tree;" the fig, tamarisk, wild carob, aspen, dog-rose, and elder have all been named as that on which the traitor hanged himself. In "Piers Plowman's Vision" we read—

"Judas, he japed
With Jewen silver,
And sitten on an ell;
Hanged hymselfe."

And we also find that Sir John Maundeville says that in his day there stood in the vicinity of Mount Zion "the tree of Eldre, that Judas henge him self upon for despayr." But according to a Russian proverb, "There is an accursed tree which trembles without even a breath of wind," in allusion to the aspen (*Populus tremula*), and in the Ukraine they say that the leaves of this tree have quivered and shaken since the day that the traitor hanged himself upon it. Shakespeare also says "Judas was hanged on an elder."

EVANGELINE must read the articles in the "G.O.P." by "Medicus," which contain all an "outsider," who does not see his patient, can say about a case; page 295, vol. v., "Common-sense Hints for Working Girls." Also page 76, vol. vii., "Healthy Lives for Working Girls." Both are excellent articles.

LASSIE B.—We are sorry to hear of your troubles, and of your mistress's disapproval of your complexion. The simple treatment is to use a lotion of two-thirds vinegar and one-third of water to the spots. Leave off coffee, beer, pastry, hot rolls, and pickles. Bat brown bread and watercress, with fruit and salad; and be careful your bedroom be well aired and ventilated.

SUTHERLAND should consult a doctor for her general health. The lids of the eyes may be bathed twice daily with warm water; and at night a very little lard may be used to the edges of the lids after the eyes are closed.

A. S.—Sympathising as we may, in the object you have at heart, it is a question into which we cannot enter in our columns at present.

TREHITSWAMOT must have a proper pair of spectacles. Many people's eyes are not both alike, and they have to procure a pair with glasses to suit each eye.

ENOR.—Tarts, in the article you mention, are those made in a deep piedish, with a thin crust at the top, and an egg-cup inside them, to retain the juice of the fruit; not the flat tarts, thin and rich, with pastry on both sides.

A GLASGOW GIRL is thanked most warmly for her very grateful and encouraging letter. We send her our best wishes in return, and we think her writing fairly good. But were she to shorten the long tails or dashes at the ends of the final letters of each word, she would improve it.

DAPHNE, LAL, and LAURIE.—You had better leave your moles alone, unless you mean excrescences, which should be treated by a doctor. Lal has done nothing wrong or contrary to the rules of etiquette in the case she names. Get a hairdresser, Miss "Daphne," to singe your hair, but do not have it done by any but a well-practised hand.

LILIAN GITTENS.—We do not send private answers, nor do we make any charge for those we give in the "G.O.P." The editor has nothing to do with the publishing department of the R.T.S. Write for numbers of the "G.O.P.," for the pictures, or for any of their publications, to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row.

SUSIE had better accept the proposal if all the circumstances of the case be exactly as she has represented them.

A STUDENT.—We agree with your mother in her disapproval of studying late at night. Better go to bed early and get up early. But if you must work at night for a time, taking a good hot cup of strong tea and a biscuit would be better than risking a cold in your eyes and head, or an attack of neuralgia, by putting a wet cloth round your forehead.

A SUBSCRIBER does not state her age; but we have known instances of young girls who have had a shoulder-blade forced outwards from learning to play the harp, completely restored to straightness across the shoulder-blades by the daily use for an hour, or for a couple of hours, of a back-board and face-board. If for two hours, the time should be divided.

NEVVOUS.—Upper Norwood, or on nearly on the top of the "High Level," is much to be recommended for persons who need bracing and a cheerful, bright locality. Hampstead and Highgate (upon the hill), well removed from the cemetery of the latter, would probably suit you, but from personal experience we can recommend Upper Norwood.

MADGE.—You might perhaps extract the grease occasioned by your hair on the back of your silk dress by the use of French chalk. This should be scraped over it on the wrong side, and gently rubbed on with the finger; otherwise use benzine. Should these fail, try a moderately hot flat iron, putting a piece of clean blotting-paper between.

TIMID had better wear a woollen jersey with long sleeves next the skin. Weatherproof gloves might suit you.

CHEERFUL might send the old music to the P. P. C. Society, for poor clergy, addressed Mrs. Bready, Haddenham House, Worcester; or to the A. F. D. Society, Miss Hinton, 4, York Place, Clifton, Bristol. Books, music, and cast-off clothing, etc., are all thankfully received for these poor families. The giving by our correspondents of their real names is optional.

E.C.—By 29 Char. II., c. 7, it was enacted that no tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer, nor other person whatsoever shall do or exercise any worldly labour, business, nor work at their ordinary callings upon the Lord's day, or any part thereof (works of charity and necessity excepted). The Workshop Regulations Act, 1861 (30 and 31 Vict., c. 146, s. 6) provides that no child, young person, nor woman shall be employed in any handicraft on Sunday. In the Factory Acts Extension Act, 1867 (30 and 31 Vict., c. 103, s. 7), the owner of a stage coach is not within the statute, nor are railways. By the 34 Vict., c. 19, Jews are exempted from penalties under these Acts in respect of young persons and females professing the Jewish religion.

SUFFERING ONE.—Apply to B. Mackell, Esq., sec. of the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, 297, Oxford Street, W. If you should fail to obtain a vacancy there, write to the secretary of the City Orthopaedic Hospital, at 27, Hatton Garden, E.C.

ATA-ATA can procure Tidman's sea salt, though living at a distance from the coast, for the baths recommended. The soap for the face should be very mild, and little scented.

DESIRING FAITH.—To obtain an increase of faith you must ask for it in fervent prayer; and not only so, but be willing to take God at His word, who promised to "give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him;" thanking Him that He will fulfil His promise. At the same time, look for all the passages in the scriptures that have reference to His faithfulness, His tender compassion and sympathy for us, His immeasurable love.

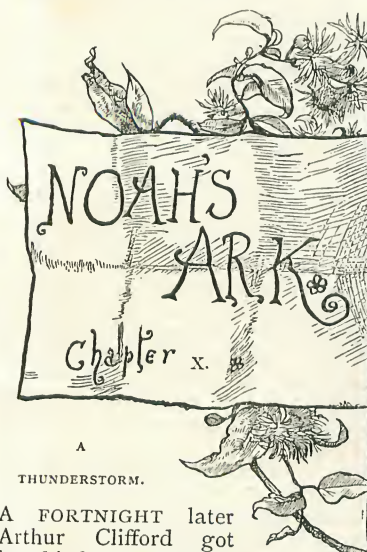
HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—The Canaanites were the same people as the Etruscans and Phoenicians; the Pelasgi are traced from Tyre or Sidon. The original languages spoken after the Deluge were the Arabian and ancient Celtic, the Arabian being the mother of all the Western languages, and sister to the Celtic. A grand colony is said to have been brought to Ireland from ancient Babylon and the surrounding country by a *Magus*, living near that city.



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DECEMBER 8, 1888.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



A
THUNDERSTORM.

A FORTNIGHT later Arthur Clifford got into his boat on Saturday afternoon about six o'clock, and pulled himself leisurely down the river to Muck Fleet, where he expected to meet Eve at the heronry at half-past six. It was a lovely June evening, and the river banks were lined with the white feathery flowers of the meadow sweet and masses of red valerian; the magenta bells of the foxglove rang among the sedges; the yellow iris shone brilliantly among its long, pale, blue-green leaves growing luxuriantly all along the shallow borders, while on the river itself the water-lilies growing near the banks were now in bud, and from time to time Arthur stopped to gather some for Eve. The gnats buzzed merrily overhead, dragon-flies flashed like living jewels across the river. Now and then a swallow-tail butterfly hovered over the flower-crowned banks, goldfinches gleamed among the downy tufts of the giant thistles growing in the tangle of reeds and sedges, water-hens started about, uttering their unmusical cry among the rushes, while the songs of

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"MY DARLING, I MADE SURE YOU WOULD BE KILLED BY THE LIGHTNING."

birds, too numerous to mention, accompanied Arthur on his journey. All nature was overflowing with joy and beauty; the very fish were flashing and gleaming in silent ecstasy under the warm sunlit water.

Even Muck Fleet looked beautiful, at least to Arthur's eyes, as he turned up it, the top of its high banks crowned with purple mallow and blue forget-me-not, large moon-daisies, and feathery grasses. The tide was so high that on the marshland-side, where the bank was lower, Arthur's head was above the bank, and he had not advanced very far before he saw a tall figure with a long white beard, clad in high leather jack-boots which reached to his thighs, a blue jersey, and the inevitable big-brimmed hat, mowing the reeds, which, tall as Noah, for it was he, towered over him as he bent to his work.

Most of the reeds laid low, only a small patch was left to mow, and Arthur conjecturing that Noah meant to finish that patch before he went home, and knowing Eve would not venture to come till he returned, thought he might as well go and talk to his future father-in-law, who was blissfully unconscious of the honour in store for him; so he landed and splashed across the marshy ground to Noah's side.

"Good-day, Noah; you are hard at work this evening. I thought you had a half-holiday on Saturday."

"So I have mostly, sir; that is to say, I work at the decoy Adam Day and I are making on Saturday afternoons, but I am late with my marsh-mowing this year, so I mean to finish this evening. I shan't be more than a quarter of an hour. Generally, I finish at the beginning of May, but I am a month late."

"I see. Now what is the use of these reeds when mown?" said Arthur, listening to the musical rhythm of Noah's scythe, as at each long powerful stroke it swept down an armful of rushes, which, towering proudly over the reaper one moment, were lying prone at his feet the next.

"We use them for many things, Mr. Arthur. For thatching; most of our marshmen's cottages are thatched with them; we use them, too, to support plaster-work, and I have made most of the screens for the decoy with them," said Noah, mowing away as he spoke.

"I see a good many sedges growing among them; they are no use, I suppose."

Noah smiled as he stood up and wiped his scythe.

"I never yet came across anything the Lord made that hadn't a use, Mr. Arthur, though I don't say I always know what the use of everything is. When we do rightly know the use of everything, I reckon we shall have no more poverty. There is really plenty for everybody, but we waste so much through ignorance. As time goes on, we shall go on growing in knowledge, and we shall learn the use of everything; then when nothing is wasted through ignorance, no one will want. But you asked me about these sedges. We use them for litter; they'll have to be stacked and dried like the reeds first. I shall

stack them all next week, I hope. There, I have finished. I'll go home and have some tea, and look into the club this evening," said Noah, shouldering his scythe and walking towards his boat, which was moored close to Arthur's.

As he passed Arthur's boat he noticed the water-lilies and flowers lying at the bottom, and concluded they were for Miss Grace, between whom and Arthur he thought there must be an attachment, or why should this gay young gentleman care to spend so much of his time in a dull place like Windham? He little thought they were for Eve; had he known it, they would probably have shared the fate of those lilies he had thrown away years ago because Eve had disobeyed him. As little did he think that Eve, as she gave him two basins of tea and cut his bread and bacon for him when he got home, was longing for him to finish his meal and go off to the club, leaving the coast clear for her to escape to her lover.

"I saw Mr. Clifford up at Muck Fleet; he was in his boat gathering flowers for Miss Grace," said the unconscious Noah, attacking his second basinful of tea.

"How do you know they were for Miss Grace? Did he tell you so?" asked Mrs. Oldman, curiously watching the bright red blood which had flooded Eve's beautiful face, bent low over her work as it was.

"No, but I feel sure they were. Young gentlemen don't gather flowers for themselves; who else should they be for?" said Noah.

"Ah! who indeed?" ejaculated Mrs. Oldman; while Eve, complaining of the heat, put away her work and went out and ferried herself across the river, fearing lest Arthur's patience should, like her own, be exhausted; thinking, too, she might as well be caught in his society as sit there and betray herself by her guilty blushes. She had not been gone long when Grace Leicester knocked at the door of the ark, saying she had come to ask if Eve would go for a walk with her across the meadows to the heronry to get a peep at Filton Broad, and on hearing that Eve was out, she asked Noah if he would ferry her across the river that she might go alone.

Noah willingly agreed to do so; but on going out they found the boat was on the other side of the river where Eve had left it. Grace looked disappointed, as Noah observed; and feeling sure she was going after Arthur Clifford, whom he had left close to the heronry, he soon solved the difficulty.

"If you'll go into the ark for a few minutes, Miss Grace, I'll swim across and get the boat for you. Eve must be gone in that direction, so perhaps you'll overtake her." And Grace being for some reason bent on walking in the direction of the heronry that night, agreed to Noah's proposal, and waited with Mrs. Oldman till he had fetched the boat.

"Mr. Clifford is up by the heronry in his boat, so you may meet him, and he can bring you back, Miss Grace," said Noah, as he rowed her over the river.

"Is he? Then perhaps I shall see

him; he told me he should not be back till late, though, so he may be going much further," said Grace.

"If so you can get my wife to row you across; she'll be at home, and will hear you if you call her, but I think you are sure to come across Eve in some of the pastures."

Grace walked fast on landing, hoping to do so, but it was not till she entered the last field before the plantation that she caught sight of Eve; then she saw a girlish figure in a light dress and a straw hat walking some distance in front of her, and almost the next moment the figure of a man emerged from the plantation. They were too far off for Grace to recognise either; she only concluded the girl to be Eve because she knew her to have gone in that direction; but, unlike the rest of her sex in many things, Grace was like most women in this—she was curious, and she determined to continue her walk and see who this couple could be. Perhaps it was Adam Day; if so she should know for certain what she had often heard said, that he and Eve were engaged. At any rate she would go on to the borders of the plantation into which the lovers had disappeared, and try and see who they were. There could be no harm in this, particularly as the plantation was Mr. Leicester's property.

She accordingly continued her walk until she reached the place where Eve and her companion had entered the plantation; here she paused, for a laugh, which she recognised at once as Arthur Clifford's, fell on her ears, and looking through the trees she saw him and Eve seated side by side on a felled trunk. As anxious to escape detection as the lovers themselves could have been, Grace turned and walked quickly away, shocked, grieved, and frightened at what she had seen. That they stood in the relation of lovers to each other there was no doubt, and young and inexperienced as Grace was, she knew enough of the world to be frightened on Eve's account; for it never occurred to her that Arthur Clifford seriously contemplated marrying Noah's daughter. He was, in her opinion, only amusing himself at Eve's expense, and she grieved for the sorrow that her foster-sister would feel when she woke and found her heart had been the toy of some idle hours, to be thrown away when the player had had enough of the game. She was shocked, too, at the deception both Eve and Arthur were practising on Noah and Mr. Leicester, either of whom would have been horrified had they known what was going on.

But what was Grace to do? Should she go straight home and tell her father what she had seen, or should she stop at the ark and tell Mrs. Oldman? She could not bring herself to do either of these things. She could not be the means of getting Eve, whom she loved almost as a sister, and Arthur, whom she regarded in the light of a brother, into trouble. No, she must keep their secret, but she would remonstrate with them both on their conduct, and she hoped they would listen to her. She had a good deal of influence with Arthur, as she knew; though not of the kind her

father, as she also knew, hoped and thought she possessed, for Grace was well aware that her father and Mrs. Clifford both wished the two families to be united by a marriage between her and Arthur, and she considered it one of the blessings of her life that Arthur never evinced anything but a brotherly fondness for her. This she returned warmly, and was thankful to be spared the pain of rejecting addresses of a warmer nature, for she could never feel any but a sisterly affection for Arthur Clifford, and it would have gone very hard with her had she been forced to thwart her father's wishes in this matter.

Suddenly a flash of lightning, which seemed to fall in a zigzag current into the river not half a mile from Grace, and was followed almost immediately by a terrific clap of thunder, startled her out of the reverie into which she had fallen, and looking round she saw thunder-clouds were gathering all round the horizon, though there was still blue sky overhead; but the storm from the river was coming up fast, and her way home lay through it. There was no shelter to be had till she reached Noah's ark, so nothing was to be done but go on until she got there. Fortunately Grace was not nervous, and was accustomed to the heavy thunderstorms which spring up so suddenly in the broads. The first flash was soon followed by another, which appeared to strike the ground a few hundred yards to the left of her, and the deafening peal of thunder which followed seemed as though it would never end; and so quickly did the storm advance that in a few minutes the sky was overcast with heavy-laden clouds, black and lurid, where the centre seemed to be. There were some cattle grazing in the field Grace was passing through, and they stopped feeding and huddled together, trembling with fear, while she took to her heels and ran as fast as they could carry her across the meadows, through what was now a continuous roll of thunder and constant flashes of lightning which played about her path. Grace remembered to have heard that to be killed by lightning was as painless as it was instantaneous; and comforting herself with this thought she ran on. The ark was in sight now; only one more field besides the one she was in separated her from it, when suddenly a sharp crackling sound, followed by a clap of thunder that sounded immediately over her head, caused her to turn, and she saw a poplar tree had been struck and split in two just behind her. At the same moment the rain began to fall, first in big drops, but before the now terrified Grace reached the last field, in torrents, which retarded her progress. Panting she ran on, not daring to hold up her sunshade for fear of attracting the lightning, and to her joy she saw Mrs. Oldman come to the door of the ark, and seeing her approach, go in for a mackintosh, and then row across the river to fetch her. Dripping with wet, trembling with fear, breathless from exhaustion, Grace stepped into the boat, and Mrs. Oldman, speechless from fear—for, as Grace knew, she was so terrified during thunderstorms that she had been known to

hide, during a bad one, under her feather bed—now rowed for their lives, and in two minutes they were inside the ark, and, comparatively speaking, safe. And then Mrs. Oldman did a strange thing, though at the time Grace was too much upset by the excitement she had gone through to notice it; she threw her arms round the girl's slight figure, and, kissing her, sobbed out—

"My darling, my darling, I made sure you would be killed by the lightning."

"But there is Eve, Mrs. Oldman; she is out in it. Oh, if anything should happen to her!" exclaimed Grace, rising and going to the door of the ark, but a vivid flash of lightning, as she opened it, drove her back.

"Shut the door, child; for the sake of us both shut the door. It is an awful tempest, and my old man and Eve are out in it; at least Noah would be safe in the club, but I doubt he'll come out to look for Eve, who is gadding about nobody knows where. But, praise His name, you are safe, Miss Grace, at least if the lightning does not strike the ark; but I don't think that last peal was quite so heavy. Did you see anything of Eve in your walk, my dear?"

"Yes, she was in the plantation. I did not go so far, the storm overtook me as I was coming back."

"She ain't afraid, that is one comfort; she is like Noah in that. It isn't so bad as it was, but you'll bide a little longer, the rain is very heavy still." And Grace, guessing Mrs. Oldman didn't care to be left, stayed on, though she longed to go home to her father, who would be anxious about her. Presently the thunder subsided into a low distant rumbling, heard only at intervals, but the rain still continued to fall so heavily that it was almost impossible for Grace to leave the ark, and while she was waiting to go, Noah returned, looking unusually grave.

"Thank God you are safe, Noah! but Eve is not back yet. I hope and trust she has not come to any harm out in such a storm."

"The rain is very heavy, but Eve is strong; a wetting won't hurt her," said Noah.

"The rain mayn't, but, man alive, the lightning may have struck her. I don't know when we have had such a bad thunderstorm. I thought you'd have been home from the club sooner to look for her," said Mrs. Oldman.

"I have not been to the club, and I did not notice the storm; but I'll go and look now," said Noah, quietly.

"Not notice the storm!" interrupted Mrs. Oldman. "Why, where on earth have you been; the thunder was loud enough to wake the dead?"

"Not quite, Mary. I have just come from the death-bed of Mrs. Day, and it did not wake her," said Noah, sadly.

"Mrs. Day! Is she really dead?" asked Grace.

"Yes, Miss Grace. I went to call for Adam as usual, and found she had just had another stroke, so I stayed with him. She did not rally, and passed away quite quietly about half an hour ago. Poor lad, he feels it very much, though it has been hanging over him so

long; but I must go and look for Eve. Will you wait till I come back, Miss Grace, and I will see you home? it is getting late for you to go back alone."

Grace gave a hesitating consent to this proposal; but she really wished to hear more about the death of Adam's mother, the news of which startled and upset her, though she gave but little outward sign of how much it affected her, but sat silently listening to Mrs. Oldman's comments on the news.

"Dead at last, and died in a storm after all. Well, her life was like a very rainy day, cloudy and threatening; I don't wonder she went off in a tempest at last. I am sorry for Adam, poor lad, though it is the best thing that could happen to him in a manner of speaking. He was like a caged bird as long as she lived; now he can spread his wings and rise and fly away over our heads, and he'll do it too. He is a rising man, is Adam, but he won't care to stay here, hovering overhead in the same place like a hawk fascinating a bird; no, he'll spread his wings and fly clear away; but he won't take Eve with him, as my old man would like, so it is no use his wishing for it, nor praying for it neither. God Almighty may work miracles, but He doesn't make young people love each other unless they have a mind to do so, any more than He makes them leave off loving when once they have begun."

"Oh, Mrs. Oldman! God can do everything; even that, if we will only let Him," said Grace, blushing.

"Ah, my dear, but that is just it. Young folks won't let Him; they will go their own way in such things as love and marriage; and God Almighty don't stop them, let alone any one else, though Noah would be angry indeed with me if he heard me say so."

But before Grace had time to answer, Noah returned to say Mr. Clifford was rowing Eve home, and they would be at the ark immediately.

"Then I'll get into the boat when Eve lands," said Grace, thinking this would be an excellent opportunity to speak to Arthur about his intimacy with Eve, and secretly rather glad that Noah had caught the culprits together, as it would perhaps open his eyes to what was going on.

But as it turned out, Noah was so pre-occupied in thinking of the scene he had just witnessed that he at once accepted Arthur Clifford's apparently straightforward confession that he had met Eve by the heronry, and as the storm was so heavy he had brought her home in his boat wrapped up in his mackintosh, but little the worse for the wet, though frightened by the lightning.

Frightened, Eve certainly was, though whether by the lightning or not is another matter; but she was pale and trembling as she ran into the ark, while Grace took her place in the boat.

"Why, Grace, you are wet through! Where have you been? My dear child you'll catch your death of cold; I must get you home as quickly as possible," exclaimed Arthur.

The rain had almost ceased, but the sky was grey and sullen, as though nature had not yet recovered her temper,

but was sulking after her outburst of passion, and the air was still heavy and oppressive.

"I will change directly I get home. I have been to the heronry and was caught in the storm on my way back, so I sheltered in the ark."

"To the heronry? I did not see you," said Arthur, more surprised than pleased.

"No, but I saw you, and I am very sorry I did; sorry for your sake, but more sorry for Noah, and sorriest of all for Eve. Arthur, dear, you must promise me you will never meet her again, or I must tell father all I saw to-night."

"Tell your father! You won't do anything so cruel and foolish. It could do no possible good; on the contrary, it would only do harm. There would be no end of a row, and I thought you were always a peacemaker, Grace," exclaimed Arthur, vehemently.

"I don't want to have to tell father; I want you to give up meeting Eve. It is very wrong of her to deceive her parents like this. It would almost break Noah's heart if he knew it; and, Arthur, forgive me for saying it, but it is still more wrong of you to play with her affections in this way."

"Play with her affections! I play with her! You don't know what you are talking about, Grace. Play, indeed, when I love her with all my heart and soul; I'd die for her to-morrow if there were any need. Play with her affections, when I mean to marry her as soon as I am of age!"

"Marry Eve! But, Arthur, how can you? She is very pretty, and sweet, and good, and I love her dearly; but she—she is—you know—not a lady; she is only a fisherman's daughter."

"She is one of nature's ladies; and how often have I heard you say Noah Oldman was the greatest saint you ever met? As for his being a fisherman, so were the apostles; and I can't understand how such a good girl as you are, and you are the saintliest woman I ever met, can despise Noah and Eve just because they are not what is conventionally called gentlefolk."

"I don't despise them, Arthur; I have, as you know, the very greatest respect for Noah, and I admire Eve exceedingly, but I don't think her a suitable wife for you. Just imagine what your mother and sisters would say to such a proposal."

"I don't care a rush what my mother and sisters will say. Eve has learnt so much from you by being with you so often, and is naturally so refined and ladylike—to use a word I hate—that a year on the Continent to pick up a few conventional habits is all she wants to fit her for her position as my wife, and that she shall have as soon as we are married."

"But, Arthur, it is impossible. Father will never consent, and he is your guardian; your mother will not hear of it;

and I am sure Noah will never sanction such a marriage."

"Leave all that to me; all I ask of you is to say nothing about it to any one till after Monday week. I shall be twenty-one then, and I give you my word of honour Noah and your father and my mother shall hear all about it on that day. Promise me, Grace, to keep my secret till then, will you? You have always been like a sister to me; do this for me. I only ask you to be silent for ten days, for the sake of peace. Nothing any one can say can alter my determination. I loved Eve as a child; I loved her as a boy; I love her as a man; and I mean to marry her, in spite of them all."

"But, Arthur, you are wrong; we are not placed in this world to please ourselves only, we are bound to consult the wishes of our parents in such matters as these. It can't be right to cause your mother such pain as this marriage must inevitably do."

"I can't help it; if she chooses to make a trial of it, she must do so. My misery if anything happened to prevent it would be far greater than any pain it can possibly cause her. But here we are. Promise me, Grace, you will say nothing until my birthday. I give you leave to speak then; only be silent for this next ten days, will you?"

"I am not sure that I am doing right," began Grace.

"I won't meet Eve again till next Saturday, I promise that," interrupted Arthur.

"Very well, then, I will say nothing till your birthday; but mind, if you don't tell father then, I must."

"I promise you they shall all know it by breakfast time on my birthday, so it's a bargain. Thank you, Grace; I can never half thank you for this," and as Grace gave him her hand to help her out of the boat, he raised it to his lips.

They were close to the Rectory, and they walked home in silence after this, Arthur evolving plans for carrying Eve off and marrying her on his birthday, Grace pondering over the events of the evening, and trying to drive the thought of Adam Day, alone with his dead, from her mind. But try as she would, the thought would arise this evening, and long after she had gone to her own room she struggled to banish it. Another time she would have counted it a sin to dwell on the thought of him who was dearer to her than her father, but who for that father's sake she could not accept as her lover, though she knew the wealth of his whole heart's love was hers to take or refuse, as seemed to her best; but to-night his trouble, and the fact that his mother was lying dead in his house, made him almost a legitimate object of sympathy. And yet she could not acquit herself of rebellious thoughts when she knelt down to her prayers, for the thought of Mrs. Day's death was

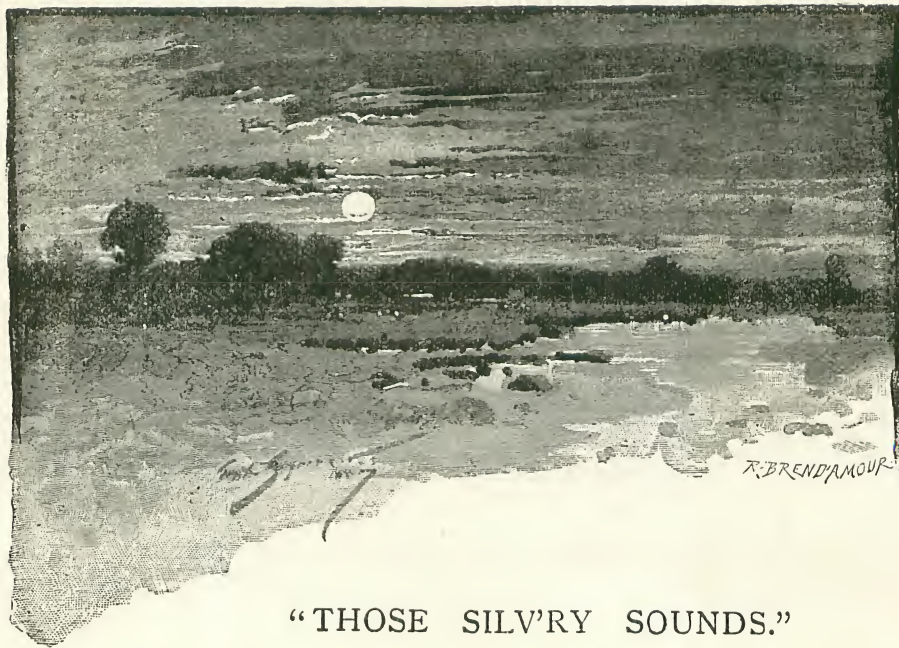
quickly followed by the thought of the change it would make in Adam's life. Now he would be free to go to college after all these weary years of waiting, borne, as Grace knew, so patiently. But for his mother he might now have been in the position of a gentleman, and now she was gone he would not lose a day in working for his degree, and if her father were a competent judge, he would distinguish himself by his talents, which were of no common order. But no matter to what pedestal Adam Day climbed, Mr. Leicester, as Grace well knew, would never consider him a suitable match for her. Fond and proud as he was of his old pupil, good and humble as he was himself, Mr. Leicester was firmly convinced that the Leicesters belonged to one order of creation and Adam Day to another, and for those orders to intermarry was in his eyes not only a sin but a social crime of the blackest dye. And so from the first moment that it dawned upon Grace Leicester that the light in Adam's deep-set grey eyes when they rested on her was the light of love, and at the same time she was conscious that light kindled a fire in her own pure girlish heart, her inner life had been one continual struggle to quench that fire, and every time she met Adam the embers were rekindled, to be subdued again by prayer and a firm determination to add no fuel to the flame in the shape of day-dreams and airy castles.

To-night the fire was burning clearer and brighter than it had ever done, for she saw in the future Adam a member of the university, perhaps a fellow of his college, probably well off and headmaster of some good school, admired and sought on account of his learning and talents; how much more difficult it would be to banish such thoughts then, when his poor old peasant mother dead and buried, the memory of his humble past was forgotten in the brilliant prospects of the future! And falling on her knees, her golden hair streaming over her shoulders and reaching to the ground, her pale, sweet face raised to heaven, the hot tears filling the upturned blue eyes, she prayed long and earnestly that He who had helped her so far would strengthen her to bear the still greater trials which lay before her in the future. And as she prayed it seemed to dimly dawn upon her that there was one thing in creation sweeter than even earthly love, and that is resignation to God's will, even when that will is demanding the sacrifice it costs most to make.

And Grace never doubted that to make a marriage which would almost break her father's heart would be a wrong and selfish thing to do, and therefore, cost her what it might, must be given up, though she knew she should love Adam Day all her life.

(To be continued.)





"THOSE SILV'RY SOUNDS."

Words by GERTRUDE HARRADEN.
Andante.

Music by ETHEL HARRADEN.

PIANO.

pp
Canto il Tasso.

p Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

Those sil - v'ry sounds that strike the ear, And make such mu - sic

pp

p Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

cres. *mf*

sweet,..... They are the an - gels' songs a - bove, The glad new - year to

cres. *f*

greet;..... They join, those heav'n-ly cho - ris - ters, In one har - mo - nious

f

voice,..... And sing to us of love and peace, Bid-ding us all re -

joice,..... Bid-ding us all re - joice,..... Bid-ding us all re -

ff *rall.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

joice,.....

accel.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Then let us an - swer

Tempo mo. *ff*

rit. *ff grandioso mente.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * *sempre* Ped.

back those strains, In tune - ful tones and loud, So that our notes may

reach their place, High up thro' mist and cloud; That when the an - gels

p dolce.

cease... a-while Their gen - tle songs to sing, From this far earth, in

f

glad re - sponse, Our answ' - ring lays may ring, Our answ' - ring lays may

cres. *rall.* *ff* *colla voce.*

ring

a tempo. Ped. *

SYMPATHY.

By SYDNEY GREY.

SWEET sympathy—
Methinks 'twere hard to measure
The outgrowth of thy mighty influence;
That subtle spell, proclaiming kinship, whence
Life wins its purest pleasure.

Making of self
Most full and free surrender,
That so another heart may rest unpained,
Or grief be soothed, or feeble folk sustained
By ministration tender.

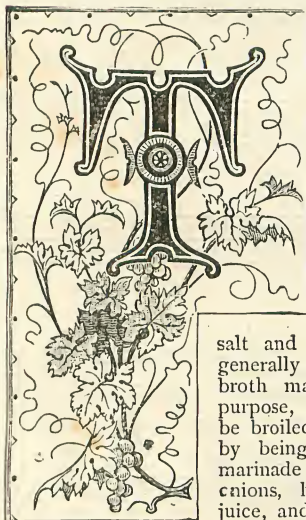
Weary our lot
Without thy gentle presence;
As turns the steadfast needle to the pole,
We turn to thee, dear sunshine of the soul,
Of love itself the essence.

Widespread my power,
And glorious thy mission;
'Tis thine to rouse endeavour, sow the seed,
Which haply in some wise and noble deed
Shall find at length fruition.

Deprived of thee
Hope loses half its sweetness,
And joy must barren and imperfect be;
Each needs the answering smile of sympathy
To round it to completeness.

THE CHEF.

By MARY POCOCK.

PART III.
HOW A FRENCH COOK DRESSES FISH.

HERE is a great difference in the English and French methods of cooking fish; the latter take much more trouble over it than we do, for where we should boil a fish in

salt and water, they generally cook it in a broth made for the purpose, and fish to be broiled is prepared by being laid in a marinade; oil, parsley, onions, herbs, lemon juice, and vinegar are used for this purpose.

Then fish is not fried as we ordinarily fry it, with a little fat in the pan; there is enough oil or fat put in to cover the fish, so it is literally boiled in it; this obviates the necessity of turning the fish as it cooks. It is best fried in a wire basket or on a wire strainer that fits the pan, which should be a good depth. The fish not being in direct contact with the frying-pan, cooks better, and when done the strainer can be raised and the fat drained from it.

I have not thought it necessary in the following recipes to give all the usual directions for cleaning and preparing fish for cooking.

Wine is often used in cooking fish in France. Cider is a good substitute for the light, white wine, and sometimes lemon juice or vinegar can be used. The two first recipes are for broths in which to boil fish.

Court Bouillon au Blanc.—Boil a bunch of herbs, a bay-leaf, parsley, half an onion, some peppercorns, and salt, in water until it is flavoured; then strain and add half or one-third the quantity of milk, and then put the fish in to cook. This bouillon is much used for cooking turbot and some other flat fish in.

Court Bouillon au Bleu.—Slice two onions and two carrots, put them in the fish kettle with a small clove of garlic, a bunch of parsley, thyme, basil, a bay-leaf, some salt and peppercorns, half a tumbler of vinegar, and a tumbler of red wine (*vin ordinaire*), or some use a light white wine. Add sufficient hot water, boil a few minutes, skim, then put the fish in to cook; as soon as it is done throw in a glass of cold water and leave until the moment of serving.

Salmon au Bleu.—Make enough court bouillon hot to cover the salmon, put the fish in, let it boil, then draw to the side of the stove and let it simmer gently—for four pounds of salmon about forty-five minutes. It is served with parsley round and with vinaigrette, white sauce with capers, maître d'hôtel, or other sauce, according to taste.

Salmon Cutlets.—Place the slices of salmon in some oil with sprigs of parsley, a slice of onion, and some salt; let them remain an hour or more according to their thickness, turn them once or twice, then dip some papers in the oil in which they have been soaked, wrap the cutlets in the papers, and broil them over a slow fire. They will take about half an hour to cook, longer if very thick (or they are taken out of the oil and broiled without the papers). Serve with tartare or caper sauce.

Salmon à la Rémoulade.—Cook some slices of salmon in court bouillon, drain them, and remove the skin, place them on a dish, cover them with remoulade sauce. They can be served while the fish is hot, or eaten cold.

Salmon Cutlets à la Béarnaise.—Take some slices of salmon, sprinkle them with salt, then dip them in oil, cover with fine breadcrumbs, and broil about twenty-five minutes. Serve with Béarnaise sauce.

Mayonnaise of Salmon.—Cut in small dice some cooked potatoes, carrots, celery-root, and beetroot, season and mix with a few spoonfuls of mayonnaise; spread a thick layer of this salad on a small dish, raising it a little in the middle; take a piece of cold salmon, remove the skin and bone, and cut it in nice slices, all as nearly as possible the same size; season these with oil, vinegar, and salt, and place them on the cut vegetables; fill in the interstices with more of the salad; cover the whole with a thick mayonnaise; decorate the top with fillets of anchovies and with olives and sliced gherkins, place round the

edge alternately quarters of hard boiled eggs and cabbage lettuces.

Turbot, to boil.—Wash the fish in several waters, then rub it all over with a lemon that you have cut in halves; put milk and water, parsley and salt in the fish kettle; let it get hot, put the turbot in, let it boil, then draw on one side to simmer. Time according to size. It is served with caper, oyster, or other sauce. Turbot is also cooked au bleu.

Turbot à la Crème.—Cook together an ounce of butter and an ounce of flour, add half a pint of milk, boil, then add a little cream. Warm some cold turbot in some of the broth or water in which it was cooked; remove the skin and bones, and break it into flakes, put in a flat dish in layers, covering each layer with the white sauce; heap it in the centre, let the top layer be sauce; cover with dried bread-crumbs; pour a little oiled butter over, and brown in the oven. Another way is to mix the turbot with the white sauce, make all hot, and put in a vol-au-vent case.

Turbot, Sauce Hollandaise.—Cook a piece of turbot in court bouillon au bleu, and serve sauce hollandaise over it.

Turbot en Coquilles.—Cut some cold turbot in small pieces, cook a few mushrooms, chop them small, add a truffle if you have one, and mix all with some good béchamel sauce; butter some scallop shells, fill with the mixture, put a few breadcrumbs over, and a little butter; brown and serve.

Turbot en Croquettes.—Chop some cold turbot (without skin), put it in a saucepan with some thick béchamel or other white sauce, let it cook a few minutes, stirring it until it is rather dry; then turn it on to a buttered plate; when quite cold form it into little rolls, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry a pale brown.

Turbot Gratin.—Boil one pound of potatoes, mash them with two ounces of butter, add the yolks of three eggs, salt, a little nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese; butter a border mould, put the potatoes in it, and stand in a saucepan of boiling water to poach. Cut some cooked turbot in small pieces, warm it in some good béchamel sauce, season with salt and nutmeg; turn the potato border out of the mould on to a dish; fill the centre with the fish, put grated Parmesan cheese and a little butter over the top, brown with a salamander or before a quick fire, and serve.



SWEET SYMPATHY.

Fillets of Turbot à la Béarnaise.—Take some fillets of turbot, lay them in oil with a chopped onion, salt, and parsley; turn them now and then; when wanted, drain them, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, then moisten on both sides with oil, and broil for about twenty minutes, turning them as they cook; put on a dish with cut lemon, serve sauce béarnaise in a tureen at the same time.

Turbot au Riz.—Take a piece of turbot, remove the skin and bones, and put on to boil in a quart of water. Cut the fish in small pieces, chop two onions, put them in a stewpan with a small lump of butter, cook them five minutes without letting them brown, then put in the fish, season, and leave it two minutes; then strain the water from the skin and bones, add it to the fish, let it boil, then throw in a small cupful of rice, and boil until the liquid is absorbed. Fry two or three ounces of butter until brown, pour over the rice, put the cover on the stewpan, and let it stand on the side of the stove a few minutes; then chop, and add two hard boiled eggs and a little piece of butter into which some cayenne has been worked. Serve immediately.

Brill à la Hollandaise.—Boil some water with salt and parsley in it, draw it to the side of the fire, and let it stand a few minutes; rub the fish over with a cut lemon, put it on the strainer and in the hot water, and place over the fire; as soon as the water bubbles, pull the fish kettle a little back, so that the fish will cook gently; when done, drain, and serve on a serviette with parsley round, and a tureen of sauce hollandaise.

Brill Grilled, Sauce à l'Huile.—Wipe the fish quite dry, lay it in oil with pepper and salt until it is wanted, then grill it, the dark side first, taking care that it neither sticks or burns, brush it over with oil and turn it; take care that the white side is broiled a nice colour; serve it garnished with lemon, and send sauce à l'huile to table with it.

Barbue (Brill) à la Normande.—Butter a dish, spread over it some finely-chopped onions and mushroom trimmings, add a glass of white wine (or a little white stock and lemon juice), put the brill on the dish, the white side uppermost, salt it and brush it over with butter, cover with a buttered paper, and then cook in the oven, basting from time to time. When done remove the paper and put the fish on a fresh dish; have ready cooked some button mushrooms, oysters, and mussels; garnish the fish with these and keep it hot while you make a little rather thick sauce by adding butter and flour to the liquor in which they have been cooked; strain the liquor from the fish to it, boil for some minutes, then add the yolks of three eggs, and pour the sauce over the fish and the garnish; hold a hot shovel over for a few minutes, ornament with some crayfish, and send to table.

Fried Soles.—Remove the dark skin, beginning at the tail; wash and dry the soles, and lay them in milk until they are wanted, then drain and flour them; have ready in a pan sufficient boiling fat to cover them, put them in and fry until they are firm; drain, put a little salt over them, and serve with cut lemon.

Broiled Soles.—Remove the dark skin, wash and dry the soles, dip them in beaten up egg, breadcrumb them, then dip in oiled butter; broil over a moderate fire, turning them and brushing them over with oiled butter. Serve with cut lemon or with sauce.

Sole au Gratin.—Butter a dish well, put on it some chopped mushrooms and parsley, and a little pepper. Remove the dark skin from a sole, dry it and place it on the dish; pour a few spoonfuls of good gravy over it, and a glass of light white wine or a little lemon juice, then sprinkle with more chopped mushrooms, parsley, pepper and salt; sift some pale raspings over, and then a spoonful of oiled butter;

bake about eighteen minutes, and serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

Fillets de Soles à la Horly.—Take the dark skin off the soles, cut to the bone back and front, then remove the flesh in four pieces, soak for an hour in lemon juice with pepper and salt, then flour and fry. Serve with tomato sauce, or stew the bones of the fish in a little stock with a small quantity of white wine or lemon juice; reduce sufficiently for it to have a nice flavour; strain and serve as a sauce round the fillets.

Soles au Four.—Take two soles without the dark skins, slip a knife along the bone at the back under the flesh, and push in a piece of butter, into which pepper, salt, and chopped parsley have been worked; egg and breadcrumb the soles, then dip them in oiled butter or oil, place them side by side in a buttered dish, bake them from fifteen to twenty minutes, basting them with the butter in the dish.

Soles au Plat.—Melt some butter on a dish, season it with salt, pepper, chopped shallots and parsley, and nutmeg; place the soles (without the dark skin) on the dish, sprinkle with a few sweet herbs, some chopped parsley and fine raspings, add a little white wine or a squeeze of lemon, pour some butter over, and bake.

Plaice, Dabs, and Flounders are cooked in the same way as soles.

Smelts, to Fry.—Dry the smelts and lay them in milk until they are to be cooked, then thread them on to skewers, running the skewer through the heads, four or six on each skewer, according to the size; flour them well, and fry a few at a time in a pan of boiling fat; when a nice gold colour drain, salt, and serve with fried parsley.

Whiting are prepared and fried like smelts.

Whiting or Smelts au Gratin are cooked the same way as soles.

Whiting Broiled.—Sprinkle salt over the whiting, dip them in oil, and broil over a quick fire. Serve with maître d'hôtel butter on them.

Whiting aux Fines Herbes.—Put the fish in a deep dish with a lump of butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg, chopped parsley, and sweet herbs, a little white wine or lemon juice; cover the dish and bake. When half done turn the fish; when done enough place them on a hot dish; thicken the liquor from them with butter and flour, add a squeeze of lemon, pour over the fish, and serve.

Fillets of Whittings.—Bone two or three whittings, sprinkle the fillets with pepper, salt, and finely chopped onions, mushrooms and parsley; roll each piece of fish up, and fasten with a little wooden skewer; egg and breadcrumb and fry; take out the skewers and serve. Small haddocks are dressed in the same way as whittings.

Skate, to Boil.—Put the skate in hot water with one or two slices of onion, some parsley, vinegar, and salt; when done draw from the fire, but leave the fish in the water five minutes, then take it out and remove the skin with a knife; drain the fish, serve with white caper sauce, sauce hollandaise, or beurre noir and fried parsley over it.

Fried Skate.—Take some pieces of skate, soak them in vinegar mixed with parsley and salt; before frying dip them in a paste made with one tablespoonful of oil, one egg, and sufficient flour to give it the consistency of batter. Fry a pale brown and serve with sauce poivrade and fried parsley.

Raie (Skate) Sainte Menehould.—Put some milk into a stewpan with salt, pepper, parsley root and onion, thyme, a bay-leaf, very small piece of garlic, and a little butter and flour; when it boils put in some pieces of skate; as soon as done take them out, dip them in oil and then in breadcrumbs, and broil. Serve them with mustard sauce made thus: Strain the liquor you have just boiled the pieces of

skate in and add some mustard to it; boil it up and serve.

Raie au Fromage (skate with cheese).—Take some skate that has been boiled with onion, vinegar, parsley, and salt, remove the bones from it and break it into pieces; put a layer of it on a buttered dish, cover it with bechamel sauce, sift grated Parmesan cheese over it, then another layer of fish with sauce and Parmesan over it; put in the oven and bake about a quarter of an hour.

Cod is put in hot water with plenty of salt in it. It is allowed to come to a boil and then cooked at the side of the stove without boiling again. It is served with a garnish of parsley and potatoes, and hot maître d'hôtel, caper, mussel, hollandaise, or some other sauce is served with it.

Slices of Cod au Beurre Fondu.—Take two or three slices of cod, sprinkle them with salt, and leave them for an hour, then put them into salted boiling water; let them boil, then draw to the side of the stove, and leave them twenty minutes with the lid on the stewpan; then drain them and serve on a napkin with parsley; send a tureen of oiled butter to table with them or shrimp or oyster sauce. The French almost always serve potatoes with boiled fish.

Slices of Cod with Egg Sauce.—Cook two slices of cod as above. Heat in a stewpan three ounces of butter until it begins to brown, then mix three finely-chopped, hard-boiled eggs with the butter, season with pepper and salt, add some chopped parsley and another ounce of butter, into which one tablespoonful of mustard has been mixed; stir and make all hot, but do not let it boil; put the slices of cod on a dish and the egg sauce over.

Cod au Fromage.—Like skate.

Cod au Blanc.—Make a sauce by cooking one ounce of butter and one ounce of flour together, and adding some milk or cream, salt, pepper, and chopped parsley; take a tail of cod, fillet it, put the fillet in the sauce, and simmer about fifteen minutes; serve very hot, with the sauce over the fish.

Cod au Vert Pré.—Boil some slices of cod in a little milk with a small lump of butter; when done place the fish on a dish and cover it with finely-chopped parsley; squeeze the juice of a lemon over it, and serve at once without sauce.

Cod au Gratin.—Take some remains of cooked cod, remove the skin and bones, and break the fish into flakes; put it in a stewpan with some white sauce, salt, chopped mushrooms and nutmeg; make hot, then add an equal quantity of hot mashed potatoes, a lump of butter, and the yolks of two or three eggs; put in a buttered dish, cover with pale raspings, put a little butter over, and brown before the fire.

Fried Cod.—Season some slices of cod with pepper, oil, and lemon juice; leave them for an hour, then egg and crumb them, and fry in oil. Serve with cut lemon and tomato sauce, or covered with onions that have been finely chopped and cooked in oil or butter.

Salt Cod (soaked twenty-four hours and the water changed once or twice) is dressed the same way as fresh, except that the salt is not added in cooking.

Shad is rather an insipid fish, and is oftenest served broiled. Dry the fish, make cuts in each side of it, rub with a marinade of oil, salt, pepper, nutmeg, chopped onion, and chopped parsley; let it remain an hour, then broil it; brush it over with oil before turning it. Serve with caper or maître d'hôtel sauce, or with a purée of sorrel, or eat cold with sauce à l'huile. Sometimes shad is cooked au bleu, and served with sauce verte in a tureen.

Broiled Mackerel.—Rub the fish over with oil, pepper, and salt, wrap it in oiled or buttered paper, and broil; when cooked, remove

the paper, serve the fish with maître d'hôtel butter inside, and the juice of a lemon squeezed over the outside, or with persillade and lemon juice, or beurre noir over.

Fried Mackerel.—Rub fillets of mackerel with salt, pepper, and lemon juice; let them remain an hour, then wipe, and dip them in oil, flour them, and fry; put a little salt on the fillets, and serve with fried parsley.

Maquereaux aux Petits Oignons (mackerel with little onions).—Take three dozen little onions, put them in a stewpan with some butter and a little white sugar, put over a quick fire, and shake them until they are a good brown; add a little broth, and cook them until they are nearly done, and the gravy is good. Take the heads and the ends of the tails off three small mackerel, then put the mackerel in a stewpan with a lump of butter, and brown them slightly; add a glass of white wine or a little lemon juice, cook a few minutes, put in a small lump of butter with flour worked into it, stir the sauce, add the onions and gravy, and finish cooking the fish over a slow fire.

Red Mullet.—Put the mullets in a marinade of oil, salt, chopped onion, and parsley; let them remain an hour, then take them out and broil them; they will require about fifteen minutes. When done take out the livers, pound them in a mortar with oil, lemon juice, and chopped parsley, put on the mullets, and serve.

Red Mullet en Papillotes.—Dip the mullets in oil, sprinkle with salt and breadcrumbs with a little chopped fennel, cut some heart-shaped pieces of paper, oil them, put the fish in, fold the edges neatly together, broil over a slow fire, or bake the fish for about 20 minutes; serve in the papers.

Rougets (red mullets) au Plat.—Well oil a dish, and cover it with very finely-chopped onions; dip the fish in oil, place them close together on the dish, and cover them with fine breadcrumbs and chopped parsley, sprinkle a little salt over them, and bake for about a quarter of an hour, squeeze some lemon juice over them, and serve.

Grey Mullet.—Put the mullet in a fish kettle, cover it with cold water, add salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar, chopped onion, carrot, and parsley root, let it boil, then draw it to the side of the stove, and let it cook gently (time according to size), drain it, and serve surrounded with small potatoes (boiled) and sprigs of parsley. Send white caper sauce to table with it.

Fresh Herrings.—Make two or three cuts on each side, sprinkle with salt, and broil them about seven minutes over a quick fire, serve with maître d'hôtel butter, or white sauce, thickened with mustard and flour.

Fried Herrings.—Soak fresh herrings in

milk until they are wanted, salt and flour them, then fry in a pan full of boiling fat; serve with cut lemon only.

Stewed Herrings.—Cut the heads and tails off three herrings, put the fish in a stewpan with some finely-chopped onion and parsley, a little shalot, salt, black pepper, and a small piece of butter; turn them, leave a few minutes, then add a tablespoonful of vinegar, and the same of water, cook gently; serve garnished with fried bread.

Harengs en Papillotes.—Chop together onions, mushrooms, and parsley, add pepper and salt; dip the herrings in oil, then roll them in the chopped onions, etc. Wrap them in buttered papers, put them on a dish, and bake them in a moderate oven for about twenty-five minutes, and then serve.

Moules (mussels) à la Poulette.—Put the mussels in a stewpan with pepper, nutmeg, and chopped parsley, add some butter and flour mixed together, and moisten with half white stock and half liquor from the mussels. Before serving add the yolk of an egg and some lemon juice.

Oysters are also dressed in this way.

Mussels Fried.—Thread the mussels on to wooden skewers, but not quite close together, dip them in a very thick white sauce, to which has been added the yolk of an egg, let them cool, then dip them in breadcrumbs, then in beaten-up egg, and again in breadcrumbs, put them in boiling fat, fry a nice colour, remove the skewers, and serve.

Anguilles (eels) à la Poulette.—Take an eel that has been skinned and cut in pieces, put it in salt and water for an hour, then drain well; put two ounces of butter in a stewpan over the fire, put in the eel, and leave it a few minutes, but do not let it brown. Add one tablespoonful of flour; when the flour is cooked stir in sufficient water and a glass of light white wine, add salt, a small bunch of sweet herbs and some mushroom trimmings; stir till it boils; skim the sauce. Let it cook slowly about half an hour, add the yolk of an egg to thicken the sauce, put the eel on a dish, strain the sauce, finish with a little lemon juice or a few drops of vinegar, and pour over the eel.

Eels aux Croutons.—Mix together chopped parsley, shalot, and onion; add pepper and salt; skin and cut a large eel in pieces, dip each piece in oiled butter or in oil, then cover them well with the chopped mixture. Cut rounds of bread the same size as the pieces of eel, one for each piece, dip them in hot butter or oil, put a piece of eel on each piece of bread, wrap up in buttered papers, and broil or bake; when done remove the papers, and serve the eels on the crusts with a thick piquant sauce.

Trout, Sauce Hollandaise.—Put the trout

in the fish-kettle, pour a little hot vinegar over it, then cover with hot water with salt in it; let it boil, then draw to the side of the fire, and keep it there twenty-five minutes, when the fish should be done; drain it and dish it up on a serviette. Send sauce hollandaise to table with it.

Truite (trout) à la Gênoise.—Put some chopped onion and shalot, some parsley, thyme, two cloves, a bay-leaf, mushroom trimmings, pepper, salt, and a small piece of butter in a stewpan over the fire for a few minutes; then add some water and a little red or white wine; put in the trout. When the fish are done take them out and serve them on a layer of parsley; add a little flour and butter to the sauce, stir it and boil it as fast as possible to reduce it a little and make it stronger; then strain and serve. Trout cooked in this way are also served with caper or anchovy sauce, or are eaten cold with sauce à l'huile.

Bream are sometimes broiled and served with caper sauce, or upon a purée of sorrel.

Bream boiled, Shalot Sauce.—Lay the bream in salt for half an hour, wash it and put it in the fish kettle with cold water, a little vinegar and salt; let it boil, then draw back so that it simmers gently about half an hour, time depending on size of fish; serve with shalot sauce.

Pike (jack) au Persil.—Cut the fish in pieces, and put it in a stewpan with parsley roots, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, half a pint of fish broth or water, and a little white wine or lemon juice, cover close and cook. When the fish is done take it out, boil the liquor quickly for a few minutes, take out the parsley roots, pour the sauce over the fish, and serve.

Pike, Sauce Raifort.—Put the pike in court bouillon; let it boil, then simmer gently until done; serve on a serviette with small boiled potatoes and parsley round, and send to table with a tureen of horseradish sauce.

Carpe à la Tartare.—Dry the carp and put in the body a piece of butter mixed with chopped shalots, parsley, salt, and pepper; sew up the fish, rub it over with a clove of garlic and some oil, oil two pieces of paper and put the carp in the two papers; broil over a clear fire or bake; when done remove the papers and serve the fish dry. Serve with remoulade sauce in a sauce boat. Remoulade can be served with almost any broiled fish.

Perch are cooked in court bouillon and served with caper sauce, or some of the broth in which they have been cooked is strained, reduced by boiling, a little lemon juice added to it, and then it is poured over the fish.

Tench are broiled and served with caper or anchovy sauce; they are also served au gratin.

(To be continued.)

A MODERN MONTAGUE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Ida Nicolari," "The Two Crowns," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"



HILST Mr. Denning was talking to his daughter, the young men he was so anxious to shun were lounging in the smoking-room of the hotel and discussing him.

"What could have made the old

fellow's manner stiffen so strangely when he looked at my card?" asked Stuart Rowcroft, rather indignantly. "There can be nothing in

my name to offend him. I took it for granted he would know something of the Rowcrofts of Wivescombe Hall. They are well-known people in Hampshire."

And the young surgeon unconsciously drew himself up with the air of one who does not think meanly of the name he bears.

"Perhaps he does know them," suggested Martin Smith; "and his relations with them are not of the friendliest. Your cousin may be a neighbour whom he does not love."

"Well, that is not unlikely," replied the other. "To tell the truth, I am afraid the old Squire is rather given to quarrelling with his neighbours. He has lately been at law with someone living close to him, and has won the

day, I am told; a result which I fear will tend to encourage his love for litigation. It is a pity he is so pugnacious, for he is really as good-hearted an old chap as you could wish to know."

"Hot tempers and warm hearts not seldom go together," remarked Martin, sententiously.

"What was the name of the other party to the lawsuit? It did not happen to be Denning, I suppose?"

"I cannot remember," said Rowcroft; "it may have been. I had a fancy that the name was familiar to me somehow. I tried to learn from what part of Hampshire they come, but could not get an answer to my question."

"Hum," murmured Martin. "I wonder if

Miss Denning will have stiffened by to-morrow morning, and contrive to keep us at a distance, as her father evidently now desires to do."

"He need not be afraid that I shall intrude myself upon him," said Stuart Rowcroft, proudly; "but it is difficult to imagine Miss Denning becoming stiff."

"You think her such a free and easy young person?" said Martin, interrogatively, assuming a gravity which the merry twinkle in his eyes belied.

"Free and easy!" exclaimed his friend, with a touch of indignation in his tone; "those words are not in the least applicable to Miss Denning. There is no lack of dignity in her bearing, although she is so simple, so transparent. It is refreshing to meet for once with a girl who does not put on airs and graces as soon as a gentleman speaks to her, but lets you make acquaintance with her real self."

"Don't be too sure that you have made acquaintance with Miss Denning's real self," said Martin, looking curiously at his companion. "My pet philosopher, O. W. Holmes, says somewhere that 'there is nothing in all this world that can lie and cheat like the face and the tongue of a young girl.'"

Whatever reply Stuart Rowcroft might have made to this assertion was checked by the entrance into the room of several gentlemen. He threw away the stump of his cigar, rose, stretched himself, and decided to go to bed.

The young men rose later than the Dennings the next morning, for as they crossed the hall on their way to breakfast, Olive stood at the water-entrance, drawing on her gloves and awaiting her father's appearance to go forth in their gondola. Perhaps she was glad he was not by her side as she returned the gentlemen's courteous salutations. Her bow and smile were certainly not stiff, yet her manner did not encourage them to linger. A couple of minutes later, sitting at their breakfast, they saw the gondola glide past the window, and followed with their eyes its course down the Canal, easily distinguishing it for some distance by the gleam of rose-colour at its stern. They caught other glimpses of the rose-coloured gown during the day; now on the steps of Santa Maria della Salute, now flitting amidst the busy buyers and sellers on the Rialto, and now on the Piazza San Marco, with the pigeons flocking about her and taking corn from her hand. On this last occasion they were near enough for recognition, but Mr. Denning's manner forbade them to approach him. Each glance Stuart Rowcroft stole at the girl showed her gay and happy, making the most of the pleasure of the hour. How she seemed to enjoy everything! A feeling of discontent stirred within him as he watched her. He was conscious that his own enjoyment was less complete.

"Well, he cannot prevent me from talking to her at dinner," thought the young man, picturing to himself the round table occupied as on the previous evening, and imagining that the evening's history would so far repeat itself.

But when the gong summoned him to the dining-room, lo and behold! all was changed in the arbitrary manner that distinguishes hotel arrangements. An American father and mother, with two precocious children, were established at the round table. Mr. and Miss Denning had places at the upper end of the large table, and the waiter was drawing out chairs about midway on the same side for him and his friend. Martin smiled as he caught the look of disappointment that passed over Rowcroft's face.

Perhaps he was not the only one who felt aggrieved by the change. Certainly Olive Denning, seated between her father and a German stranger, did not find the meal pass very agreeably.

When it was over she would have liked to join the people who were streaming into the

reading-room, but she saw the two Englishmen lingering by the door and she hesitated. Was it a foolish fancy of hers that they were waiting to see if she went in?

"I have letters to write, Olive. What are you going to do?" asked her father, peremptorily.

"I must write to mamma, too," she said. "I think I will go to my room and write there."

"You had better; it will be quieter there," he said.

Olive went upstairs with somewhat of the feeling she had had as a little girl when banished to her room for misbehaviour, and Mr. Rowcroft and his friend retired to the smoking-room.

On the following day Mr. Denning and his daughter were rowed to the Lido, where they landed and walked across the island. Olive was delighted to find herself on the shore of the lovely blue Adriatic. The change from the still waters of the lagoon to the buoyant, foam-crested waves breaking on the yellow sands was charming. For a while Olive busied herself in gathering some of the pretty wee shells that were to be found on the shore, then at her father's suggestion they started for a good walk along the sands. Having reached the extremity of the long island, they turned, to find themselves face to face with Mr. Rowcroft and Mr. Smith, who, fresh from a swim in the sea, were also taking a brisk walk.

It was an awkward encounter. No one knew who was the first to halt, but a halt was made, very unfortunately as it seemed to Olive, for she was ashamed of the cold, constrained politeness with which her father received the gentlemen's remarks on the beauty of the place. Involuntarily she did her best to atone for her father's hauteur, and the few words she uttered were spoken with a charming kindness for which one of the gentlemen was most grateful.

"It is detestable that we have to meet that fellow at every turn," burst out Mr. Denning almost before Mr. Rowcroft had passed out of hearing. "I suppose you have no idea how long he intends to remain here?"

"Whom do you mean, father?" Olive thought fit to ask, though she must have known perfectly well.

"That Mr. Rowcroft, of course. Ugh, how I hate to say the name! But I believe you like him, Olive, although he is one of that family."

"Indeed I see nothing to dislike in him," said Olive, candidly; "he seems a perfect gentleman and very pleasant. It is not his fault that he is named Rowcroft."

"There, there, that will do; I have heard enough of the name, and shall hear, no doubt," said her father, irritably; "I want no fresh acquaintance who bears it. I wish the fellow would leave Venice. However, we need not stay much longer ourselves. I think we can see all that remains to be seen to-morrow, and get off on Saturday. What do you say, Olive?"

"Just as you like, father," she replied, though she was conscious of considerable disappointment at the thought of their stay at Venice being thus cut short.

"Very well then, we will go on to Verona, and spend the Sunday there. You are sure to be delighted with Verona, Olive. It must be a most interesting old place."

"I daresay it is," said Olive, absently, as they walked back across the island.

She was feeling rather depressed, an unusual circumstance with Olive. She half wished that they had never met Mr. Rowcroft, since her father was so disturbed by the meeting. And yet she could not wholly regret that he had crossed her path, even though her visit to Venice must be spoiled thereby. He

seemed to her so good and true that she fancied she should always be glad to have had even so slight an acquaintance with him. She thought it unreasonable of her father to decree that Mr. Rowcroft must be shunned because his cousin was a disagreeable neighbour. Cousins were not necessarily alike in character, she reflected.

On the following afternoon Olive was sitting alone before Titian's grand picture of the "Assumption of the Virgin." Her father had promised to join her at the Academy within half an hour, but that period had more than expired, yet he had not come. Olive was not impatient as she waited. She felt as if she could never weary of gazing at the noble woman's face which is the central object of the picture, and the lovely cherub faces upturned to it. The painting had a strong fascination for her, and she cared little in comparison for the other pictures in the room.

At the sound of a step behind her Olive turned, expecting to see her father; but it was Mr. Stuart Rowcroft who entered the gallery.

Olive's cheek flushed at seeing him so unexpectedly, and she could not quite conceal her embarrassment as she responded to his greeting. It was impossible to ignore him, as he came and stood beside her in the best position for seeing the painting.

"Is it not lovely?" she asked, timidly. "I have been here for nearly an hour, and yet I feel as if I had not looked at it enough."

"That I can well understand," he replied; "it is a picture of which one could never weary. There is so much in it. Look at that group of the Apostles—what splendid life-like forms, what character and expression in their faces! And then the exquisite colour, so many hues; yet all blend harmoniously. Are you going?" For Olive rose as he was speaking.

"I had better," she said, quietly. "I cannot think what is detaining my father. He said he would be here in half an hour. I must go and look for him."

"Will you allow me to come with you to seek him?" asked Mr. Rowcroft, kindly.

"Oh no, thank you," said Olive, shrinking back and colouring anew; "he would not like that." Then as she realised what an awkward thing she had said, her face grew crimson. "I beg your pardon. I should not have said that," she faltered in confusion.

"Why not, since it is the truth?" he asked, gently. "Do you suppose I have not perceived that for some reason or other my society is unwelcome to your father? I should like to learn how I have been so unfortunate as to displease him."

"Oh, it is not you—I mean you have not displeased him," Olive found it hard to explain. "It is only because you are a Rowcroft."

"A Rowcroft!" he repeated; "what has that to do with it?"

"Oh, you cannot know, of course, but at home Squire Rowcroft and my father are not at all good friends. There was a lawsuit about the right to Love Lane, and it worried father dreadfully, and when it was decided against him it made him ill. We came abroad that he might forget it, and recover from the nervous excitement it caused him."

"Ah, I understand!" exclaimed the young man. "So that makes him detest the sound of my name. Well, I am very sorry. But it is rather hard lines, don't you think, that I should have visited on me the sins of my cousin once removed? I had nothing to do with the lawsuit."

"Of course not," said Olive. "But yet, if you knew all, you would not wonder that my father feels as he does. I cannot help thinking that Squire Rowcroft has behaved very badly."

"I daresay he has," returned the young

man, with ready sympathy. "I do not need to be told that my cousin is hot-tempered and obstinate; but yet, if you can believe me, he has a kind heart. 'His bark is worse than his bite,' as they say of dogs."

"I can easily believe it," said Olive, ready in her turn to be persuaded of the goodness of Squire Rowcroft's heart; "but I fear my father will never regard the Squire otherwise than as an enemy."

"And everyone who bears his name must share the enmity, it seems," said Stuart Rowcroft. "Miss Denning, you will not be so unfair? You will not look upon me as your enemy because I have the misfortune to be named Rowcroft?"

"Oh, how could I?" Olive exclaimed. "That would be very wrong."

"I am glad you think so," he said. "Can you concede a little more? Would it be possible for you to regard me as a friend, although my name is Rowcroft?"

Olive's eyes drooped beneath his earnest gaze.

"I should hope so," she said, in some confusion. "I don't see that the name makes any difference."

"Nor I," he responded, with a smile.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

Then, as he suddenly recollected from what he was quoting, the colour deepened in his cheek, and he stole a quick shy glance at her, as if anxious to mark the effect of his words. But Olive was passing on with a farewell bow and smile, and the next minute he saw her slight figure pass out of sight beneath the doorway. He wished she had not hurried away so, but he looked forward to seeing her again ere the day ended.

Olive walked through the galleries and down the staircase in rather dreamy fashion.

But on the pavement in front of the Academy she came to herself, and began to consider what she should do next. Her father was not to be seen. When he had landed her at that spot, and asked her to wait for him in the gallery whilst he went across to the Piazza

to attend to some business connected with their journey on the morrow, he had promised to rejoin her by four o'clock; now it was more than half-past, and he had not come. What could have happened to detain him?

There was no gondola waiting by the steps. Olive hesitated whether to wait awhile where she was, or to cross the Canal by the bridge, and try to find her way on foot to the hotel. She knew that the distance was short, but she had some fear of losing her way in the turns of the narrow *calles*. Whilst she lingered, undecided what to do, she saw the gondola which her father had hired coming rapidly across the Canal. Her father was not in it, but the gondolier, as soon as he caught sight of her, saluted her in his graceful Venetian fashion, and made it plain that he was coming to fetch her. Olive felt some wonder, but supposed that her father found himself obliged to spend the afternoon in a different manner from that he had planned, so had sent the gondolier to bring her to the hotel. But when the man began to explain in a mixture of French and Italian, which was very difficult for her to follow, the cause of her father's non-appearance, Olive became alarmed. The signor had met with an accident; he had fallen; he was not able to walk for the pain. The signorina must not agitate herself; it was nothing. The signor said he would soon be better, but it was impossible for him to come to meet the signorina.

Olive inquired anxiously where her father was.

"At the hotel," the gondolier replied. He had conveyed him there after the accident, and had then hastened to fetch the signorina.

Olive sprang into the boat and needlessly urged the man, who was putting forth his best efforts, to take her with all haste to the hotel. There was time for many distressing visions to cross her mind during the brief passage to the other side. The gondolier's attempts to explain how the accident occurred only bewildered her. Was her father very seriously hurt, she wondered? Would this prevent their quitting Venice on the morrow? Olive was ashamed of herself that she was conscious of a momentary sense of satisfaction at the thought of this possible result of her father's accident.

She remembered that she had not told Mr. Rowcroft that they were to leave Venice on the following day. And she had said she would regard him as a friend! Well, friend or enemy, it could make little difference after to-morrow—they were not likely to meet again. And yet it did make a difference, for Olive was undoubtedly the happier at that moment because Stuart Rowcroft had shown a desire to be her friend.

Hurrying into the hotel, Olive found her father resting on a settee in the hall. He looked pale, but he smiled and spoke cheerfully as he saw her anxious face.

"Don't be troubled, child. It is nothing worse than a slight sprain. I slipped on a piece of orange peel, and fell down five steps just as I was about to get into the gondola and come over to you. I never knew such a place as this is for orange peel; they throw it everywhere. It is disgraceful the way in which the streets of Venice are kept."

"Had you not better let a doctor see your foot?" Olive asked.

"Oh, there is no need for a doctor. I shall be all right when I have rested awhile. Besides, I have no opinion of Italian doctors. I will try to get upstairs now you have come."

And by-and-by, with the help of two of the waiters, he managed to hop as far as his room; but the effort cost him considerable suffering, and he felt very faint after it. However, in a short time he revived, gave orders for dinner to be served upstairs for himself and daughter, and spoke of their departure on the following morning.

"You will have to do all the packing, Olive," he said, as she was engaged in bathing the injured foot. "I must keep as quiet as possible."

"Do you think you ought to attempt the journey to-morrow?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, yes; my foot will be better by to-morrow; and it is not a long journey to Verona. I mean to get away from here if I possibly can."

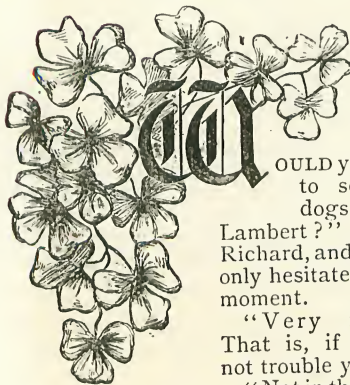
Olive said no more, and when she had done all she could for her father, she began to pack.

(To be continued.)

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER X.



COULD you care to see my dogs, Miss Lambert?" asked Richard, and Bessie only hesitated for a moment.

"Very much. That is, if it will not trouble you."

"Not in the least;

they are only just outside in the stable-yard. Leo, our big mastiff, who gained the prize last year, is over at the farm. He is a splendid fellow, but a trifle fierce to strangers. He pulled a man down once, a tramp, who was lurking about the

place. Leo had got loose somehow, and he was at his throat in a moment. The poor fellow has the scar now; but I made it up to him, poor wretch."

"I should not care to go near Leo's kennel," returned Bessie, with a shudder.

"Oh, it would be all right if I were with you. I should just put my hand on your arm and say, 'A friend, Leo,' and he would be as gentle as Mac, here. Leo is my faithful servant and guardian at the farm. I always take him out for a walk on Sunday afternoon. Leo knows Sunday as well as I do. Now we must be quick or the gong will sound. There is no need to go through the house; this door leads to the kitchen garden. And we can reach the stables that way," and talking in this easy, friendly fashion, Richard quickly conducted Bessie down the trim gravel walks, under the apple and plum trees, and then unlocking a green door in the wall, Bessie found herself in the stable-yard, where the

groom was rubbing down a fine brown mare. The mare neighed as soon as she heard her master's voice, and Richard went up to her, and patted her glossy sides.

"That is Brown Bess," he observed. "She is a skittish young thing, and plays her pranks with everyone but me; but you and I understand each other, eh, old lady." And the mare rubbed her nose against him in a confiding manner. Bessie looked on with an air of interest.

"Do you ride?" asked Richard, presently.

Bessie shook her head.

"I have never been on horseback in my life; but I can imagine what a pleasure riding must be."

"What a pity," he returned, briefly. "There is nothing like it." And so saying he unlatched a gate and ushered his guest into a small paved yard, and then, opening a door, he uttered a prolonged whistle, and in a moment there was a chorus of delighted barks and yelps,

and a number of dogs, small and large, rushed out upon him.

"Hi, there, Gelert! down, Juno; down, down, good dogs all." And Richard threatened them with his dog-whip.

"Is this Gelert?" asked Bessie, pointing to a fine black retriever.

"Yes; and that is Brand," patting the head of a handsome pointer. "That brown setter is Juno, she is the mother of those three puppies—fine little fellows, aren't they? Look at this curly-haired one; two of them are promised to friends; they are a capital breed. Do you care for terriers, Miss Lambert? because Spot is considered a perfect beauty; look at his coat, it is like satin!"

"And that knowing little fellow, what is his name?" And Bessie pointed to a very small black and tan terrier, who sat up and begged at once.

"Oh, that is Tim; he ought by rights to be a house dog, but he has taken a fancy to Spot, and insists on sharing his straw bed at night; they both have the run of the house by day—at least, as far as the hall and smoking-room are concerned. My mother hates dogs, and will not tolerate one in the drawing-room."

"Surely that is not one of your dogs," exclaimed Bessie, looking with some disfavour on an ugly white mongrel, with a black patch over one eye; her attention was attracted by the creature's ugliness. Evidently he knew he was no beauty, for, after uttering a short yelp or two in the attempt to join in the chorus of sonorous barks, he had crept humbly behind Richard, and sat on his haunches, looking up at him with a pathetically meek expression.

"Oh, you mean Bill Sykes; yes, he is a pensioner of mine. Come along, Bill, and say good morning to your master."

It was impossible to describe the change that came over the dog as Richard spoke to him in this kindly fashion; his whole body quivered with pleasure as he sprang up and licked Richard's hands.

"What do you think, Miss Lambert? I found Bill one day tearing through Melton with a tin kettle tied to his tail, hunted by a pack of rascally school-boys; one of the little wretches had thrown a stone at him, and poor Bill was bleeding. I managed to stop him, somehow, and to free the poor beast from his implement of torture, and left him licking his wound by the roadside, while I caught two of the boys and thrashed them soundly. I reserved thrashing the others until a convenient season, but they all caught it. I read them a pretty lesson on cruelty to animals. Bill followed me home, and I have never parted with him since. The other dogs disdained his company at first, but now they tolerate him, and, on the whole, I think he leads a pleasant life. He knows he is of humble extraction, and so he keeps in the background, but he is a clever dog; he can walk across the yard on his hind legs—the gardener's boy taught him the trick. Now then, Bill, walk like a gentleman." And Bill obediently rose on his hind legs and

stalked across the yard with an air of dignity, followed by a fat rollicking puppy, barking with all his might.

Bill had just received his meed of praise when the gong sounded, and they had to hurry in to breakfast. They found Edna in a bewitching white morning dress.

"I hope I am not late," observed Bessie, apologetically. "Mr. Sefton took me to see the dogs. I did so enjoy looking at them; they are such beautiful creatures."

"Yes, especially Bill Sykes," returned Edna, sarcastically. "Well, there is no accounting for tastes," with a critical look at Bessie's neat blue cotton. "I never venture in the yard myself, unless I have an old ulster on. I could not put on my dress again if all those scratchy paws had been over it. Richard does not train them properly; they all spring up and nearly knock me down in their clumsy gambols."

"They are like their master, eh, Edna?" returned Richard, good-humouredly. "Mother, shall I give you some ham? What time do you mean to bring Miss Lambert to the lower meadow, Edna? We shall be carrying this evening."

"Oh, you need not expect us at all," returned Edna, to Bessie's disappointment. "I quite forgot the Athertons are coming this afternoon, to practise for to-morrow."

"I thought Miss Lambert wanted to see us make hay," observed Richard, looking at Bessie as he spoke; but she replied hastily—

"Not if your sister has other plans, Mr. Sefton, thank you all the same; I would rather do as she wishes."

"Yes, and you are fond of lawn-tennis, are you not? We have a garden party to-morrow, and you ought to practise, you see. I want you to know the Athertons; they are such nice girls, Florence especially; plenty of go in them, and no nonsense."

"Yes, Florence is a sweet girl," assented her mother. "Mrs. Atherton is a sad invalid, and they are such devoted daughters. Edna, it is your day for writing to Neville, is it not? I want to send a message to Mrs. Sinclair; don't you think it would be a pretty attention if you were to write to her as well? She seems very poorly again."

"I am not inclined to pay pretty attentions to anyone this morning," returned Edna, with a little laugh. "Bessie, can you amuse yourself while I do my duty to my fiancé? There are plenty of books in the morning-room, and a deliciously shady seat under that big tree."

"Oh, that will be delightful," replied Bessie, to whom a book was a powerful attraction. She was some time making her selection from the well-filled book-case, but at last fixed on some poems by Jean Ingelow, and "The Village on the Cliff," by Miss Thackeray. Bessie had read few novels in her life; Dr. Lambert disliked circulating libraries for young people, and the only novels in the house were Sir Walter Scott's and Miss Austen's, while the girls' private book-shelves boasted most of Miss

Yonge's, and two or three of Miss Muloch's works. Bessie had read "Elizabeth" by Miss Thackeray, at her Aunt Charlotte's house, and the charming style, the pure diction, the picturesque descriptions, and the beauty and pathos of the story made her long to read another by the same author. As Bessie retraced her steps through the hall, Mac lifted himself up slowly, and followed her out, and in another moment Spot and Tim flew through a side door and joined her.

Bessie never passed a pleasanter morning; her tale enthralled her, but she laid down her book occasionally to notice her dumb companions. A white Persian kitten had joined the group; she was evidently accustomed to the dogs, for she let Tim roll her over in his rough play, and only boxed his ears in return, now and then. When he got too excited, she scrambled up a may tree, and sat licking herself in placid triumph, while the terriers barked below. Bessie was almost sorry when the quiet was invaded by Edna. Edna, who never opened a book, by her own confession, unless it were an exciting novel, looked a little disdainfully at the book Bessie had chosen.

"Oh, that old thing," she said, contemptuously; "that is not much of a story; it is about a Breton peasant, is it not? Reine, I think she was called; oh, it was amusing enough, but I prefer something more thrilling."

"I think it lovely," returned Bessie. "It is all so sweet and sunny, one can smell the flowers in that studio, and the two Catherines, one so happy and charming, and the other so pathetic. All the people are so nice and good, they seem alive somehow; in other books there are wicked people, and that troubles me."

"You would not like the sort of books I read," returned Edna, shrugging her shoulders; "there was a murder in the last; I could hardly sleep after it—someone thrown out of a train; oh, it was deliciously horrible. I have not sent it back to Mudie; you can read it if you like."

"No thank you," returned Bessie, quietly; "it would not suit me at all. Father is very particular about what we read, and mother too; he will not let us touch what he calls 'the sensational literature of the day'—oh, you may laugh," as Edna looked amused; "but I think father is right. He says it makes him quite unhappy to see books of this description in the hands of mere children; he is a doctor, you know, and he declares that a great deal of harm is done by over-stimulating the imagination by highly wrought fiction. 'A meal of horrors can nourish no one,' he would say."

Edna chose to dispute this point, and a long and lively argument ensued between the girls until the luncheon bell silenced them.

Richard did not appear at this meal; he was taking his bread and cheese under the hedge with the haymakers, Edna explained, or in other words he had desired his luncheon to be sent to him.

"He does not favour us much with his company, as you will soon see for yourself, Miss Lambert," observed Mrs. Sefton; "my stepson is not a society man."

"So much the better," was on Bessie's lips, but she prudently refrained from speaking the words. She was beginning to wonder, however, if Mrs. Sefton or Edna could mention his name without adding something disparaging; Edna especially was for ever indulging in some light sarcasm at her brother's expense.

They sat in the cool drawing-room a little while after luncheon, until the Athertons arrived with their rackets, and then they all went down to the tennis lawn.

The Athertons were nice looking girls, and Bessie was rather taken with them, but she was somewhat surprised when they opened their lips. She was walking across the grass with Florence, the tallest and prettiest of the sisters, and, indeed, she was rather a sweet-looking girl.

"Is it not a lovely day?" observed Bessie.

"Awfully jolly," replied Miss Florence, in a sharp, clipping voice; and the next minute Bessie heard her call one of her sisters a duffer for missing the ball.

"What would mother say?" thought Bessie. She was not much used to the typical girl of the period; after all, she was an old-fashioned little person.

The Athertons were really nice girls, although they talked slang like their brothers, and conformed to all the foolish fashions of the day, disguising their honest, womanly hearts under blunt, flippant manners.

"What a pity," said Bessie to herself, when she came to know them better. They were good-natured, clever girls, very fond of each other, and devoted to their mother and brothers. "Reggie's examination—exam. Florence called it—for Sandhurst; Harold's new coach, and Bertie's score at cricket," were the theme of their conversation. "I am afraid Harold won't pass," observed Sabine, sadly. "His last coach was such a muff; but the man he has got now seems a good old sort. Harold can get on with him comfortably."

"Well, what do you think of the girls?" asked Edna, when she and Bessie were left alone at the close of the afternoon.

"I think they are very nice, Florence

especially; but it is such a pity that they talk slang; it seems to spoil them, somehow."

"I agree with you that it is bad style; but you see they have learnt it from their brothers."

Bad style, that was all! Bessie's gentle-looking mouth closed firmly with the expression it always wore when politeness forbade her to air her true opinions, but in her own heart she was saying—

"Bad style. That is how worldly-minded people talk. That is how they palliate these sins against good taste and propriety. I like these girls; they are genuine, somehow; but I suppose our bringing up has made us old-fashioned, for I seemed to shrink inwardly every time they opened their lips. Surely it must be wrong to lose all feminine refinement in one's language! There were no young men here, happily, to hear them; but if there had been, they would have expressed themselves in the same manner; that is what I cannot understand, how girls can lay aside their dignity and borrow masculine fashions. What a little lady Christine would have seemed beside them. Chrissy has such pretty manners."

The dinner hour passed more pleasantly than on the previous evening. Richard talked more, and seemed tolerably at his ease. He followed them into the drawing-room afterwards, and asked his sister to sing, but, to Bessie's vexation, Edna declined under the pretext of fatigue, and could not be induced to open the piano. Bessie felt provoked by her wilfulness, and she was so sorry to see the cloud on Richard's face, for he was passionately fond of music, as he had informed Bessie at dinner-time, that she ventured to remonstrate with Edna.

"Do sing a little, just to please your brother; he looks so disappointed, and you know you are not a bit tired. But Edna shook her head, and her pretty face looked a little hard.

"I do not wish to please him; it is just because he has asked me that I will not sing a note this evening. I intend to punish Richard for his rudeness to me. I begged him to stay home for our garden party to-morrow; but, no, he will not give up his stupid cricket; he says he is captain, and must be with his boys; but that is all nonsense; he does it to spite me."

"Oh, very well," returned Bessie, good-humouredly, for she would not quarrel with Edna for her perversity.

"If you mean to be so obdurate, I will sing myself."

And Bessie actually walked across the room and addressed Richard, who was moodily turning over his sister's music.

"Edna does not feel inclined to sing to-night, but, if you can put up with my deficiencies, I will try what I can do. My music is rather *old-fashioned*, but I know one or two pretty ballads, if you care to hear them."

"Thanks, I should like it very much," was all Richard said, as he opened the piano; but his face cleared like magic. It was not the song he wanted, but that someone should care to please him. All his life long this had been his longing; and the cold indifference with which his expressed wishes had always been met by his mother and Edna had chilled his affectionate nature. Bessie had a pretty voice, though it showed want of training, but she could sing a simple ballad with much sweetness and feeling, and Richard, who had a fine ear for music, avowed himself much pleased.

"You ought to have some good lessons," he said, frankly. "Your voice has great capabilities, but it has not been properly trained. I hope you do not think my criticism rude."

"No, indeed; I am too much aware of my own faults; I have only had a few lessons. Miss James was not much of a teacher, but I cannot help singing, somehow. Now, have I tired you, or do you want another song?"

"I want more than one," returned Richard, growing bold. Bessie's readiness to please, her good-humoured reception of his criticism, charmed him. She was so amiable, so willing to be friendly; she was so different from the other girls who came to the Grange. Richard had no patience with them, their airs and graces, their evident desire for masculine admiration, disgusted and repelled him. They seemed always seeking for him to pay them little compliments and attentions, and in his heart he despised them.

"Thank you, my dear," observed Mrs. Sefton, graciously, when Bessie had finished. "She sings very nicely, does she not, Edna?"

"Charmingly," replied Edna, but her smile was hardly as pleased as usual, and she bade Bessie a somewhat cold good night when they parted an hour later.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS HOUSE.—Pope Sixtus V., on his elevation from the condition of a swineherd to the tiara, used to say, in contempt of the squibs that were made upon his birth, that he was "*domus natus illustri*," born of an illustrious house, because the sunbeams passing through the broken walls and ragged roof lighted up every corner of his father's hut.

LOOKING ROUND.—The more wit one has the more originality one finds among men. The common run of people see little difference between one man and another.

SELF-EXAMINATION.—Nothing will make us so charitable and tender with regard to the faults of others as thoroughly knowing our own.

AN ANTIDOTE TO ENVY.—"When I walk about," says Bishop Berkeley, "I use the following natural maxim, viz., that he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it; and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it. In this way I have no difficulty in fancying myself one of the richest men in Great Britain."

A SIGN OF MEDIOCRITY.—It is a great sign of mediocrity to be always reserved in praise.

WASTED TIME.—A Hungarian who had been fifteen years making a coat of mail entirely of wood, wherein not a single link was wanting, carried it to Hunniadee, the warlike king of Hungary. The monarch, instead of praising his ingenuity, as he had expected, sentenced him to be confined in prison for fifteen years for wasting so much time and ability in so useless an employment.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

BASS NOTES.—We do not know of any advertised Home for Governesses at Lausanne, but there may be one for native Swiss governesses, of which no notice is sent to English papers. We recommend you to apply to some local authority for the information you require, as, for example, to the English chaplain or the Swiss pasteur of the Evangelical Free Church.

A. H. P.—We thank you for your obliging letter and the historical information supplied with reference to the inscription in front of the old Tabard Inn, put up by Sir Jeffrey Chaucer in 1388—*temp.* Richard II. You are quite right—Chaucer was born A.D. 1328, and died A.D. 1400.

A. B.—You might apply to M. S. S. Dipnal, Esq., Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street, E.C., for particulars of a pension granted to blind persons upwards of sixty-one years of age, whose income is under £20 per annum. Also apply to Miss Danvers, hon. secretary of the Blind Female Annuity Society, 3, Abbey Road, N.W.; the secretary lives at 251, Fairfax Road, South Hampstead, N.W. Also to T. Clarke, Esq., hon. secretary of the Christian Blind Relief Society, 59, Burdett Road, E. All these give relief in money. But there is also the Phoenix Home for Blind Women, 10, Alma Square, Hill Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.; secretary, Miss Gill.

BERTHA.—You should apply direct to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Westminster, S.W. A notice of the coming examinations may be seen in the London papers six weeks in advance, and continues to appear on every successive Thursday until the time for receiving applications has expired. The subjects for examination for a telegraph clerkship are—writing from dictation, simple arithmetic, and writing with a style or pencil. The salary rises from £1 10s. a week in this department. Clerkships in the Post Office are better than those in the above-named department. You would do well to gain any further information respecting the best books for preparation from a small "Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices" (Cassell and Co.). For a telegraph clerkship the applicant's age should be between fourteen and eighteen years.

WOULD-BE NURSE (Paris).—Certainly you are eligible as a probationer nurse in one of our hospitals. The council of the Nightingale Fund have a Training School for Nurses. Pupils are trained for one year as Nightingale probationers, receiving board, lodging, uniform, and £12. Afterwards they are required to take situations as hospital nurses during three years, usually commencing with a salary of £20. Ladies who wish to qualify for superior appointments may be trained, upon payment, under two scales, viz., £30 and £52. They are expected to take a situation for two years (or one) after their training, and will obtain salaries from £35 to £60 and £100. You should write to the secretary, Henry Bonham-Carter, Esq., 5, Hyde Park Square, London, W. Of course you should speak English fluently, and to be able to do this you should engage some English educated person to converse with you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LITTLE MOTHER.—Write to the Girls' Friendly Society—central office, 3, Victoria Mansions, Westminster, S.W., for all information and a list of the suburban offices, with their respective addresses. The society has about fifty-two lodges or homes in London and the provinces, one hundred and sixty-four clubs and recreation-rooms, and five homes of rest. 2. There are several lives of the composer Mozart. In English there is a translation by Lady Wallace, in two volumes, 1877, and of his letters, 1865. Holmes' "Life of Mozart," 1845. In all he wrote about 800 separate works. We may add that the "Life and Works of Mozart," by A. Whittingham, are also to be had. Possibly you might find one of these books secondhand, but we do not know of any "cheap" edition.

CINNA LLAGRA.—We feel for you in your distressing condition, and wish your verses were suitable for publication, although we could not have promised their insertion.

ORCHID.—We are very sorry to find the scales as printed are inaccurate, but as the proportions of the drawings are correct, and the original size is given, the inaccuracy is not of much importance. Fig. 1. Width of drawing is 5-18 of width of original. Fig. 2. The drawing is fifteen times smaller than the quilt is to be. Fig. 3. The drawing is 1-6 of real size of cushion. Fig. 4. The drawing is 1-9 of original size. The design of cushion is an "all over" pattern, as drawn.

W. F. M.—The author of "Stories of Famous Songs" offered no personal opinion as to the authorship of "There is nae luck about the house," beyond suggesting that, perhaps, as in the case of so many ballads, both the alleged authors had had a hand in the song, to which it seemed distinctly admitted that a third—Dr. Beattie—contributed one



PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

verse. Mrs. Mayo simply stated the facts concerning the controversy with the arguments on both sides; such controversy being an undoubted episode in the literary history of the verses. Mrs. Mayo has an immense admiration for "Cumnor Hall," and feels that its author could write anything. Still, it remains true that his claim to this particular song has been disputed.

LAURA ALEX SMITH.—The American war song referred to must be "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on."

A WOULD-BE COMPETITOR.—We think you will see that by leaving the choice of material and style of making up the articles mentioned in our Art Needlework Competition to the competitors, we do away with the difficulty you complain of, since every girl is at liberty to use as inexpensive material as she pleases for each and all of the four designs given.

MONA.—We think an application of ammonia to the nose or mosquito bites might relieve the poisonous effects if applied at once. Your writing would be good if sloped from right to left in the proper way.

RHODA M.—The address of the secretary of the Thimble League, which supplies poor women with employment, is Mrs. Robertson-Aikman, 7, Queen's Gate, S.W.

FRANK.—It depends on the health and idiosyncrasies of the individual whether it be well to keep a window partially open at night or not; for many a ventilator would be preferable. To the majority of persons (in good health), to take half a tumbler of cold water before breakfast is a beneficial habit.

J. M. PAMMENT (secretary of the Missionary and Evangelistic Bureau, 186, Aldersgate Street, E.C.).—We are glad to direct attention to your work, more especially in promoting "self-supporting missionary enterprise," under the conviction that private individual efforts should supplement the work of the great missionary societies.

ALLIE.—"What to do with Christmas Cards" is a question not infrequently put to us. Make a scrap-book of them, leaving spaces for very careful writing in of riddles, anecdotes, proverbs, and curious epigrams, etc., and send them, for example, to the care of Evan Franks, Esq., for the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission. This excellent institution supplies them to ships' libraries and foreign stations, for the benefit of sailors, fishermen, and emigrants. And if you can collect any old books, together with Bibles, hymn-books, and prayer-books, to send with your scrap-books, you will render a very valuable service to many.

SALE.—The term "City" was introduced in the time of the Norman Conquest. The derivation is from the Latin *Civitas*, and it is not restricted to episcopal towns. It applies to those subject to municipal government. The term is synonymous with *burgh*. At the great council assembled in 1072, to settle the claims of two archbishops, it was decreed that bishops' sees should be transferred from towns to cities; these latter existing before the sees were transferred to them. Incorporated towns, governed by a mayor and aldermen, are cities; and these are sufficiently important, as a rule, to possess a cathedral or abbey church.

PERPLEXED ONE.—You are justly suffering for your undutiful conduct. How could you have been so rash as to carry on a clandestine correspondence with your father's young cashier—a mere boy who was not old enough to know his own mind nor what was due to his employer and host. His extreme youth was his only excuse for his presumption and dishonourable breach of trust. Of course he is free, as a minor, to break off his fancied, but illegal, engagement to you, and we hope you will begin to show a little more dutiful feeling and self-respect.

MAY had better send the pearls to a jeweller's to be restored to a good colour. When clean, she should keep them well wiped, and in a dark, cool place, just as the pale amber should be preserved.

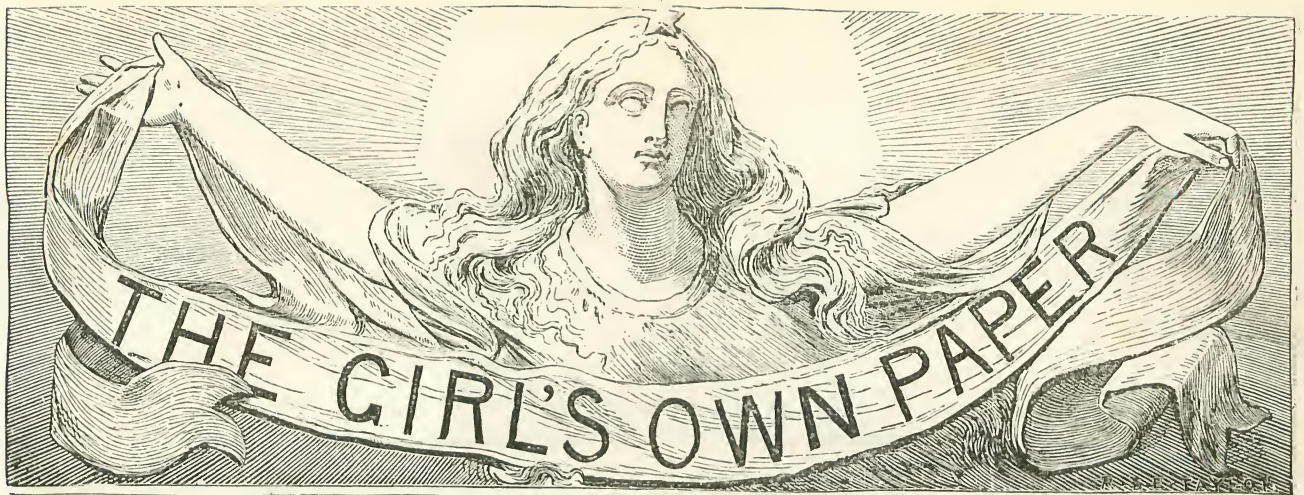
HILDA CLARE has written a long, crossed letter. We decline reading such, as a rule, but have read hers. She had better consult a doctor, as she seems to be in a hysterical condition or morbid state of mind.

ELLA HAMILTON, unless a kind of female "Orson," had better leave her face alone; and even were she such, we could only give the same advice. We certainly never recommended "the use of tweezers all over the face!"

IMMORTAL.—We thank you for your grateful letter, and are glad our paper and answers to correspondents have proved so useful. The skin of an English snake is of no use except as a curiosity.

M. GREEN.—We cannot assist you in taking a step which we regard as full of temptation and danger to any young girl, and, at best, is not calculated to help her on her way in her spiritual life. Many may have become seriously-minded persons since embracing such a vocation, but a religious person could scarcely pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and yet voluntarily run into it.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—The Correspondence Society for religious intercourse to which you refer would have to be formed by girls themselves. Choose a president and secretary, and form it on the lines of one of the prayer or scripture reading unions, or other of the girls' clubs, which are now so well known and popular.



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DECEMBER 15, 1888.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NOAH'S ARK.



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"SHE REACHED THE SPOT WHERE ARTHUR HAD PROMISED TO MEET HER WITH HIS BOAT."

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

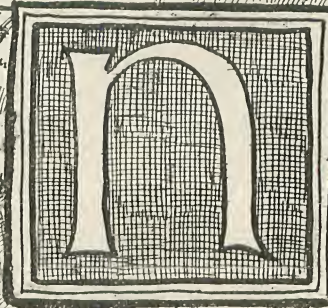
By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

EVE'S WICKED
DISLOYALTY
TO HER PARENTS.



PAUL HARDY



NOAH OLDMAN was certainly a very simple-minded man, for he at once accepted Arthur Clifford's explanation, and it never occurred to him to suspect that Eve and he had met by appointment, or that they were more than the merest acquaintances. He was very busy all the following week, bobbing for

eeis in the early morning and late evening, tickling trout, and stacking his reeds during the day, working hard early and late, living constantly in the presence of God, thinking high and noble thoughts, lifting up his heart in prayer as he worked—not with any conscious effort, but as simply and naturally as he breathed the fresh salt air which swept over the marshland. Busy as he was, he made time, every day, to spend an hour or two with Adam, and when Mrs. Day was buried he followed her to the grave, and that same night he and Adam sat up very late together.

It was a lovely night; the sunset had been very fine, and streaks of gold and silver light still faintly tipped the purple clouds of the northern skies. It was very warm, so they moved a bench outside the ark, and sat smoking and talking under the clear starlit sky, the river rippling like an undercurrent of gentle sadness at their feet, the otherwise solemn silence of the night only now and then disturbed by the cry of some night bird as it passed.

"Do you ever fear that death will be simply annihilation, that we shall go out like a candle, as some of our would-be clever thinkers believe, Father Noah?" asked Adam, recurring, as he often did, to his old childish name for his friend.

"No, my lad, no. I should be sorry indeed to fear that."

"But there is nothing really to fear in it, after all. If we are annihilated we shall simply cease to be, cease to think, cease to exist consciously at all; consequently cease equally to suffer or to enjoy," said Adam.

"But we should lose the vision of God. We should never see the King in His beauty; even the dim vision of Him vouchsafed to us here would be withdrawn. I can hardly think of anything so terrible as that would be. No, Adam, no; I can't believe that it is possible," said Noah, earnestly.

"I hope it isn't; from the depths of my soul I hope it isn't; but there are times when it seems to me probable."

"Adam, my lad, they tell me it is much harder to believe in Christianity in these days than it

was when I was young, and I have no doubt you will have to pass through the furnace of doubt, if you have not already entered it, when you are at college; but cling to the Lord, hold fast your personal love for Him, and then you will pass through the fire as unscathed as the holy children of old, but with your faith purified, all the dross purged away. I don't fear for you, Adam, though I see plainly the trial of your faith must come. To such as you, a faith that had never known doubt would not be worthy the name of faith; only remember, though for a time your faith may flicker and tremble, don't let your love grow cold; if the lamp burns dim don't let the fire out, lest you be left in the dark."

"I will remember, and if I am torn by doubts and difficulties it will be a comfort to me to know I have your prayers, and that you will not judge me harshly."

"God forbid that I should do that, knowing as I do that the rock on which Christianity is in most danger of splitting is not that of science, or of worldly wisdom of any kind, nor of criticism, nor even of reason, but of the inconsistency of Christians themselves. I am not learned enough for the questions of the day to disturb my faith, but I have nothing but respect and sympathy for honest doubters."

"Ah! if all Christians were like you, Father Noah, there would be fewer doubters. I thank God that I have known you; you have been more than a father to me ever since I lost my own father."

"He was a good man, though he would not like to hear me say so, for he was very humble, and for aught we know he may be very near us now. I never think of the dead as far off, any more than I think of God as far off. I believe we are surrounded by such a cloud of witnesses that, for aught I know to the contrary, I cannot open and clasp my hand, thus, without grasping the skirt of an angel's robe; and I believe the journey of the departing soul is inward rather than outward; the deeper our thoughts, the nearer we are to them. I don't know if have expressed myself clearly; it is difficult to an uncultivated mind like mine to put such thoughts into words."

"Quite. You think of the dead, not in another world, but in a kingdom which underlies this outward world, just as a sleeping man is still in the world, but above and beyond it."

"Exactly so. I think when we close our bodily eyes in death, we shall open our spiritual eyes on the kingdom of the departed, and shall be amazed to find how near we have been to them all our lives."

"Do you think the departed suffer in the intermediate state?"

"Yes; I believe it will be a time of rest and inaction, the night when no man can work, but a time of remembrance, and it is the remembrance of our past sins which will, I think, cause our suffering, for the best of us will have much to regret. I think, too, the longing for the fulness of the beatific vision will be far keener and stronger than it is

now, so the pain of waiting will be ours, though probably intensely sweetened by the sense of nearness to God, though this very sense will increase our longing for perfect union with Him."

There was a pause after this. Noah smoked and Adam tilted his seat back so that his head rested against the ark, and he gazed up into the star depths overhead, and as one star after another became visible he spoke out the thought which was in his mind.

"Noah, doesn't it seem almost incredible to you when you gaze up into the multitude of stars shining in the heavens, and you know untold multitudes exist beyond our sight, and you also know each one of those stars is a sun, many much larger than our own sun, and each the centre of a system—doesn't it, I say, seem almost impossible that God should have selected this one planet among all the millions around us as the scene of His Son's incarnation and sufferings?"

"It ought to overpower us with gratitude to think He did choose our earth, but it does not seem to me impossible even to reason, because we know next to nothing about those other planets, whether they ever have been or ever will be inhabited, whether their inhabitants are like ourselves, or whether they, supposing them to exist and to be like us, have sinned. Still less do we know to what limits the virtue of our Lord's sufferings extend. It may extend to other worlds than ours, so the fact of our earth being so infinitesimally small a portion of the universe only makes one marvel more at the Lord's goodness as having chosen it as the scene of His sufferings. I often think that we forget that God is infinitely small as well as infinitely great. Every drop of water, every grain of sand may contain a world for all our poor finite minds can tell. I may be wrong, but I fancy there is no such thing as small or great with Him; a world is to Him perhaps as a grain of sand, and a grain of sand as a world, just as to Him a thousand years are as but a day; to the Eternal there is no time, to the Infinite no size. But you know more about this than I do; in fact, I know nothing, only as I sit here at night I meditate on all these things; but when you are gone, Adam, I shall have no one to discuss them with."

"I shall come here for the vacation, unless I get a holiday engagement. I shall always look upon this as my home. But what a mist is rising; you ought to go in, and I must be off!" said Adam, as he suddenly became aware that a thick mist was rolling towards them from the marsh.

"Yes, I have seen the water-spout coming for the last half hour, and it won't do either of us any good to sit out till we are wet through, so good-night, my lad. Shall I walk back with you?"

"No, on no account; I may go for a stroll, I am not sleepy," said Adam, as he shook Noah's hand and then walked off in the direction of Muck Fleet, giving the river a wide berth, for the mist was so thick that he might easily have walked into the water, well as he knew every stone of the towing-path.

Presently he saw on his left a light advancing from the direction of Muck Fleet, and apparently following the course of the river. At first Adam was inclined to think it was a will-o'-the-wisp, such as he had often seen in damp weather on the marsh, but he soon saw this light burnt too steadily for a will-o'-the-wisp, and a few minutes convinced him it must be a lantern. But who could be wandering about these meadows towards Noah's ark in the middle of the night? And what could their object be? No good one, Adam decided as he shouted—

"Hulloa! Who goes there?"

No answer was returned, but in an instant the light was extinguished, and in the mist and darkness it was impossible for Adam to give chase or even to discover who the nocturnal wanderer might be; however, he retraced his steps to the ark, and finding that, as he expected, Noah had as usual left the door unfastened, he mounted guard outside and paced up and down in front of the ark like a sentinel till the day broke and mist and shadows fled away. But the incident troubled him; he was certain the wanderer was making for the ark, and equally certain he was up to no good. He strongly suspected it was Jack Farrar, though what his object could be, unless he meditated some personal attack on Noah—and this Adam thought was scarcely possible—he could not conceive.

"Bah! I am as nervous as a woman; the events of this week have shaken my nerves. Perhaps it wasn't Farrar after all; perhaps it was young Clifford come to gaze at Eve's window." But this thought brought no less anxiety than its predecessor to Adam's brain, and finally deciding to see Noah the next day, and warn him to lock the door of the ark at night for the future, he went home to bed.

True to his resolution, he dropped in at the ark the next evening, and telling Noah what he had seen, asked him to fasten the door at night for the future.

"It is Jack Farrar I have no doubt, and he is up to no good, that we may be sure," said Adam.

"I hardly think he'd venture to come inside the house at night though; why, it would be next door to burglary; besides, bad as he is, I don't think he'd murder us in our beds. However, I'll fasten the door to-night," said Noah.

Accordingly for the next two or three nights Noah fastened the door when he went to bed, but on the Sunday night, the Sunday preceding Arthur Clifford's birthday, he forgot all about Adam's alarm, and left it unbarred and unlocked as usual. Had Adam known it he would have resumed his sentinel's duties, in which case he would have seen Jack Farrar steal noiselessly up to the ark soon after two o'clock, without a lantern this time, for it was a clear night, and light enough to see clearly even at this darkest hour. He tried the door, and finding it unfastened he gently opened it, and then listened intently, and hearing the unmistakable sound of Noah snoring in the inner room, he crept inside the kitchen.

Tick, tick, tick, went the clock solemnly, marking the fleeting moments;

it was a loud tick, and it came, as Farrar knew, from a large old-fashioned clock which stood in its mahogany case in a corner of the kitchen opposite the door. Towards this clock, guided by its ticking, Farrar very cautiously made his way, till he found himself close to it. Then he listened again, and again the sound of Noah snoring and Mrs. Oldman's deep breathing reached his ears; all was safe. If only he could strike a light without waking them. To do this he pulled a box of fuses out of his pocket, struck one, and by its light quickly opened the glass door of the clock, put it on a good half-hour, closed the door noiselessly, and made his way out of the ark without waking the sleeping, or alarming the wakeful ears of Eve, who lay listening for the clock to strike three, at which hour she was to rise and dress, and be at Muck Fleet by the heronry at four o'clock punctually. There, as Arthur had told her on Saturday evening, he would meet her in his boat and row her up the dyke to Filton Broad, where a wherry he had hired for the occasion was lying to take them over to Yarmouth. Here they were to be married, and then go on board his own yacht, which was lying in harbour ready to take him and his bride over to France, to escape the storm the news of their marriage was sure to create. All this Arthur Clifford had told Eve under the trees of the heronry on Saturday evening, under the impression that she and the herons were his only listeners, and quite unconscious that up in one of the beeches sat Jack Farrar, eagerly drinking in every word of their conversation. There Arthur had shown her the marriage license and her wedding ring and diamond guard, and a letter from a clerical friend promising to perform the marriage ceremony.

Eve never doubted Arthur's good faith, but it was a comfort to her to see this letter and the license, and to know that if all went well she would be Mrs. Clifford before her father and mother knew of her elopement, for she was not likely to be missed till seven o'clock, and they hoped to be married at half-past six, as it was not more than two hours'

run to Yarmouth, even if the wind were against them, since the tide was with them. Nevertheless it cost her a great effort to leave her father in this way; her mother she knew would be too much elated by the grandeur of the match she was making to mind the manner of doing it; but Noah would look at it from a different point of view, and had she married a peer of the realm in this clandestine fashion, he would have regarded the act as almost a criminal one; and Eve trembled when she thought of the righteous anger her conduct would rouse in the breast of her noble yet simple-minded father.

Still her love for Arthur was so strong that she never wavered, but lay tossing restlessly through the night, till the clock struck three, when she rose and dressed as noiselessly as possible, and then placing the letter she had prepared over night in a conspicuous place, she looked half-regretfully round the quaint little room which had been hers ever since she could remember.

She listened at the door which opened into her parents' room, and finding they slept soundly, she then gently unfastened the iron bar which held her lattice window open, pushed the window back, got on to the sill, and with some little difficulty squeezed through it and dropped safely to the ground, which, indeed, was only a few feet; she then refastened the window, leaving it open, and crept to the riverside, where her father's boat was moored. Then it struck her it was an unusually dark morning for the time of year; the first streaks of dawn were only just visible in the eastern sky, and according to her calculation it must be more than half-past three, though in reality it was barely three.

"Perhaps it is a cloudy morning; I do hope it will be a fine day, this my wedding-day," thought Eve, as she got into the boat and as noiselessly as possible ferried herself across the river.

The air was chilly and the exercise of rowing was welcome, for it warmed Eve, for she wore only a thin white dress, though she had taken the precaution of wrapping a little shawl round her shoulders. She carried no bag or parcel,

as Arthur had told her she would find a trousseau on board his yacht, and everything she could possibly want, all packed in trunks already labelled "Mrs. Arthur Clifford." She landed and fastened the boat, and then set out to walk across the meadows to the heronry, holding up her white dress lest the long dewy grass should spoil it. The walk was not a pleasant one; it was still unaccountably dark, though as she went on the dawning day strengthened. It was chilly, and she was so thinly clad. Now and then one of the sleeping cows started up as she passed, and startled her. Every time the wind rustled in the trees she looked furtively round to see if she were pursued. Visions of Noah more angry than she had ever seen him accompanied her. Fears lest Arthur should be prevented from meeting her troubled her; and more than once she was tempted to turn back and go home to her little bed, but the thought of Arthur and the happy and brilliant future which lay before her as his wife, lured her on; and after each hesitation she quickened her pace.

A harsh cry, followed by several similar ones, greeted her as she approached the heronry, and one after another the group of herons which were standing near the heronry, apparently consulting as to what fishing-grounds to visit that day, took wing, and soared up far overhead, their heads drawn between their shoulders, their legs stretched out behind them. To Eve's excited imagination they looked in the dim dawn like a flock of holy angels, flying away in horror from the sight of her wicked disloyalty to her parents. Still she went on till she reached the spot where Arthur had promised to meet her with his boat, and as she arrived there she found his boat, but in it, instead of Arthur, a strange man, who, touching his hat respectfully, said—

"The master was obliged to go on board earlier, ma'am, but the wherry is lying quite close to the entrance to Muck Fleet. We shall be on board in ten minutes, and he is waiting to receive you. There is not a moment to lose, if we are to reach Yarmouth at six o'clock."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE LONGEST PERIOD OF LIFE.

"Philosophers," said Miss Prime, "disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, doctor?"

"Well," said the doctor, "it varies. In women, for instance, the longest generally is between twenty-nine and thirty. I know in my wife's case, according to her own statement, ten years elapsed between her twenty-ninth and thirtieth birthday."

IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Mrs. Herbert, the bed-chamber woman in the household of Queen Charlotte, going in a hackney chair, the chairmen were excessively intoxicated, and after tossing her and jolting her about for some minutes, set the chair down; and the foreman, lifting up the top, said, "Madam, you are so drunk, that if you do not sit still it will be impossible to carry you."

"INDIGO" JONES.—The surname of Inigo Jones, the famous architect, is not easily mistaken, but people sometimes blunder about his Christian name. Lady Northington, who was an ignorant woman, told George III. at a drawing-room that their country house was built by Indigo Jones. To this the king replied that he "thought so by the style." When her ladyship related this conversation to Lord Northington, the latter remarked, to her surprise, that he could not tell which was the greater fool, she or his Majesty.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

When Emma for a suitor strove,
She sued him in the courts of love;
But when his fickle heart she saw,
She sued him in the courts of law;
And having gained him by degrees,
She lived upon his damages!

GOOD AT ARITHMETIC.

"Well, you see," said Ethel, to her father, "Miss Maggie asked the girl at the head, how much was eight and five, and she didn't know, and said twelve; then the next girl said nine, and the next one said eleven, and the next one said fourteen. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said thirteen, and Miss Maggie told me to go to the top of the class. 'Course it was thirteen.'"

"That was nice," said her father. "I didn't think you could add so well. How did you know it was thirteen?"

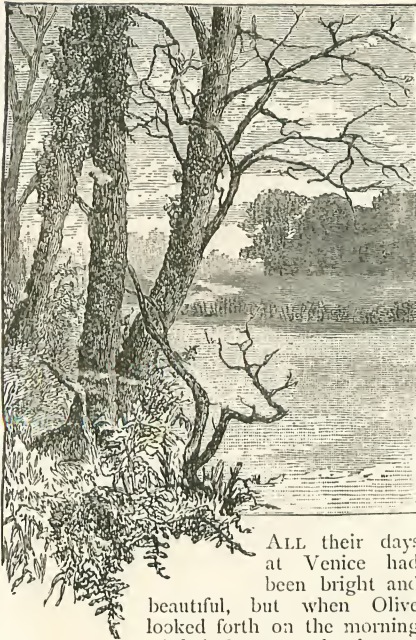
"Why, I guessed it; nobody said thirteen."

THE COMMON ROUND.—The path of duty is near, yet people seek it afar off. The way is wide; it is not hard to find. Go home and seek it and you will not lack teachers.

Mencius.

A MODERN MONTAGUE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Ida Nicolari," "The Two Crowns," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.
"IN FAIR VERONA."

ALL their days at Venice had been bright and beautiful, but when Olive looked forth on the morning of their departure the sky was of a dull, leaden hue, and rain was falling fast. She supposed that it was the dreary weather which made her feel so down-hearted as she prepared for the journey. Breakfast was sent to their rooms, so that they did not descend till it was time to start for the station. Mr. Denning's foot was little better, but he was bent upon getting away, and though every movement gave him pain, he managed to limp downstairs and across the hall to the gondola. The train left Venice about eight o'clock, so that it was too early when our travellers quitted the hotel for many persons to be stirring there. Olive thought it was rather melancholy that there should be no one to say good-bye to them save the proprietor of the hotel, with his overwhelming politeness. She sighed as she crept under the funeral-looking cover of the gondola, and she did not find the view from the side window, of the rain lashing the Canal, at all inspiring. Venice wore an air of gloom which made her look quite unlike the lovely bright city that had fascinated Olive.

"It is well we are leaving to-day," said Mr. Denning, briskly. "We shall escape the dreariness of a wet day at Venice."

Olive said that she thought a wet day was dismal anywhere.

But she was not one to give way to gloom under any circumstances, and her usual animation returned when they were fairly on the way to Verona. Her father had suffered considerably in making the change from gondola to railway carriage, and the pain in his foot seemed to increase rather than diminish as they went on. Olive did all she could to give him ease; but she saw with concern that the injured part was swelling anew.

After an hour or two the rain cleared off, and it was in bright sunshine with a blue sky overhead that they first saw the interesting old city of Verona. But Mr. Denning could with difficulty get across the platform to a carriage, and on their arrival at the hotel he allowed himself to be carried upstairs to the room on the first floor which fortunately they were able to secure.

"I am afraid I shall be a prisoner here for a time, Olive," he said, ruefully, as she settled him as comfortably as she could on the hard, old-fashioned sofa. "This foot will not get right in a day, I can foresee."

"If only we could be sure that we were treating it in the best way," said Olive. "I should feel more easy about it if we were following the advice of a medical man."

"That's more than I should if I entrusted it to the care of one of these Italians," replied Mr. Denning.

"Would you let an English surgeon see it, if there were one here?" his daughter asked.

"Of course I would," he returned, almost impatient of the question; "but there is not the least likelihood of our finding one here."

Olive made inquiries and found that her father was right. There was no English doctor at Verona. Indeed, a more essentially Italian city there cannot be. Traversing its quaint, narrow streets and picturesque market-places, passing beneath ancient gateways or by old brown palaces, gazing on the yellow Adige and the old bridges with their feudal battlements, one feels as if one were transported to the Middle Ages. Olive had to wander forth alone to make acquaintance with the grand old city, yet even so it delighted her. She was a girl of quick imagination, and all the poetry in her was kindled as she went to and fro the streets of Verona, gleaming from guide-book and story the romantic legends associated with various spots, and trying hard to realise in some degree the lives of the old noble families which have left such traces of their magnificence everywhere in Verona. The amphitheatre was a great wonder to her. She had not visited Rome, but had she been acquainted with the Coliseum, in imitation of which some suppose the Veronese amphitheatre to have been constructed, she would hardly have felt less interest in this grand old memorial of ancient Roman life. It is in a better state of preservation than the Coliseum, being, indeed, so perfect that the grand spectacles of Roman times might take place to-day in its arena. Olive longed to see her father's delight when he viewed the immense oval. But he would hardly be able to climb as she did to the highest step of the interior, and from thence gaze first down into the vast arena, and then beyond over the housetops of Verona to the distant, snow-touched mountains. Each day she tantalised him, whilst hoping to amuse him by descriptions of what she had seen. When two days of inaction had passed and his foot seemed hardly any better he began to show signs of depression. Olive heard with dismay each heavy sigh he drew. She would not have left him had he not insisted on her doing so, for she knew that in her absence he would be brooding over past annoyances, and cherishing anew the bitter feelings which she had hoped were passing away.

Olive was naturally desirous of seeing the house of the Capulets. There was no difficulty in finding a place to which so many tourists gravitate. On the afternoon she set out to visit it, the first person she spoke to in the narrow street pointed out to her the ancient portal with the family badge, the cap, carved in stone above it, with the inscription—"From this house went forth that Juliet sung by so many poets and bewailed by so many hearts."

Olive's heart throbbed more quickly as she read the words. The girl whose tragic love-story had never failed to touch her feelings, seemed near to her here. The next moment Olive was picturing to herself the garden scene; but when the words—

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet," came to her mind, bringing a flush of colour to her face, it was not of Romeo that she was thinking. But, alas! for poetic illusions. There was nothing romantic in the appearance of the dirty, gloomy courtyard into which Olive passed through the archway. Her eyes wandered round, searching for the balcony. There was one, but it was far too high above the ground to be that from which Juliet leaned to catch her lover's words. Marks were visible on the wall at a lower height, however, which might indicate the place where there was formerly a balcony. Olive turned away with a sense of disappointment. A boy, who had been watching her, came forward and volunteered to show her the way to Juliet's tomb. With the hope that this would prove more satisfactory, she suffered him to guide her thither. He led her for some distance, till they came to two large wooden doors set in a high wall, and closely barred as though they gave admittance to a monastery. The boy pulled the rusty chain attached to a large, old bell, and as it clanged loudly an uncouth-looking man opened one of the doors and invited the lady to enter. Dismissing her guide, she stepped in, and having paid the fee demanded of her, was led along a covered passage to a large garden or orchard lying beyond.

A rough path, bordered with rank grass and running between apple and pear trees bowing beneath the weight of ripe fruit, brought them to a corner of the garden where, beneath a rude shed, was to be seen the sarcophagus which had held the living, lovely Juliet. But here Olive's imagination received a fresh shock. The famed tomb looked more like a roughly-hewn horse-trough than anything else. In vain the man explained that this garden had been the burial-ground of the Capulets, and that the genuineness of the tomb was proved by a hollow formed for the head to rest in and a breathing hole. Olive found it impossible to believe in it. She regretted that she had wasted her time in coming to see the tomb. She had already perhaps left her father too long. Turning to go, she saw that the sky had grown black and there was every appearance of a thunderstorm. At the same moment she heard voices close at hand. Other visitors were coming to see the so-called tomb of Juliet. The voices had a familiar sound, and with a thrill of pleasant surprise Olive recognised in the two tourists who came in sight along the winding path, Mr. Rowcroft and his friend.

"Miss Denning!" said Stuart Rowcroft, hardly surprised, since it was with the hope of seeing her that he had come to Verona; "this is a pleasure."

Olive's bright looks seemed to own that the meeting was a pleasure to her as she shook hands with the gentlemen.

"And so you have been romantic enough to come to this out-of-the-way spot for the sake of fair Juliet of undying memory?" said Martin Smith. "But surely you do not pretend to believe that she ever reposed in that thing?"

Olive smiled and shook her head.

"I am afraid I cannot believe in it," she said.

"I told Stuart I was sure it was a fraud," remarked his friend; "but he would not be dissuaded from coming, though now we are here he does not seem over anxious to look at the tomb, does he? Come, old fellow, gaze and admire and let's be off, for it is going to

pour. Miss Denning, I hope you have an umbrella, if I may mention anything so prosaic in this poetic spot."

"I have not, alas!" said Olive. "It was very careless of me to come out without one."

A brief glance at the tomb satisfied Mr. Rowcroft. He turned back and walked beside Olive across the garden.

"How is it Mr. Denning is not with you?" asked Martin Smith. "Does he disdain to interest himself in anything so trivial as the loves of Romeo and Juliet?"

Olive laughed, but the next minute her face grew grave.

"How I wish he could have come!" she said; "but he cannot move from the sofa." And she told the story of his accident.

Mr. Rowcroft listened with concern.

"You are sure he has not broken a bone, I suppose?" he said.

"I am sure of nothing," Olive replied, "except that the foot is terribly swollen and painful."

"But a surgeon has seen it?"

"No," said Olive; "I could not persuade my father to consult one. He has a horror of Italian doctors, and there is no English medical man here."

"Do you think he would allow me to look at his foot?" Mr. Rowcroft asked. "I should be most happy to do what I could for him."

Olive's face flushed.

"I do not know," she said; "but, oh! I wish he would, for indeed I am very troubled about him. But really, I do not know what to say." She lifted her eyes to his with an anxious, perplexed look, and met in response a glance which expressed such perfect comprehension and such sympathy that her trouble melted away before it and she was conscious of a strange, new gladness.

The next moment they were startled by a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a close and awful peal of thunder. Instinctively all three ran for the house which was but a few steps from them. As they gained its shelter a tremendous shower began to fall. There was nothing for it but to wait as patiently as they could till the fierce storm subsided. Perhaps the delay put no great strain on the patience of Stuart Rowcroft. Nor did Olive find it altogether tiresome, though she was anxious to get home and allay her father's anxiety.

Martin Smith seemed the most restless, but presently he sauntered off to the further end of the *loggia* under which they had taken shelter, and sought consolation in a cigar.

"Now we must enter into a conspiracy for your father's good," said Mr. Rowcroft to Olive; "I am quite aware that he would rather receive help from almost anyone than from me; but his foot must be attended to, and I think he will believe that I have had experience of such cases. Now how can we surprise him into letting me look at his foot? Shall I call upon him unexpectedly this afternoon?"

"I think that will hardly do," said Olive, fearful of the kind of reception her father might accord him in that case. "I had better tell him that I have seen you and that you propose calling this afternoon."

"Very well, then; if you think that best," said Stuart; "but be sure to tell him that it was my own proposal to come, and that I shall come with the hope of using my surgical knowledge for his benefit. And now please tell me what you have been doing since you came to Verona. You cannot think how surprised—may I say how disappointed?—I was when I learned that you had left Venice."

This was the beginning of so interesting a talk that when Martin rejoined them a quarter of an hour later he found them unaware of the fact that the rain was over.

"My dear, where have you been all this

time?" her father asked, when at length Olive appeared in his room. "I have been so uneasy about you."

"You need not have been alarmed about me, father," she said. "I was under shelter during the storm."

"How was I to know that?" he returned. "It was imprudent of you to stay out so long, when a storm threatened."

"Yes, it was," Olive admitted, meekly; "but I wanted to see Juliet's tomb, which, however, is really not worth visiting."

Her father seemed so out of humour that she did not dare to say a word about Mr. Rowcroft till they had taken luncheon, and the excellence of the cooking was exerting a soothing influence on Mr. Denning's nerves. Then she inquired if his foot had been less painful during the morning. He answered with a sigh in the negative.

"It gets worse instead of better, I believe," he said.

"It ought to have proper surgical attention," Olive observed, gravely.

"What is the good of saying that when you know it cannot have it?" he returned.

"I do not know that it is impossible," she said, coolly. "Father, if you were told that there was a London surgeon staying in Verona, would you ask him to come and look at your foot?"

"Certainly I should," he replied, with eagerness. "Why do you ask me? Have you heard of a surgeon who is here?"

"Father, I met Mr. Rowcroft and his friend this morning. Mr. Rowcroft, you know, is a surgeon."

"That man!" exclaimed Mr. Denning, with something between a snarl and a groan; "the last man I should wish to receive assistance from! Did you speak to him, Olive?"

"It was impossible to avoid doing so," said Olive, quietly. "They came upon me suddenly at Juliet's tomb. And when they inquired for you I mentioned your accident. Mr. Rowcroft is coming to see you this afternoon."

"What, Olive!" exclaimed her father, angrily. "You asked him to come without consulting me!"

"No, indeed," replied Olive, "it was his own proposal. He said he should be happy to attend to your foot if you would let him. I could not answer for you, but of course you can refuse his help when he comes, if you like."

"I have a great mind to do so," said her father, hotly. "I would rather suffer than be indebted to a Rowcroft."

"I do not think I should feel so in your case," said Olive, quietly. "It seems to me that if you refused this chance of cure you would be guilty of the folly vulgarly described as 'cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.'"

"I daresay you cannot enter into my feelings," said her father, bitterly. "It is impossible you should understand how I hate everyone who bears the name of Rowcroft."

Olive was leaning on the window-sill, gazing across the piazza at the quaint, frescoed houses opposite, with their stone balustrades and deep *loggias*. Though her attitude and manner were careless, her heart was strangely stirred within her.

"Oh," she exclaimed, suddenly, in a tone full of sadness, "how slowly the world changes! Is it after all so much better now than in the days when the retainers of the Montagues and Capulets could scarce meet in the narrow streets of this Verona without fighting? People hate each other still, it seems."

"What do you mean by that, Olive?" asked her father in an offended tone.

Olive was spared the necessity of replying, for just then a servant opened the door and ushered in Mr. Rowcroft.

Olive waited only to see him seated by her father's couch, and then slipped from the room. She felt too nervous to stay and mark how her father would receive Mr. Rowcroft's advances. She acted impulsively, but the finest tact might have prompted her retirement, for Mr. Denning would probably have shown himself less flexible had she been present.

As it was she was soon called back to find Mr. Rowcroft certain things he needed. Mr. Denning's common-sense had triumphed, and he had not declined the help the surgeon so courteously tendered. Olive found him meekly submitting to Mr. Rowcroft's careful examination of the injured part, and bearing bravely the pain which resulted. Happily, the surgeon was able to assure him that there was no fracture. The ankle had received a severe and aggravated sprain, but there was nothing to cause permanent lameness. Still, it was an affair of time. The cure could not be hurried. Mr. Denning must resign himself to inaction for a while.

"How long?" asked the patient, anxiously.

Mr. Rowcroft replied that it was impossible to say how long; perhaps a week must be passed on the sofa.

Mr. Denning's countenance fell. The idea of spending a week in that unhomelike Italian hotel was most unwelcome.

"I shall be staying here for a few days," said Stuart Rowcroft, carelessly, as if this had been his original intention. "You must let me look in on you and do what I can."

Mr. Denning could not refuse. Already his foot felt easier for the surgeon's skillful bandaging. It was with no feigned gratitude that he thanked Mr. Rowcroft as they shook hands. The young man went off to find a chemist who could prepare a lotion for his patient's use. Olive had said scarcely anything to him, but the look he caught from her ere he went away thanked him more eloquently than words could have done.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are going to spoil your holiday for the sake of that stiff, stuck-up old gentleman?" exclaimed Martin Smith, an hour later, when his friend informed him of his intention to spend several days at Verona; "his ankle will get right enough in time, without your dancing attendance on it."

"Very likely," returned the other; "but I do not consider that I shall spoil my holiday by remaining here. Verona is a most interesting old place. I am looking forward to making a thorough acquaintance with its antiquities."

"I daresay," replied Martin, sceptically. "Of course it is pure love of antiquarian research that keeps you here. Well, I never saw such a clear case of—"

"Of what?" asked Rowcroft, as he paused.

"Oh, I won't attempt a diagnosis," said Martin; "the malady is common enough, but not one that I should have imagined you would succumb to so easily."

"What rubbish you are talking!" said Rowcroft, colouring. "It is surely a simple thing that I should wish to be of service to a fellow-countryman and his daughter whom an accident has placed in such trying circumstances in a foreign land. I am sorry if my decision vexes you. I thought that as you were going to join your cousins at Milan, my staying behind for a few days could not matter much."

"Oh, I don't mind going alone; but I fancy they will rather regret your absence. I shall not get much of a welcome when I appear without you."

"Nonsense!" returned Stuart, laughing. "You won't get me to believe that. Come, if we are going to see the tombs of the Scaligers we had better be off."

Whoever regretted it, Olive Denning had

cause to be glad that Mr. Roweroft remained behind at Verona. Her father's foot improved surely, if slowly, under the surgeon's care. And Mr. Roweroft's visits were so pleasant, he was so helpful in devising expedients for the comfort of his patient and so clever in entertaining him, that Mr. Denning found it impossible to keep the young man at a distance, and unconsciously began to count upon his visits. He even allowed him to take Olive to see the old church of San Zenone with its quaint bronzes and sculptures. And more than once it happened that Stuart Roweroft meeting Olive in her walk ventured to join her. When Mr. Roweroft went away for a few days to visit Padua and Mantua he was missed by both father and daughter, though neither acknowledged the fact. Olive knew that her father missed his visits because he became so nervous and irritable, so ready to take up old grievances and harp upon them.

"When does he return?" Mr. Denning asked his daughter one evening, using the pronoun in preference to uttering the name which was so disagreeable to his ear.

Olive understood.

"To-morrow, I believe," she said, colouring a little as she spoke. "Do you not remember his saying that he hoped to see a decided improvement in the foot after three days?"

"Hum," muttered her father; "I suppose he will say it is my foot brings him back. A pretty sum I shall have to pay for all these comings and goings."

"Father!" exclaimed Olive, in astonishment.

"Why do you exclaim like that? You surely do not suppose that I shall not pay him for attending to this foot?"

"Pay him! Oh, father!" exclaimed Olive, flushing hotly; "I do not think he meant it in that way."

"It would be very impertinent of him to mean anything else," said her father, angrily. "He is accustomed to be remunerated for his services, and of course I shall remunerate him. I will not allow a Roweroft to place me under an obligation if I know it."

Olive was silent; her face wore a troubled look.

"Mr. Roweroft has been very kind," she ventured to say, after a few minutes; "I think he would be hurt if you offered him money for what he has done."

"He has been kind, I know," said Mr. Denning, relenting a little. "Do not think me ungrateful, Olive. I admit that he has behaved well, that he is a gentleman, but you must see that it is impossible that I can make a friend of him. Our acquaintance must cease when I am able to continue my journey, which I hope will be the case in a day or two. It must all come to an end then."

"Yes," said Olive, faintly, for her father's tone seemed to demand a reply. "Yes, I understand."

"It must all come to an end!" How drearily the words echoed through her mind.

Presently she slipped away to her own room. It was at the back of the hotel, and had a little stone balcony, commanding a paved courtyard, in the centre of which, surrounded by orange trees planted in large wooden tubs, a fountain played.

As Olive stood leaning on the low balustrade she seemed to hear through the soft splashing of the fountain those dreary words, "It must all come to an end." Well, what had she expected? She had known all along that it must be so. Yet within the last few days Mr. Roweroft's manner towards her had awakened in her heart the sweetest hopes. She had dreamed of a friendship that should not cease, but grow stronger and truer with the testing of the years. And now her father had virtually forbidden her to look upon Stuart Roweroft as a friend. Their acquaintance with him was to cease when they quitted Verona.

It was hard, Olive thought, that he must be shunned only because he was allied to the Rowerofts of Wivescombe. Her father had no other reason for disliking him. A sad smile quivered for a moment on Olive's face as she perceived the analogy between her trouble and that of the world-famed Juliet. She, too, loved—with a deep blush she owned it to herself—one whose family name was hateful in her father's ears.

Ah! she could enter now into the feelings of that poor, unhappy Juliet. The young Italian girl, over whose tragic fate many a one has wept on seeing it represented on the stage, seemed a very sister to Olive at this hour. Tears gathered in her eyes, and she found herself sobbing, and scarce knew whether she were grieving for herself or for the fair, ill-fated girl, whose tears had been all shed and sorrows ended so many, many years ago.

"Oh!" cried Olive to herself, with passionate earnestness; "that was long ago—in the dark ages as they are called. No one thought it wrong then that men should hate each other, or that feuds between families should be cherished for years. But now, when the world calls itself Christian, when we profess to be guided by the teaching of the loving, all-forgiving Saviour, it cannot be right to feel such hate. Christ teaches us to forgive those who injure us, and to love even our enemies." Then with shame Olive remembered that but a short time before her own feelings towards Squire Roweroft had been almost as bitter as her father's.

When Mr. Roweroft came in the next day he pronounced the ankle decidedly better, and gave Mr. Denning leave to begin to use it with caution. He managed to get Mr. Denning downstairs and into a carriage and took him for a drive round Verona. Two days later it seemed possible to accomplish the journey to Milan. Mr. Roweroft was also about to travel thither, and when he offered to escort Mr. Denning so far that gentleman was fain to accept the offer, for he felt that in his rather helpless state it would be a comfort to have the surgeon's company.

Although Mr. Denning had spoken so confidently to his daughter about remunerating Mr. Roweroft, he found some difficulty in approaching the subject with him. At last, on the eve of their departure, when Olive was not present, he asked Mr. Roweroft, more abruptly than he had intended, to be so good as to tell him the amount of his debt. Mr. Roweroft stared at him, not understanding for a moment. Then he flushed, but laughed, choosing to treat the matter as a joke.

"My dear sir," he said, lightly, "you

cannot suppose that I practise during my holidays. I have only given you such help as one traveller may surely render another without any thought of remuneration arising. You are more than welcome to anything I have been able to do for you."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Denning, with some embarrassment, feeling it impossible as a gentleman to further urge his wish. "You place me under a great obligation."

"Not at all; do not let that weigh on you," said the young man, with eagerness. "Who knows? Some day it may be in your power to lay me under an infinitely greater obligation."

Mr. Denning looked the surprise he felt, and the unwelcome suggestion that they might possibly be brought together in the future caused his manner instantly to stiffen.

"I am thankful to be leaving Verona," said Mr. Denning the next morning, as they drove to the railway station, accompanied by Stuart Roweroft; "but I believe you are sorry, Olive."

"I am," she said, with a little sigh. "I have stayed here long enough to grow very fond of the quaint old place." Her eyes met Mr. Roweroft's as she spoke, and there was something in their expression which brought the colour to her cheeks. Was he, too, sorry that the days at Verona had come to an end?

"You will enjoy the lakes," he said to her, the next minute. "If you have never seen Como, you have a great pleasure before you."

"And you are going on to Lucerne?" said Mr. Denning.

"Yes, to-night. Smith, who has been making the round of the lakes with his cousins, will meet me at Milan, and we travel on together."

So the parting was to take place almost sooner than Olive had expected. Very short seemed the run to Milan, and once landed in the bustle of the railway station, there was scant time for words. Martin Smith was there with some girls in pretty travelling dresses, whom Olive supposed to be his cousins. They greeted Mr. Roweroft with evident pleasure, and seemed anxious to monopolise him; but he turned from them to secure a cab for Mr. Denning and his daughter and see them off to their hotel. His good-bye to Olive had to be hastily uttered.

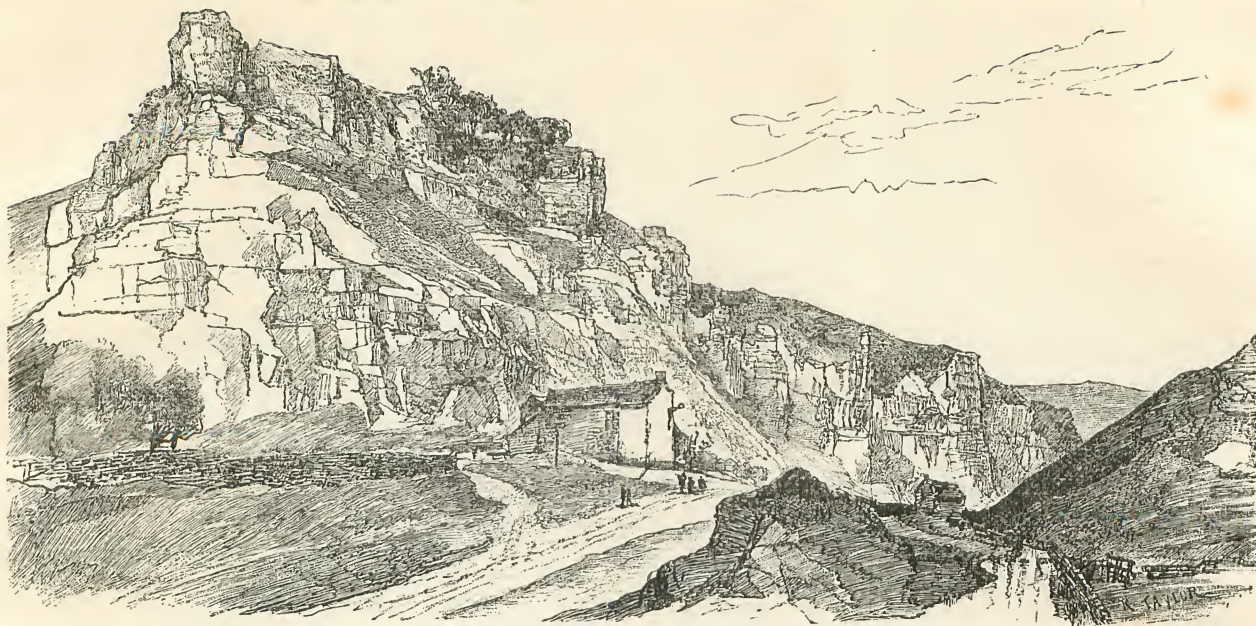
"I shall see you again," he murmured. "We shall be sure to meet again, for I shall be coming some day to my cousin's at Wivescombe."

Olive's only response was a rather doubtful smile. It was impossible to explain that when at home she could hold no intercourse with one who was a guest at Wivescombe Hall. There was a strange, sore pain at her heart as the cab drove off, and looking back she saw Mr. Roweroft join the group of girls, who welcomed him with their brightest smiles.

"It has all come to an end," she said to herself, drearily. "It has all come to an end." And never afterwards could Olive recall her first vision of the beautiful, white cathedral of Milan, with its countless pinnacles piercing the cloudless sky, without a momentary sense of the desolating pain which had made her look on it with such dull, hopeless eyes.

(To be concluded.)





THE APPROACH TO EYAM.

EYAM AND ITS MEMORABLE WOE.

PART I.

AMONG the examples of Christian fortitude, self-sacrifice, and resignation to the will of God which have blessed modern times, few will be found to be more remarkable than those offered by the history of the plague at Eyam, or, as it is sometimes called, the "Memorable Woe;" and we feel sure that the subject is one which will interest our girls, the more so because it is intimately connected with the story of a woman's heroism and devotion.

To few women, indeed, has been given a chance of exhibiting such marvellous fortitude as to Catherine Mompesson; and by few women has the noblest form of self-sacrifice been carried out even unto death, not only without complaint, but with readiness—nay, even cheerfulness. The history of the plague of Eyam is probably known to many of our readers, but we think that a carefully detailed account of the scenes of this "Memorable Woe," illustrated by sketches made on the spot, expressly for this journal, will serve to impress the tragedy more firmly and more vividly in the minds of those who are already

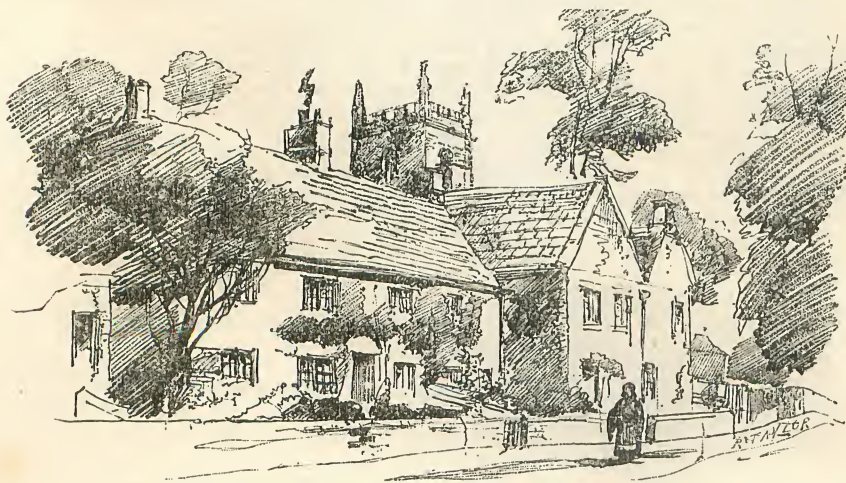
acquainted with it, and will bring it before those to whom the subject is new, in an intelligible and interesting form.

It is not our intention to enter into any lengthy or circumstantial history of the plague at Eyam, as this has been most carefully done by a local historian, Mr. W. Wood, in his "History of Eyam," but we propose to give a short and concise account of the terrible events which almost depopulated this charming little village in the autumn and winter of 1665, and the spring and summer of 1666.

Eyam is situated in the peak district of Derbyshire, about twelve miles from Sheffield, and six from Bakewell.

Few villages in England, or perhaps in Europe, present a more romantic and picturesque appearance. It is surrounded on every side by lofty hills and rocky defiles of the wildest and most fantastic description; mountain streams force their way through gorges, here breaking through the rocks which they seem to have torn asunder, and there falling over vast boulders and craggy precipices; sometimes rising suddenly up out of the earth from some natural but hidden

cavernous cistern; and again disappearing with a rush and a roar into a concealed abyss. The approach to Eyam from the strange-looking village of Stony Middleton is guarded by gigantic rocks, one of which is like a vast tower with huge angle buttresses rising abruptly from a grassy slope with a precipitancy which almost startles one. Connecting this turreted mass with a huge craggy cliff called the "Lover's Leap" (from a foolish love-sick maiden who in 1760 attempted to throw herself from the top, and succeeded in rendering herself a cripple for life), is a series of rocks so fantastic and strange in form that it would seem as though nature had been making a parody on the works of man. At first sight they might be a series of ruined castles torn and riven from summit to base by storms or earthquakes, here flung back as if by some violent concussion, and there projecting forward and overhanging the road as if they were momentarily about to fall from their base, block up the gorge, and carry ruin and desolation all around. No one can look at these without being impressed with solemn thoughts or without feeling that their divine builder could at one instant destroy this world and reduce it to a mass of chaotic confusion. What agents of providence or of nature were the immediate causes of this strange and weird scene we must leave to scientific men to determine. Whether some violent convulsion of the earth's surface, or the bursting forth of vast and buried torrents, has torn through the hills and rent them asunder, it is not now our purpose to discuss, but we can only say that in the sight of such prodigies of nature we are not surprised to find that men could be found capable of noble heroism and self-sacrifice. At the opposite end of the village rises the huge hill, we might almost say mountain, called "Sir William," and a perfect amphitheatre of craggy eminences with bleak and weather-worn hills shuts out the village from the rest of the world. The village itself does not disappoint one on a nearer approach, as places which have an eventful history so frequently do. It consists for the most part of a wide, almost serpentine street, with a triangular open space at its eastern termination, a bridge at its western,



THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE PLAGUE HAD ITS START.

and midway a small irregular village green, with a fine old manor-house on one side, and picturesque cottages, many of which date from the Middle Ages, on the other. In the centre of the small green are the stone pillars which formerly supported the stocks. The church, which is close at hand, is a venerable structure, but has suffered considerably in antiquarian interest from alterations effected chiefly at the beginning of the present century; and the very extensive restoration, which was undertaken a few years ago for the purpose of reverting it to its original form and appearance, has, as is usual in such cases, shown too deliberately the no doubt good intention of its authors, and has resulted in that "modern antique" look which, however desirable from an architectural point of view, naturally deprives a building of all poetry and romance.

From what we are able to gather, this restoration was rendered necessary by the neglect of past ages, and the pressing call for increased accommodation. The tower, however, south side of the chancel, and the clerestory of the nave are all ancient; though the first-mentioned was partially rebuilt in 1615.

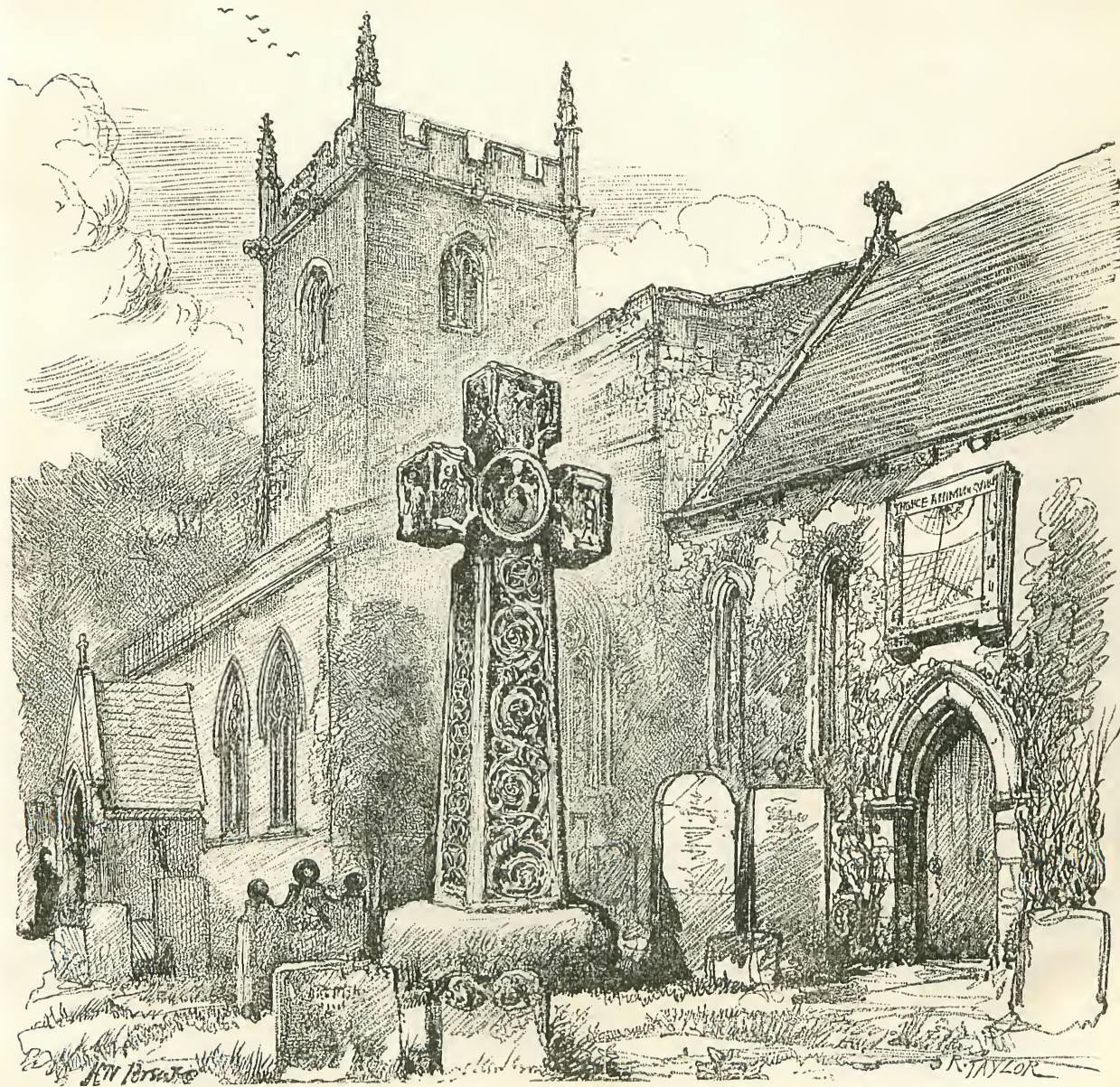
The long lancet windows and elegant clergy door are undoubtedly works of the close of the twelfth or the commencement of the thirteenth century; and the sturdy pillars and arches of the interior date from the same period. Attached to the walls are many incised slabs with elegantly designed floral crosses carved on them, some of which may be of a still earlier period; but the greatest object of architectural interest by far is the fine carved stone cross in the churchyard. It is evidently a work of very early date, though not of the eighth century, to which it is sometimes ascribed. It is covered with a mass of interpenetrating and knot-work patterns similar to those seen in manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries. There are also small subjects quaintly carved, such as angels playing upon instruments. Unfortunately one stone of the stem of this beautiful cross is missing, which somewhat injures its otherwise elegant proportions. There is a tradition in the village that when Howard the philanthropist visited Eyam, the top of the cross was broken off, and lying by the side covered with nettles; it is said that Howard had

the upper portion replaced at his own expense.*

We have no hesitation in saying that in addition to being one of the most ancient, it is the most beautiful example of a churchyard cross existing in this country; and owing to its being executed in very hard stone it is in an extremely good state of preservation, notwithstanding the seven or eight hundred severe Derbyshire winters which have passed over it. It is a symbol round which such associations as those of Eyam seem rightly to centre; and the many ancient and interesting graves of those who sleep beneath the sacred sod of this churchyard, many of them victims of that heroic struggle against pestilence, form a group of memorials of the past which for interest can scarcely be exceeded anywhere in this country.

We must now say a few words upon the introduction of the fearful pestilence into Eyam; its duration; the frightful sufferings and fearful mortality which it inflicted upon the inhabitants, and the noble and Christian

* It is but right to say that Wood discredits this story.



EYAM CHURCHYARD.

resolve to sacrifice their own lives rather than risk spreading the infection amongst their neighbours, which these good people made at the instigation of the rector, the Rev. William Mompesson, and the ex-rector, William Stanley. We should here, perhaps, explain that Stanley had been placed in possession of the rectory by the Commonwealth, but that at the Restoration the Rev. Shoreland Adams, who had been previously rector in Charles the First's days, was reinstated. Very fortunately, however, this man was removed from Eyam in 1664. We say fortunately, because, from what is known of the character of Shoreland Adams, there would have been little chance of any heroic action having been taken towards preventing the spread of the plague by him. The character of the man may be judged from the fact that he said of himself, that sooner than give up his living for conscience' sake, he would have "sworn that a crow was white!" We shall soon see what a blessing it was that he was succeeded at Eyam by William Mompesson, a man of the most opposite character. Stanley, after having been deprived, still remained in Eyam as a Nonconformist minister, preaching from house to house, and apparently supporting himself as a law-writer. It would seem that the majority of the inhabitants preferred the administrations of Stanley to those of Mompesson, a state of things probably brought about by the personal character of the latter's immediate predecessor. A short time before his arrival in Eyam, Mompesson had married a daughter of Randolph Carr, of Cocken, in the county of Durham, a beautiful and refined woman, whose character as brought out and developed by the sufferings surrounding her, was one that it is impossible too greatly to admire.

At the commencement of September, 1665, a tailor residing at Eyam, in a house to the

west of the churchyard, received a packet containing tailors' patterns. Upon opening the box he discovered that the goods were damp, and, proceeding to dry them, he was almost immediately seized with a violent sickness, and a few hours afterwards symptoms of the plague appeared upon him. He and every member of the household died within a few days, and by the 28th of October twenty-six of the inhabitants of Eyam had fallen victims to the fatal malady. There can be little doubt that many of the better class of inhabitants immediately left the village. In November there were seven fresh cases, and in December nine. January, 1666, added five more victims to the fatal list, and hope began to revive that the visitation was at an end, and in all probability many returned to the village who had previously left it.

Sad, however, must have been the disappointment of these unfortunate people, for in February the number of deaths rose to eight. March, however, added only six to the fatal list; in April it again rose to eight, and in May it fell to four.

Although the sufferings of those whose families and households had been infected by the plague at its early stage—and the painful and terrible fact remains that they were abandoned and most scrupulously avoided by their fellow-creatures, owing to the superstitious dread with which people regarded this fearful malady—may be easily imagined, yet they were as nothing compared with the horror and dismay which fell upon the people when in June nineteen persons died from the plague out of a population of little more than three hundred. Under this state of things it is not astonishing that nearly every person in the village meditated flight; and even Catherine Mompesson, with a wife's and mother's anxiety for those nearest and dearest to her, appears

to have besought her husband, for the sake of their two infant children, to leave the doomed village. Mompesson, however, convinced her that his duty was to be with his afflicted flock during their terrible suffering, and immediately this heroic woman was convinced of the fact, she insisted upon remaining with her husband, sharing his danger and his labours. The children were sent away to a friend in Yorkshire, and Catherine appears to have had a sad foreboding that she was never again to see those so dear to her; therefore her parting with them was indescribably sad and tender, but the imaginary scene which Mr. Wood suggests as having taken place at this parting, "the mother uttering a piercing shriek and refusing to withdraw her gaze from the spot where they last met her view," seems to show that he does not quite realise the character of Catherine Mompesson. Such women do not utter piercing shrieks; "theirs is the love which suffers in silence."

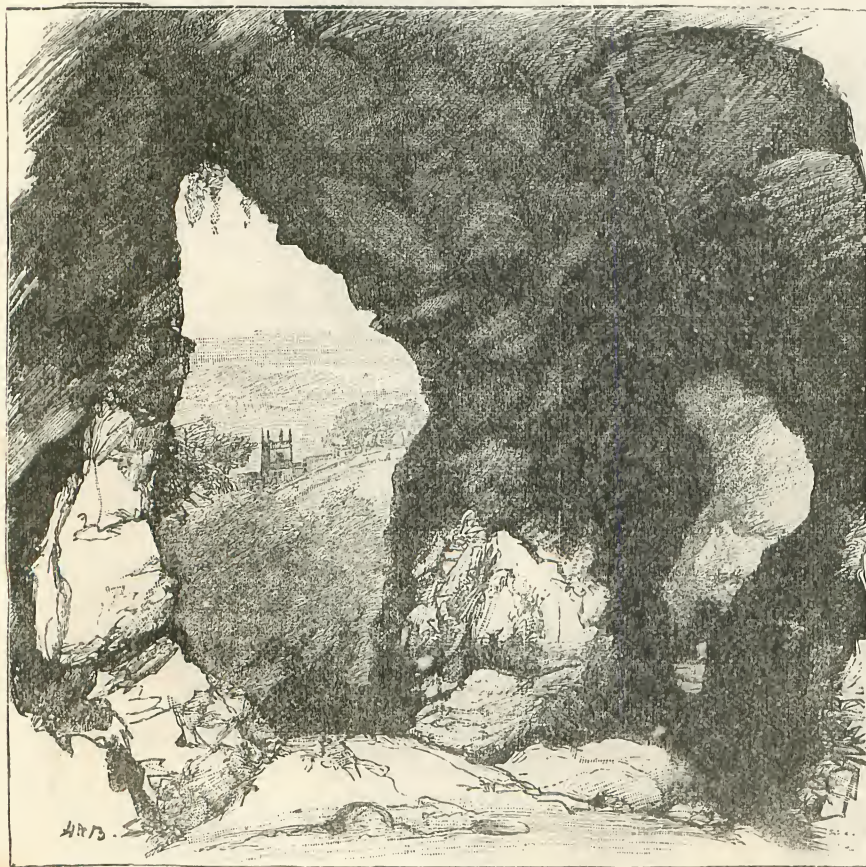
Having seen her children safely disposed of and out of harm's way, Catherine became the faithful and constant ally of her husband through all the scenes of suffering, desolation, and death which surrounded them on every side.

It was about this time, that is to say in the month of June, that either Mompesson or Stanley hit upon the extraordinary and heroic expedient of stamping out the plague in the village itself, and of suggesting to the villagers that they should sacrifice themselves to their neighbours by remaining in the place and cutting off all communication from without. Mompesson pointed out to them that unless this were done contagion might be spread far and wide; and there can be no doubt that it is entirely owing to the action then taken by the pastors and people of Eyam that Sheffield, Derby, and other towns in the North of England were not, like London, decimated by this appalling calamity.

That the influence of Mompesson or Stanley or both over the terror-stricken people must have been extraordinary is proved by the fact that there appears to have been little or no opposition to the carrying out of this most wise and most noble scheme.

When we think that it was little less than a whole community voluntarily and willingly risking their lives at the sacred call of duty, rather than carry suffering amongst their neighbours, it is strange indeed that not a single act of cowardice appears to have disgraced this band of heroes.

Mompesson having arranged his plan, the details were soon settled; an imaginary cordon was drawn round the village, over which no one was allowed to pass either from within or without. No goods of any kind were to be carried out of the village under any pretence whatever, and any articles which were required by the inhabitants of the village were to be left at certain specified places in the outskirts, and only removed by persons especially appointed for that purpose, and that only at stated hours of the day. Mompesson wrote to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, pointing out the necessity of carrying out this scheme, and obtained from his Grace at once the offer of such assistance as was necessary to the plan. Amongst other things it was arranged that such articles of food or clothing which were necessary should be deposited at certain fixed places on the extreme confines of the village, from which they could be removed by persons appointed for that purpose by Mompesson or Stanley, and from this time we may date the history of "the memorable woe." The plague spread with fearful rapidity; fifty-six victims fell beneath its stroke in the month of July. The passing bell was given over, the churchyard for the most part abandoned as a burial place, the church was closed, and Mompesson assembled the people for religious worship in



"A NATURAL ARCHWAY OR CAVERN."

a wild and desolate valley called "the Delf," where there exists a remarkable kind of natural archway or cavern, known as "Cucklet Church," from the entrance of which he read the prayers of the Church of England and preached to the people who sat about the place, partly within the cave and partly on the grass at its foot. Of course anything like trade or agriculture was abandoned, and it is said that hares and rabbits ran about the streets of the village. As August approached all thought of escape seems to have been given up by the wretched people, who simply sat down waiting for death, not knowing whose turn was to come next. The only person who seems to have had anything like an eye to business, at this time, was a hulking fellow called Marshal Howe, who went about burying the victims of the plague and rather treating the whole matter as a joke. When, however, at last his wife—to whom he appears to have been attached, rough as he was—died of the plague, he gave way to an extravagant outburst of grief; and when her death was followed by that of his son, his character became as gloomy as it had previously been merry.

The dead were buried within fields and woods surrounding the village, generally by their nearest relatives and friends; or when they had none Marshal Howe performed the office, taking as his pay the money, clothes, or other effects left in the house of the deceased. And now approaches the most fatal month of all, August, 1666. By the end of this month fully three-quarters of the inhabitants of Eyam had fallen beneath the terrible pestilence. Two families who lived a quarter of a mile from the village, in a place called Riley, were entirely destroyed, all but one person; and this shows how necessary was the isolation enforced by Mompesson; for although these people lived a quarter of a mile outside the village, on the top of a hill, in a most healthy situation, yet on the 6th of July, 1666, Bridget and Mary, the daughters of Richard and Catherine Talbot, were carried to the grave. They are said to have been very lovely girls, and were buried by their father's own hands, close to his house. He performed the same office, on the 7th, for the third and last of his daughters, on the 10th for his wife Catherine, on the 24th for his son Robert, and on the 25th he was himself buried by his only surviving son, who himself fell a victim to the terrible malady on the 30th, and was buried by one of the Hancocks. An old monument near the spot marks the place where they were buried. Having completely destroyed the Talbot family, the pestilence found its way into the adjoining house of the Hancocks. On the 3rd of August died John and Elizabeth, two children; on the 7th, Ona Hancock, and on the same day her husband William Hancock; on the 9th Alice, and on the 10th Ann Hancock. All of these are said to have been buried by the unfortunate mother, who, strangely enough, survived this terrible grief. Nor, alas! have we come to an end of the melancholy catalogue, for in the old register book, still kept at Eyam, we find, under the date August 25th, the following entry—"Katherine, ye wife of Mr. William Mompesson, Rec."

We will not attempt to describe this sad event in our own words, or to write a record of the virtues of Catherine Mompesson, but we will simply give a few extracts from the letter in which the afflicted husband announces the sad intelligence to his beloved children, for we feel that any words of ours would be weak and trivial, and any sentiments

we might indulge in would be vapid and shallow, in comparison with the impression which will be conveyed to our readers by the perusal of this simple but touching narrative.

"Eyam, August 31st, 1666.

"Dear Hearts,—This brings you the doleful news of your dear mother's death—the greatest loss which ever befell you! I am not only deprived of a kind and loving comfort, but you also are deprived of the most indulgent mother that ever dear children had. But we must comfort ourselves in God with this consideration: that the loss is only ours, and that what is our sorrow is her gain. The consideration of her joys, which I do assure myself are unutterable, should refresh our drooping spirits.

"My dear hearts, your blessed mother lived a most holy life, and made a most comfortable and happy end, and is now invested with a crown of righteousness. I think it may be useful to you to have a catalogue of your dear mother's virtues, that the knowledge thereof may teach you to imitate her excellent qualities.

"In the first place let me recommend to you her piety and devotion, which were according to the exact principle of the Church of England. In the next place I can assure you she was composed of modesty and humility which did possess her dear soul in a most extraordinary manner. Her discourse was ever grave and meek, yet pleasant withal; a vaunting or immodest word was never heard to come from her mouth. Again, I can set out in her two other virtues—*i.e.*, charity and frugality. She never valued anything she had when the necessities of a poor neighbour required it; but had a bountiful heart to all indigent and distressed persons. And, again, she was never lavish, but commendably frugal. She never liked tattling women, and abhorred the custom of going from house to house, thus wastefully spending precious time. She was ever busied in useful work, yet, though prudent, she was affable and kind. She avoided those whose company could not benefit her, and would not unbosom herself to such; still, she dismissed them with civility.

"Further I can assure you, my sweet babes, that her love to you was little inferior than to me, since why should she so ardently desire my continuance in this world of sorrows, but that you might have the protection and comfort of my life?

"Now I will give you an exact account of her death.

"For some time she had shown symptoms of a consumption, and was wasted thereby. Being surrounded by infected families, she doubtless got the infection from them; and her natural strength being impaired, she could not struggle with the disease which made her illness so very short. She showed much contrition for the errors of her past life, and often cried out, 'One drop of my Saviour's blood to save my soul!'

"At the beginning of her sickness she entreated me not to come near her, lest I should receive harm thereby; but, thank God, I did not desert her, but stood to my resolution not to leave her in her sickness, who had been so tender a nurse to me in her health. Blessed be God, that He enabled me to be so helpful and consoling to her, for which she was not a little thankful.

"A little before her dear soul departed (I was gone to bed) she sent for me to pray with her. I got up and went to her, and asked her how she did. The answer was, that she was looking when the good hour should come. Thereupon I prayed, and she made her re-

sponses, from the Common Prayer Book, as perfectly as in her health, and an 'Amen' to every pathetic expression. When we had ended the prayers for the sick, we used those from the Whole Duty of Man; and when I heard her say nothing, I said, 'My dear, dost thou mind?' She answered, 'Yes,' and it was the last word she spoke.

"My dear babes, the reading of this account will cause many a salt tear to spring from your eyes; yet let this comfort you—your mother is a saint in heaven. I could have told you of many more of your dear mother's excellent virtues, but I hope that you will not in the least question my testimony, if in a few words I tell you that she was pious and upright in her demeanour and conversation.

"Now to that blessed God, who bestowed upon her all 'those graces,' be ascribed all honour, glory, and dominion, the just tribute of all created beings, for evermore. Amen.

"WILLIAM MOMPESSEON."

That fatal August added seventy-seven deaths to the terrible roll of destruction. In September it sank to twenty-four; but when we think that over three-fourths of the inhabitants of this ill-fated village had already been carried to the grave, it is a frightful list. The first days of October showed little signs of abatement, for by the 10th it had carried off fourteen out of the few who had lived to that time. Suddenly, however, on the 11th of October the plague ceased, and has never since visited this country. So that the self-sacrifice of the people of Eyam not only saved the surrounding country from the awful visitation, but seems absolutely to have annihilated this terrible pestilence. How much do we not owe to these noble sufferers! But for their heroic conduct this most terrific of all maladies might still visit this land! But if we want to know what this sacrifice and this devoted heroism cost the little village, let us think over the following passages. The Rev. W. Mompesson, writing to a friend in November, 1666, says—

"The condition of the place has been so sad that I persuade myself it did exceed all history and example. Our town has become a Golgotha—the place of a skull; and had there not been a small remnant left we had been as Sodom and like Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful lamentations, my nose never smelled such horrid smells, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles. There have been seventy-six families visited within my parish, out of which 259 persons died. Now, blessed be God, all our fears are over, for none have died of the plague since the eleventh of October, and the pest houses have been long empty."

In the same letter Mompesson seems to upbraid himself for not having been sufficiently thankful to providence, and to look upon the loss of Catherine as a kind of judgment upon himself.

"Had I been as thankful as my condition did deserve, I might have had my dearest dear in my bosom; but now farewell all happy days, and God grant that I may repent my sad ingratitude."

We must, however, recollect that good and holy men always take a very severe view of their own shortcomings, and a most charitable and merciful view of those of others. It is natural enough that after losing such a wife as Catherine, Mompesson may have supposed that he had not been sufficiently grateful to God for the blessing of such a companion.

(To be concluded.)



ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



FIG. 1.—WALL POCKET.

In this and successive papers on the subject of Art Needlework we hope to tell you much which will indirectly help your work for the forthcoming Art Needlework Competition, and at the same time show you how the result of your labour can be made up by yourselves into beautiful and useful articles for home decoration.

The wall pocket, Fig. 1, can be made in almost any material or colour you please. The sketch we give is taken from one of terra-cotta coloured plush and satin; the front part is of plush, having a spray of pale pink chrysanthemum embroidered on it. This it would be best to work in a frame, to avoid dragging the plush. The leaves should be done in shaded crewel—solidly, of course—and the flowers in such delicate shades of pink silk as will harmonise well with the plush; the lights must be picked out with white, and a few stitches of pale green silk should also accentuate the lights of the leaves. When taken from the frame, the back of this embroidered panel should be stiffened with embroidery paste; it is then mounted on a stout piece of millboard, and

backed or lined with sateen; the piece forming the bottom of the pocket is covered on both sides with sateen (which can be got in all art shades, exactly matching the more costly material). The back is of satin, which matches the plush exactly in colour, and is gathered rather full on to its foundation of millboard. The three divisions are very carefully fitted and sewn together, and are edged with silk cord. Such a wall-pocket as this can be easily made by clever fingers in a few days. The cosy, of which we give a sketch in Fig. 2, is of olive-green velveteen—any scraps of velvet, serge, satin, and plush which you may happen to have by you can be utilised for this style of appliqué. The design must be traced rather

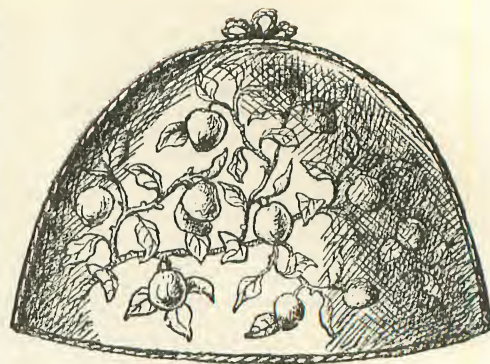


FIG. 2.—TEA COSY.

shades are introduced in the leaves. The mount may be of brass, ebonised, or painted wood, if you are ambitious enough to attempt mounting it at home, which is quite possible with the aid of some deft carpentering; paint will be best. The work must be stiffened at the back with embroidery paste, and carefully nailed into a light frame which will fit into the mount; you must then back this frame with some suitable material; the mount can be made of deal, painted with Aspinall's enamel, in black, dead white, or some delicate colour. It will require three coatings; and if you paint smoothly, and rub over each coat, when perfectly dry, with pumice stone, the result will give exactly the same appearance as if the wood were enamelled, and we think the accomplishment throughout of so uncommon and dainty a piece of handi-

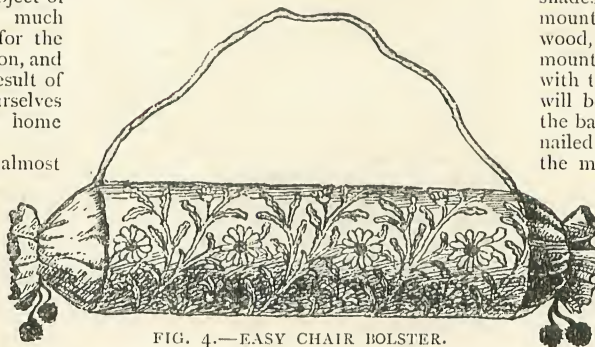


FIG. 4.—EASY CHAIR BOLSTER.

smaller than it really is on the ground material, which must be stretched in a frame, corresponding leaves and fruit being traced on the scraps of plush and satin, etc., of the real size; these are carefully cut out and pinned in their places on the velveteen, with small pins, till the whole is arranged. The stems are then worked solidly and rather coarsely in shaded browns, outlined with Japanese gold thread; each leaf and apple is sewn down all round, the apples, which should if possible be of plush, or velvet of various shades, being raised by means of cotton wool inserted underneath; the leaves are of satin, from olive to the palest apple-green. The whole is outlined with Japanese gold thread, which is used also for the markings of both leaves and fruit. Both sides of the cosy can be treated in the same manner, and finished at the seam with a trimming of silk cord. It is an effective and truly "cosy"-looking article, which can be manufactured at home at very little expense.

Fig. 3 is a fire-screen, which shows a revival of a very old shape, and the design is an adaptation of an old style of needlework to match. The material, which must be stretched in a frame, is of cream-coloured silk, and the pattern is worked solidly in feather-stitch, in a variety of delicate shades of silk, no two flowers being the same colour. A great number of greens and dead-leaf



FIG. 3.—FIRE SCREEN.

FIG. 5.—WALL HANGING, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.
North Italian, Nineteenth Century.

work would be no small credit to the home-decorators.

"There is nothing new under the sun," and in Fig. 4 we believe our girls will recognise a modernised substitute for an old friend, not of their own, but of our grandmothers. We ourselves remember to have seen gorgeous objects covered with stripes of knitting in vivid hues, dangling by woollen cords and tassels from the backs of the easy chairs of a former generation, together with their contemporaries, the no less gorgeous and hideous "antimaccasars" of old; but modern culture has changed all this.

Nevertheless, the ugly little bolsters were comfortable, and consequently appear in a new form. The necessity of showing the design in our sketch makes its shape appear to be stiff, whilst the original is quite limp. The embroidered part is of Kirriemuir twill, on which the design of ox-eyed daisies is worked in outline only, with two shades of blue crewel, the centres of the flowers being filled up with French knots in dark blue.

The ends of the bolsters are of dark blue silk, drawn up with cord, and soft little plush balls to match. It has a cord to suspend it to the back of the chair, so that it is really a decorative substitute for the old abomination. Sateen might be used for the ends, which would be cheaper; but if you wish to make a really handsome one, this design could be as well worked solid and in natural colours, on silk sheeting, or any kind of soft silk.

Fig. 5 is drawn from a specimen of a wall-hanging in the South Kensington Museum. It is a pattern which could be so well and easily adapted for panels or wall-hangings in transposed appliqué, that we use it as an example. The original is silver brocade on crimson velvet.

By transposed appliqué, we mean that alternate inlaid and onlaid panels may be produced by the simple method of tracing the same pattern on two different materials, such as the crimson velvet and silver brocade of this wall-hanging; both patterns are cut out care-

fully, and the crimson pattern laid on the silver ground, whilst the silver is placed on the crimson. A very fine effect was thus produced by the Italians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when wall-hangings and panels were so much used in the decoration of rooms.

The inlaid part is sewn down with thread; the edges are then covered with a couching of filoselle, or with fine cord; the onlaid panel is treated in much the same manner; the small details of both, such as the markings of leaves and flowers, high lights, or necessary bits of shading, are worked with stitches of silk on the surface of the appliqué after it is sewn down.

Much less costly material may be used for this style of work; it is both effective and durable when well done, and is easily and quickly accomplished. It may therefore be applied, with advantage, to many articles of domestic use, by the more clever and industrious of Our Girls.



REPORT ON THE MUSICAL COMPETITION.

ADJUDICATOR: SIR JOHN STAINER, Mus.D.

OUR readers may remember that in the report of the previous musical competition we urged girls to try their hands at composition, and not to be discouraged if their first attempts result in failure.

We repeat this admonition. Even those who are destined to be successful in this art may fail at first, composition requiring practice like everything else in the world. Then those who have not genius gain enormously in musicianship by trying to compose.

We will suppose a dozen girls of average ability are standing round our official desk. They are asked in turn whether they love music, and probably eleven out of twelve will answer "Yes." We do not believe this eleven girls out of twelve are not really lovers of music, and by a little cross-examination we discover that one only cares for modern dance measures, that another answers "yes" because she considers it "the thing" to affect a love for all the arts, while a third likes music only as a means of showing off her manipulative skill or good voice. To these we have nothing to say, but to the remaining eight we address a few remarks.

You girls love music. Why? Because it gives you certain sensations of pleasure which you find it difficult to define. It appeals to your senses, to your imagination, and to your intellect. Now music if bad can be an agent for evil; it can certainly appeal to bad passions, it may fill the imagination with frivolous ideas, it may not appeal at all to the intellect.

But you answer, "When we confessed to a love of music, we meant good music." Are you sure you can distinguish between good and bad music? When you are asked your opinion of a composition you look at the name of the composer and judge from that, and not from his production. You are brought up to revere

certain names, and if you practise hard at certain good compositions, their beauty and subtle cleverness will after awhile reveal themselves to you, though at first you considered them dry. If you are to be musicians, you must be able to recognise good music, and the best means of learning to do this is to unravel the works of others (an important study pursued by all who wish to be composers), and attempt to create yourself.

If you are not able to recognise good music you are not musicians, and will not play as such, though your fingers be as supple and strong as Liszt's, and your dexterity is of a not much higher and eminently less useful order than that of a carpenter or plumber.

To this many may object, and remark that there are admirable performers who do not compose, and are they not musicians? Certainly they are. In order to be good players, in the judgment of musicians, it is necessary for us to understand the piece we perform, so that the various "points" may be brought out, that the composition shall be phrased, nay, more, that we shall impart something of our own individuality in our playing, treasure the thoughts of the composer and incase them, so to speak, in a framework of our own which does not alter the picture and yet is in itself a creation.

Yes, readers, it is undeniable that if we are to be good players we must understand something of music, and there is no better way of obtaining this knowledge than learning the science of music and trying to compose.

There were no bad manuscripts this time, and in one way this gave us pleasure; but it showed us that our advice had not been taken, viz., that those girls who had not attempted to compose should take this opportunity of making a commencement.

Do not enter these competitions only because you think it possible you may secure a prize! Let all our musical contributors take these opportunities of working at a noble study, and have the advantage of directing their attention to the form of composition which our very eminent and experienced examiner considers the best for them.

The following is the report of Sir John Stainer, our Adjudicator of the Prizes:—

It is always difficult to give an opinion on the relative merits of musical compositions which differ considerably in style and form. In the present case I have especially felt this difficulty. Some of the works submitted for competition showed considerable technical facility, but were wanting in interest; others seemed spontaneous and pleasing, but lacked originality; others, again, contained charming ideas badly brought together and presented in a form unsuited to the spirit of the instrument.

Having gone very carefully, indeed, through the pieces submitted to me, I award the first prize of Ten Guineas to Fanny Scholfield Petric, and the second prize of Five Guineas to Amelia Corper.

Miss Petric's composition runs smoothly; is thoroughly and naturally expressive of the feelings of joy and sorrow, and lies well under the hand of the performer. Its style is distinctly "Schumannesque."

Miss Corper's composition is slightly uneven in character: the first movement (sorrow) is most melodious, breathing the calm sweetness of Mendelssohn; but the second movement does not quite realise the idea of joy which would best contrast with the sorrow so lately depicted. The readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will, however, be able to judge for themselves. Of one thing I am certain, both prize compositions will be welcomed.

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

EDNA HAS A GRIEVANCE.



ESSIE did not concern herself much about her friend's coldness. She had tried to atone to Richard for his sister's unkindness, and she had succeeded in giving one person pleasure.

"I daresay her conscience tells her that she has been naughty, and that makes her cross with me," thought Bessie, who was too healthy-minded to harbour unnecessary scruples. Hatty would have made herself wretched under the circumstances; would have accused herself of boldness, and love of display, and a want of consideration for Edna; for Hatty, who was a self-tormentor by nature, could spin a whole web of worries out of a single thread; but Bessie never troubled herself with morbid afterthoughts. "Edna will be all right with me to-morrow," she said to herself; and she was correct in her prognostication. Edna came downstairs the next morning radiant with good-humour, and was even civil to Richard. It was a brilliant day; her friends had all accepted her invitation, and she was looking forward to a most enjoyable afternoon.

It was impossible for Bessie to resist the influence of her friend's gaiety and flow of spirits. Edna's example was infectious, and Bessie was soon laughing heartily at her nonsensical speeches. There was no quiet for reading that morning. She had to practise tennis with Edna, and help her arrange the flowers; and finally she was carried off to be made smart.

"I wish you had a white dress too," observed Edna, regretfully; for in her heart she thought Bessie's favourite grey gown very dowdy and Quakerish. "But we must try to enliven you with a few flowers. You are going to wear a grey hat. Wait a moment." And Edna darted out of the room, and returned a moment afterwards with a dainty cream lace fichu. "Look, this lace is lovely! Mamma gave it to me, but I never wear it now; and it will just suit you. Now let me fasten in a few of those creamy roses. Well, you do look nice after all, Daisy dear."

"Yes; but not half so nice as you," replied Bessie, looking with honest admiration at the pretty young creature. Edna's soft white dress just suited her fair hair and delicate complexion, and she looked so slim and graceful, as she stood before the glass fastening a rosebud at her throat, that Bessie said, involuntarily, "How nice it must be to be so pretty!" but there was no trace of envy in her tone.

Edna blushed a little over the compliment.

"Do I look pretty? Thank you, Bessie. Isn't it a pity Neville cannot see me?" and she laughed mischievously over her vain speech. "Now, come along, there's a dear, or the people will arrive before we are ready for them. There, I declare I hear Florence's voice!" And the two girls ran down and joined Mrs. Sefton in the drawing-room.

Well, it was a very pleasant garden party, and Bessie thoroughly enjoyed herself, though it was the grandest affair she had ever seen—so many people driving up in their carriages, and such smart footmen lingering in the hall, and a bevy of officers who were quartered in the neighbourhood. But Bessie was not left out in the cold. Florence Atherton took her under her wing, and introduced some nice people to her. She even took part in one game when there was a vacancy, and her partner, a young lieutenant, was very good-natured, and only laughed when she missed the ball.

"We have won after all, you see," he observed, when the match was over.

"Yes, thanks to you," replied Bessie, honestly.

"Not at all. You played very well. Now shall we go and get an ice? I wonder what's become of Sefton! I don't see him anywhere."

"Oh, he is playing cricket at Melton. He is captain of the village club, I believe. I don't think he cares for tennis."

"I suppose not," was the dry rejoinder; but the young man slightly elevated his eyebrows in a meaning manner. Bessie heard other remarks on Richard's absence before the end of the afternoon. A young lady to whom she had been recently introduced addressed the same question to her.

"Mr. Sefton is not putting in an appearance this afternoon, Miss Lambert."

"No, I believe not; he is otherwise engaged."

"It is very odd," replied Miss Green, significantly; "but Mr. Sefton always is engaged when his sister gives one of her parties. I am told he hates society, and that sort of thing. Isn't it a pity that he should be so different from Edna? she is a darling, and so charming, but her brother——" and here Miss Green shrugged her shoulders; and her keen, black eyes seemed to demand Bessie's opinion; but Bessie made no rejoinder. She was not much prepossessed with Miss Green, and left her as soon as politeness allowed her, to sit with an old lady who was very chatty and amusing, and who called her "My dear" at every word.

It was no use trying to speak to Edna, she was always surrounded by a group of young people. Once or twice the thought crossed Bessie's mind, how Mr. Sinclair would like to see her laughing and talking so long with that handsome Captain Grant. She was not exactly flirting—Bessie would not do her that injustice, but she allowed him to pay her a great deal of attention. It struck her that

Mrs. Sefton was uneasy, for she called her to her side once.

"My dear Miss Lambert, I cannot attract Edna's attention, and I want to speak to her particularly; she is somewhere in the shrubberies with that tall man with the dark moustache—Captain Grant. I spoke to her as she passed just now, but neither of them heard me."

"Shall I go and fetch her, Mrs. Sefton?"

"I shall be very glad if you will do so, my dear," and Bessie at once started in pursuit. She overtook them by the summer-house. Edna looked rather bored as she received her mother's message, though she at once obeyed it; but Captain Grant kept his place at her side.

Mrs. Sefton received him rather coldly.

"Edna," she said, addressing her daughter, "I want to speak to you about the Mackenzies; they are sitting quite alone, and no one is talking to them; and that tall brother of theirs has not played a single game."

"That is his own fault; I offered him Marian Atherton for a partner ages ago, but he plays badly; as for the girls, they keep aloof from everybody. I introduced Mr. Sayers and Major Sparkes to them, but they have evidently frightened them away. Mamma, are we engaged for Thursday? Because Captain Grant wants us to go and see the officers play polo."

"That is the day I am going up to town, Edna."

"But you can put it off," she interposed, eagerly. "It will be such fun. Mrs. Grant is to give us tea, and it will be such a treat for Bessie."

"My mother is counting upon the pleasure of seeing you all, Mrs. Sefton. She has been unable to call, but she is hoping to make your acquaintance in this way."

"She is very kind, Captain Grant," returned Mrs. Sefton, stiffly; "but unfortunately, as my daughter knows, I have a very important engagement for that day."

"I am extremely sorry to hear it; still, if the young ladies care to drive over, my mother will chaperone them," persisted Captain Grant; "or perhaps their brother."

"Oh, of course, I forgot Richard," exclaimed Edna, disregarding her mother's evident objections. Mrs. Sefton looked annoyed, but she said civilly—

"I will see what Richard thinks, but you must not take anything for granted, Edna, until I have spoken to him."

"Oh, I will tease him into taking us," returned Edna, gaily. "I do love polo, and I am sure Bessie will be delighted. Now we must start another game, Captain Grant." And before her mother could interpose, Edna had crossed the lawn with him.

"Shall you be very disappointed if you do not see polo, Miss Lambert?" asked Mrs. Sefton, presently.

"No, indeed. But I am afraid Edna

will be; she seems to have set her heart on going."

"Richard will not take her," returned Mrs. Sefton; "he has a strong objection to Captain Grant; and I must own I think he is right. He is very handsome, but he has not a straightforward look. I have no wish to see him intimate here. He is forward and pushing, and does not take a rebuff. But Edna does not agree with me," with a quick, impatient sigh.

Captain Grant's unfortunate invitation entirely marred the harmony of the evening. Directly the guests had left, the family sat down to a cold collation, instead of a regular dinner. Richard had only just come in, and taken his place, declaring that he was as hungry as a hunter, when Edna informed him of their plans for Thursday.

"Mamma has to go up to town, so she cannot possibly go with us, and the carriage will have to fetch her from the station, so you must drive us over to Staplehurst in your dogcart, Ritchie. I daresay Bessie will think that fun."

Richard glanced uneasily at his step-mother before he answered, as though he wished for her opinion, and she gave him a significant look.

"I am very sorry, Edna, but I am afraid it is impossible. I have to go over to Fordham on business, and I cannot possibly be back until six."

"On some stupid farming business I suppose," returned Edna, and it was evident her temper could ill brook the contradiction. Her colour rose, and there was an ominous sparkle in her eye, but Richard answered, composedly—

"Yes, I have to meet Medway and Stephenson. I am sorry to disappoint you and Miss Lambert, but Thursday is never a free day with me."

"No, indeed, nor any other day of the week when I want you to do anything," returned Edna, with rising excitement. "Now don't make any more excuses, Richard; do you think I am a child to believe in your Medways and Stephensons? I saw you look at mamma before you answered, and you think she does not wish me to go."

"My darling, why need you excite yourself so?"

"It is you that excite me, mamma, you and Richard. You have got some foolish notion in your heads about Captain Grant, just because the poor man is civil to me. You treat me, both of you, as though I were a baby—as though I could not be trusted to take care of myself; it is very unjust," continued Edna, "and I will not bear it from Richard."

"I confess I don't see the gist of your remarks," returned her brother, who was now growing angry in his turn; "and I don't think all this can be very amusing to Miss Lambert. If my mother has an objection to your keeping up an acquaintance with Captain Grant, it is your duty to give the thing up. In my opinion she

is right; he is not the sort of friend for you, Edna, and his mother is disliked by all the officers' wives. I should think Sinclair would have a right to object to your frequent visits to Staplehurst." But Edna was in no mood to listen to reason.

"Neville knows better than to state his objections to me," she returned, haughtily; "and it is quite unnecessary to drag his name into the present conversation. I will only trouble you to answer me one question. Do you absolutely refuse to do me this favour, to drive Miss Lambert and me over to Staplehurst on Thursday?"

"I must refuse," returned Richard, firmly. "It is quite true that my engagement can be put off, but it is so evident that my mother objects to the whole thing that I will not be a party to your disobeying her wishes."

Edna rose from the table and made him a profound curtsy.

"Thank you for your moral lecture, Richard; but it is quite thrown away. I am not going to be controlled like a child. If you will not take us, Bessie and I will go alone. I quite mean it, mamma." And Edna marched angrily out of the room.

"Oh dear," observed Mrs. Sefton, fretfully; "I have not seen her so put out for months; it must have been your manner, Richard. You were so hard on the poor child. Now she will go and make herself ill with crying."

"Did I misunderstand you?" asked Richard, astonished at this. "Did you wish me to take them, after all?"

"Of course not; what an absurd question. I would not have Edna go for worlds. Neville only said the other day how much he disliked the Grants, and how he hoped Edna kept them at a distance. I think he has heard something to Captain Grant's disadvantage; but you know how wilful she is, you might have carried your point with a little tact and finesse, but you are always so clumsy with Edna."

"You did not help me much," returned Richard, rather bitterly. "You left me to bear the brunt of Edna's temper, as usual. Why did you not tell her yourself your reasons for disliking her to go? But no; I am to be the scapegoat, as usual, and Edna will not speak to me for a week." And so saying he pushed his chair away and walked to the window.

Mrs. Sefton did not answer her stepson. Most likely her conscience told her that his reproach was a just one. She only glanced at Bessie's grieved face and downcast eyes, and proposed to retire.

The drawing-room was empty when they entered it, and as Bessie noticed Mrs. Sefton's wistful look round the room she said, timidly—

"May I go and talk to Edna?"

"No, my dear, far better not," was the reply. "Edna has a hot temper; she takes after her poor father in that. We must give her time to cool. I will go to

her myself presently. She was very wrong to answer Richard in that way, but he has so little tact."

Bessie did not trust herself to reply. She took her book to the window that her hostess might not find it incumbent on her to talk, and in a short time Mrs. Sefton left the room. Richard entered it a moment later.

"Are you alone?" he asked, in some surprise. "I suppose my mother has gone up to Edna."

"Yes, she is uneasy about her. Shall I play to you a little, Mr. Sefton? It is getting too dark to read." Bessie made this overture as a sort of amends to Richard, and the friendly little act seemed to soothe him.

"You are very kind; I should like it of all things," he returned, gratefully. So Bessie sat down and played her simple tunes and sang her little songs until the young man's perturbed spirits were calmed and quieted by the pure tones of the girlish voice, and presently, when she paused for a minute, he said—

"It is awfully good of you to take all this trouble for me."

"Oh, no it is not," replied Bessie, smiling. "I like singing; besides, you are feeling dull this evening; your talk with your sister has upset you."

"No one ever noticed before if I were dull or not," he replied, with a sigh; "but I am afraid that sounds ungracious. I think we owe you an apology, Miss Lambert, for airing our family disagreements in your presence. I am more sorry than I can say that you should have been subjected to this unpleasantness."

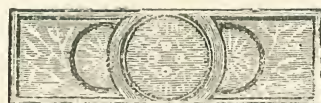
"Oh, never mind me," returned Bessie, cheerfully. "I am only sorry for all of you. I daresay Edna did not mean half she said; people say all sorts of things when they are angry. I am afraid she is bitterly disappointed. I have heard her say before how fond she is of watching polo; but I daresay she will soon forget all about it."

"I cannot flatter myself with that belief. Edna does not so easily forget when her whims are crossed. I daresay she will send me to Coventry all the week, but I can't help that. Nothing would induce me to drive her over to Staplehurst, and she will hardly carry out her threat of going without me."

"Of course not." And Bessie fairly laughed.

"No, it was an idle threat; but all the same it is very vexatious." But Bessie would not let him dwell on the grievance. She began telling him about Tom, and a funny scrape he had got into last term; and this led to a conversation about her home, and here Bessie grew eloquent; and she was in the midst of a description of Cliffe and its environs when Mrs. Sefton reappeared, looking fagged and weary, and informed them that Edna had a headache and had retired to bed.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

MARTHA.—The limits of the human voice, as allowed for by composers, includes four octaves, counting from the highest note of a soprano voice, down to the lowest of the bass. The ordinary compass is about twelve tones only, though many take in two octaves and upwards, and some have even taken in three and a half, as did, for example, the voice of Catalani. The love and cultivation of music in some form, taking into our calculation the mere strumming on a banjo, or producing a popular air on an accordion, has greatly increased of late years, and it is computed that even amongst the poorer classes about four per cent. of the people play some instrument; while amongst the middle and upper classes the average amounts to twenty-four per cent.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—The most ancient song or piece of music of which we have any record would seem to be Lino's "Song of Complaint," which was common to both the Egyptians and the Greeks, but of which we do not know the tune. The most ancient music still in existence appears to be the Hebrew "Blessing of the Priests," which was sung in the Temple at Jerusalem, and is still used in the Spanish and Portuguese synagogues. The chant originally in use for the *Te Deum Laudamus* of St. Gregory the Great dates from the end of the sixth century.

MISCELLANEOUS.

B.H. sends us a prose account of a Welsh church, "hoping we will see fit to insert it in our columns." This little sketch is well written, and shows considerable skill in the description of scenery. The young writer may feel encouraged to "try again," we think, and will perhaps arrive at something worth having.

DEAF.—You had better go and see the appliance which you desire to obtain for the aid of your hearing. There is a little silver tube which can be put into the ear, and does not protrude beyond the orifice. Some feel it irksome to be worn; and it would need careful fitting, and to be tried for a few days before purchasing it.

E. SHIRKS.—To know anyone "by the cut of his jib" is a seafaring phrase.

FAN.—Perhaps carbolio soap obtained at a chemist's might suit the state of your teeth, and we should think, some stopping by a dentist.

BUFF.—You must obtain permission of the author before you may translate and publish any work. Foreign authors are protected for a period of two years, and then they may be translated. We could not tell you what the painting of a fan or tambourine would fetch.

NELLS.—The longest word in the English language is always said to be the name of Henry Carey's Burlesque Comedy, "Chrononhotonthologos"; it is the name of the hero and king.

A CONSTANT READER.—The Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew, with the exception of the books of Ezra and Daniel, and these were written in Chaldee. With reference to the Holy Gospels, St. Matthew wrote in Hebrew (or the then spoken Syriac), and the MS. was shortly afterwards translated into Greek, but by whom appears to be a disputed point. St. Athanasius ascribes it to St. James "the Just," but another ancient writer (Theophylact) says it was reported to have been done by St. John. The Gospel according to St. Mark was written in Latin; while those by St. Luke and St. John were in Greek.

POLLY-WOG (Melbourne).—Your verses are sadly irregular. You should count the feet in every line, and keep the beat to a special syllable in each line. It should never be changed. You write well when reduced to the smallest size, that in which you transcribed your little poem.

E. P. and O.—You should write to one or more of the great shipping agencies, such as the Allan's of Liverpool (James Street). The rules and regulations in reference to the engagement of a stewardess differ somewhat in the several companies.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Do not watch for results in teaching the children; leave that with Him for whom you work. Remember the words about the planting and watering, followed by the reminders, "but God giveth the increase." Be persevering in your own duty, however "uphill" the work may be, and many the discouragements. Missionaries have laboured for many years without the comfort of seeing any "results," and suddenly their hopes were realised. The prophet Isaiah made a similar complaint to your own (see chapter xlix. 4.) "Then I said, I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain; yet surely my judgment was by the Lord, and my work with my God."

ISMENE, EUTERPE, ANTIGONE.—You send us no less than nine specimens of quick writing in Greek, English, and French, the quickest writers of all accomplishing the transcription of as many as forty-four words in one minute. This is certainly above the average. We have only timed two writers (both authors) much practised in the use of the pen; but they did not attain to your example of speed. Perhaps they are rather slow writers, and scarcely fair examples to show our average speed in this country, still we imagine that you write rather faster than we do. Your English is excellent; and we think your writing is the best. We were amused to observe your friends' acquaintance with our old Nursery Rhymes!

NINNIE.—We thank you for your kind letter. The 6th July, 1866, was a Monday.

A LANCASHIRE LASS and EMILY K. have sent us examples of "poetry," or rather attempts at rhyming prose. We never discourage these girlish attempts, for we know they afford a healthy vent to feelings and sentiments which they would confide to no one, and which become more moderate and sensible when they see the light of day expressed on paper. But our girls must bear in mind that the past masters of poetry were also the best and most careful of workers. Lately, in an Italian library, there has been found a sonnet of Ariosto's of twenty lines, re-written sixteen times, with continual changes of words and expressions, until it reached the degree of perfection which satisfied the writer's cultivated ear. We wish some of our would-be poetesses would take the same pains, and see what the result would be.



KENLEA.—We suppose your question to be merely a silly undignified joke, one of those "jestings which are not convenient." Could any really respectable girl inquire whether it would be "a correct thing for a young lady to go for a day's excursion with a young unmarried gentleman, to whom she was only introduced on the previous day"? She ought to be ashamed of herself.

UNHAPPY ONE.—The nearest answer to your question given in the Bible is the command, "Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." We cannot give you a cure for shortness of stature, but we can recommend you gymnastic exercises, in moderation, as conducive to health. Beware of using dumb-bells too heavy for your size and strength.

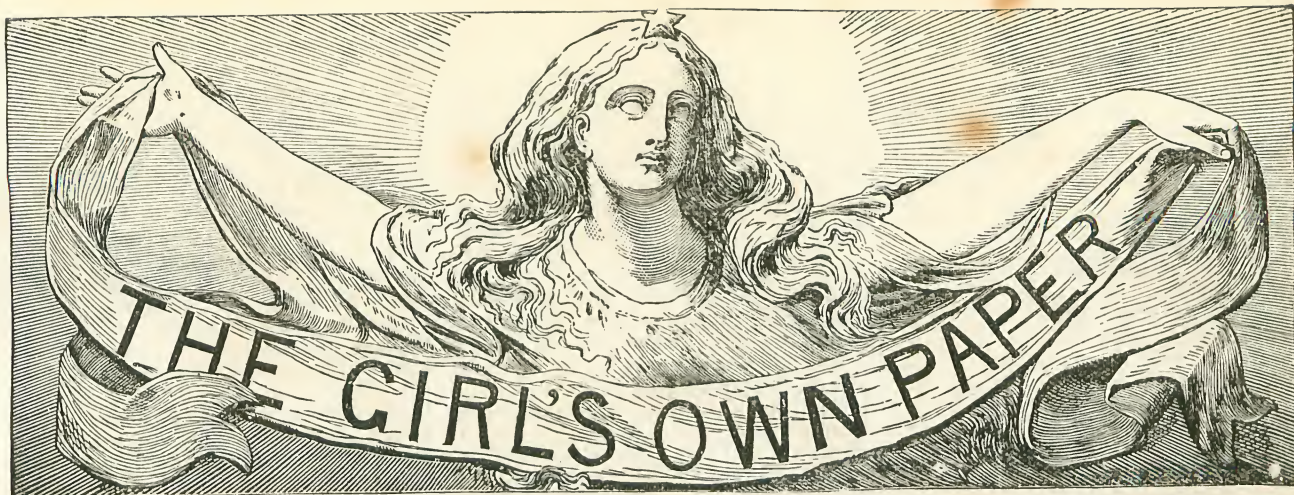
FAVORITA.—You should consult the clergyman who has been preparing you for confirmation, as to the dress agreed upon for the rest of the young people to be confirmed with you; it should not be a matter of your own private choice. White caps may be worn, not veils. In any case, the plainer the dress the better, as it is not an occasion for display. 2. A gargle of a solution of powdered alum and water might be of service to you, or tannin lozenges.

LUCY HOPE.—The misfortune respecting your nose might possibly be remedied by the use of the machine to which you refer; but it should have been employed before, as you are old enough to have ceased growing. Still, we do not wish to discourage you.

S. S. TEACHER.—It is said that the gifts of the "wise men," or Magi of the East, were symbolic offerings, acknowledging Him as "King" by the gold; "God" by the frankincense, and "Man" by the myrrh.

IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.—We imagine that you need a dry, bright, cheerful, bracing place, and think that the "High Level" at Upper Norwood is likely to suit you well.





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DECEMBER 22, 1888.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.



"AS SHE STOOPED TO KISS ME."

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CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AT THE GRANGE.

THE unfortunate dispute between Edna and her brother had taken place on Saturday evening, and as Bessie went up to her room that night she made up her mind that the first Sunday at Oatlands would be a failure, as far as enjoyment was concerned.

"I never can be happy myself unless I see others happy round me," thought Bessie, rather mournfully; "and Edna has taken this disappointment so badly that I am afraid she will make us all suffer for it." But in this opinion she was wrong. Her acquaintance with Edna had been brief, and she had no suspicion of the intense pride that blended with Edna's wilfulness, nor of the tenacity, strange in such a bright young creature, that could quietly maintain its purpose, under a careless, light-hearted exterior.

Edna had evidently been ashamed of her outburst of temper on the previous evening, for she came down on Sunday morning looking a little pale and subdued, and very gentle in her manner to her mother and Bessie. She seemed to ignore Richard; beyond a cold good morning, she did not vouchsafe him a word or look; and as all his overtures towards reconciliation were passed over in chilling silence, he soon left her to herself. They all went to church together, and as they walked through the lanes Edna seemed to recover her buoyancy. She laughed and chatted with her mother, and made sprightly speeches in her usual way; and no one could have judged from her manner that there was a spot of bitterness under the smooth surface—an angry consciousness that Richard had dared to cross her will.

Ah, well! there are many beside Edna who enter God's house with their darling sin hugged close to their bosom, fondled and cherished as their dearest foe. Truly we may say we are miserable sinners, and that there is no health in us, for the black plague spot is often hidden under the white vesture, undetected by human insight, but clearly legible to the "Eye that seeth not as man seeth."

Once Bessie looked up from her hymn book, as Edna's clear, high notes reached her ear. Edna seemed singing with all her heart, "Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise! who does not crave for rest?" Her brown eyes were soft with feeling, there was a sweet, almost angelic look upon her face; a passing emotion possessed her. Alas, that such moods should be transitory! And yet it has ever been so in the world's history. Unsanctified human nature is always fickle, and the "Hosanna" of yesterday becomes the "Crucify Him" of to-day.

After their early luncheon, Edna asked Bessie if she would go with her to see the Athertons.

"Mamma indulges in a nap on Sunday afternoon," she explained, "and as I am not fond of my own company, I run in and have a chat with the girls."

"If you would excuse me," returned Bessie, looking rather uncomfortable, "I should so much rather stay at home. You see I have been accustomed to spend Sunday very quietly. We have never paid visits, as some people do. Church

and Sunday-school and a little sacred music and reading, and the day soon passes. If you do not mind, I would rather sit in the garden, or take a stroll through those lovely lanes, than go to the Athertons."

Edna looked exceedingly amused at this speech, and at Bessie's hot cheeks.

"My dear Daisy, don't look so perturbed. This is Liberty Hall, and our guests always do exactly as they please. I would not interfere with your little prudish ways for the world. I do not require your company in the least. You may retire to your own room and read the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with the blinds down if you please, and mamma and I will not say a word. There are 'Blair's Sermons' in the attic, and 'Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs.' They are a bit dusty, perhaps, but you won't object to that, for they are full of wholesome and cheerful reading."

"Thank you," returned Bessie, undisturbed by this light banter. "But I brought a book from home, in which I am much interested—Bishop Hannington's life—and as you are so good as to spare me, I mean to explore some of those shady lanes; they are so nice and quiet."

Edna was about to make another mischievous rejoinder, but as she looked at Bessie she refrained. Bessie's contented gentle expression, the quiet dignity that seemed to invest her girlishness, closed Edna's mouth.

"She is a good little thing, and I won't tease her," she thought. And she refrained with much magnanimity from one of her droll speeches when Maud Atherton asked where Miss Lambert was.

"She preferred taking a walk," returned Edna, which was the truth, but not the whole truth, for, as she said to herself, "Those girls shall not have the chance of laughing at my dear little Bessie." And she cleverly changed the conversation to a safer topic; for she was quite a diplomatist in her small way.

"Edna is really very good-natured," thought Bessie, gratefully, as she sauntered happily through the leafy lanes.

How delicious the air felt. It was June, and yet there was still the crispness of the spring. She felt as though she and the birds had this beautiful world to themselves, and the twitterings and rustlings in the thicket were the only sounds that broke the Sabbath stillness.

Bessie had just turned into a sunny bit of road when an abject-looking white dog with a black patch over his eye suddenly wriggled himself through a half-closed gate.

"Why, I do believe that is Bill Sykes," thought Bessie, as the creature stood looking at her. "Bill, what are you doing so far from home?" Bill wagged his tale feebly in a deprecating manner. "Why don't you walk like a gentleman," continued Bessie, and, to her great amusement, the dog rose solemnly on his hind legs and commenced stalking down the lane. Bessie burst into a laugh that was echoed by another voice.

"Well done, old Bill." And looking up Bessie saw Richard Sefton leaning on the gate with his dogs round him. "Don't move, Miss Lambert," he continued hastily; "stand where you are

till I join you." And as Bessie looked rather surprised at this peremptory speech he walked quickly to her side and put his hand on her shoulder. "A friend, Leo. Excuse my unceremoniousness, Miss Lambert, but Leo needs an introduction," and at his words a huge mastiff, who had been eyeing Bessie in a dubious manner, walked quietly up to her.

"Will it be safe for me to pat him?" asked Bessie, as she looked at the big tawny head and heavy jowl of the magnificent beast; but the brown sunken eyes had a friendly expression in them.

"Oh, yes, Leo will be as quiet as a lamb, and what is more, he will never forget you. You may go within the reach of his chain any day, and he will behave to you like a gentleman. Leo is an aristocrat, and never forgets *noblesse oblige*."

"He is a splendid animal," returned Bessie, and then she noticed the other dogs. They were all there; Gelert and Brand, and Juno and her puppies, and Spot and Tim.

"We have been for a long walk," observed Richard, as they turned their faces homeward. "The dogs have been wild with spirits, and I had some difficulty with them at first. You see they make the most of their weekly holiday."

"What do you do on a wet Sunday?" asked Bessie, curiously.

"Well, I smoke a pipe with them in the stable, and so give them the pleasure of my company. I do hate disappointing dumb animals, Miss Lambert—they have their feelings as much as we have, and I think we ought to behave handsomely to them. I remember when I was quite a little fellow my mother taught me that."

"Your mother!" in some surprise, for somehow Mrs. Sefton never gave Bessie the impression that her relations with Richard were of the motherly sort.

"Oh, I mean my own mother," he returned, hastily, as though answering her unspoken thought. "I was very young when she died, but I have never forgotten her. She was not a lady by birth, you know; only a farmer's or yeoman's daughter, but there is not a lady living who is prettier or sweeter than she was."

"I am glad you feel like that to your mother," replied Bessie, in a sympathetic voice that seemed to ask for further confidence. Richard Sefton had never spoken of his mother to anyone before. What could have drawn the beloved name from his lips? Was it this girl's soothing presence, or the stillness of the hour and the quiet beauty of the scene round him? Richard was impressionable by nature, and possibly each of these things influenced him. It was a new pleasure to speak to a kindly listener of the memories that lay hidden in his faithful heart.

"Yes, and yet I was a mere child when I lost her," he went on, and there was a moved look on his face; "but I remember her as plainly as I see you now. She was so young and pretty—everyone said so. I remember once when I was lying in my little cot one night, too hot and feverish to sleep, that she came up to me in her white gown—it was made of some shining stuff, silk

or satin—and she had a sparkling cross on her neck. I remember how it flashed in my eyes as she stooped to kiss me, and how she carried me to the window to look at the stars. ‘Are they not bright, Ritchie?’ she said; ‘and beyond there is the great beautiful heaven, where my little boy will go some day,’ and then she stood rocking me in her arms. I heard her say quite plainly, ‘Oh, that I and my little child were there now.’ And as she spoke something wet fell on my face. I have heard since that she was not happy—not as happy as she ought to have been, poor mother.”

“And is that all you can remember?” asked Bessie, gently.

“Oh, no; I have many vague recollections of making daisy chains with my mother on the lawn; of a great yellow cowslip ball flung to me in an orchard; of a Sunday afternoon, when some pictures of Samuel, and David and Goliath were shown me; and many other little incidents. Children do remember, whatever grown-up people say.”

“I think it would be terrible to lose one’s mother, especially when one is a child,” observed Bessie, in a feeling voice.

“I have found it so, I assure you,” replied Richard, gravely. “My stepmother was young, and did not understand children—boys especially. I seemed somehow in the way to everyone but my father. A lonely childhood is a sad thing; no success nor happiness in after life seems to make up for it.”

“I understand what you mean; father always says children claim happiness as a right.”

“It is most certainly their prerogative; but I fear I am boring you with my reminiscences.”

“Not at all; you are giving me a great pleasure, Mr. Sefton. I do like knowing about people—their real selves I mean, not their outside: it is so much more interesting than any book. I think, as a rule, people shut themselves up too much, and so they exclude light and sympathy.”

“One longs for sympathy sometimes,” said Richard; but he turned away his face as he spoke.

“Yes, everyone needs it, and most of us get it,” replied Bessie, feeling very sorry for the young man in her heart. He was too manly and too generous to complain openly of his stepmother’s treatment, but Bessie understood it all as well as though he had spoken.

“In a large family there is no complaint to be made on this score. When I have a grievance there is always mother or Hatty, or Christine, and father. We take all our big things to father. Oh, at home no one is left out in the cold.”

“I think your home must be a happy one, Miss Lambert—but here we are at The Grange. I must bid you good-bye for the present, for I have an errand in the village.” But Richard did not explain that his errand was to sit with a crippled lad, whose life of suffering debared him from all pleasure. If there were one person in the world whom Bob Rollton adored it was “the young Squire.” “He is a real gentleman, he is,” Bob would say; “and not one of your make-believe

gentry. It is all along of him and Spot and the little ‘un, Tim, that I don’t hate Sundays; but he comes reg’lar, does the Squire; and he brings some rare good books with him; and Tim curls himself up on my blanket, and Spot sits on the window-sill making believe to listen, and we have a good old time.” Other people beside Bob could have cited instances of the young Squire’s thoughtfulness and active benevolence; but Richard Sefton was one who did good by stealth, and almost as though he were ashamed of it, and neither his stepmother nor Edna guessed how much he was beloved in the village. Mrs. Sefton was one of those people who never believed in virtue, unless it had the special hall-mark that conventionality stamps upon it, and Richard’s simple charities, his small self-denials would have appeared despicable in her eyes. She herself gave largely to the poor at Christmas; blankets and clothing by the bale found their way to the East-end. The vicar of Melton called her “the benevolent Mrs. Sefton,” but she and Edna never entered a cottage, never sat beside a sick bed, or smoothed a dying pillow. Edna would have been horrified at such a suggestion. What had her bright youth to do with disease, dirt, and misery? “Don’t tell me about it,” was her usual cry, when any one volunteered to relate some piteous story. That such things should be allowed in a world governed by a merciful Providence was incredible, terrible, but that she should be brought into contact with it was an offence to her ladylike judgment. Many a girl has thought like Edna Sefton, and yet a Royal Princess could enter a squalid cottage, and take the starving babe to her bosom; and from that day to this Princess Alice has been a type of loving womanhood.

Edna had not returned from the Athertons’ when Bessie entered the house, so she went alone to the evening service. As the service was at half-past six, an informal meal was served at a quarter past eight, to allow the servants to attend church. Bessie was rather surprised at this mark of thoughtfulness, but she found out afterwards that Richard had induced his stepmother, with some difficulty, to give up the ceremonious late dinner. She urged as an objection that neither she nor Edna ever attended the evening service; but he overruled this, and carried his point.

Just before service commenced, Bessie was surprised to see him enter the church. She had no idea that he would come, but he told her afterwards that it was his usual practice. Just as they were starting for their homeward walk they were joined by a cousin of the Athertons. Bessie had seen her the previous day. She was a fair, interesting-looking girl, dressed in deep mourning. Her name was Grace Donnerton. Richard seemed to know her well. He had evidently waited for her to overtake them, and they all walked on happily together.

Bessie was much taken with her. She was the daughter of a clergyman, who had a large parish in Leeds, and she interested Bessie very much in her account of her own and her sisters’ work. They had lately lost their mother, and it was

surprising to hear of the way in which those young creatures helped their father in his good work.

“When any one is ill, we generally help to nurse them,” Grace had said, quite simply. “There are so many of us, that we can easily be spared, and we are so fond of our poor people. We have all attended ambulance lectures, and Lizzie, that is my eldest sister, is now training for a year at a hospital. She is very strong, and so fond of nursing, and she hopes to be very useful when she comes home. There are five of us, and we take turns in being papa’s housekeeper. Emma, who is very clever, manages the mothers’ meeting, and the rest of us do district work.”

Bessie was so interested by all this, that she was sorry when the walk drew to a close. After they had said good-bye to Miss Donnerton, Bessie said, “What a nice girl! I am sure I should like to know more of her.”

“Yes, I knew she would be your sort; that is why I waited for her,” replied Richard, as he opened the gate.

Bessie wondered over this speech as she ran up to her room. “‘My sort!’ what could he have meant by that?” she said to herself. “I only wish I were like Miss Donnerton, for I am sure she is sweet and good. Well, it has been a lovely day. I have not wished myself at home once. Now I must devote myself to Edna.”

Edna looked a little tired and bored, and Bessie did not find it easy to interest her. She appeared to be quite indifferent to Miss Donnerton’s merits.

“Oh, Grace! so you like her, do you? Well, I must confess she is too good for me. I never found her say anything interesting yet, but then I did not talk to her about poor people,” and Edna sneered slightly in a ladylike way. “I think all the girls were relieved when she went to church, for we could not get her to talk about anything.”

Yes, Edna was decidedly impracticable that evening. She would not be induced to play or sing; she was not in the humour for sacred music; no, she did not want to read; and everything was slow and stupid.

Bessie coaxed her into the garden at last, and the soft evening air refreshed her in spite of herself.

“Don’t you ever feel *ennuyée* and horrid?” she asked, in a sort of apologetic manner, presently.

“Oh, yes, I suppose so; at least, I don’t quite know what you mean,” returned Bessie; but she was not thinking of the question. The stars were glittering overhead, and Richard Sefton’s words recurred to her. How clearly she could see it all. The little lonely boy in his cot, the young mother coming up to soothe him. She could picture her so plainly in the white shining gown and the sparkling cross, with the tears falling on the child’s face. “Oh, that I and my little child were there now.” Oh, how sad it all sounded; and she had gone and not taken the boy with her. “Poor Mr. Sefton,” thought Bessie, as she recalled the sad, quiet tones and the moved look on Richard’s face.

(To be continued.)



POULTRY KEEPING :

A RECREATION AND SOURCE OF INCOME FOR GIRLS.

By THEO.

PART III.
FEEDING AND FOOD.

SINCE proper feeding of fowls is an absolute necessity for success in poultry keeping, this question must be most seriously considered. It is really quite depressing to think

of the thousands of hens in this country that are daily being hopelessly mismanaged in this matter. These unfortunates are fed on anything and everything, and often on nothing. They pick up what they can one day, and are given far too much the next to make up for it, no one for a moment considering that for a hen to produce eggs, feathers, etc., she must be regularly given the proper materials for doing so.

I went one day in the early spring to see some hens belonging to a lady who never went near them. These hens were taken care of by an old man who has had long experience, but who still had much to learn. It is sad to think, by the bye, that all I am now writing may be considered nonsense fifty years hence. But to return to the old man. I asked him how the hens were doing.

"Eh, badly miss, badly!" was his reply.

I asked him when he fed them and what he gave them, and he told me that he fed them regularly at three o'clock in the afternoon on Indian corn. I suggested that three o'clock was rather early, and that perhaps the hens might like a change; but he did not seem to see it, and said—

"No, no, they get now't but Indian corn, and never a bite after three o'clock; never a bite."

I interfered no further, but wondered how hens could possibly be expected to be prolific layers on such fat-forming diet, besides being

allowed to fast sixteen hours at least. Let us hope when the breakfast did come that it was one of good hot nourishing meal.

To keep fowls in good health in close confinement needs a great deal more care and thought than when they have a large grass range, for confined fowls have none of the resources of their more fortunate brethren and sisters, who not being at the mercy of their keepers can wander round, picking up worms to eat and grit to grind with, and herbal medicines to counteract all the bad effects from the ignorance of their feeder.

So no hens must be kept in confinement, for their own sakes or for the sake of their owners, unless they are to be well and thoughtfully cared for. A good poultry feeder must be thorough, regular, economical, and must above all things use all the common sense she possesses.

As we are at present only thinking about adult birds kept for laying, and not about chickens which require quite different treatment, let us consider when fowls should be fed.

A hen, like any of my readers, requires its meal at as regular intervals as possible, not allowing too long fasts, and yet not cramming a lot of meals into too short a space of time.

The first meal, consisting of soft food, hereafter described, should be given as early in the morning as possible, for poultry awake early, as anyone will know who sleeps within sound of a cock's melodious voice.

In summer, if hens have a grass range, they will take no harm first thing in the morning, but will wander off enjoying a splendid harvest of animal life, returning still, however, with unabated zeal for their breakfast.

As it is difficult in most households to get hot food before breakfast, when the kitchen fire is so fully occupied, it is well if the hens are closely confined to put a little corn in their run over-night; and if you can put it in such a position that the hens can fly up to it, but so that the mice cannot reach it, all the better. Always keep a separate pan devoted to the hens, in which request the cook to put all scraps, potato peelings, bits of pudding, odd drops of milk, etc.

If these scraps are well boiled the evening before, and placed on the kitchen fire next day, immediately after the household breakfast is served, they will then be hot and ready afterwards for pouring into either a tin or earthenware dish, and mixing with warm meal.

Comparatively few people mix their poultry food properly. Some throw out a moist, sticky

mess, and others throw odd scraps to their hens, big and little together, so that as most hens have the deplorable tendency of grasping at the biggest, the result of such feeding is a rushing, scrambling, bolting and choking sad to witness.

All scraps must be cut into small pieces and mixed with dry meal until they form a "short," firm lump, that will break in pieces when thrown on to the ground; it must neither be doughy nor sticky, nor must it be so dry as to crumble and waste the meal. Having mixed the food quickly, the poultry feeder is ready to sally forth, clad in apron, warm shawl, hat and strong boots; for she must never catch cold, else she will not be able to attend to her duties.

As soon as she nears the yard, and a hen so much as hears a step on the path or a gate creak, or catches sight of a bit of her dress, as surely will that hen run, and in running cause the rest to run, until the feeder stands a truly gratified spectator of an appreciated feast.

Now is the time, if she can tear herself away from their sight, to fill up the water jar, which must first be well rinsed out. Then she must remove all droppings from the hen house, which must be put into a barrel kept for the purpose, and will form excellent garden manure if kept dry, and should be paid for at the rate of about 2s. 6d. per hundredweight.

The eggs laid before breakfast should be collected, and any that have dropped from the perch be cleared away, as broken eggs always cause egg-eating hens.

I should have said that the food must be thrown upon the ground, if clean and dry, otherwise it must be placed in a tin trough, which must be kept scrupulously clean.

It should always be carefully noticed when the hens have had plenty, as an over-feed is very injurious to health and laying, the great rule being never to give hens more than they will eagerly run for. If they become in the least less eager, and begin one by one to walk off, leaving only a persevering few, take the food away at once, and don't mix quite so much next time. To over-feed fowls is a great temptation which must be strenuously avoided by young beginners.

In the cold winter months I keep my hens shut up in their nice dry house for an hour or so after breakfast, which gives them a quiet opportunity for digesting their food in the warmth. I also give them hot water to drink, which latter is a great help to them.

Laying hens must always be kept supplied with clean water, as it is quite surprising what

a quantity they drink. Six hens would require at least a quart daily.

If the hens have a grass run they will need no more attention until their evening meal, which must consist of some hard grain; and, as in the morning, no more must be given than the hens will eagerly run for. It has been given as a rule that a woman's handful, taken with the palm of the hand downwards, is a good allowance per head. I have found this plan answer fairly well, but as hens differ so much in size it cannot be taken absolutely. The time of the evening meal must vary with the sun, but the rule is to give as late as possible, allowing twenty minutes' exercise afterwards before retiring to roost.

If hens have only a small run they must have a very scanty meal of corn in the middle of the day, and as the object is to keep them as much occupied as possible, it must be thrown down among the loose earth, or among clean straw laid down for them to scratch amongst.

I think I must also reiterate here that a dry place of shelter, with plenty of fine ashes or road scrapings, is essential for hens in whatever way they are kept; they will then be quite happy, scratching and burying themselves for several hours of the sunny morning.

Hens have no teeth to masticate their food, but it is all ground up in the gizzard by means of sharp stones, gravel, sand, etc.

If fowls be kept short of this grit, as is very often the case, they suffer much, as the food cannot digest properly, and illness is the result.

Fowls with open runs can usually pick up all they need for themselves, but even then it is as well to be on the safe side, and to supply a little now and then.

Grit must be very sharp to do any good, and should consist of any small stone chip-pings, broken oyster-shells, old mortar, cinders, etc. Gravel that has been well rounded with water friction is of no use whatever. I have seen chickens that have been cooped up for a day or two eat hard grit as readily as the daintiest hard-boiled egg.

Cockle-shells broken up are very good, as they supply the lime for the shelling of the eggs, and the grit for grinding the food at the same time. If there be a difficulty in getting this grit near at hand it can be cheaply purchased; and though it may seem rather wasteful to buy stones by the sack, yet it is money saved in the end. All bought grit should be very sharp, and must be placed a little at a time in the run, in some kind of flat vessel, as it gets very much wasted if thrown upon the ground.

I have been giving many rules upon how to feed, but now I must tell you what to feed upon.

"The ideal diet is that combination of foods which, while imposing the least burden upon the body, supplies it with exactly sufficient material to meet its wants."—Dr. Schuster.

The above quotation is the heading to one of Prof. W. O. Atwater's most interesting articles in the *Century Magazine*, upon "What we should eat."

The editor of *Poultry* has very aptly applied many of the professor's ideas to our present subject, and has shown very clearly that in order to be a successful poultry feeder, knowledge of the habits and wants of the poultry is required.

All men and animals, and hens in particular, have three great needs which must be regularly supplied if there is to be healthy existence; and here I do most particularly wish my readers to bear with me while I go into what might seem at first sight unnecessary matter, for the whole object of these papers is to enable those interested in the subject to become more interested still, and by showing them a few principles to enable them to think for themselves, and to weigh and utilise facts, so that they may understand the reason why; for she will succeed best who, by knowing why, makes herself independent of those around her, and does not follow blindly any self-constituted guide.

But to return to our point. Every day a hen by living, running, and laying eggs is actually wearing herself out in the exact proportion to the amount of labour she performs and the amount of cold she has to endure. So every day a hen must have sufficient food to keep her body warm, to make up the wear and tear in her own muscles, and to give her strength to walk, run, fly, cackle, etc. A strong, healthy hen requires three different kinds of nourishment.

1. Flesh-forming foods; 2. Fats; 3. Warmth-giving and bone-making material.

Most of the foods have plenty of the warmth-giving and fattening materials; and as hens usually get far too much of these given them, there is little danger of starving them in this quarter. But it is the flesh-formers that are usually left out, and it is these which we shall now consider.

For the morning meal, where potato peelings are used, care must be taken to supply some rich flesh-formers with them, as by themselves they are very poor. So potatoes mixed with equal parts of sharps and barley-meal are good, sharps alone making the mixture too doughy.

In summer, where there are no peelings, the following meals are good:—

1st. Ground oats, *i.e.*, oats ground up with the husk on, not oatmeal.

2nd. Equal parts, sharps and barley-meal.
3rd. Sharps and buckwheat-meal.

By the following table, taken from W. L. Wright's "Book of Poultry," it will be seen that food differs considerably in these various qualities.

There is in every 100 parts by weight	Flesh-formers, Chitin, etc.	Warmth-giving and Fattening.		Bone Material	Husk, Fibre, and Water
		Fat.	Starch.		
Beans and peas ...	25	2	48	2	23
Oatmeal ...	18	6	63	2	11
Middlings or sharps ...	18	6	53	5	18
Oats ...	15	6	47	2	30
Wheat ...	12	3	70	2	13
Buckwheat ...	12	6	58	1	22
Barley ...	11	8	60	2	25
Indian corn ...	11	8	65	1	25
Hempseed ...	10	21	45	2	22
Rice ...	7	...	80	...	13
Potatoes ...	6	...	41	2	50
Milk ...	4	3	5	2	86
Requirements of hens, not counting water ...	17	6	77		

In glancing over this table it will be seen that very few foods "hit" the ideal exactly; and as house scraps cannot be analysed, we can only come to some approximate diet.

It will be seen that rice is a very poor food for laying hens, as it is the nitrogenous flesh-forming materials that form the richness of the egg.

Bean and pea meal is a very rich food, but cannot be given alone, as it is disliked by the fowls; but mixed with a less nourishing meal may be used for a change.

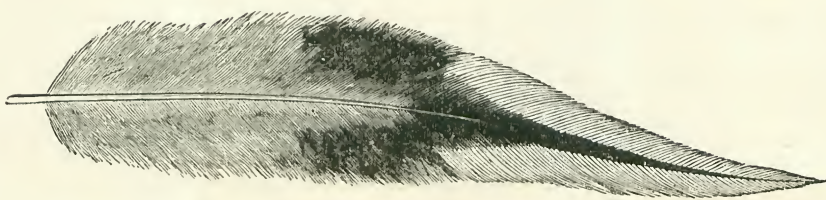
Oatmeal does not mix well by itself, and is, besides, too expensive to be used alone; but a little put in with the other meals is much liked by the fowls, and where the house supplies a great many potatoes, the oatmeal may be afforded to counteract them.

Milk must be used very sparingly in mixing food where hens are in close confinement, otherwise it is good. Always put salt in the meal, and a little pepper during the winter months.

I have only given a few of the mixtures, but with this table before her each poultry keeper will be able to try for herself any arrangement of foods she likes, for hens appreciate a variety, only let it be remembered that in summer hens do not require so much warmth-giving food as in winter, and *vice versa*.

Another time I hope to add suggestions upon the use of grains, meat, and green food to the poultry keeper.

(To be continued.)



A MODERN MONTAGUE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Ida Nicolari," "The Two Crowns," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"BROTHER MONTAGUE, GIVE ME THY HAND."

IT was late in October ere Mr. Denning and his daughter brought their wanderings to an end. By that time each had had enough of foreign life, and felt that it would be good to have done with the frequent changes from hotel to hotel and settle down once more to

their quiet life at home. Mr. Denning was decidedly better for the change. His tone of mind was no longer morbid; he could eat and sleep well; he was looking stronger and brighter than he had looked for many a day. He still walked with a slight limp, and was occasionally reminded by a twinge of pain of the accident which had befallen him at Venice;

but the ankle was *much stronger*, and would, he believed, get quite well in time. Olive was sure that the foot would not have recovered so well had not Mr. Rowcroft taken it in hand when he did. If Mr. Denning thought the same he did not confess it, and neither he nor his daughter ever spoke of Stuart Rowcroft.

The afternoon was clear and cold on which

they drove into Wivescombe from the railway junction, three miles distant. Everything in the little village wore the old familiar aspect. The children with their bags and slates were coming out of the school-house. The girls bobbed and the boys pulled their forelocks as Olive, who knew every child in the place, nodded to them. But Mr. Denning took no notice of the children. A grave, stern look, the meaning of which Olive knew well, settled on his face as they entered the village. The cloud deepened as they drove past the end of Love Lane and saw the tall hedges glowing with crimson berries and the yellow and russet of autumn leaves.

But it lifted as they drove in at his own gate and along the laurel-screened drive to the old ivy-covered porch. They had been unable to say exactly at what hour they would reach home; but Mrs. Denning was on the look-out for them, and her gentle, loving face appeared beneath the porch, radiant with joy at their return. As John Denning sprang down to receive her welcome he could feel nothing but gladness.

She was a frail, delicate little woman, and for a few moments the meeting seemed almost more than she could bear.

"At last! at last!" she half sobbed. "Oh, John, the time has seemed so long! But I do not mind, now that you have come back well and strong. And Olive, too, how well she looks! Dear child, you do not know how I have missed you."

"She has proved a capital traveller," said her father, "as well as a good nurse. I have given her a great deal of trouble."

"Ah, your ankle! I forgot to ask how that was," said Mrs. Denning, looking to see how her husband walked. "It is a little weak yet, I see."

"Oh, but it is much better. This is nothing; you should have seen it a few weeks ago," said Mr. Denning.

"What a blessing it was that you happened to fall in with that nice English surgeon," said Mrs. Denning, fervently. "Oh, John, have you heard about the Squire?"

"What about him?" asked Mr. Denning, his face clouding instantly. "You know I hate to hear anything about him. Has he been doing me any fresh mischief?"

"No, no, not that," said Mrs. Denning, hastily. "Wait, John; don't say anything you may be sorry for afterwards. Poor man! he is lying between life and death. It is very doubtful if you ever see him again."

Mr. Denning stood looking at his wife in grave, startled silence. A few minutes before he would have vowed that he wished nothing more than that he might never see the Squire again; but now a sense of awe checked his bitter feelings.

"Mamma! You don't mean it?" exclaimed Olive. "What is the matter with him? Has he been ill long?"

"No, he was only taken ill the day before yesterday on his way back from London. Some say he had a kind of fit. He has been doing too much, over-exciting himself, it appears. Oh, it makes me feel so thankful that your father's health has been restored!"

Mr. Denning turned away, not caring to hear more then. He knew that there was indeed cause for thankfulness that he had not been struck down like the Squire. He had come perilously near such an illness before he left home. Would the Squire recover? He hoped so. Although he was his enemy, he could not wish the poor old man dead. There had been a time, long ago, when they had lived on friendly, neighbourly terms with each other. They could never be friends again, but for the sake of those old times he wished that the Squire might be restored to health.

"They have sent for his sister," Mrs.

Denning was saying to Olive. "I am afraid the poor old man cannot recover. A physician from London has seen him to-day, and he has a trained nurse; but from what I can hear there is little hope. I felt as if I could not bear to hear your father speak violently against him when perhaps he is breathing his last."

"No, indeed," said Olive, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"You see," said Mrs. Denning, with an air of apology, "when I think of that poor old man lying there so ill, without either wife or child to care for him, I cannot help feeling more kindly towards him, although he did behave so badly to your father."

"Of course you cannot," said Olive, warmly. "Oh, how I wish father could forgive him! In this sad life, where death is always near, people should learn to love each other and forget injuries."

Mrs. Denning looked at her daughter with a glance at once tender and discerning.

"Ah, child!" she said, "you were always good and loving; but we older folks do not find it so easy to forgive." Then with apparent irrelevance she asked: "What sort of man was that Mr. Rowcroft who looked after your father's foot? Did you like him, Olive?"

"Yes; he was very nice," said Olive, vexed with herself that she could not answer the question without blushing; "we are really very much indebted to him for his kindness."

"So I suppose," said Mrs. Denning. "What a pity that he is a Rowcroft! That makes it impossible for us to invite him here or show him any attention."

For several days the old Squire lay to all appearance at the point of death. Mr. Denning inquired every day as to his condition, and suffered no harsh word respecting him to pass his lips. At last to the surprise even of the doctors the old man's hardy constitution triumphed, and he began to recover. Very slowly he regained a measure of health and strength. As soon as he was well enough to be moved he was sent away to St. Leonards for the benefit of sea air. Thus it happened that Christmas came round ere John Denning had once seen the face of his enemy whose look of triumph he had dreaded to meet.

Whatever he felt concerning Squire Rowcroft he kept to himself; but his wife did not conceal that her feelings towards their neighbour had softened. Her pitiful woman's heart was touched by what she heard of the old man's enfeebled condition and the sad change apparent in him as he was wheeled to and fro the esplanade at St. Leonards in his invalid chair. She invariably spoke of him as the "poor old Squire." The Squire absent, nothing occurred to disturb John Denning's equanimity. Everything in his life was as it had been before the disastrous lawsuit was contemplated, save that now no one belonging to the household at the Chase ever set foot in Love Lane. Mr. Denning had not forbidden his family to do so; but it seemed to be understood amongst them that that way was prohibited.

Mrs. Denning fancied that Olive had been rather out of spirits since her return from abroad; but she brightened up as Christmas approached, and looked forward to welcoming her brothers, who were coming, one from Oxford and one from Eton, to spend their holidays at home. They stayed in London on their way, and did not arrive at Wivescombe till two days before Christmas. Olive drove to the station to meet them. There was an unusual bustle at the station when the train came in, half an hour behind its time. It was surprising to see how many passengers alighted; but Olive quickly recognised her brothers, and hurried forward to greet them. The next moment she was startled to perceive

behind them, stepping from the same compartment of the train—Stuart Rowcroft! Their eyes met, and she turned from her brothers with heightened colour to greet him.

"Yes, Miss Denning; it is I," he said, his face bright with pleasure as he shook hands with her. "I told you I should be coming to Wivescombe some day, and here I am. I have come to spend Christmas at the Hall."

"But the Squire is away; he has been very ill," said Olive, in her surprise.

"He came home yesterday, I believe. What, am I actually telling you news of your own neighbour? He is better, quite well enough to welcome a cousin, I assure you. But there is the carriage waiting for me, and I must not keep you from your friends, who have been my travelling companions. I shall see you again; I hope to call upon Mr. Denning." And with a bow and smile, which included the whole group, he passed on.

"Who in the world is that fellow, Olive?" asked her brother Herbert, looking after him.

"A gentleman we met in Italy—Mr. Rowcroft," said Olive, hurriedly.

Herbert's face assumed an expression of disgust. No member of the family had espoused his father's quarrel more warmly than he.

"A Rowcroft! Bah! If I had known he bore that name I should not have been so ready to chum with him coming down," he observed. "What relation is he to the Squire?"

"A cousin. His father was first cousin to the Squire, I believe," said Olive, coolly.

"What was father thinking of to let you make the acquaintance of any relative of the Squire's?" asked Tom, her younger brother.

"It was a very good thing for father that we did make his acquaintance," said Olive, with some dignity of manner. "Father owes it to Mr. Rowcroft that his accident at Venice did not lame him for life."

"Phew! So that fellow is the surgeon who doctored his ankle!" exclaimed Tom. "Well, he's not half-bad, and he can't help having such a crusty, cantankerous old cousin. Now then, Olive, jump in, and let's get home. I'm going to drive, Herbert."

Tom liked to drive fast, and he whirled the dog-cart along at such speed that they soon overtook the heavy, lumbering carriage from the Hall. Olive caught a quick, eager glance from its occupant as he courteously raised his hat. There was a lovely colour on Olive's cheek, her eyes were radiant, her smile of the brightest as she chatted away to her brothers, talking so fast that they had no chance of interposing questions concerning the Squire or anyone belonging to him. Olive could not have told why she felt so sure now of a happy Christmas, or why, in spite of every disturbing element, the world had grown brighter for her because a certain visitor had come to the Hall; but so it was.

The decoration of the old church, for which Olive was generally responsible, kept her busy on the following day. Her brothers helped her for an hour or two; but they soon wearied of the work, and when Olive complained of a lack of holly-berries, Herbert proposed that he and Tom should go in search of some.

"All right, it won't take us long; we shall find plenty in Love Lane," said Tom.

"Oh, don't go there for them," cried Olive, anxiously. "Father would be vexed if he knew that you went into the lane."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Tom, "we have as much right to go into the lane as the Squire himself. And the holly is for the church; it is not as if we wanted it for our own place."

"But don't take it from there, Tom," Olive besought him; "indeed, you had better not."

Tom would not promise, but Herbert had no wish to invade Love Lane, and he took his brother off in another direction. They had a good walk, and did not get back to the church till it was growing dusk. So it happened that Stuart Rowcroft, strolling into the old church early in the afternoon, found Olive surrounded by bundles of evergreens, and somewhat desperately contemplating the work that had to be done with no more efficient help than that of some of the elder scholars who were her companions. She could not refuse the help he offered, and the work went on more rapidly when she had his clever fingers and manly strength at her command.

"Well, are you pleased with our work?" he asked, after a while, as they paused to survey the effect.

"Our work!" it was pleasant to him to say them, and pleasant to her to hear the words.

The afternoon had slipped by so quickly that it seemed to Olive as if barely an hour had passed when her brothers came in, bringing rich spoil of holly-berries. Herbert greeted the Squire's guest with very distant politeness, but it was not in Tom's nature to be cold to anyone, far less to one who had rendered his father timely aid. As he lingered to help his sister put the finishing touches to her decorations, he was soon chatting freely with Mr. Rowcroft. On leaving the church the three walked together as far as the entrance to Love Lane; but there they parted, Mr. Rowcroft hoping in vain for an invitation to the Chase. Gladly would Olive have asked him to come and see her father, but she dared not. Yet Olive went home with her heart more light and glad than it had been on any Christmas Eve before. No word had passed between them that another might not hear, yet something had told her that Stuart Rowcroft *liked* her, and that knowledge seemed enough for happiness just then. Yes, even though she tried to sober herself with the reflection, "It must all come to an end; when Christmas is over he will go away, and I shall see him no more," she could not but feel glad.

A perfect Christmas morning dawned upon Wivescombe. The air was keen, but the sun shone brightly on roads white with frost, and fields and hedges which looked as if they had been sprinkled with diamond dust. The young men chose to walk to a church some miles off, where there was a more highly-trained choir than Wivescombe could boast; but Olive went with her parents to the old village church. As they walked thither she summoned courage to make an announcement to her father which she felt should have been made before.

"Father," she asked, rather timidly, "have you heard that Mr. Stuart Rowcroft is spending Christmas at the Hall? You know whom I mean—the Mr. Rowcroft who so kindly attended to your foot when we were at Verona."

"I understand," said her father, curtly, "and I do not forget that I am under an obligation to him; but I am very sorry he has come here—I cannot invite the Squire's guest to my house."

"I saw him yesterday afternoon," Olive forced herself to say. "He came into the church when I was there. He inquired about your ankle, and said he was very glad it was so much better."

"Humph! He is not a bad fellow," said Mr. Denning, somewhat mollified. "If only he were not related to that—"

He paused and drew a long breath as if at loss for an epithet sufficiently scathing to express his opinion of the Squire. Ere he could find one his little wife laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Don't, John," she said, with a beseeching look; "don't say bad things of the poor old man. Remember he has just risen from a bed of sickness, and it is Christmas Day too."

"I cannot see that it's being Christmas Day makes any difference," said her husband.

"Oh, I think it should make a difference," she replied, softly; "the day on which our hearts are full of love and gratitude to God for His unspeakable gift. Surely goodwill towards all men should reign in our hearts to-day."

Olive heeded not what her parents were saying. A sore weight had fallen on her heart. All her girlish joy and hope seemed suddenly crushed. Her father would never relent; his prejudice against everyone who bore the name of Rowcroft would yield to no persuasion. A mighty, insurmountable barrier rose between her and the man who had won her heart. So Olive's voice faltered when she tried to join in the Christmas carol with which the service commenced, and she felt a great throb of pain as she saw the old Squire with feeble, tottering step pass up the aisle, leaning on the arm of Stuart Rowcroft.

It was hardly strange that the Rector's sermon that morning should be all about love—"the love which God hath to us," the love with which we should love one another; there could be no theme more suitable for a Christmas Day. Olive thought it a beautiful sermon, but she listened to it without hope. She did not believe that a sermon could change her father's heart. She did not think anything could so influence him as to soften his feelings towards Squire Rowcroft.

Olive had promised to meet her brothers on their walk back from the church to which they had gone, so at the close of the service she left her parents exchanging Christmas greetings with the villagers in the churchyard, and stepped off briskly alone. She was careful not to look about her, lest she should meet the gaze of Stuart Rowcroft, whom she was anxious now to avoid. As she was passing the end of Love Lane she caught sight of a man's hat high up in the thick hedge. Someone was cutting the holly-boughs, and the hasty glimpse she caught made her believe that it was her brother Tom who was thus engaged. Olive stood still; her mind greatly disturbed. To think that Tom should touch the holly in Love Lane! How foolish of him! Her father would be so vexed if he knew. And the Squire might be passing that way presently on his way from church! The next minute, without pausing to consider that she might be mistaken in the conclusion to which she had leaped, Olive hastened towards the spot where she had seen the man. As she approached it someone sprang down from the hedge and confronted her with a glad smile of welcome and an outstretched hand; but it was not her brother—it was Stuart Rowcroft.

"Miss Denning! I was hoping that this was your way from church."

"Oh, Mr. Rowcroft!" exclaimed Olive, colouring warmly in her surprise; "I did not know it was you; I thought I saw my brother here. I came to beg him not to take the holly. We never come this way; I must go back now."

"Oh, please, wait a moment," said Stuart, daring to retain the hand he had taken. "Look at this holly! Did you ever see more beautiful berries? Oh, you cannot be in such a hurry on Christmas Day! Tell me why you never come this way."

"Because this is the lane about which there was the lawsuit," explained Olive, hurriedly. "We none of us like to set foot in it now. Indeed, father would be angry if he knew that I was here at this moment."

"So this is Love Lane, is it?" said the young man, smiling as he spoke. But the next minute his face grew grave and earnest. "What a pity that should cause division between neighbours! Don't you wish that old grievance could be healed?"

"Oh, I do wish it!" exclaimed Olive, in

tones that were tremulous with feeling; "but I can do nothing in the matter—I am helpless."

"What if you and I together could heal the breach," he said, softly. "We are not enemies, are we, Olive?"

She did not reply in words, but there was that in her look which encouraged him to continue.

"At least, I know that *my own feelings* are not those of an enemy. I love you, Olive; I love you with all my heart. Can you love me a little in return?"

As her eyes fell beneath his earnest glance he knew that she loved him more than a little. He waited for her to speak; but the next moment she started back and tried to draw her hand from his grasp.

"Oh, I should not have let you," she cried, in a tone of distress. "It can never be—I know it can never be. Father would not hear of such a thing."

"But you will let me speak to him. I will do my utmost to persuade him. I will never, never give up hope if only you will be true to me."

They were but a few yards from the end of the lane. He still held her hand, when suddenly they became aware of steps and voices close at hand.

Olive drew away her hand in haste, and tried to step back, but the holly he held had become entangled in the meshes of a light, fleecy wrap she wore about her throat, and could not be at once extricated. Ere they could get apart the eyes of the Squire and of Mr. Denning were upon them. Hot, shame-stricken, bewildered, Olive could hardly believe that she saw aright. Was it indeed her father who stood before her, carefully supporting on his arm the bowed, enfeebled form of the old Squire?

Not in vain had the Rector tried to enforce the Divine lesson of love that morning. His words had touched deeply certain hearts amongst his hearers. The Squire had listened, and been moved to wish that he had been a better Christian, and had lived at peace with his neighbours all the days of the life that was now drawing so near to its end. John Denning had listened and felt rebuked for the bitter words he had spoken against his neighbour, the deadly hatred he had suffered to grow so strong within his soul. But the pride of neither would have suffered him to take the first step towards reconciliation, had not a simple incident brought them together.

By noon the half-thawed roads were in a dangerously slippery condition, and when the Squire was returning in his carriage from church, the coachman tried in vain to get his horses up the short, steep hill to the hall gates.

John Denning chanced to come up just as the Squire decided to alight from the carriage and walk round by Love Lane to his house. Perhaps it was because he was startled by catching sight of his neighbour that the old man's foot slipped as he was about to descend, but, whatever the cause, he would have had a bad fall had not John Denning been near enough to spring forward and catch him in his arms. For the moment Denning was conscious only that the Squire was a weak, infirm old man, and he helped him carefully on to his feet and supported him for a moment with his strong arm.

"Ah, Denning, Denning," said the Squire, in quavering tones, so unmanned by the shock that tears were in his eyes, "I am getting old now, a weak old man. I shall never be again the man I have been."

"Lean on me, sir, let me help you," said Denning, touched by the feebleness of his enemy.

"Thanks, thanks, you are very good," said the Squire brokenly; "I believe I must let

you help me. We will walk round by the lane, if you do not mind."

Denning said nothing, but turned in the direction indicated. At the entrance to the lane the Squire halted, partly to take breath, partly that he might relieve his mind of its burden.

"Denning," he panted out, "what a fool I have been about this lane! Yes, I'll own to it now. I was an arrant fool. What did it matter whether the lane was yours or mine as long as we both could use it? It was never worth while to break off our neighbourly intercourse for such a paltry cause."

"It is a pity you could not view the matter in that light before," said John Denning, coldly; "it would have saved much toil and trouble."

"Ay, ay, I know it," replied the old man, in a tone of distress. "You have a right to reproach me. I see my folly now. What can I say, Denning? I would make amends to you if I could. I am an older man than you, older by nearly twenty years, and sickness has made me feel even older than I am. I cannot have long to live now. When the parson was preaching I wished so that you would let bygones be bygones, and be friends with me again. For he is right; life is too short for strife and bitterness. We must all die, and

what would become of us if God were not more ready to forgive us than we are to forgive others?"

The old man's voice broke. He was at the point of bursting into childish tears.

"True; we all need forgiveness," said John Denning, slowly, as, not without a struggle, resentment yielded to pity; "and Christmas is the time when we should wipe out old scores. I'll try to forget about the lane."

The Squire's grasp of his arm tightened convulsively. They went on a few steps and the next minute Olive and Stuart Rowcroft came into view. The glance which revealed them in such close proximity seemed to reveal a great deal more.

The Squire's quivering features suddenly broke into a smile of satisfaction.

"Ah, see!" he cried, eagerly; "it is as I thought. He did not come down to Wivescombe merely to visit me. Look, Denning—Love Lane justifies its name; for if they are not lovers I don't know what lovers are."

The revelation which thus flashed upon them was less welcome to John Denning. His face clouded, a dull red colour gathered in his cheeks.

"Ah, you do not know my cousin," said the Squire.

But Mr. Denning's fingers were already closing stiffly over Stuart's hand.

"I have that honour," he said, coldly. "I made Mr. Rowcroft's acquaintance under circumstances that I am not likely to forget, since they placed me considerably in his debt."

"You have it in your power now to more than cancel that debt," Stuart Rowcroft found courage to say. "I told you that a time might come when it would be so. The happiness of my whole future depends on you."

"And the happiness of someone else's future, too, I suspect," said the Squire, in a very audible aside. "Denning, you will have to give your consent. I tell you what. I have no child, as you know, and my property's mine to do what I like with. I shall leave my land to this young man, and if you give him your daughter there's not likely to be any quarrelling in the future, when you and I are lying in the churchyard, as to who owns Love Lane."

John Denning did not know how to reply to this. It was as hard to oppose as to yield. And so ere the talk ended the happiness of the lovers seemed tolerably secure, though the father's consent was not formally given till some weeks later.

[THE END.]



A WHITE WINGED HOPE.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

IN skies of dusky red the year was dying,
As in the west the wintry sun went down;
I heard the rising wind above me sighing
Sad farewells through branches bare and brown.

Oh, when this year was young a hope I cherished,
Which made all life to me divinely sweet;
But as the months went by, it drooped and perished,
With the leaves that rustle at my feet.

Only faded fern and russet heather,
Where the bluebells rang their fairy peal;
Only faint, dank scents of leaves that wither,
Where the woodbine's perfume used to steal;

Only silence for the stir and gladness,
Where the song-birds used to flit and dart;
Only loneliness and aching sadness,
Where joy's fount once sprang within my heart.

Thus to myself I murmured as I wandered
.. By the brake this quiet New Year's Eve:

Must time for ever steal away, I pondered,
That to which most tenderly we cleave?

With my foot I turned the dead leaves over
As I leant against an oak tree's stem;
And lo! close nestled in the russet cover,
Grew a snowdrop, gleaming like a gem.

Through the cerements of the dead year shining,
Hope's fair symbol, newly born from heaven;
Clearer answer to my weak repining
Surely angel's tongue had never given!

Good-bye, old year! all wearily and sadly
An hour ago I thought to part from thee;
Now in my heart behold I hide so gladly
The white winged hope which thou hast left to me.

Perhaps e'en now time's kindly hand is planting
On the grave where my dead hope I laid,
Some fair flower to fill with grace enchanting
Days which seemed by grief a desert made.



THE SERVICE OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY IN LITERATURE.

LITERATURE takes rank among the fine arts. What is true of beauty in art generally is therefore true of this branch of it, and needs not to be repeated under this heading. But literature is a form of art so universal in its appeal, so open and so necessary to all, that it claims a special consideration. It is the stored-

up essence of men's experience in thought, in emotion, in action. As such it has a power of nourishing the intellect, of arousing the imagination, of regulating conduct beyond all other arts. In opening out to us the best that has been thought and said and done, it is a mighty agent for good; it grants us possibilities of culture greater than are offered by any single art.

But we must not leave out of sight that all the doors it opens to us do not lead to good. As Carlyle says, "Some few books are going up, and carrying us up heavenward; calculated to be of priceless advantage in teaching—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude, are going down, down; doing ever the more and the wider and the wilder mischief."



"FADED FERN AND RUSSET HEATHER."

This subtle, all-pervading influence has its dangers, subtle and widespread as itself.

Nature and her beauty we may always receive with open welcome; we need never doubt her message; at the worst we suffer it to fall on deaf ears and dull hearts. But with art, and chiefly with this branch of it, there is every need to exercise our human prerogative of selection. A French author has defined a work of art as "a corner of nature viewed through the medium of a temperament." In literature it is this temperament of the author which we have to take into account. It is the very essence of the power which literature wields over us, a power for the highest good or the most insidious evil. A true poet is a benefactor to mankind; he holds the inspiration of the ideal over our common lives, and glorifies them with a light which is not of this world. But a poet may possess a strong imagination, showing us riotous beauty of conception and a finished grace of style; yet if he lacks moral insight he is no true poet. Falling through the misty atmosphere of his temperament, the pure light is refracted, and gives us all things blurred and distorted.

Purity is an essential element of beauty, and that which contains an element of impurity is not true loveliness, but a misleading image. Too often students of the beautiful are hindered in their search because they, reversing the truth, believe that the object of their admiration must be pure, in and because of its beauty.

Culture has been defined by Matthew Arnold as the "study of perfection" or "harmonious development" in the "two noblest qualities of beauty and intelligence," which Swift named in his "Battle of the Books" "sweetness and light." Here we have a useful standard by which to measure literature as a means of culture. Whatever ministers to "sweetness and light" we may safely rank as good literature. And we shall find that much which has passed for such must be rejected. First, all that which is divorced from moral insight, because there is no sweetness without light, or beauty without moral purity. Next, all that is commonly prized because of its truthfulness of representation, —light without sweetness. Such literature claims as its merit a faithfulness to life; and if truth were the only essential to art, it might indeed be admitted. But the upholders of this school of writing forget that in life, too, we have to use our power of selection, and must choose deliberately between the ennobling and the degrading. Life alone is not enough; we

have to strive for the higher and to reject the lower life. It is not good for the "naturalist" writer, nor for his readers, to turn the light of truth always and only upon the dark and evil places of human nature, to show up its weakness without pathos, its sins without concern, and its sufferings without consolation. What is coarse or common or unclean does not become any less coarse or common or unclean because it is accurately drawn; and we must allow no cleverness of manner to hide from us the worthlessness of the matter.

By this test, then, distinguish the high from the low, the worthy from the unworthy.

First ask, Has it beauty? Next, Has it truth? What we may think beauty at first sight will come to change its aspect if we cannot find in it that "high moral element" essential to it; what we see to be truth, if it contain no elevating power of beauty, will be only that half-truth which is ever the most dangerous. As for instance it may be said, evil is true, for evil exists surely enough; and yet to preach and to paint evil, and to fix our gaze on that as truth, would be to fall into fatal and blasphemous error.

Much that passes for literature in our time forfeits its claim to that title altogether upon examination, for it will be found to lack both these essentials. In every age the real books into which men, great men, have put their very souls, and have added to the intellectual wealth of the world, have been very few, but never before has there been such an enormous amount produced of writings which have either added nothing to that wealth, or have really impoverished men intellectually, by employing their faculties wastefully to the neglect of true books.

By that noble title we really cannot bring ourselves to call those many volumes which crowd upon us year by year, although they are not by any means all worthless. The constant flow of criticism—literary, political, social—of light fiction, of travel, has its own place in our lives, and if kept within due limits and used aright, its own good purpose. We have to choose carefully even here, but although we take the best advantage of such opportunities as come in this way, let us not deceive ourselves in the matter, let us not think that we are reading in the highest sense of that word. This is but the "chatter of common men," compared to the "majestic converse of the gods."

There are, however, worse things than this common chatter. There are the evil tongues of hidden narrow-mindedness, of mockery at all things high and pure, of unhealthy sensa-

tionalism, of falsehood. Even while thinking of the beautiful in literature, one turns aside to contemplate with pain and grief the vulgar raw hideousness and the moral crookedness of much that is offered in that sacred name. Our only safeguard here against all forms of evil is to resolutely cultivate a taste for the highest and best, until all else becomes, as in time it surely will—intolerable.

The "Service of Beauty," in this as in every phase of life, will result in making our allegiance finally as spontaneous as it is unwavering; but at first it is not easy. While we are young and unimpressible, and our tastes unformed, we do not naturally turn to the best, and, as in the matter of food, we do not assimilate easily what we take without appetite, so it is of no use to weary ourselves with reading *contre cœur* what for the present is beyond us. Shakespeare says—

"No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,

In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

Yet I would have young people choose always the best in that line of reading which they "most affect," that it may be a stepping-stone to higher things. If a girl at one time enjoys nothing but novels, let her read, I would say, the very best, and her taste will gradually be trained to appreciate the philosophy, art, and morality which underlie them.

There has been much discussion lately as to what are the best books. The leading men in every walk of life, who should be our best advisers, have drawn up lists for us which curiously contradict each other. The hints and remarks about reading in general—pointed, wise, and witty—are the most valuable result of the attempt to decide this point, which after all cannot be absolutely settled except by each qualified reader for himself. The real point of importance is that we should be sure we are reading books good beyond a doubt, and good for us. In any particular province of knowledge we should, as far as possible, aim at the best. And however much profit we may gain from what is sometimes called "useful reading," let us not forget what Mr. Russell Lowell points out in this fine passage:—"The world of imagination is not the world of abstraction and nonentity, as some conceive; but a world formed out of chaos by the sense of the beauty that is in man, and in the earth on which he dwells. It is the realm of might-be, our haven of refuge from the shortcomings and illusions of life. It is, to quote Spenser, who knew it well: 'The world's sweet inn from care and wearisome turmoil.'"

VARIETIES.

THE GOOD WIFE'S WOOING.

"A good wife," remarked Grimes, "is beyond price. She is better than rubies, cheers her husband's solitude, woos him from the contemplation of care, and—"

"And," exclaimed Mrs. Grimes, catching up the thread of the discourse, "unless the wood and coal are brought in here in double quick time there'll be a kind of wooing about this house which will make someone think the roof has fallen in."

And then Grimes took a lantern, and with a groan went out into the night, and for a time nothing broke the stillness save the dull thud of the axe as Grimes tried to drive it through a hard knot.

WASTED TIME.—How we loiter away our lives! If we wasted our means as we do our time, we should all be bankrupts.

FOR EVER.

"Do you sing 'For ever and for ever?'" said a soulful youth, languidly.

"No," answered she, in a matter-of-fact tone, "I stop for meals."

REASONABLE JUDGMENT.—Nothing can justly be despised that cannot justly be blamed; where there is no choice there can be no blame. —South.

THE HEIGHT OF POLITENESS.—The height of politeness is passing round upon the opposite side of a lady when walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

ALL HIS OWN.

"I've not much hair, 'tis true, my dear,"

He said, in a sarcastic tone;

"But the little that I have, I vow, Is quite exclusively my own."

PATIENCE.—A Scotch girl at an examination gave a pretty definition when asked—"What does patience mean?"—"Wait a wee an' dinna weary."

A MARKED RESEMBLANCE.

"So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister.

"Oh, yes. And do you know we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully, and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at evening parties."

A REASON FOR LOVING.

LOVE, love, as long as love you can,

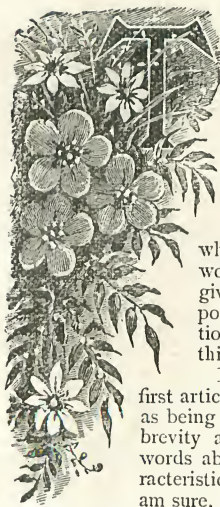
Oh! love as long as love you may;

The hour will come, the hour will come,

When at the grave you'll mourn and pray.
From the Germán.

PIANOFORTE DUETS AND PIANOFORTE DUET PLAYING.

PIECES IN CLASSIC FORM.



THE subject-matter of this paper is so voluminous that it is impossible for me to give anything like complete particulars of all works coming under the above title. At the same time, however, I shall try to indicate which composers are best worth examining, and give in as few words as possible a short description of their writings in this form.

I mentioned in my first article the duets of Weber as being remarkable for their brevity and beauty. A few words about these really characteristic pieces will be, I am sure, interesting to those of my fair readers who have doubtless derived much pleasure from the strains of the *Frey-schutz*, *Oberon*, etc.

They are in three sets, numbered op. 3 (six pieces), op. 10 (six pieces), and op. 60 (eight pieces).

Op. 3 is an early work. That of course may be put down a truism, But! (capital B, Mr. Printer, please) they reveal the master to a large degree. They are full of dramatic surprises, and although presenting no difficulties even to the merest beginners (as far as technique is concerned), contain passages of great beauty, and above all are purely and wholly Weber. Now may I claim to have justified the beginning of this paragraph.

No. 1, sonatine, melodious and flowing; No. 2, romance, pure Weber, contains a remarkable finish; No. 3, minuet "Presto," the first time I have seen such a time made to a minuet. This is, in my opinion, the pick of the lot. I should advise the trio to be taken "poco meno mosso"; No. 4, andante, con variazioni; No. 5, marcia; No. 6, a very characteristic rondo.

Op. 10, No. 1, moderato, contains a charming second subject in short phrases, as is his wont, and a short and interesting working-out section. No. 2, andantino con moto, may be passed without comment. No. 3, andante con variazioni, again pure Weber. One variation, "Vivace," commands instant notice. No. 4, mazurka, most charming, and perfectly easy. No. 5, adagio, a one-page gem, containing a subject evidently inspired by the *clarinet*, the instrument above all others that Weber's melodies suit. This page might have been composed for an impassioned slow movement or recitative. No. 6, rondo, graceful and Weberish.

Op. 60 it would be presumptuous to criticise; I therefore only call attention to their great beauty. I will just mention the *tema variato* and *marcia*; the latter piece indeed is a short masterpiece, and ought to be used as a dead march.

If this little four-handed piece had been written for an opera it would have been now ranked with the dead marches of Chopin and Handel; but being "only a pianoforte duet" it has escaped notice. Well! we will keep it to ourselves, dear readers, if you have the curiosity to buy it.

All these duets are published in one volume, in the Peters' edition, No. 188a, for about one shilling!—simply nothing at all.

I have given a list of the duets of Schubert; but anticipating the pertinent question, "How

is it that Schubert wrote so many glorious duets?" I hasten to reply, "Because he had not the opportunity of having orchestral works played, and was therefore obliged to pour out his inspired thoughts on the piano."

If I were once to commence descanting upon his duets I should go on till I found I had written enough material for twelve of these papers; I will therefore resist temptation, and mention that a great many four-handed piano compositions of the master can be got in the Peters' edition, and that Breitkopf and Härtel are publishing (if they have not already published) all the duets in their complete edition of Schubert's works.

For beginners I can recommend the Polonaises and Ländler; and before passing on to other compositions, I would remark that one of the most remarkable features about Schubert's pianoforte duets is their "symphonic quality," of course allied to the most consummate beauty of melody.

Mozart has written two capriccios, very fugual and masterly; a set of exquisite variations; and a fugue which is considered one of his finest, and is extensively quoted in theoretical text-books.

Of Haydn I do not know anything, but I believe that there are one or two sonatas and pieces, of which Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel have single copies.

Of Spohr there is nothing. The greatest original pianoforte writer (after Beethoven, of course) has done splendidly in this direction. Need I say I mean Schumann, who has left us some "Ball Scenes," op. 109, "Pictures of the East," op. 66, 12 "Duets for Young and Old," and Children's Ball, op. 130. Of the 12 pieces, op. 85, perhaps the most noteworthy are—

No. 1, No. 3 (Garden Melody), Round, and Evening Song (No. 12), which last is familiar in a number of forms, but few know it as originally composed. Of op. 66 there is nothing to remark, except that they are all fine, and do not present any difficulty to the fairly advanced player.

The Ball Scenes, op. 109, are noble pieces in dance rhythm, showing what a great composer can do with familiar rhythmic forms. These are not easy pieces to play, but will repay the earnest duettists for the trouble they may take over them. They are not works that can be taken in at a glance, but the deep feeling and passion underlying the dance motion can only be brought out and appreciated at its proper value by thoughtful, painstaking study.

Op. 130 are cast in a lighter, simpler vein, but are very pleasing. All these works can be got at an almost nominal price in the "People's Edition," published by Breitkopf and Härtel, and enjoy the additional advantage of being edited and fingered by Mme. Schumann.

A remarkably fine and almost unknown work is the "Operette sans Paroles" of Ferdinand Hiller. This is a little opera in one act, told in a series of pianoforte duets. It starts with an overture in classic form, with a beautiful introduction (themes from which are afterwards utilised). The imaginary curtain rolls up and discloses the love-sick maiden, who laments her absent lover in a tender and melancholy solo. The next item is called "Nuptial Eve" (3), and is in a boisterous vein, probably a supper to which the bridegroom elect has invited his friends. After which we are transferred back to the home of the bride, who, in a Huntsmen's Chorus and Ensemble (No. 4), receives the congratulations of her father's friends and retainers. By this time the lover has arrived on the scene in

time for the "Romance of the Youth" (No. 5), in which of course he declares how happy he will be when united to his dear *Jemima* or *Wilhemina* or *Sabina*, or whatever her name happens to be, tempered with a hope (which is afterwards justified) that she won't blow him up for his dilatory appearance. In No. 6, *Allegro Agitato*, B flat minor, and tremolo accompaniment, the lady does evidently give him a severe scolding; they have had words and tears, but are afterwards reconciled, and finish in a most amiable and loving mood. In No. 7 the friends of both sides of the family combine in "A Drinking Song with Chorus," wishing the young pair every happiness. No. 8 forms the Wedding March. No. 9 is a trio of pathetic import, for in this the bride receives much good advice from her papa and mamma, and dutifully promises to do all they advise (which she doesn't intend to by any means). The bridesmaids now appear in a most delightful "Ladies' Chorus," No. 10, and cause much excitement and admiration among the unattached section of the males. No. 11 is a dance, in which many future marriages are entered into; and No. 11 (Finale) is the departure of the newly-married couple, amid showers of rice and good wishes.

Now if my fair readers do not agree with my account of the matter, they must get the work, and construct a story for themselves. It is published by Messrs. Augener and Co.

There are three charming diversions of Sterndale Bennett, op. 17, published by Augener.

I have some "Scherzi" by a composer who is not generally credited with duets—*Enrico Marschner*, the opera writer. He has also some four-handed polonaises and marches which I do not possess.

I should not advise anyone not possessed of great patience to attempt the two pianoforte duets that I know of *Franz Liszt*. There is a waltz, "Bal a Berne," which is about the most difficult thing of the kind I have ever seen. It is, however, extremely effective, and would make a decided sensation at, for instance, country penny-readings, where the pianoforte duet (generally a hasty arrangement of operatic airs) finds a frequent home.

The other composition is the aria, "Il soave e bel contento" of *Pacini*, with variations.

I shall conclude this paper with a description of some of *Raff's* duets.

Probably ninety out of a hundred of the young ladies who play the piano know the tarantelle, "Les pêcheuses de Procida," but I don't think many know that it is the finishing piece of a set of twelve—op. 82, entitled "Twelve Chamber Pieces for Piano, for four hands, without octaves."

Every number of this set shows *Raff* in his best light. Especially charming are the "Polka Rondino," No. 4; The Spinners," No. 6; Alison "Valse à la Viennoise," No. 8; and the "Pompe Solennelle," No. 10.

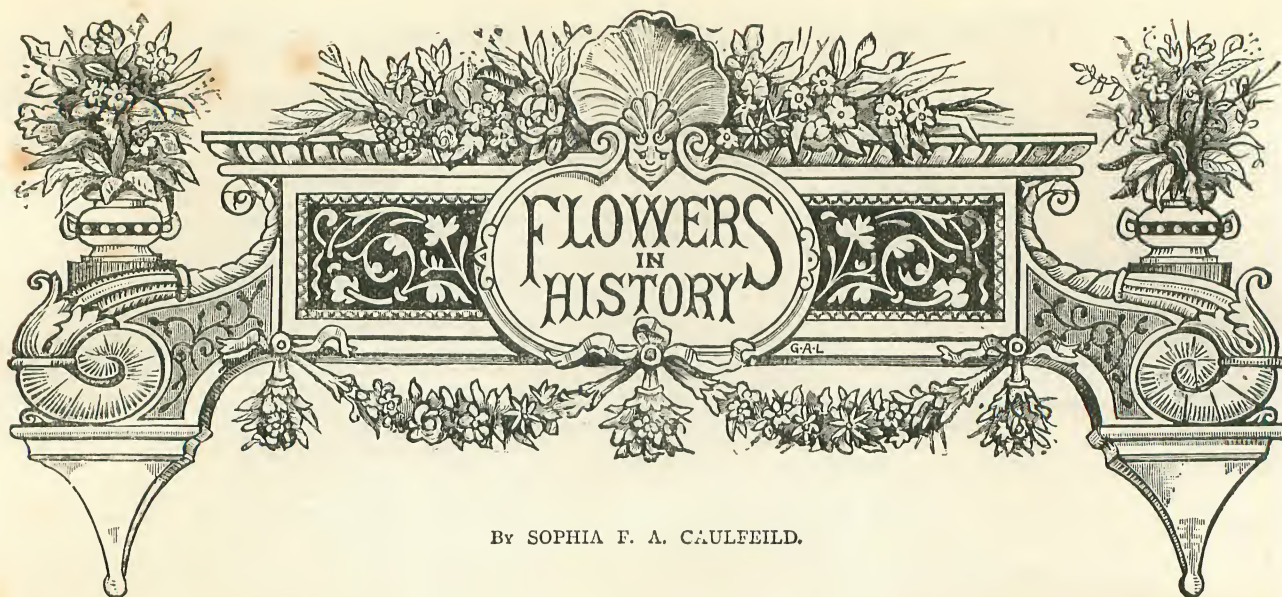
Raff, to my mind, is always most charming when adapting dance forms symphonically to the piano. I have some other duets of his, a set of waltzes, "Danse Macabre," in which occur two actual fugues.

I have also "Panorama," a set of duets. These are all published by *Schuberth*, of Leipzig.

There are also charming little pieces by *Heinrich Hofmann*, *Jadassohn*, *Kalliwoða* (most delightful are some waltzes), *Kuhlau*, *Lindpainter*, *Nicolai*, *F. Ries*, *Rheinberger*, *N. Rubenstein*, *Jensen*, etc.

In my next paper I shall explore the duets of some living musical giants, and then look out for *Moszkowski* and *Dvorak*!

WALTER VAN NOORDEN.
(To be continued.)



By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

To those who have read the series of articles on "Heraldry" and "The Days of Chivalry," the employment of flowers as badges, devices, and heraldic insignia, of emblematic significance and historic interest, must be familiar. To treat such a subject exhaustively could not be attempted within space so limited; thus I can only select an example here and there amongst those best known to fame.

Many amongst those made historical by their adoption as devices or heraldic cognisances were specially chosen on account of their emblematic character or traditional interest. Thus were they classified under the various distinctive headings to which they might lay claim, perpetual repetitions would be rendered unavoidable.



CONVENTIONAL ACANTHUS LEAF.

To obviate this difficulty I shall consider them in alphabetical order, treating them under every aspect in which they merit to be seen. So, when my young readers take a stroll—whether through the stately walks of some ancient country seat or manor house, with its geometrical parterres, balustraded terraces, and its wilderness shrubberies, where Nature is permitted to cast off all restraint, and weave wild garlands at her own sweet will; or whether the stroll be restricted to the bounds of a cottage flower plot—it may be that my sketches of flower lore may enhance the pleasure of the hour. Thus I invite them to wander with me to what must seem little more substantial than dreamland, where, amongst more glowing hues of sky and land, we may view the games and sacred rites of ancient Greece and Rome, in which floral decorations formed so important a feature.

In the study of their mythology we find that a flower, plant, or tree was employed as a distinctive emblem of every god and goddess, having reference to supposititious incidents in their several histories. For instance, the

anemone, myrtle, poppy, rose, and violet were all dedicated to Venus; the anemone credited with having sprung from the tears, mingled with his blood, which she wept over the body of Adonis. The poppy, the dittany of Crete, and all wild flowers in untrodden dells, were symbols of Diana, named, as the special Deity of the Ephesians, in the "Book of Acts." The sunflower was assigned to Apollo, and poppies to Ceres and Somnus, the god of sleep. The narcissus formed alike the emblem of Pluto and the Fates, because their sweet and powerful odour was thought to produce madness. The couch of Zeus and Juno was composed, amongst other flowers, of the asphodel, the iris, poppy, white lily, pomegranate, and dittany being emblems.

The victors in the athletic games wore wreaths of tree foliage or parsley, not flowers; but at the sacrificial rites and feasts, garlands of the latter were employed to deck the victims sacrificed, and the idol deity to which they were offered. To this practice reference is also made in the Book of Acts xiv. 13.

Some of my readers may be acquainted with Kingsley's "Heroes," and need not that I should extend this part of my subject. Suffice it to add that flowers formed a species of sacrifice, offered in great profusion on the occasion of the Roman Fontinalia, which took place on the 13th of October, in honour of the Naiades, or guardian spirits, who protected the streams and wells. Garlands were then hung over the wells, and bunches of flowers thrown into the fountains, while the water nymphs themselves were crowned with flowers and sedges.

In imitation of the rites of classical times, the floral games of the ancient city of Toulouse were instituted A.D. 1324, and these games were revived under the auspices of Charles IV. and his bride, who endeavoured to reanimate the ancient literary character of the city, and induced the "Capitouls" to offer a golden violet to the successful poet competitor of the province and city. This floral prize was awarded to Arnaud Vidal, of Castelmandry. Another revival took place through the instrumentality of Clemence Isaure, the poet, who died A.D. 1540. She was a woman of fortune, who left the greater part of her wealth to the reintroduction and maintenance of these annual

fêtes, held the first week in May, for the bestowal of prizes for poetic merit. These prizes were presented to them on the occasion of the floral games. At this their fresh revival Pierre Rousard was the first to receive the silver eglantine blossom, a silver crown and the title of Poet of France, which distinction was confirmed by Francis I. A golden amaranth was awarded for the best lyric composition. On the high altar of the church of "La Daurade," where Clemence Isaure was buried, the golden flowers subsequently won by poet competitors at these floral games are still, it is said, preserved.

In the year 1694 the *Jeux Floraux*, which had again revived after a season of disuse, received a new impetus from the powerful support of Louis XIV., and were regularly kept up under the instrumentality of a society inaugurated by him, and that with considerable magnificence.



THE ALMOND.

In our own country, I need not remind our readers, floral fêtes and religious rites have obtained since their institution by the Druids. We have also had our May festivals, with the garland-hung maypoles and the flower-crowned "Queen of the May." At Knutsford (Canute's Ford), Cheshire, this pretty

fête is still kept up, and it is to be regretted that with the decadence of these simple historic customs the wholesome simplicity and loyalty of our country-folk should undergo a process of deterioration and decay likewise. It is recorded that noble and simple met together in kindly fashion on the occasion of such like festivities; the proud and haughty Henry, and his good Queen Katherine of Arragon, having danced together round the maypole in the early days of their wedded life. We have also our floral commemoration of the Canterbury Pilgrims in Kent, when little girls walk in procession, carrying baskets containing the emblematic flowers, each dedicated to some saint belonging to that original pilgrim band.

In all Christian countries we find that flowers have been specially dedicated to certain Christian anniversaries, such as the holly for Christmas, lilies for Easter, etc., and to so well-known a fact I need but make a passing allusion. I now proceed to specify certain flowers, as I proposed, in alphabetical order, which have been dignified by historical significance, and woven into lives of celebrated men and institutions, often of world-wide importance.

The first to which special notice shall be given is the *Acanthus*, which must carry us back to classic times. To this beautiful plant we owe the most elegant of all our designs for the capitals of pillars, the Greek architect, Callimachus, originating the idea of its representation. The story runs thus. After the interment of a young Corinthian girl, her trinkets were collected and placed by her loving nurse near her tomb in a basket, which she covered with a tile to preserve it from the inclemency of the weather. It was placed over the root of the *Acanthus*, and on the return of spring, when the stalks and leaves burst forth, they spread around the sides of the basket, and shooting upwards met with an obstruction in the corners of the tile. This caused them to bend backwards, and attracted the notice of the architect on his chancing to pass the spot. He seized the idea at once, and carried it out in the design of the capitals which surmount those elegant fluted pillars known as "Corinthian."



THE AMARANTH.

The Romans, as well as the Greeks, made much use of the *Acanthus mollis* for artistic purposes, and Roman drinking cups are found

decorated with its leaves; while the northern nations preferred the *Acanthus spinosus*, which is both smaller and rougher in character. Virgil says that the *Acanthus* formed the basis of the design which was embroidered on the mantle of Helen of Troy.

Amongst the earliest in the year of tree blossoms are those of the *Almond*, whose beautiful pink flowers appear in advance of the long narrow leaves. This tree has been rendered specially remarkable in its historical character by the miracle performed upon a rod taken from it, "Aaron's rod that budded." (Book of Numbers xvii. 8, and Heb. ix. 4.) There are other historic references made to it in Holy Writ, as for example in the Prophecies of Jeremiah i. 2, and the Book of Ecclesiastes xii. 5; and the third mention of it is to be found in Jeremiah i. 12, which refers to the meaning of the Hebrew word from which it is derived—*shaked*, signifying "haste" or "awake early," a name appropriate to a tree blossoming before all its fellows. The prophet says, "I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou hast well seen: for I will hasten My word to perform it." This tree, *Amygdalus communis*, of the family *drupacæ*, is a native of Persia and temperate India. It spread westward to Palestine, but did not grow in Egypt when Jacob gave a



THE ASPHODEL.

present to Pharaoh, on the occasion of his sending for corn. It spread afterwards through middle Europe, and was imported into England about 300 years ago; but the blossoms do not bear fruit in this climate, which is imported from Malaga and Valencia. Thomas Moore uses the symbol of the tree in blossom thus—

"The hope, in dreams of a happier hour,
That alights upon Misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower
That blooms on a leafless bough."

The blossoming almond tree, together with the white iris, white lily, and narcissus, are assigned in sacred art as emblems of the Virgin Mary. Pope Pius II. adopted a hand holding "Aaron's rod that budded" as his device, with the motto, *Inspersata floruit*—"It flowered unhopd for"—in allusion to his unexpected elevation.

The *Amaranth* must be familiar as a "household word" to all students of the poets, as an emblem of immortality. Milton speaks of it as the

"Immortal amaranth, a flower that once,
In Paradise, fast by the 'Tree of Life,'
Began to bloom."

The *Amaranth* is an annual of many species,

having crimson, green, or purplish flowers in large spiked clusters. The widow of Vespasian Colonna, Giulia Gonzaga (1566), great granddaughter of Louis III., Marquis of Mantua, who, according to history, was the most lovely woman of her time, adopted the amaranth as her device, together with the motto, *Non moritura*, "undying," to indicate the unchangeable character of her love for her husband, and never-ceasing grief at his loss. All proposals of marriage were rejected by her, even those of the Emperor Solymán, who endeavoured to seize her by force, and for that purpose sent Barbarossa, the Corsair, to make a descent upon Fondi for that purpose. But the faithful mourner effected her escape at night on horseback. The name of this flower is derived from the Greek *Amaranthus*, being descriptive of its unfading character. This order and genus of plants includes 500 species. The Greeks regarded it as the emblem of friendship, and used to employ it, as well as the myrtle and polyanthus, in their funeral rites, the dead being crowned, and the mourners otherwise decorated, with the blossoms. In Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Two Angels," allusion is made to both the amaranth and the asphodel, of which latter flower I shall now speak.

The *Asphodel* denotes, in the "language of flowers," "My regrets follow you to the grave." It has not many varieties of species, and these are, for the most part, natives of those countries bordering on the Mediterranean. One kind, the *Asphodelus ramosus*, is found widely spread over the southern parts of Palestine, and very abundantly in Italy also, and is regarded as good food for sheep. The asphodel is a species of lily, belonging to the order of *Liliaceæ*, and it is thought to be that to which allusion is made in the Canticles, "He feedeth among the lilies."

The common English name for Asphodel is "daffodil," and the golden ones are dedicated to Eastertide. They are also known as "Lent lilies." No flower, perhaps, has been more frequently woven into a garland of song than the asphodel, under its several names, Old Herrick, Milton, and Shakespeare being amongst the most remarkable. Speaking of Easter, the poet Drayton says—

"See that there be stores of lilies,
Called by shepherds 'daffodillies,'"



THE BROOM
(*Planta Genista*).

By the French these "Lent lilies" are designated "*Pauvres filles de Ste. Claire*." The yellow-blossomed *A. luteus*, the white *A. albus*, or "king's spear," and the branching *A. ramosus*, are all very ornamental garden plants. The Greeks used to plant the asphodel

round their tombs, under the belief that its seed supplied the dead with nourishment.

The *Broom*, of the genus *Cytisus*, is a favourite flower in heraldry. So early as the year 1234 St. Louis made it the insignia of a new order of knighthood, entitled *l'Ordre du genêt*, the hundred knights of which formed his bodyguard, and wore a chain composed of golden blossoms of the genêt and white enamelled fleur de lys, suspended from which was a cross of gold, with the motto, "*Deus exaltat humiles.*" Our Richard II. was a member of the order, The broom, as you know, gave their surname

to our Plantagenet princes. By some it is said that Fulk of Anjou was the first of the race so designated, but others maintain that it was his son Gefroi, Earl of Anjou and father of Henry II., the Empress Matilda's husband, from the fact that he wore a plume of the broom (or *Planta Genista*) in blossom, the *gen* of the Celts and the *genêt* of the French.

It has been suggested that when Gefroi laid claim to the sovereignty of the province of Brittany, he assumed the ancient badge of the country, which seems a very natural idea; but according to a legend, Gefroi was on his way

to the battlefield, through a rocky pathway, on either side of which the yellow broom clung firmly to the boulders upholding the crumbling earth. Breaking off a sprig he fixed it in his cap, observing, "Thus shall this golden plant ever be my cognisance—rooted firmly among rocks, yet upholding that which is ready to fall." He thenceforth assumed the name "Plantagenet," and transmitted it to his descendants. Its first official heraldic was on the great seal of Cœur de Lion, and it remained the family device down to the time of Richard III. (inclusive).

(To be continued.)

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE man saw Eve hesitated, and probably for that reason added this last remark, for in point of fact there was plenty of time, for it was only half-past three now, but it had the desired effect, and overcame her hesitation. She was disappointed that Arthur had not been able to meet her himself, but no doubt there was some good reason for his failing to do so, and after all it was only a delay of ten minutes, so she stepped into the boat without the slightest suspicion that there was anything amiss, and her companion rowed her quickly along the dyke towards Filton Broad, where, as he said, the wherry lay waiting her arrival.

Ten minutes later Arthur Clifford reached the spot where he had left his boat moored the night before, on the opposite side of the river, at the lower end of Muck Fleet, but to his consternation he found it was gone.

Gone! and it was now a quarter to four, and he had told Eve to meet him at the heronry at four. What ever was he to do? Between him and the heronry rolled the river, rippling merrily as the rosy tints of the rising sun flooded the eastern sky, softly tinging the waters of Filton Broad where his chartered wherry was awaiting him. The dawning day now was strong enough for the flower-crowned banks to show forth their summer beauty; the rosebay and purple loosestrife were gorgeous in their rose-coloured robes, the magenta bells of the tall foxglove, the graceful, feathery, white-crowned king of the meadow, the tufts of red valerian, the blue cranesbill, all blended their tints in one harmonious mass of colour, but none of them won so much as a glance from Arthur Clifford; he no more saw them than he heard the matin-song the larks were chanting overhead and the blackbirds and thrushes in the neighbouring bushes. A flock of rooks, mingled with seagulls (no uncommon sight in this part of the country), passed over him to breakfast off the worms and cockchafer in one of the damp low-lying meadows close at hand, but Arthur paid no heed to the cawing of the rooks or the cry of the gulls. He stood for a moment as if paralysed; without the boat all his plans were frustrated, and

they had been so carefully laid! True, he could and must swim across the river and meet Eve, and tell her his boat was gone, but then how were they to reach the wherry?

Only by walking to the end of Muck Fleet, and endeavouring to catch the attention of the men he had left on board her, and signal to them to put off a boat and fetch them. This was the only thing to be done, and he doubted not that by shouting and signalling he would succeed in making them understand the plight he was in; but this proceeding would delay them, and he was at a loss to get his clothes over the river dry. But there was no time to be lost, and he was in the act of taking off his coat when to his surprise he saw Adam Day coming towards him. In a moment it flashed into his mind that Adam was the cause of his trouble—that in some way or other he had become aware of his plan, and had determined to frustrate it by taking away the boat, and was now come to glory in his discomfiture. Mad with anger, Arthur advanced to meet Adam, and with an oath demanded to know what he meant by stealing his boat, and coming to gloat over him afterwards?

"You are forgetting yourself strangely, Mr. Clifford; I know nothing at all about your boat; it is a pure accident that I am walking here this morning. I could not sleep, and some impulse which I cannot explain led me here. But if I can be of any use to you I shall be happy to help you," said Adam, gravely.

All Arthur now wanted was to get rid of Adam as quickly as possible, that he might swim across to Eve; so finding he had made a mistake he apologised.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Day, but the truth is I am very much annoyed; I am going on a fishing expedition."

"Indeed. Where is your tackle?" thought Adam.

"And I am expecting a friend to meet me on the other side of the river. Do you know the nearest place to borrow a boat?"

"Noah Oldman's is the nearest from here, sir, but his boat is on the other side, I noticed as I came here, and I wonder at it, for I know when Noah went to bed last night it was on this side. I

am inclined to think Jack Farrar has been playing some of his tricks last night."

Arthur paid no heed to this suggestion; all he cared for was to get Adam out of sight, that he might swim across to Eve, who must be waiting for him, since she had evidently crossed the river.

"For the love of everything that is kind go and borrow Noah's boat for me! I am losing all the best of the morning, and my friend will never forgive me for keeping him waiting all this time," said Arthur, earnestly.

Adam hesitated. All this excitement about a fishing expedition struck him as very strange. No doubt to have his boat made use of in this unceremonious fashion was very annoying, but it hardly accounted for the extreme vexation and despair from which Arthur was evidently suffering. He began to suspect there was some ulterior reason for this emotion, and he looked keenly at him with his clear grey eyes, though he was far from guessing at the truth.

The momentary and somewhat awkward pause was interrupted by the approach of a boat down the shallow waters of Muck Fleet, which immediately arrested the attention of both men.

"Hulloa! here comes a boat; who can this be?" said Arthur.

"The borrower of your boat returning it probably," said Adam.

"No. My boat is painted white. Why, it is Spurgin! Hulloa! what does this mean, Spurgin?" shouted Arthur, as the boat came into the river.

"Beg pardon, sir, we think something has gone wrong," returned the man, as he rowed across the river.

"What do you mean?" demanded Arthur, turning very pale.

"Why, sir, Jack Farrar's wherry has been lying to just at the head of Muck Fleet all night, and about half-an-hour ago my mate and I saw a white boat containing a man and a lady dressed in white come up Muck Fleet; we made sure it was you, sir, before your time; but when we found the boat made for Farrar's wherry, and paid no attention to our shouts, we didn't know what to make of it. Then we heard a woman's screams, and Farrar drew his anchor directly the lady and the sailor who

fetches her were on board, and sailed away, leaving your boat."

"Monstrous! It is Eve carried off by that scoundrel, Farrar. We must rescue her. Adam Day, help me, help me," interrupted Arthur as he leapt into the boat, and seized an oar, signalling to Adam to follow.

Adam did so mechanically, for he was so thunderstruck by the conclusion Arthur drew from the sailor's story, that at present he had hardly grasped the situation.

"How do you know it is Eve?" he asked, taking the rudder-strings in his hands.

"How do I know? Because, O misery upon misery! she was to have met me at four at the heronry, and we were to have been married this morning at Yarmouth. I have the ring and license in my pocket, and a clergyman, a friend of mine, was to have married us as soon as we arrived. And now that scoundrel, Farrar, has laid his plans so well that my poor darling has been deceived by him, though how ever he did it, how he knew our plans, how he lured her into my boat, is a mystery. Was it Farrar himself who took her on board?" said Arthur, giving a hopeless glance at the heronry as they shot past; but of course no Eve was there, though it was past four.

"No, sir; it was a bigger man than Farrar, and he had a light-coloured beard. The lady didn't go willingly, that is certain, sir, for my mate and I both heard her screams."

"Why ever didn't you go after them, and rescue her, then?" said Arthur, savagely.

"We daren't, sir. Your orders to us were to lie to and have the wherry already to start directly you came on board at a quarter past four; it wanted a quarter to four as Farrar raised his anchor. Then, thinking there must be something wrong, I pulled off as quick I could to see if I could see anything of you, for you said you would come up Muck Fleet."

All this time Arthur and the sailor Spurgin had been pulling furiously, and as Spurgin finished his sentence the boat flew out of the dyke into Filton Broad.

"Steer for yonder wherry, Adam," said Arthur.

Adam gave a sigh of relief, for he had at first thought the pursuit was to be made in the rowing boat, in which case he knew the chances of success were small; but when he saw the wherry lying a little to the south of the dyke they had come up, he began to see what Arthur's plan had been, though how Farrar had managed to frustrate it so utterly was as much a mystery to him as it was to Arthur Clifford. That Eve had been carried off by stratagem he was certain. Her screams heard by Spurgin when she got on board and realised the trick that had been played on her would have convinced him of this, had he not known that she had refused to have anything to say to Jack Farrar, and thereby constituted him her own, as well as her father's, and his, Adam's, enemy.

"She is still well in sight, sir," said Spurgin, as Adam steered the boat alongside the wherry Arthur had en-

gaged, and in another minute they were all on board, and the boat fastened to her stern.

"Hoist the sail and go after them as quick as you can; ten pounds extra a-piece to each of you if you overtake them before they reach Yarmouth, for they are making for Yarmouth, that is very clear," cried Arthur, who was wild with excitement, and worked away to get the sail up harder than either of the men, who, nevertheless, had caught his excitement.

"Yes, sir, they are making for Yarmouth, or for the sea, which is more likely."

"The sea! He'd never dare to carry her out to sea, scoundrel as he is," exclaimed Arthur.

"He would dare to do anything; if he does that we must charter a steam-tug at Yarmouth and go after them; as it is, we had better take the first we come across, though of course there are none in sight just now," said Adam.

As he spoke he scanned the smiling waters of the broad, now rosy with the tints of the eastern sky reflected on their surface, but except one or two wherries so deeply laden with hay-stacks that they looked like floating stacks, and Farrar's wherry, its rich, red-brown sail filled with the fresh breeze which was springing up, and some yachts lying sleepily at anchor, the broad did not yet present its usual busy appearance during the summer months, and it was too early in the day for the steam-tugs to be pursuing their tasks.

"Never fear, Mr. Day, we'll overtake them without a steam-tug, or my name isn't Ted Spurgin. I'll sail my wherry against Jack Farrar's any day, and give him the start he has had this morning into the bargain. The wind is springing up finely and the tide is with us; we could not do better," said Spurgin, the owner of the wherry, hopefully.

"But the wind and tide are with Farrar, too," said Adam.

"Not just at this minute, sir; he has had to tack; we'll gain upon him now; but what do you mean to do, Mr. Clifford, when we have caught them?"

"Board her to be sure, and rescue my future wife; we are four of us to two of them. But Adam and I will do that if you'll look after the wherry; only let us overtake them, that is all I ask. I'll manage the rest," said Arthur.

Adam had been very grave and silent all this time, but he was thinking of Noah and the grief Eve's conduct would cause him; for though he was quite sure Arthur meant to act honourably, yet a runaway marriage would, he knew, in Noah's eyes tarnish the brightness of her name, while the deceit she had practised would grieve him terribly. Adam thought if he were Eve he would hardly dare to meet Noah's righteous anger when he heard of her behaviour, but yet after pondering the matter well over, he could but think that as soon as Eve was rescued from Farrar's clutches the marriage had better take place; at least he decided to do nothing to prevent it; on the contrary, he would go with them to the church and witness it, even though by so doing he should incur Noah's anger.

"We are gaining on them every minute; they are not more than a knot ahead of us now, sir," cried Spurgin, joyfully, as he watched Farrar's wherry.

"How soon shall we overtake them?" asked Arthur.

"In half an hour, at this rate. Hulloa! what's he up to now? He is changing his course. Bring her head round, mate; we'll cut him off now. What an idiot the fellow is; he is playing into our hands. Where ever is he going to?" said Spurgin, who was watching Farrar's manœuvres.

"Up the little river instead of to Yarmouth, apparently," said Adam, as the wherry steered for the mouth of a tributary of the Yare, which entered the broad at its north-east corner.

"So he is, but we'll be there almost as soon as he is; I can't make the fellow out. Why he is going there, unless he wishes us to overtake him, as we shall do in a very few minutes now, thanks to him, I can't conceive," said Spurgin.

"Nor I, unless he hopes to land at Bridgham before we overtake them," said Adam.

"Bridgham! I never heard of the place. What should he be going there for? Is it a town?" asked Arthur.

"A small town, sir. There is a very good inn, where he could hire a trap and drive to the nearest station, but I hardly think he means to do that. I can't make his game out. If he had made for the sea I should not have been surprised, but this beats me hollow," said Spurgin.

It was soon clear the little river was Farrar's goal, and in twenty minutes he was sailing up it with the other wherry, now only a hundred yards behind him.

"Take the quant now, mate, we'll be alongside her in ten minutes," said Spurgin.

The man obeyed, and, seizing the quant, worked away with a will, supplementing the wind by poking her along, until they were close to a bridge which spanned the river a few feet ahead of Farrar's wherry; and then he threw down his quant and went to lower the mast to enable the wherry to pass safely under the bridge.

Now there are a great many bridges across the rivers in this broad district, and the way in which the wherries lower their masts not a moment too soon, but just in the very nick of time, is one of many quaint features of the life here. Just as you have mentally decided the beautiful yet cumbersome craft must come to grief as she sails close to the bridge, down goes her mast and she shoots safely under, to raise it again immediately, before you have time to realise that the manœuvre has been successfully performed, and the danger you feared averted.

The four men on board Spurgin's wherry were so accustomed to seeing the mast dip at the critical moment, that though watching Farrar's wherry, now only a boat's length ahead, they were not alarmed for her safety, until in a moment the mast struck the bridge, the wherry capsized, and the three people on board her disappeared under the water.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUSIE.—Your own plan appears to be a good one. Your aunt should take a house somewhere in the suburbs, as city men like to leave the smoke and noise, and sleep a little out of town.



SUSAN (a working girl) is thanked for her contribution of sixpence towards the "Girls' Home." You must apply to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, for any information about back numbers of the G.O.P.

LADY CLARISSA.—We could not attempt on such limited acquaintance with the circumstances of the case to give any advice, although you have our sympathy. Should he confess to a change of feeling towards you, of course you should set him free without any argument or remonstrance. It would be undignified to do otherwise.

WILD SCAMP.—We wonder you can so describe yourself! What an utterly unladylike characteristic! To correspond with a man unknown to your parents is an act of rebellion against their lawful authority over you. Confess your undutiful conduct at once, and ask their forgiveness.

TILLIE.—The stains of ink on a mahogany table may be removed by the application of oxalic acid. But it is a dangerous thing to use, or to leave in any easily accessible place, and should be labelled and locked up. Better get in a workman from an upholsterer's to attend to it, as you may make the case worse by inexperience in such matters.

MAVOURNEEN.—We think that you acted rashly, and should have talked over the matter with your intended husband before "jilting" him. Of course we suppose him to be a person of unquestionably good character, and that when he did write, his sentiments towards you had undergone no change. You should have written to ask whether he desired to break off your mutual engagement himself before you cut the matter short by doing it yourself, without giving him a chance of expressing his wishes. If you really care for him and regret your hastiness, write and inquire whether he meant to drop you quietly or not.

FANNY HENSEL.—We can only recommend you to abide by the directions given you by your singing master. Evidently he thinks the risk incurred by the use of your vocal organs, after having imprudently begun to sing in public at the early age of fourteen, is a serious one. You may lose your voice altogether if you do not give it the complete rest that your master prescribes.

GRATEFUL.—The traitor Judas was a lover of money, and he deliberately sold his Divine Master for thirty lucres' sake. He was not a mere automaton—he was a free agent; and he had had the advantage of that Master's teaching, of witnessing His miracles, of profiting—had he desired it—by His example, of enjoying His intimacy and friendship; and being a free agent he sold Him into the cruel hands of His deadliest enemies. Our Heavenly Father overlooks all things, however adverse, for the real good of His children.

GIPSY NAN.—We have ceased to answer questions about the complexion. Your writing is very good. You might join one of the girls' clubs for learning by correspondence at a subscription of a shilling or two. For example, apply to Miss Thoitys, hon. sec. of the Sulhamstead Girls' Question Club, Sulhamstead, Reading, Berkshire. The small annual subscriptions are divided into money prizes at the end of each year.

ANXIOUS PARLOUR-MAID.—Advertising is your only plan now for discovering your sister's whereabouts, after such a lapse of time as five years.

A LITTLE GIRL need not be ashamed of her offering of threepence towards the Girl's Own Home; we

thank her for it. The words, "In the midst of life we are in death," are derived from a Latin inscription attributed to Notker, a monk of St. Gall, A.D. 911. They were composed by him while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, and in peril of their lives. It forms the groundwork of Luther's Antiphon *De morte*. St. Notker (or Notker) was a canonised saint, and was surnamed "the Stammerer." He

belonged to the Benedictines, was a writer on the *Martyrologium*, and died A.D. 912.

A MOTHER.—Do not waste time nor money on making a girl learn to play any instrument if she does not show musical taste: much less if she has no ear. It is by no means an essential part of her education. Indeed, this rule applies to other branches of study. Of course, geography, grammar, composition, the first three rules of arithmetic, history, French, and plain sewing are all absolutely essential and must be learnt; but music, painting, and art embroidery must be taught or not, according to the taste which a child may evince. We are great sufferers already from piano practising, by girls who have no chance of ever gratifying their hearers.

M. R.—If already considered to be a good pianoforte performer, your fingers cannot be disqualified by your age for attaining to the execution essential to your purpose. One would imagine you to be eighty or ninety when you speak of being "so old." You ought to be able to learn any instrument at twenty-five.

A BARMAID AND DAISY G.—We do not see any mention of a Home of Rest for young women in business in the Isle of Wight on our published lists. The Girls' Friendly Society has five such; and it might be well to write to the central office, 3, Victoria Mansions, Westminster, S.W. Where these are situated we cannot tell. There is such a home as you desire at Babbacombe, South Devon, at 12s. a week, or 5s. with subscriber's guinea ticket; address the Misses Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe. Workwomen and others are provided with one on the downs at Lewes, Sussex, at a charge of 5s. a week; address the Lady Superintendent, Hope Villa, Wallands, Lewes. And another at Lindfield, Haywards Heath, Surrey, at 8s.; to members of the Girls' Friendly Society 7s. a week.

LITTLE DORRIS.—It is true that, like the *Eucalyptus*, the sunflower (*Helianthus annuus*) is valuable in a sanitary point of view, being a safeguard against miasmatic fevers. But in addition to this advantage it is to be recommended as offering a valuable crop to the farmer, who, in taking example from its cultivation in Russia, India, China, Germany, and Italy, where it is cultivated to an immense extent, they would make a great profit of the excellent oil which it produces. An acre of good land would give a crop of about fifty bushels of seed, and each bushel yields a gallon of oil. The latter, when purified, is as good for table use as almond or olive oil. The seed is edible when boiled, and somewhat resembles Indian corn in flavour. As food for poultry it is admirable, increasing the number of eggs produced more than any other grain. When roasted they are used as a substitute for coffee. The leaves are employed for straw, and the withered stalks contain a good deal of alkali. The oil is employed both for soap and for light. The large cultivation of the sunflower is greatly to be recommended.

ELSIE.—The series of articles on "How to Keep House on £250 per Annum" was in vol. vi., beginning with the first number, October 4, 1884. There were twelve articles in the volume.

THE BARONESS IRETRUDE AND DI VERNON.—We were gratified by your kind letter. Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, on his return from Palestine, after the fall of Jerusalem, landed in Italy and passed through Apulia. While there he married Sybilla, daughter of the Count of Conversane, A.D. 1100. She died two years after, leaving a son, William, who died of a wound, aged twenty-six, A.D. 1128, under the walls of Alost, in which engagement he was victorious. He was made Count of Flanders by the King of France. The first wife of Robert de Bruce was Isabella, daughter of Donald, Earl of Mar, by whom he had a daughter, Marjory, who married Walter, High Steward of Scotland, and was the mother of Robert II. His second wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Aymer de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, whose son David succeeded him at his death, at Cardross Castle, on the Firth of Clyde, June 7, 1329. The brothers of the Bruce were Nigel and Edward, and his sister, Isabel.

M. S. WEBSTER.—The authorship of the couplet—

"Be the day weary, and never so long,
At length it cometh to even song,"

is not definitively established. It was written during the religious persecutions in England, and had reference to them.

VALENDALE.—It is not necessary to do more than bow at a first introduction, unless to a relative. But if you be the younger you should take the hand offered to you, supposing the new acquaintance wished to be specially cordial.

MYRTLE.—You should not write to the young man without your mother's approval, and in no case until he give you a letter to answer.

MAY.—Read our article on "Spots and Stains" in the series called "The Fairy of the Family." Scrape a little French chalk on the spot, and rub it in with your finger. Writing tolerably good.

ANXIOUS FIFTEEN.—Change of air to the very opposite description of air in which you live is sometimes a perfect cure for neuralgia.

W. E. M. should consult a doctor, and read the articles of "Medicus" on the health of working girls in the "G.O.P." The cause of much illness is want of proper exercise; and a regular course of gymnastics is good when the exercise cannot be obtained. The only "prevention" of wearing boots and shoes in a bad manner, *i.e.*, whether inwards or outwards, is to break yourself of it by perpetually thinking of it, and correcting it when you do it.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The hair generally falls in the autumn, and there is no better remedy than the old one of rosemary tea, which is within everyone's reach.

MODELEY.—The "Lion of Lucerne" is hewn out of the solid sandstone rock, and is after a model by the celebrated Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. It was executed in 1821 as a monument to the memory of the twenty-six officers and 760 men of the Swiss Guard who fell in defence of the Tuileries on August 10th, 1792. The dying lion reclines in a grotto, transfixed by a broken lance, and is sheltering the Bourbon lily with its paw. You will find the entire story in any history of the French Revolution.

KITTY WELLS.—Your stepfather's son, who is not likewise your mother's, is no relation to you, and not within the "prohibited degrees" of marriage. The position of "mother's help" is one which demands very general capabilities of usefulness as well as goodwill, in putting a ready hand with cheerfulness to any description of work which the mother herself would do if necessary. Your verses express good feelings, but do not constitute "poetry."

MODERN ATHENS.—We should advise you to select two or three German towns where there are resident English chaplains, and write to them for information. They might know of some German pasteur who would gladly receive you as boarders, and you would then have a perpetual lesson, day by day, in the language.

SNIPE.—"Lesley" when used as a girl's name appears to be always spelt "ley," not "lie." The origin of this name seems to have been in Burns' poem of "Bonnie Lesley," the heroine of which was Miss Leslie Baillie, daughter of an Ayrshire gentleman. "Bonnie Lesley" is the pet name of a character in Mr. Black's novel of "Kilmenny."

GOODIE.—The 24th of September, 1869, was a Friday. Camphorated chalk is a good simple powder for the teeth.

FANNETTE.—We sympathise with you and your father sincerely in your temporary but distressing trial. Perhaps your father could learn to make netting with a large mesh, for sponge-bags, curtains, fruit-tree nets, and such-like things.

MARY.—The mustard tree alluded to by our Lord will present no difficulty to you when you hear that it was not the English mustard (*Sinapis nigra*), but a tree called by the Arabs "khardal" (*Salvadora Persica*) having numerous branches in which the birds find shelter, yet of which the seeds are exceedingly small.



VOL. X.—No. 470.]

DECEMBER 29, 1888.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Twelve Studies for Pianoforte, by Walter Macfarren, conceal, in a most artistic way, the dry facts of technique beneath a glamour of musicianly grace. On this account alone they will be warmly welcomed by amateurs.

Un Azue, a melody for piano by Tito Mattei, is full of beautiful expression and melodic charm. There is, near the foot of page five, a most uncomfortable case of consecutive fifths. The exceptions to the rule forbidding this progression should always be pleasant ones.

Arabian Serenade. A song for basses, and composed expressly for Signor Foli, by Michael Watson.—This stirring ballad will make a capital present to brothers who sing such things, and can only look at music very superficially.

Sabina. Minuet and trio, by Margaret Gyde.—The minuet in C minor is the stronger movement of the two. The trio in A flat major, too great a contrast to its predecessor, is built up upon a very common sort of melody.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

The Creation. The performing edition of Haydn's masterpiece is edited by the late Sir George Macfarren, who has, besides, arranged the pianoforte accompaniment, adding the orchestral indications which are of such great value and interest to amateurs, and also giving breath marks, denoted by a large comma above the staff, and intended to ensure unanimity amongst the singers. The lamented professor strongly advocates the restoration of the pianoforte as an accompaniment to the recitativo "secco" or "parlante." Its predecessor, the cembalo, was originally used, and the figured bass was intended to be filled up on that instrument, and not on the violoncello and double-bass. We must mention that the paper is not thick enough, for the writing upon the other side of a page shows through, and tends to create confusion, but otherwise the "performing edition" is most valuable.

Five Songs—words by Moore, and music by Lancelot Martley—belong to that interesting young school of song writers of whom Erskine Allon (to whom these love songs are dedicated) is a shining example. May we suggest that there are times when a particular rhythm, like a private hobby, should give way to beauty which is sadly thwarted by persistent reiteration?

L'Hirondelle is the title of a most graceful French chansonnette by F. W. Davenport.

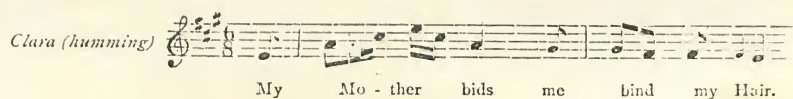
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Drawn by]

SONG PICTURES I.

[Sydney P. Hall.



Sunshine. Song by Berthold Tours.—This is a simple setting of some good words by F. E. Weatherly, M.A. The third phrase of the music is a curious reminiscence of Sullivan's song about a silver churn, in *Patience*.

Tiny Feet. A song by Morton Elliott.—We can recommend this song to average singers, as a simple and effective thing, strongly impregnated with the character of an Irish melody.

Bonnie Wee Thing. Words by Burns, music by Amy Elise Horrocks.—This is such a pretty song, with such excellent "local colour" about it, that we recommend it heartily. Compass C to F.

La Bergère.—A rustic dance, by Warwick Williams, is a bright little piece, à la gavotte.

C. JEFFERYS.

Life, we've been long together. Words of Mrs. Barbauld's, set to music by Ernst Helmer.—This is a ballad of the Balfe-Wallace period, and although a decidedly weak composition, it has some melodic interest. There is the display of a gift, without any use having been made of it.

REYNOLDS AND CO.

Grannie's Rings. Music by Theo. Bonheur, and words by Arthur Chapman. The words are very touching, and represent a charming

social interview between a child and her grandmother.

The Last Vespers. Music by Cuthbert Vane.—It is surely time to protest against the damage which the well-deserved popularity of such songs as "The Storm" and "Children's Voices" has wrought, by flooding the market with a demand for ballads with a refrain from the Church Services. In this particular song the conspirators in composition are reduced to killing a Sacristan! and the refrain is borrowed from the Nunc Dimittis! Another is named "Miserere Nobis," which is the refrain murmured by a monk who happens to pass a bridge just as a poor lunatic leaps over into the water. A song which, under similarly sad conditions, made a stirring demand for a life-belt would be more natural in character and less morbid in tone.

Danse Imperiale. By E. Boggetti.—You never know under what disguise a gavotte will "dissemble" nowadays! Everything not a march is safe to be a gavotte. This belongs to the latter class.

THOMAS MURBY.

Elsa and the Imprisoned Fairy. A Cantata for Juvenile Voices. By Thomas Murby.—There are many good points about this fairy cantata, but also some features which might be developed to greater extent with decided

advantage. For instance, the two-part writing is simply a series of thirds. We think, if Mr. Murby is able to do so, that he should elevate the second sopranos to something above mere imitations of an upper part at the distance of a third, and should give children an early love for independent counter-melody. Again, the melodies in solo numbers, and harmonies and rhythms in the accompaniment, ought to introduce features of interest and even novelty; threadbare harmony and commonplace tunes only make children lazy and apathetic.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

The Tempest King. By Oscar Verne.—Is a very fair specimen of a ballad for bass voice. It is dramatic, and would require a big voice.

Dresdina is a graceful little gavotte (this time disguised as "Stately Measure"!) by Carl Malemberg.

Gigue in G. A bright, frolicking dance. By E. Boggetti.

Vesper Voluntaries. Book 20 of this useful series of organ, or rather harmonium, pieces contains 12 movements of varied character. By King Hall.

The Juvenile Portfolio of Dances is a book, cheap at a shilling, of Quadrilles, Polkas, etc., for little people. The best number is the old dance, Sir Roger de Coverley.

MITTENWALD AND ITS VIOLINS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER III.

"A fellow so mercurial as your fiddle is not to be created out of any chance piece of timber."—*An old book.*



ALTHOUGH we know for a certainty that every thing on the earth and under it has, from the beginning, been laid under contribution by man for the purpose of pleasure and of art, yet in passing through a forest the last thing that would suggest itself to us is, that the trees under whose shade we are walking are endowed with a wonderful power—latent, it is true, until the hand of man inspires it with life—a power of expressing the inmost longings and passions of the human heart, a power to draw tears from our eyes or make us dance with joy, a power to soothe our aching hearts and draw forth the expression of our love and devotion, a power to sympathise with us, a power of making itself indispensable to us. Can any fairy tale be more wonderful than this?

We are not surprised to see the trees cut down and made into ships, or furniture, or houses; but to see them endowed with an almost superhuman gift of companionship to man would seem impossible if we did not know it for a fact, and one which we are about to prove.

The form in which this power is lodged must, of course, be as near perfection as possible, and this it is acknowledged to be. It vies with the human voice in its delicacy and its power of expressing every shade and nicety of tone.

The skill of an hour has not made it what it is, nor even that of a century; but, as Ruskin expresses it, "the help of numberless souls has produced it." Nothing good comes forth all at once, but is the result of thought, anxiety,

and labour, and the violin, as handed down to us by the great masters, is no exception to the rule.

To us who love the instrument it will be interesting to learn by what process a tree of the forest is made to give out all its latent beauty and power, and assume the form of the graceful violin.

Those entrusted with this work of transformation have no easy task; they must be thoroughly educated in their art, and fully acquainted with those fixed laws and regulations, which to infringe, even by a hair's breadth, means failure. Presuming that this is all as it should be, then the next important step for them is to obtain material wherewith to work. This is most difficult, even though they happen to live in the midst of forests, as at Mittenwald.

There may be an abundance of wood from which to choose, but how and what to choose is the all-absorbing question, for the makers know well that the acoustic properties of the instruments they are about to make will greatly depend upon the selection of wood.

The knowledge of selecting wisely was the secret of the old Italian and French masters, who sought their material far away from their own lands, not because there were no maple or pine trees in Italy and France, but simply that those growing there rarely combined the qualities necessary for the production of a perfect violin, and so much did they value a piece of wood containing both beauty and acoustic properties that they guarded it jealously for their best work, and used up every inch of it.

It is to the old masters' choice of wood, quite as much as to the work bestowed upon it, that their instruments possess that velvety sound which distinguishes them.

It is certain that they had fixed guiding principles as to the nature and qualities of the wood they used; and none knew these better than Stradivarius and Guarnerius.

Not only did they seek wood among the

trees of the forest, but were constantly observed mysteriously prowling about far from home, tapping tables, floorings, and even ceilings with their little hammers, and bending down their ears to catch, if possible, the tone of music they loved so much to hear. If they were fortunate enough to catch the ring in anything they touched, they lost no time in making an offer for it, and never parted from it till it was safely lodged in their studios.

Guarnerius seems to have obtained in this way a large piece of well-seasoned pinewood possessing extraordinary acoustic properties, from which he made most of the bellies of his violins. He looked upon it as a mine of wealth, and was most careful in working it that not a scrap should be lost.

In like manner a pupil of Stradivarius visited Ireland, and while there came across an old maple table, which he at once secured, and made from it some beautiful instruments.

I suppose everyone has heard of Vuillaume, the famous violin maker and repairer, and how he wandered about in search of the wood he required. He might have been seen in various parts of Switzerland buying up the furniture or wood-work of a chalet, or entering the poorest hovels in search of what he wanted; and whenever he could detect the right resonance in anything he touched, he made it his at any price.

One day he went so far as to persuade the curate of a small parish to let him take away the ceiling of his sitting-room, and replace it by another; and with this heap of dried wood he hurried back to Paris, there to work wonders with it. The beauty of the wood thus found consisted in its perfect dryness and readiness to be worked upon.

Many experiments were made by the old masters before determining what were the best materials for their purpose. They tried the pear, the ash, and lemon trees for the backs and bouts (sides), they tried deal for the bellies, but they failed to satisfy them on all points; and at length they came to the conclusion

that nothing was better for the backs, necks, sides, and purfling (rims) than maple, which is beautiful, flexible, and not too soft, and for the bellies nothing equal to pine wood of certain quality, on account of its elasticity. Of the kind of pine none seemed to them so good as those grown in the Bavarian Alps and Tyrol, while they preferred to have the maple from Croatia, Dalmatia, and Turkey.

But to learn all about the wood was one of our reasons for going to Mittenwald, and, fortunately for us, Herr Neuner who guided us through his factory took infinite pains to show us the various woods, and how to detect the faulty from the perfect. But before going through the factory it will, I think, suit our purpose to accompany the violin makers of Mittenwald into their forests and watch them in their selection and purchase of wood.

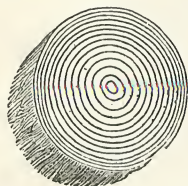
It is not the privilege of all violin makers to choose their own wood; as a rule they have to buy of the merchant at a distance such as he sees fit to send, but here it is otherwise.

Before all things the trees must have the right resonance in them, and then, whether maple or pine, those selected must be very old, ripe, and dry; the dryness must be natural, not artificial.

A too great abundance of sap would render the sounds discordant and shrill, and probably cause the wood to shrink, which would damage the violin at once.

Many experiments have been made to dry the wood quickly, but nothing has yet been found whereby it can be done, except at the cost of the instrument.

The age of a tree is known to a certainty. When the trunk is sawn through you will perceive that it is beautifully and regularly marked with rings, which, in the centre, stand rather wide apart, but become closer and closer as they tend towards the bark. As the years get older the rings get closer together and the grain becomes finer.



Each of these rings is a record of a year; those in the centre being the new years, those on the outside and standing close together being the marks of years long gone by. Sometimes there are as many as three hundred rings. Not a single year since it was first planted but has its record there.

But in choosing wood for the violin age is not everything, for the tone of the instrument will depend upon the regularity of the rings. For example: a very fruitful year or an extremely wet year leaves its mark behind in a blurred ring, or one standing too far apart, showing that the goodness and strength were lavished on the fruit during that year, or lost in the extreme wet. Should this occur often, the tree might serve other purposes, but a violin maker would reject it as injurious to the

good tone of the instrument he is about to make.

The Record of the years that are past!

Will it be out of place to mention here that as I stood watching tree after tree divulging the secrets of its life, I wondered whether our deeds and lives would be as indelibly marked, and as clearly to be seen when we stand awaiting judgment?

I don't know of anything which so strangely affected me as this unerring record of past years, exposed to the gaze of men assembled there in order to pass judgment and accept or reject accordingly.

Again I found that the violin makers did not select the wood close to the roots nor close to the summit of the trees for their instruments. This puzzled me, until the men explained that up to a certain distance from the trunk the wood is fatter, more compact, and sucks up more freshness than would be good, and that near the summit the wood is scorched and calcined by the sun, and being met by the ascending sap it is watery and green near the bark.

They were careful not to take wood full of holes and dead with decay, for, as they told me, violins made of such would send forth sounds without freshness or life. If they could have a choice, they selected the female tree in preference to the male, as being more pliant.

On finding a tree suitable for their purpose, they chalked a mark on the side facing the south, as regard must be had to the situation or exposure of the tree; that facing the south, under the full influence of the sun, is the ripest and richest in quality, and therefore sought for eagerly; the least desirable and the least perfect being the north, which is hidden from the sun.

Again my mind wandered to the Sun of Righteousness and those who grow up under His influence, and I felt that the trees were full of lessons and allegories.

All masters of the art of violin making seem to be of one opinion as to the goodness and suitability of the trees in this and the adjoining districts for violin making, and I wanted to know the reason of their preference.

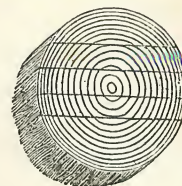
It appears that the density, elasticity, and durability of wood depends upon the soil in which it is grown; and that of the Bavarian Alps and Tyrol is strongly impregnated with salt, a substance which has been proved to increase both the flexibility and elasticity of wood.

Having secured the trees, they are taken to the wood-yard and cut up into slabs of a certain size, and laid by in a house to dry—a process which will take at least six years.

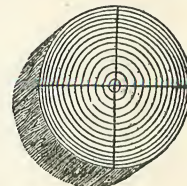
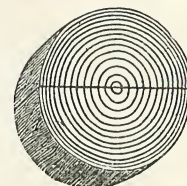
The old masters knew the importance of using very dry wood, and most of them had a sort of open shed or awning on the roofs of their houses, where the wood was stored on rafters ready for use. It is easy to see how delighted they were when they happened to come across a piece of resonant wood in some old chalet which was perfectly dry and seasoned, for they could begin upon it there and then.

It is now time to enter the factory and see how the wood is cut for the commencement of the violin; but for a moment we must look at

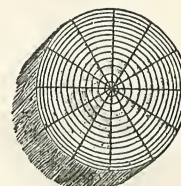
the rings again. Those widest apart near the centre supply the bass tones; those close together and tending to the bark supply the treble notes; therefore a special cutting of the wood is necessary. For example; it is not cut straight across like this, for then the grain



would be cut through and the tone spoiled. First they halve the slab, then halve that again



and cut the wood in strips from the centre,



thus securing the proper amount of year circles in each.

This method of cutting the wood so as to embrace all the tone within the one instrument Klotz evidently learned from his master Nicolas Amati, and other Italian masters with whom he sojourned, for it was the fashion of the Cremonese and Brescian makers so to deal with the wood.

We must not forget to mention that the bridge of the violin is made of ebony or mountain ash, the latter being the next hardest wood; but it is easy to discover of which wood it is made. You can make no impression with your nail on ebony, but it is easy to do so on mountain ash.

Some of Nicolas Amati's violins have the bellies made of deal, probably chosen by him because of its density, elasticity, and vibrating power. An interesting experiment was made with three rods—one of steel, another of glass, and the third of deal; and it was found that when similarly struck all produced the same note. A fourth was then added of maple, and as it is more slow to vibrate, gave out, when struck, a lower note than the deal.

Having obtained the wood, and found some dry enough to commence with, we shall hope to begin work upon it in our next chapter.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

AT SEA.

A bride was on board ship, and the sea was rather rough.

"I feel so ill, my dear," she said, "and if I should die and they bury me here, you'll sometimes come and plant flowers on my grave, won't you?"

A MORTIFYING REFLECTION.—It is a most mortifying reflection for anyone to consider what she has done compared with what she might have done.

HAPPINESS.—The essential ingredients in happiness are health, tranquillity of mind, competence, and friends of good character.

DOING GOOD.—She that would do good to many must love many better than herself, and prefer the common good much before her own, and seek her own in the common welfare.

IN PRAISE OF METHOD.—A little method is worth a great deal of memory.



"I HAVE BEEN UP MORE THAN AN HOUR, I KNOW," SAID NOAH,
GLANCING AT HIS WATCH.

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK
BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE,
Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOAH'S CLOCK GAINS HALF-AN-HOUR.

"HALF-PAST five! Why, I have overslept myself! Dear me, I must be getting old! I don't know that I ever did such a thing before in my life," said Noah, as he glanced at the kitchen clock on leaving his bedroom that morning.

It would no more have entered Noah's head to imagine the clock had gone wrong than to think the sun in the heavens had; it never

went wrong. It was cleaned once a year regularly, and wound up punctually every Saturday; and for it to lose or gain a minute was a thing unknown in its annals. Noah's own watch might lose or gain, the church clock even might err, but Noah's clock never.

So convinced that he had overslept himself he went out of doors, where another surprise awaited him. The boat, instead of being in its proper place, where he had left it the night before, was on the other side of the river, where Eve had left it.

"Well, this is a queer start, this is! I doubt Master Jack Farrar was up to some of his tricks again last night; if so, Adam was not so far wrong after all. However, I may as well swim across for it, and kill two birds with one stone."

Accordingly Noah suited the action to the word, and performed his ablutions and fetched the boat; he then took his tackle and a pail of worms, and went down the river towards the church to bob for eels, and forgot all about having overslept himself until the church clock struck six.

"Six; it must be seven! I have been up more than an hour, I know," said Noah, glancing at his watch, which, however, confirmed the opinion of the church clock as to the time of day, and on looking round Noah decided the sun did the same. "Umph! I can't make it out; never knew my clock gain or lose a minute; and parson sets the church clock himself every Saturday, I know," he said, half aloud, and then went on with his eel-bobbing till nearly eight o'clock, for he had good sport that day, and then he went home to breakfast.

"My, Noah! how late you are! it is getting on for nine o'clock. I was half-an-hour late myself this morning, and Eve ain't up yet, lazy child," said Mrs. Oldman, who was looking out for him.

"It is only ten minutes past eight, wife," said Noah.

"Go on with you! look at the clock—it is a quarter to nine."

So it was; and Noah, after staring at the clock, went slowly across the kitchen to listen to its tick.

"Why, the clock is open. Have you been touching it?" said Noah, as he found the door of the clock was closed but not fastened.

"Dear, no, man! I never touched the clock, except to dust the case, in my life, nor Eve neither. What! were you smoking in here last night? See, here is a fusee on the floor," said Mrs. Oldman, picking up the fusee—by the light of which Farrar had put the clock on—from the floor.

"No, I lit my pipe outside, and I never use fusees. Just call Eve. I can't make it out at all, the clock has gained five and thirty minutes in the night," said Noah, thoughtfully stroking his white beard.

Mrs. Oldman obeyed, first calling Eve and then knocking at her door, but getting no answer she went into the room and found Eve was not there.

"The child is up and out. Strange! I never heard her go out; she must

have gone before I was awake. I wonder she ain't back to breakfast by now. Where can she be gone to?"

"Perhaps she is gone to gather wild flowers, and forgets the time," said Noah, who was puzzling over the clock; and slowly arriving at the conclusion it must have been put on by someone during the night, and resolving to take counsel with Adam about it. Meanwhile he sat down to his solitary breakfast, for Mrs. Oldman had had hers, and was standing outside the ark, scanning the country in every direction for Eve, whose unusual absence worried her.

"I can't think where the child is gone. I hope she has not come across that fellow Farrar, who seems to be always loafing about here after her. I should not wonder if that fusee belonged to him—he always uses them. Did you lock the door up last night, Noah?"

"No; and I forgot to tell you I found the boat on the other side of the river this morning," said Noah.

"Then you may depend Farrar has been here, and up to some of his pranks, though what object he could have in putting the clock on or taking the boat across the river, except to annoy you, I don't know. How I wish Eve would come in! and when she does I wish you'd just speak to her about being out alone so long, Noah. She'll pay more heed to one word from you than she will to a hundred from me. She was out ever so long all by herself on Saturday evening."

"Yes, but she had scarcely been out all the week, and she has not seemed quite herself all this last week either, to my mind. I'll just go round and see Adam before I start for Fordham with the eels; perhaps I may meet her."

"Not you; she's off in the other direction I'll be bound; that is her favourite walk. Look in again before you start for Fordham, to see if she has come home," said Mrs. Oldman, who was much more nervous than the occasion required, as her husband could not help thinking, for he was not in the least alarmed at Eve's absence.

When he was gone Mrs. Oldman made some fresh tea for Eve, and cleared away Noah's breakfast things, and then stood outside the ark looking in every direction for Eve, and talking to herself all the time.

"Something is going to happen; my ducks didn't go to beak, nor the taters to leaf, and the wheat to straw, because it is a dry season only; there is more in it than that, I'll be bound. Where can the child be? That clock a-gaining, too, look as if we were all going too fast, like the ducks and the taters; if it had stopped, I should have known 'twas a certain sign of a death—perhaps of my old man's, as 'tis his clock; but gaining is another tale; perhaps it means a wedding instead of a death. Why, my, yes, of course it must! I wonder I never thought of that before. If stopping bodes a death, gaining means a wedding, sure enough, according to the laws of contraries. And whose wedding should that clock trouble itself about except Eve's, seeing Noah has been married this five and twenty years come next Michaelmas! Ah, well, there is only one man in these parts

fit to be husband to Eve, bless her pretty face! and that is Squire Clifford; and I am very much mistaken if she ain't of my way of thinking on that subject. I wonder what dress the child has got on this morning! I'll go and see."

So saying, Mrs. Oldman trotted off into Eve's room, where after a short search she discovered Eve had gone in a clean white dress—a fact which only added to her anxiety.

"Bless the child, if she hasn't gone in her best frock! would not put it on yesterday either, I remember, though I wanted her to. Mary Oldman, Mary Oldman, there is something going to happen, as sure as my old man's a saint, and I a wicked sinner! If Noah was to know how wicked, he'd never forgive me, and so perhaps it ain't worth telling him, though many's the time I have had more than half a mind to. But bless me! here is a letter in Eve's writing! Where are my glasses? I baint much of a scholar, but I can read her writing, I think. How bad I do feel! my heart is in my mouth, and I am trembling like yon aspen up in parson's garden; and of course I can't find my glasses—I never can when I want them. Oh! here they be on the chimneypiece, and here comes my old man, so he can read it; he is a better scholar than I, far away. Here, Noah, come and read this; it is a letter from Eve I have just found in her room."

"From Eve? Isn't she back yet?" said Noah.

"No, man; but be quick and read it! See, it is directed to father and mother."

But Noah was always deliberate in his actions, and he didn't hurry now; but took out his spectacles, wiped them, and then after looking at the direction till Mrs. Oldman could bear it no longer, but nudging him, exclaimed in the Norfolk dialect—

"Go on, Nor, do."

He opened it, and read as follows:—

"My dear Parents,—I hope you will not be angry with me; but before you read this letter I shall be married to the dearest and best and handsomest gentleman in the world. Mother, I don't think you will mind me going off like this, much; for I think you have guessed my secret; it was to save him trouble. And father, dear father, you must not be very angry with your little Eve, but forgive her; and though she will be a grand lady, and live in a grand house and have plenty of servants and carriages, she will always think her father the best and noblest and wisest man in the world. Father, dear, and mother, we have loved each other since we were little children—he and I; but it was only six weeks ago he asked me to be his wife, and this morning we are to be married at Yarmouth, as soon as we get there, and that will be about half-past six. And then we are going abroad for a year; but the marriage will be in all the papers, and I saw the ring and the license on Saturday evening, and a letter from the clergyman who is to marry us. Good-bye, dearest father and mother; as soon as I come back from abroad you must both come and stay a long, long time with your little

Eve, who could not help loving a gentleman, but who is still your loving daughter. You will miss me at first, but mother you always said I was born to marry young. And oh, I am so happy! and I am going to study hard to be a wife my husband will never feel ashamed of, for of course I have heaps to learn. But do not fear, dear father and mother, I shall always love you dearly, and see you as often as I can.

"EVE."

Noah read this letter slowly and deliberately in a low, measured voice, but when he had finished it he laid it gently down, and burying his grand face in his brown hands, he sobbed as if his heart would break. Mrs. Oldman sat as if turned to stone, not so much by the news Eve's letter contained as by the effect it had on Noah; never in her life had she seen him so overcome. He had wept over the coffins of their little children, but not as he wept now; that weeping was but as the gentle overflowing of a peaceful river; this as the passionate heaving of a tempest-tossed sea, as violent and sudden as the storms which sweep over the broads. She dared not speak or stir lest Noah's strong emotion communicated itself to her, and tears of sympathy with him rolled down her cheeks; for herself she could not weep, her heart's desire was granted, Eve was married to Arthur Clifford, and with her marriage a load was taken off her mother's mind.

Presently the storm ceased, Noah's sobs died away almost as suddenly as they had begun, and then falling on his knees he exclaimed, "Thy will be done," and remained for a few minutes engaged in silent prayer.

Then he rose, and taking his wife's face in his hands, looked down fondly at her, and said—

"It is a sore trial, Mary; God give us grace to bear it; but I never thought Adam would have served me this trick."

"Adam! Adam Day! My poor old dear Noah, what are you thinking of? It ain't Adam she is married to; Eve cared no more for him than I do; he was a brother to her, but no more!" exclaimed Mrs. Oldman, rising to her feet in her excitement.

"Then who is it?" said Noah.

"Who should it be but Master Arthur, to be sure?—Squire Clifford—as she says in her letter; they have always loved each other, and there never was a prettier sight than to see those two together when they were little children.

You always said he was to marry Miss Grace, but I knew better—I have seen it a-coming for years; they were made for each other if ever a couple were; he tall and dark, she small and fair; he no great scholar, she clever, with more brains in her little finger than he has in his curly head; he idle at his books, she never so happy as when she is studying. God Almighty meant them to come together."

"Silence, wife! you don't know what you are saying. Almighty God never meant my little Eve to marry a gentleman, nor to deceive her parents," said Noah, sternly.

"And why shouldn't she marry a gentleman? Master Arthur ain't a penny too good for our Eve, and much as you think of Adam Day, he is no equal for her, who is as much of a lady, bless her, as Miss Grace up at the rectory, and cleverer and prettier too; though if you come to goodness, why, one is an angel and the other is nought but a human creature, with faults like the rest of us."

"Woman! You are daft; and so puffed up with pride you can't see an inch before you. No more of this; I forbid you to mention the subject again until I do. I am going to the rectory," and Noah walked gravely out of the house; but he had only gone a few steps when he turned back, for his conscience smote him for leaving his wife with such sharp words on his lips.

Mrs. Oldman was standing where he left her by the kitchen table, sobbing gently, and drying her eyes on the corner of her apron.

Noah took her plump, dimpled hands in one of his, and putting his arm round her substantial little figure, laid her comely head, with its soft brown hair, not yet silvered by time, on his breast, and kissed her silently.

"Oh, Noah, Noah, I am a wicked woman! You'd never forgive me if you knew how wicked," she sobbed.

"Mary, if you have had anything to do with this morning's work I forgive you, as I forgive her and him, from the bottom of my heart."

"I haven't! I knew no more than you, or at least very little; but oh, I am a wicked—But dear me, here is Parson and Miss Grace!" And Mrs. Oldman straightened her cap, and slipping away from her husband, blushed like a girl as she curtseyed to the Rector and Grace Leicester, who now entered the ark.

Mr. Leicester was always a grave-

looking man, but he looked preternaturally grave this morning, and Grace was paler than ever, and seemed frightened and upset.

Noah was the first to speak.

"Good morning, Mr. Leicester. I see you know what has happened, and you cannot regret it more than I do."

"I don't know all, Noah; I wish I did. I have just found a letter on my study table from my ward, Mr. Arthur Clifford, telling me that before I read it he would be the husband of your daughter Eve, who, with all respect to you and her, is scarcely the person I should have wished to see his wife," said Mr. Leicester.

"Certainly not, sir. I entirely agree with you, and I can truly say I am as grieved to see my daughter married to a gentleman as you can be to see Mr. Arthur married to an eelman's daughter. If I could undo the marriage, sir, I would, but those whom God has joined together let not man put asunder," said Noah.

"But they are not married yet; Arthur says, 'I will telegraph the moment the marriage is celebrated, which will, I expect, be about half-past six o'clock.' It is now ten, and I have received no telegram. I therefore fear something has happened, and I came to suggest that you and I should go at once to Yarmouth and see. My boy is foolhardy, but he is as honourable a man as you or I. Matters have gone too far now, I suppose, for us to prevent it, if the marriage has not taken place. No, what I fear is there has been an accident. How they proposed to reach Yarmouth I don't know, but I imagine by water; and they must have left here by four, if they expected to get there by half-past six. Who is this man riding as if for his life? It looks like Adam Day," he added, abruptly, as a horseman galloped wildly up to the ark.

"So it is, sir. Where can he have been?" said Noah, as Adam, for it was he, dismounted, tied up the panting horse, and came towards them, presenting a strange figure.

He was in his shirt sleeves, and looked as if he had been half drowned, and had ridden some miles in his dripping clothes, as indeed he had.

"Adam, my lad, what is it?" said Noah.

"Bad news, Father Noah—terrible news, but it might have been worse," replied Adam.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

BY THE REV. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.

CHRISTMAS gatherings a hundred years ago were not unlike those at the present day. However much the manners of modern society may have altered during the past century, we find little variation in the programme of merrymaking arranged for the parties of the young in olden times. Indeed no change of

fashion could alter the leading feature of a Christmas party, namely, the idea of affording both old and young as much laughter and enjoyment as possible. Although dancing formed an attractive element of the evening's proceedings, yet it was not by any means the prominent diversion as nowadays,

games of all kinds having been in popular requisition.

There was one advantage, however, which most Christmas parties in years gone by possessed, and which one would like to see introduced into the merrymakings of the present day—they commenced and ended early. The

late hours to which even our juvenile gatherings are prolonged, would have found no favour with our forefathers, who believed in no exception to the rule "Early to bed," especially when young folk were concerned. This was a good old-fashioned arrangement, and precluded any objections that even the most rigid moralist might raise against such periodical scenes of dissipation. It should be remembered, too, that the times were more simple and unconventional, and the mode of procedure on such occasions was far less elaborate than nowadays. This, again, was worthy of our imitation, and in striking contrast with the costly and unnecessary extravagance which so often mars the homely simplicity of the Christmas party. And yet let it not be supposed that they were less hearty or inferior in thorough good merriment to the modern entertainments. If the preparations were less extensive, and the programme not so attractive as at the present day, there was, nevertheless, a greater amount of unstudied enjoyment—everyone deeming it right to contribute as far as possible to the evening's amusement. Hence looking back on the social history of years past, as recorded in contemporary literature, we get a clear insight into the manner that juvenile gatherings were usually conducted.

An amusing little book, called "Round About Our Coal Fire; or, Christmas Entertainments," gives a quaint account of the arrangements at such times. The rooms, we are told, were embowered with holly, ivy, cypress, bays, laurel, and mistletoe; and "a bouncing Christmas log in the chimney, glowing like the cheeks of a country maid." The servants were running here and there "with merry hearts and jolly countenances. Everyone was busy in welcoming of guests, and the maids were as blithe and buxom as in the days of good Queen Bess." In short, cheery good nature was the order of the day; and an earnest desire on all sides to make each little guest feel welcome and happy more than fully compensated for the lack of those amusements which are nowadays supplied by professional establishments.

Among the pastimes mentioned were the masqueradings, which were the signal for the utmost excitement. The young people dressed themselves up in the most ridiculous attire, and borrowed from every conceivable quarter any article of dress which might add to the eccentricity of their appearance. As may be imagined, there was no small rivalry as to who should most cleverly conceal or disguise his or her identity, all manner of artful contrivances being resorted to for this purpose. Occasionally, too, when their "make up" was complete and generally approved of, some of these juvenile masqueraders would slip out of the house and pay a visit to a neighbouring family, their approach being heralded by many a merry peal of laughter. It was a happy time, full of good nature and harmless fun, and cheered the old as well as the young. Of the many allusions to entertainments of this kind may be noticed the "Paston Letters," wherein we find a letter dated December 24th, 1484, which relates how Lady Morley, on account of the death of her lord, directing what pastimes were to be used in her house at Christmas, gave orders that "there were none disguisings, nor harping, nor luting, nor singing, nor none loud disports; but playing at the tables, and chess, and cards; such disports she gave her folks leave to play, and none other."

In modern times, perhaps, the nearest approach to these amusing "makes up" of

past years are either charades or "tableaux vivants," in which young people ransack the wardrobes, laying their hands on anything which they consider suitable for the occasion. Indeed, it is the preparation for their juvenile display which oftentimes causes the greatest fun, besides affording an opportunity for the exercise of originality of design and ingenuity in utilising the most awkward and unpropitious materials.

At the conclusion of such entertainments dancing has generally formed the chief diversion, or as it was formerly nicknamed, "hopping;" for, as the same old writer says, "these dances stir the blood;" while those unable to join in this pastime have never failed to find equal pleasure in one of the many time-honoured English games, in which even "children of a larger growth" have whiled away many an hour. But in the course of years some of these harmless and once popular amusements have become almost obsolete, being nowadays rarely seen. Some of them might well be revived, and would doubtless prove as attractive in our modern juvenile gatherings as they did in days of long ago.

A game, for example, which often caused a considerable amount of laughter and excitement was known as "Dun in the Mire." The mode of procedure was somewhat after the following fashion:—A log of wood was brought into the middle of the room; this was nicknamed "Dun," or the carthorse, and a cry was made that he had stuck hopelessly in the mire. Instantly two of the young people, responding to the appeal, advanced, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. When unable to do so they in turn called for further help, and finally all the party joined in the game; poor Dun, of course, being eventually extricated. Meanwhile, however, no small merriment was caused by each person's sly efforts to let the log fall on his neighbour's toes. The popularity of this Christmas pastime may be gathered from the frequent allusions to it by old writers. Thus Shakespeare, it may be remembered, in *Romeo and Juliet* (Act i. scene 4), speaks of it, where Mercutio says to Romeo—

"Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire."

Beaumont and Fletcher also, in *The Woman Hater* (Act iv. scene 3), refer to it:—

"Dun's in the mire; get out again how he can."

Chaucer, too, probably alludes to this old game in the *Manciples Prologue*, where the host, seeing the cook asleep, exclaims—

"Syr, what dunne is in the mire?"

Another diversion which was in request at Christmas parties was "hot cockles." This was a species of blindman's buff, in which the person kneeling down, and being struck behind, was to guess who inflicted the blow.

According to Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," this pastime received its name from the French "hautes-coquilles," and is thus described by Gay in the following lines—

"As at hot cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,

Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye."

Then there was the old phrase "to sit upon hot cockles" which probably meant to be very impatient, as in the subjoined extract from a work of the beginning of the seventeenth century: "He laughs and kicks like Chrysippus

when he saw an ass eat figs; and sits upon hot cockles till it be blazed abroad, and withal intreats his neighbours to make bone-fires for his good hap, and causeth all the bells of the parish to ring forth the peal of his own fame."

Again, oftentimes, "Handy-dandy" was the signal for a merry romp at the Christmas party. One of the party concealed something in his or her hand, making the others guess what was concealed. If the latter guessed rightly, he or she won the article; but if wrongly had to pay a forfeit of an equivalent value. Sometimes it would appear the game was played by a sort of sleight of hand, the article being rapidly changed from one hand into the other, so that the looker-on was easily deceived.

Such old games as snap-dragon and hide-seek are, however, as popular at our juvenile gatherings as in years past, although unfortunately some survive only in name. A game twice mentioned by Herrick, but not once explained, is "Fox i' th' hole," the allusion being thus—

"Of Christmas sports, the wassail bowl,

That's tossed up after fox i' th' hole."

After the young people were fairly tired with dancing and romping, round games were next in request, these in their turn affording immense excitement. Then there are numerous allusions to the diversion known as "Questions and Answers," or as it was sometimes called "Questions and Commands," when, says the author of "Round About Our Coal Fire," "the commander may oblige his subject to answer any lawful question, and make the same obey him instantly, under the penalty of being smutted, or paying such forfeit as may be laid on the aggressor." The more intellectually inclined would play at "cap-verses," wherein one gave a word, to which another of the party gave a rhyme, and so on, much amusement being caused by the difficulty some would have of finding the suitable rhyme, and the foolish mistakes others would make; for which, of course, they had to pay in each case a forfeit.

Card-games, once more, have from time immemorial been an endless source of laughter at Christmas parties; a highly popular one having been known as "Post and Pair," an allusion to which Ben Jonson makes in his "Masque of Christmas."

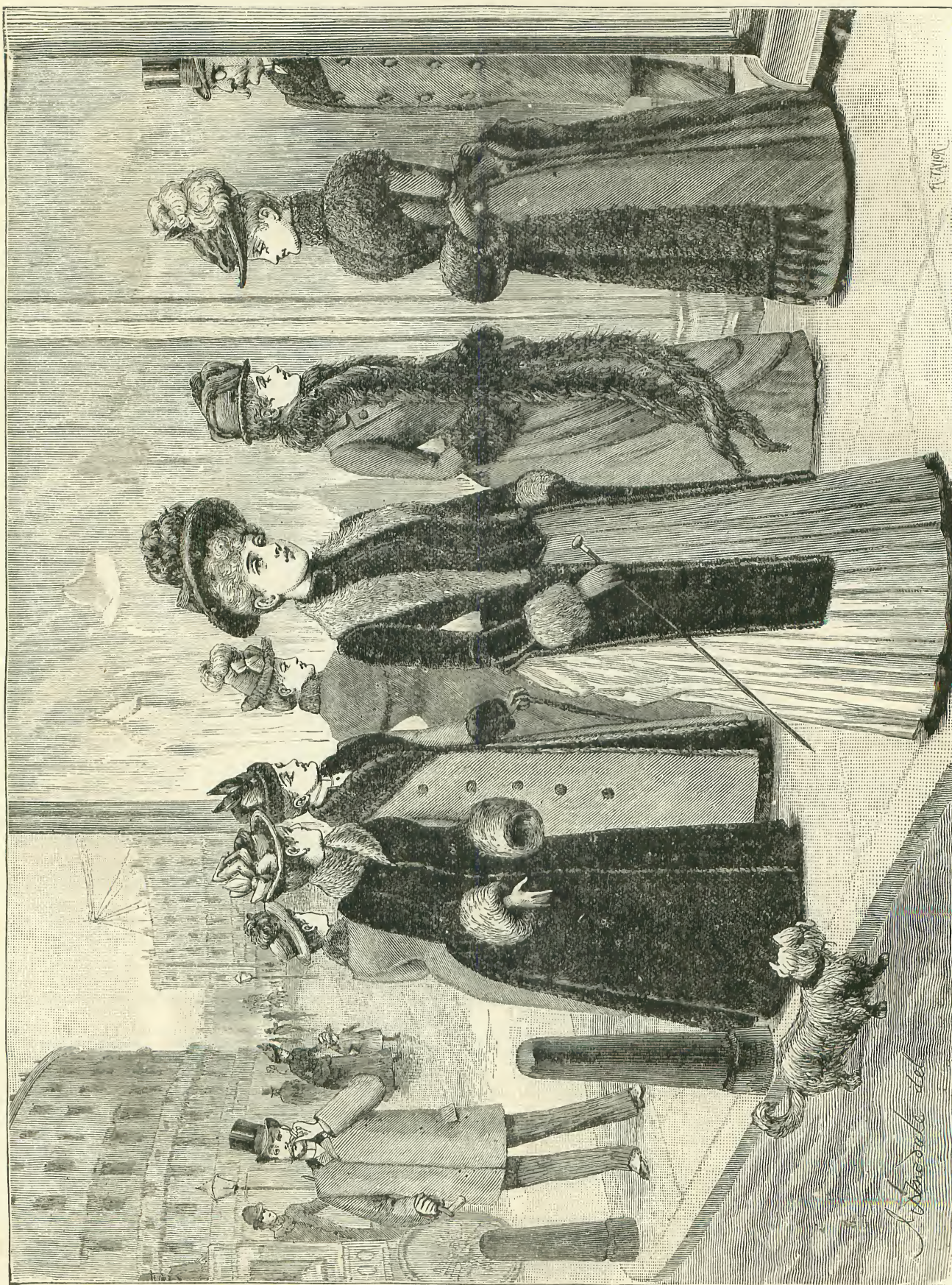
"Now Post and Pair, old Christmas's heir,

Doth make a gingling sally;

And wot you who, 'tis one of my two
Sons, card-makers in Pur-alley."

This game is included among the pastimes enumerated by Sir Walter Scott in his famous and graphic picture of Christmas Eve, given in "Marmion." It was played thus: Three cards were dealt to all, the excitement of the game consisting in each of the young people vying, or betting, on the goodness of his own hand. A pair royal of aces was the best hand, and next any other three cards according to their order. If there were no threes, the highest pairs might win. But round games of this kind were numerous, the forfeits being paid with sugar-plums. It is unnecessary to quote further instances of these harmless modes of merrymaking, which were the life and happiness of the young at Christmastime, and many of which might be with advantage revived at the present day. They had, too, this additional recommendation—they united old and young together; and whilst the former forgot for a few hours the more prosaic matters of life, the latter were proud of, and flattered by, the hearty interest displayed by their elders.





IN REGENT STREET.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.



THE NEW VEIL.

FOLLOWING my usual habit, I will first notice the "cellular cloth," which has been brought out for underclothing, and for the manufacture of which a company has been established, with a central office in the city, and several in the West-end. The Sanitary Institute of Great Britain has given the medal of 1888 to this material, and the introducers of it claim for it a very high degree of value, as a hygienic covering. The method on which it is woven is intended to reproduce or simulate the arrangement of the pores of the human body; the intention being to allow free ventilation to the exhalations of the skin on the side of the cloth which covers the body; while the other side is differently woven, and its meshes are intended to protect the skin, and keep the air from it. The material used is cotton, as it is the cheapest, lightest, and most durable in character, and washes the best likewise. Nevertheless, for people who prefer silk, or woollen, or mixed fabrics of wool and cotton, wool and silk, or cotton and silk, the cellular cloth is woven in these combinations. These are, of course, more expensive, and they are said to remain quite as durable, and to wash as well. The introducers lay great stress on its extreme lightness and the absolutely free passage which it allows for the exhaled fluids of the skin. This last characteristic advantage, they claim, prevents the feeling of fatigue which is felt during long railway journeys, and which results from the skin being too closely wrapped up in impermeable clothing. The cellular cloth can be used for articles of every description, for clothing as well as for bedding, and for medical and surgical purposes likewise, as it is considered specially useful for bandages from its porous nature.

And now I must turn to the more practical question of made up materials and styles, and gather together such novelties as may be the most desirable for my readers. One of the very useful materials, and the most improved in manufacture, is the sealskin plush now seen in the shops, and so largely employed for over garments. For children it is very well suited, as it is both warm and light, and the whole suit, jacket, or coat, muff, and cap, are made alike. The "Granny bonnets" are a great deal worn by little girls this year in all colours; generally, however, they match the coat, and they are warm and sensible head



FUR-TRIMMED JACKET.

coverings, and are sold ready-made at very reasonable prices.

Plush petticoats are much used by young girls of all ages, and are worn with woollen bodices, or plush bodices are used with woollen skirts. This seems the chief use of plush this winter, and it is much reduced in price. Braiding is very popular still, and is carried out with wide flat braid or cord, in very bold and extended designs, which are often more like *appliqué* than braiding. Silk embroidery is much used as a trimming for bodices, up the front, and over the shoulders as straps or epaulettes.

In the way of new colours we find russet in browns and reds, and also a copper red, all of them in great favour for dresses and mantles. Then there is "poplar green," "sylvan green;" and a greenish blue called "Rouen sweetpea" is a new shade which is violet and pinky. Both nut-brown and "beaver" are the favourite colours for the cloth gowns made up for weddings, and two dull hues, viz., grey and brown, are united together more frequently than any two shades of other colours. Black is universally used as a trimming, and is applied to any and every colour, in *moiré* silk, guipure, crochet, braid, fur, cord, and *passementerie*. Jet is very little seen, except for evening dress, but lace and all kinds of embroidered trimmings are as much used as they were in the summer season.

Plain ladies' cloth, now called "Amazon cloth," is as much liked as ever, and suits the "Empire" style of making up very well. The bordered materials in woollen seem to be decidedly popular, and from them we have doubtless obtained the idea of bordered silks, which are novel, but will be very difficult to manage in the making-up, on account of the narrow width of silk in general.

The small amount of material which seems contained in the skirts worn at present strikes one very much. All skirts hang from the band in plain straight folds. Many seen in town made of tweed, or some other thick stuff like it, such as homespun, have no fulness at all in front, nor at the sides; the backs having a few large pleats standing up, and the back is sometimes padded to serve the purpose of the ordinary cushion, and always having one steel at the top. No trains nor demi-trains are seen, even for dress, except



TWO HATS AND A BONNET.

on elderly people. All dresses are short, while those of the Empire period are short enough to show the feet. The Empire skirt is plain, gathered at the waist, not very full, and there are ruches round the edge. The rounded waist, of great length, and wide sash, such as worn under "the great Napoleon," do not become everyone, although



THE PRINCESS DRESS.

they exactly suit young girls, and this mode of making is adaptable to all materials, whether costly or the reverse. Some of these Empire dresses have sashes which start under the arms, cross in front, and going round the waist, hang in large bows at the left side, the ends being long and touching the edge of the dress.

The dressing of the hair appears to be a little altered, and the small knot of hair at the

very top of the head, which proved so very unbecoming to many people, is being slightly modified by degrees. It is lowered to the back of the head now, and is much more loosely twisted, so that it seems to have short curly ends escaping from it. The hair on the top of the head is waved, and the fringed part in front is brought more closely together in the centre. Hair in coils and twists on the top of the head has not, however, gone out by any means, and I was informed the other day that the Empire style of dress would bring in curls sooner or later. But of this I am not certain, as we are all of us too busy in these days for too much and too complicated styles of hairdressing, and curls generally represent much time and leisure. Our English ideas of clothing and style are not Greek—free and flowing—but trim, tidy, and "taut," as the sailors say, everything business-like and neat.

The Empire style has brought us back white muslin as a material for dress. The French call it "La Sainte Mousseline," and consider it the most suitable and becoming apparel for young girls. Some of the new muslin frocks are tucked to the waist, and are worn with very wide sashes of colour, sometimes velvet being used for them. Green is very much liked, and the sash, shoulder-bow, and fan should all be of the same hue. I hear that necklaces will soon return to favour, and I hope they will, for they are a very ancient form of ornament, and very suitable to youth, which is not allowed to wear many jewels of any kind.

I have tried to illustrate all manner of styles in fur, everything that is seen in town; and the general look of the new hats is extremely well given, so that my country readers will know what a winter hat should be like. Close-fitting hats and wide brimmed ones are equally worn, and both are apparently liked. Ostrich feathers have taken the place of the poor tortured wings and portions of birds which we have seen so long, and which have made us so extremely miserable, showing that all the cruel tales we have heard are true as to the widespread slaughter of God's feathered creatures, to feed woman's vanity and folly.

The long boas are as much used as ever, some of them being made of feathers; and fur-lined cloaks seem prevalent. The new long cape is shown on the right-hand side of the picture, "In Regent Street," and it seems a very useful garment, as it protects the back or the shoulders, which is a more exposed and delicate part of the lungs than in front. So long as the taste for tailor-made gowns continues, we shall find these capes and boas in favour. A new style of sealskin or sealplush mantle is

shown in the centre figure, with long ends in front, and a waistcoat. This is a very favourite way of making mantles, and is becoming and pretty. The long fur mantles have nothing very new about them, saving their huge collars of fur, in which they have followed the style of men's coats.

The new veil which I have illustrated is a very useful article, and will be found a great protection against the winter's cold. It is a long piece of net with a drawing-string to tie, gathered round the neck, and it may be purchased ready-made at most of the shops in town, and may be of thick or thin net, according as required by the wearer.

The fur-trimmed jacket which is given in our illustration shows how these present styles have fur applied to them, and how the waistcoat is managed, which is usually of a different fur. The collar is large and important, and gives a more distinguished look to a small jacket than anything else could do.

Now that the Princess dress has come in so much I have thought it well to give a pattern suitable for a tea-gown or an ordinary dress, as a full front can be added without any trouble. There are seven pieces—two sleeves, collar and cuff, front, back, and side gore—and the pattern is simple enough to be made up at home; and although well fitting and carefully cut, will answer for a dressing-gown or a dress equally well. The Princess dress is considered by many to be the ideal form of dress, and many ladies have adopted it altogether, as it relieves the hips of weight, and the shoulders bear all weight, while supplying a well-fitting garment which will look well on all occasions.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.," price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county; and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may be always obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects only such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's and plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, and plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; new tea-jacket, or *après midi*, for indoor wear; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, Emancipation suit, dress drawers, Canadian blanket dressing-gown, corselet bodice, new spring mantles, sling-sleeved mantle with pointed ends, small mantle with hood and sling sleeves, cape mantle without sleeves, polonaise with pointed ends, open-fronted Directoire jacket, honey-combed Garibaldi, tight-fitting jacket-bodice, Emancipation bodice, used as stays, new Directoire redingote, new princess dress with full back.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

RONDEAU.

ON Christmas Eve the children dance to bed;
Hushed then awhile their busy pattering tread,
Filled with sweet hopes they close their laughing eyes,
To open early with a glad surprise,
As from its pillow starts each curly head.

Ah! dear, small angels, now your prayers are said,
Doubt fades afar and sordid sin has sped;
So like the Christ-child each sweet urchin lies
On Christmas Eve.

To this bright goal for them the year has sped;
Its tears they knew not, nor its cares now dead;
The children's laughter only never dies,
They hold life's secret; they alone are wise
Who follow gladly where the Christ-child led
On Christmas Eve.

GLEESON WHITE.

THE FAIRY-TALE SISTER.

By LILY WATSON.



HE winter twilight is creeping into the corners of a lofty hall and hanging dusky about the rafters and roof; the firelight is casting its fitful reflection on the wainscot and on the oaken beams overhead, while

three earnest young faces gather around its glow. The two boys are silent, absorbed and eager; the girl is animated, and speaking rapidly. She is recounting a tale that, like the "Thousand-and-One Nights," goes on for ever. Its title is "The Young Talisman Seekers." Many and thrilling are the adventures through which her two heroes and two heroines pass, to win a talisman that perpetually eludes their grasp, and that when obtained shall set a lovely fairy princess free from the clutches of a wicked magician. Now they wander through a dread subterranean labyrinth threaded by a deep and sullen stream, and called the "Precipice Passage;" anon they enter the chill vastness of an ice cathedral; again they voyage over summer seas, visit islands of tropic loveliness, or even soar from star to star with some ethereal companion by their side. Air, earth, and sea yield up their mysteries to these intrepid children.

The story-teller's invention carries her along easily, but sometimes she tries to gain a moment's breathing-space for fresh flights, as she repeats dreamily, "And so they went on and on, and on." Then one of her brothers decisively interrupts: "And on," showing thereby that he is tired of the interval and ready for further incident without delay. That story never came to a conclusion. Night after night it continued, and it only broke off when the trio were separated by the ending of the happy days of childhood.

No tale the authoress has ever tried to tell in later years could give her more pleasure than this, and, though her public was limited, its appreciation was boundless.

Much has been written in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* as to the duties that are likely to fall within the sphere of its readers. Thoughts grave and gay on the responsibilities of home life, the best way to dress prettily and thriftily, to preserve health, to cook, to sew, to keep house, study, play the piano, to employ the fingers in a hundred deft ways for use and ornament—these abound in its pages. There is one function of the elder sister, aunt, friend, that is less frequently dealt with, and this is the art of story-telling.

It is, indeed, no trivial and unimportant accomplishment. Every girl who has to do with younger children knows the charm of a story, to soothe irritation, to engross restless energies, to bring a spirit of content and quiet into the turbulent nursery. And sometimes the beneficent art of story-telling assumes the character of a nobler ministrant still, lulling the weary little patient, chasing away the thought of pain, making the sick room for a while an enchanted dreamland, instead of the dismal prison shut in by four walls. The art

is worth cultivating by all who have to care for children. And what girl or woman has not?

It is scarcely too much to say that an imaginative child mentally divides his friends into two classes—those who can and will tell him stories, and those who cannot or will not. There is no slight disappointment involved in the testy refusal, the laboured stupidity of a good-natured, foolish improvisation, or, far worse, the promise and the ironical repetition of some doggerel lines in mock fulfilment. Now the longing to hear stories is no mere childish whim; it is an actual need of the imagination, the satisfaction of which will do the child good besides making him happy. The story-teller in days of yore filled a very important function, on which a volume might be written. It may be remembered that in modern times Mr. Ralston has revived the art of fairy-tale telling in public, and in a modern novel by a well-known author the heroine makes it her profession.

Few chapters in biography are more charming than the story of the child Goethe and his bright young mother.

"Air, fire, earth, and water," says she, "I represented under the form of princesses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves. I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favourites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with—'But, mother, the princess won't marry the nasty tailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would in the meanwhile think it out for himself, and so he often stimulated my imagination. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him that he had found out the *dénouement*, then was he all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress!"

All that was best in the creative genius of Goethe owed its stimulus to the imagination of his girl-mother; and many another great poet has had, if the truth were known, some "*Märchen-Tante*," as the Germans say, some "fairy-tale aunt," who fed his youthful fancy with legends and romance.

It is absurd to frown, as many people do, on fairy tales as stuff and nonsense, and insist on telling children nothing but Goody Two Shoes stories that are just as unlikely to be true. The faculty of imagination ought to be encouraged, not regarded as a vagabond truant or a criminal, to be kept strictly within bounds or done to death! Why, even the man of science has need of imagination, to show him, as in a vision, the wonders of the past, the triumphs of the future. Every great achievement of humanity has been seen in imagination first before it became reality. Goethe said no man could be a naturalist without this faculty. Its possession adds delight as well as power to life. Fairy tales of the best kind, well told, are an admirable means of developing imagination.

Therefore, the arid relative who declares that fairy tales are a "parcel of rubbish," and the children's heads ought to be filled with something rational instead, is not so sage as he thinks himself. And the dreadful modern

child who "knows there are no such things as fairies," will be none the better or the wiser for his conviction.

Granted, then, that fairy tales should be told, what is the proper way to tell a story?

The first essential is that the language should be suited to the listener. It is not necessary to choose short words, even for the baby, so long as they are words with which he is familiar. A little creature between two and three years of age will stand with great eyes fixed upon the face of the narrator and listen attentively to a long tale, if only it is brought within his grasp. Simplicity that is not laboured will ensure attention.

Another most important point is that the story must be told dramatically. Actions must be described, not merely mentioned. Who would care, for instance, to hear the lovely Greek legends told like this? "Once there was a man called Hercules, and he went into a desert place, and there he killed a monster called a Hydra," or "There was a young man called Perseus, and he flew through the air on winged sandals, to turn a thing called a Gorgon into stone." The mere enumeration of a string of incidents is not story-telling at all. Who has not heard the well-meaning drone from elder to younger: "So then he went," etc. "And then he did," etc. "And then they said," etc. What the hearer wants is to see the action done, the journey taken. The mind of a child asks for graphic details, and clings to them so tenaciously that not one must be omitted in the repetition of the oft-told tale. So there must be plenty of simple, vivid description. This is easily acquired by a little attention and practice; but without it no one can be a story-teller.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add a third requisite—that the story must be told good-humouredly! It is not always easy to break the string of one's own thoughts and stoop to the level of the eager child-mind. But a story prefaced by "Oh, you tiresome little thing! Well, mind, I shall only tell you just this one," loses some of its sweetness of flavour.

It is not of course to be supposed that the poor "*Märchen-Tante*," or "*Märchen-Schwester*," is to be always at the beck and call of her young audience. It is a good plan to set aside one part of the day as the "story hour," or to utilise any special time when the sister has charge of the younger ones.

"But what shall I tell them? I don't know any stories!" some well-intentioned reader may ask, in dismay.

It is a delightful fact that a few stories will go a very long way with children. They like to hear the same one over and over again, especially when they are little; but the older they grow the more variety they exact. It is as well, first of all, to fix in the mind what should *not* be told to children, as this warm recommendation of fairy tales may seem to open the door to all sorts of supernatural horrors.

Nothing about ghosts, apparitions, or anything spectral should ever be told to a child. There is no inconsistency in saying this. Fairies, mermaids, dwarfs, genii, even ogres, are for the most part good company; children are delighted, and are not, unless in very exceptional cases, frightened by their wildest vagaries; but the shadowy regions of the dead are another matter, and everything ghostly must be strictly forbidden. It would be very curious to examine this point and see where the line of demarcation comes in, for

there is all the difference in the world to the average child between the fairy tale and the ghost story. Anything that gives a weird and horrible turn to familiar life and familiar objects is frightful to a child, such as the "new mother with the glass eyes and wooden tail" in Mrs. Clifford's clever "Anyhow Stories," who, to the writer's thinking, is the most terrible invention of modern child-literature. But the fairy tale, on the other hand, lies frankly outside the regions of ordinary experience, and is accepted at once under these conditions. This, at least, is an attempt at explanation of a fact that will be acknowledged by all who have to do with story-telling to children.

It is as well to exclude, also, all stories that end horribly. Little Red Riding Hood, for this reason, is by no means to be told to very young children, unless the modern ending is adopted, by which the Green Huntsman kills the wolf, and even then the preliminary fate of the grandmother is not encouraging.

In the best popular fairy tales there is an

excellent moral, and surely they are as good for the purpose of education as the old-fashioned nursery stories, where the good boys got all the plum-cake, and the bad ones were gored by bulls. Both are remote from actual everyday life, and only good allegorically; therefore one may as well derive the moral from the beautiful as from the ugly and sordid. In a story where obedience, faithfulness, tenderness, bravery appear as qualities to be admired; where trickery, cruelty, and deceit are held up to detestation, there is always a good effect on the listener's mind, and the greater his interest, the more enduring is the lesson.

Illustrations and examples of the fairy tales to be preferred shall be left to another chapter; but one word must be added to express the writer's conviction that, as a rule, the old fairy tales are far better than the new. The critical spirit of our age has crept even into its juvenile literature, and whereas the object of old fairy romance was to delight and charm,

the object of the new seems to be to entertain grown-up people by sly side remarks to them, and rather to make the children laugh than to fascinate their imagination. The true fairy-tale lover, while he cannot but enjoy the clever modern story, delights in drinking deep draughts from the well of old romance, unpolluted by any nineteenth century elixir of doubt.

So, for the sake of the future of the children as well as their present pleasure, do what you can to develop this faculty of imagination. Tell them stories of boys and girls like themselves by all means; but do not omit the fairy tale, that carries them quite away from their childish world and opens the gates of an enchanted land. That land they may never wholly lose. In differing guise it may hover near them all their lives, and be to them even as Spenser called it centuries ago—"The world's sweet inn from care and wearisome turmoil."

(To be concluded.)

BIRD LIFE IN JANUARY.

By A NATURALIST.



If snow has fallen heavily, covering the ground and drifting against the hedges, in many places the weight on the tops of the twigs will bow the hedge right over, forming a roof on the lee side. In and about such spots the birds gather for food and shelter. Driven to extremity, companions in misfortune, they mix with one another without regard to species. Robin redbreast makes friends with anyone that will feed him. The sparrows look out for stray crumbs and other small trifles, hunger putting shyness on one side for a time. They suffer for it, however, by getting under cinder sieves, propped on sticks with strings tied to them, to the great delight of the young trappers, when they hear the cry, Chivie! chivie! chivie! "Philip sparrow" is held in high estimation by the youngsters, and by many grown up country folks too, as a table bird. They often, with shovel and broom, clear a space in the stable yard, on which some oats and broken bread are scattered. Then ensues a regular uproar of chivics!

outgoings and incomings. Most energetic destroyers of insect pests they are. Greenflies they will collect in their mouths until they can hold no more; then off the male birds fly to feed their families.

No matter how many sparrows are about, directly the corn is cut away they go to the fields for about three weeks or a month; then they will certainly plunder a little and irritate the farmer: though, after all, the grains that fall in the fields yield them plenty to eat. I generally have either hawks or owls about race as pets; and when a farmer friend sends me the birds shot in the wheat as food for these, strange to say not one in seven is a sparrow.

If the snow gathers the birds will show signs of distress; they flutter where they settle, or rather flop down, for they are weak through want of food. The woodpigeons in hosts fly from their resting-place in the old beech woods, miles distant, for food. Hundreds of them are shot as they come on their feeding grounds in the woods and fields. The farmers can sell

them; and, besides that, they have a deep-rooted dislike to all the pigeon family. "They does a mortal lot o' mischief, does them pigeins; they eats my turnmuts."

When hard pressed the pigeon will eat a portion of the tender green, but that is about all. If you examine the crop of any wood-pigeon, when the winter is moderately open, you will find in it acorns and beech nuts, as long as there be any to pick up; and when these fail, the crop will be found full of the seeds of two of the worst weeds the farmer has to contend with.

Yellow buntings, the yellow hammers of the children, with chaffinches, come round about the houses to see what they can find. Wag-tails also pay us some visits. By throwing out some mixed scraps from the dinner-table you can see at once what the natural food of a bird is. All truly insect-eating birds, such as wag-tails, go for the meat scraps in preference to the bread; little bits of fat suet are a delicacy to them. Each one in the flock of birds that, with drooping wings and tails, mournfully pray you to relieve their hunger, will pick his own morsel out from the mixed meal you may offer.

That digger of the ground, the rook—the farmer's best friend, suffers terribly if snow and frost continue. If it were possible to collect from the pouches of a dozen rooks all those insects which are noxious to the interests of the farmer, for only three months, it would stock an entomological museum; and yet he shoots them whenever he can, which is, however, not very often. Rooks leave their rookeries when winter draws near, and form vast colonies in the heavily timbered woods with a southern frontage if possible. Leaving their resting-place to gather what little food they can find, and returning early in the afternoon, they will get what they can from gardens and the public roads; but the frost bites keenly, and the stomach does not get very full, so that, with one thing and another, the birds are in poor trim. After a spell of very severe weather, you may find one at the foot of a tree dead, for the cold pinches him, hardly though he is. That numbing sleep comes over him which knows no awakening; his grasp on the branch relaxes, and with a thud he falls to the ground, frozen to death.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A CRYPT.

By EVELYN UPTON.



THE little travelling clock on the mantel-piece had just struck four. Before its silvery chimes had died away the great bell of the Cathedral boomed out the hour. There was something so grand and solemn in the slow majestic tones that they always reminded me of the opening chords of Handel's "Dead March." Each time they struck the hour I heard in them a requiem for the countless souls who had passed away during the last sixty minutes.

Four o'clock! That meant I was free to leave the great oriel window where I had been reading for the last hour, and I might now with a clear conscience indulge in a little blind man's holiday. It was too early to have lights, and it was too dark to see to read with comfort. So I drew one of the easy chairs close to the fire, threw myself into it, and then having stirred up the coals into a bright blaze, and taken off my shoes the better to enjoy the warmth, I gave myself up to a delicious fit of maiden meditation. I don't think anything very weighty was passing through my mind; as far as I can remember, my thoughts were about as aimless and colourless as a young girl's firelight musings usually are.

It only wanted a fortnight to the shortest day, and the December afternoon had been very dark and unusually silent and oppressive. There was not absolutely a fog, but the atmosphere was in just that condition that is neither rain nor mist, but is as cheerless and unsatisfactory as either.

Although I was in the spring-time of my years, my life at the Deanery bore a certain resemblance to the grey winter afternoon. My grandfather, the Dean, was nearing seventy, and spent the greater part of his time in his study. Consequently I, the only other inmate of the house with the exception of the servants, was left very much alone. In the summer I went for long visits to my other relations, but the winter I always spent at Worsboro Deanery. It was, in fact, the only home I had. My father was serving in the Indian army, and was then stationed with his regiment on the frontiers of Afghanistan. The prospect was always held out to me of some day joining him in India, but I was persuaded my stepmother was not anxious for my company, so there were always obstacles in the way of its fulfilment. I used often to think longingly of all the gaieties and delights of a life in India, but whenever I mentioned the subject to my grandfather he always said it would break his heart to part with me, so I was obliged to keep these longings to myself.

My meditations were somewhat summarily interrupted by steps outside the drawing-room door. The next moment it opened and James announced Miss Williams. I jumped up, hurriedly thrust my feet into my shoes, and came forward to receive my guest.

A young, clear voice exclaimed, quickly—

"Oh, don't let me disturb you. You look so deliciously comfortable sitting there in the firelight. This is lovely," throwing herself into the opposite armchair. "I may take off my jacket, mayn't I? Please don't have lights on my account," as James, after closing the shutters, was preparing to light the gas.

"Well, then, if you prefer it we will wait till tea comes in," and I gave the order to James.

"If I had known you were sitting here all alone, I would have come in sooner," she went on, as James closed the door.

"Well, you know I always am alone," I answered, a little petulantly.

"Except when you have callers, and that happens pretty frequently. I can sympathise with you, as I am just in the same boat. And I can tell you the Archdeaconry is a dull hole—no disrespect to my uncle and aunt; but how can it be otherwise with aunt a constant invalid, and uncle more or less busy with cathedral or diocesan affairs?"

"But I suppose your visit is nearly ended?" I asked, regretfully; for I knew how much I should miss her bright, lively chatter.

"Over, indeed! Why, I just heard this morning that I shall have to spend Christmas here. Will is much better; but the doctor won't hear of my returning home for another month."

I sympathised duly, and she went on to tell me of her family concerns.

"I ought not to complain," she said, at length. "Uncle and aunt are very good to have me here, but you see they are both such elderly people, and with Christmas coming on one does long for a bit of fun. Why, I declare, to-day is only just a fortnight off Christmas Day. How are you going to celebrate it?"

"There will be the decorations in the Cathedral," I suggested, mildly.

"My dear child," she said, laying down the screen with which she was shading her face, and raising her pretty eyebrows in surprise, "do you call that any excitement? Have you no parties in prospect? Surely there will be some coming off in Worsboro."

"The Maynard Wilsons are giving a party on the thirty-first," I observed, indifferently. "They sent me an invitation, which I declined."

"What on earth did you do that for? You might have smuggled me in as your friend."

"Why, the last time I was at one of their parties they treated me so rudely I vowed I'd never go to another," I answered, reddening.

"Oh, I don't look for manners in Worsboro," Mona retorted, with a superior air. "But what a shame, and you the handsomest girl there, I've no doubt."

Of course I disclaimed the compliment, but I remember I had felt painfully that if I had been as ugly as any old crone I could not have been more neglected. The entrance of James with the tea made a pleasant diversion, but though I turned the conversation off on to church decorations, Mona soon brought it back again to the same subject.

"I see we shall have to invent our own amusements," she said, with a merry little laugh. "I mean to have some larks on Christmas Eve, as sure as I sit here. And I mean you to share in them, too. Oh, don't shake your head so ominously; I won't do anything very shocking. But a Christmas Eve without any fun would simply be an anomaly. Why, at home our Christmas Eve parties have been the best of the whole year."

And she went off into glowing descriptions that made my mouth water.

But we both agreed that, owing to our peculiar circumstances, it was quite out of the question to attempt to celebrate Christmas with any such festivities. And then we began to discuss various schemes, all more or less impracticable. Mine, she said, were much too commonplace, and hers were certainly too far-fetched. We were still laughing over the absurdity of her proposition, when James's demure face again appeared in the doorway, announcing Mr. Morgan, the Minor Canon and Precentor of Worsboro Cathedral. Mona was lying almost at full length in the large armchair, in the easiest, most unconstrained of attitudes, dangling her hat in one hand, her well-shaped little head, with its wealth of red-gold hair, framed in the dark cushions of the chair. With her fair complexion and merry blue eyes she was undeniably pretty; but I always thought her greatest charm was her superabundance of vitality. There was something exhilarating and refreshing in the very contact with a creature so full of young life and buoyancy. As she turned her inquiring eyes to the door I saw a faint blush spread over the pale cheeks of the Minor Canon. His lank dark hair, long face, and eye-glasses gave him a prim, old-world aspect quite in keeping with the traditions of the place. Music was his strong point; on every other he was best described by negatives. He was at home, in the sense of being at his ease, nowhere but in the Cathedral choir.

"I wish to have a few minutes' talk with the Dean before service," he said, very apologetically, as he located himself stiffly in a chair, refusing my proffered cup of tea. "I believe he is at home?"

"Yes, I think so. He will be here directly." And then there was a pause. I was preparing to make some common-place remark on the weather, when Mona rose to go.

"I know aunt will be sending the crier round the town," she said with a silvery laugh, "if I don't return immediately."

"Won't you wait five minutes longer and allow me to see you across the minster yard?" Mr. Morgan asked.

"Oh, dear no, thank you, certainly not! I'm not afraid of ghosts," with what I thought unnecessary vehemence.

"I shan't let him have that great honour," she said, with twinkling eyes and a little disdainful *moue* as we stood for a moment in the corridor. "Well, good-bye, dear, and trust me to find out some way of spending Christmas Eve profitably."

During the next few days I was constantly meeting Mona, and our friendship advanced with rapid strides. We often discussed Christmas Eve, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. At last I began to think she had given up the idea. But one afternoon, about four days before Christmas, she came into the Deanery drawing-room in high spirits, and, scarcely waiting to kiss me, she burst out with—

"It's all right, Grace. I've settled it all!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, our plans for Christmas Eve, of course!" throwing herself down excitedly into the easy chair. "It'll be the greatest fun imaginable, and the best of it is that we owe it all to old Mr. Propriety." (Her irreverent designation for the Minor Canon.) "He dined with us last night; it wasn't a dinner-party, only just he and Dr. Wayland, and of course

he took me in. I told aunt I would rather Dr. Wayland did, but she wouldn't hear of it. She said the Minor Canon took precedence of the Cathedral organist. So I snapped at him politely: all through dinner, but I think he rather liked it, poor dear!" (My own opinion was that he would like anything Mona said or did.) "And then, I don't know how it was, but we got on to the subject of courage. And he spoke very slightly of women's courage, said they were afraid of insects and dark rooms. So, to prove how wrong he was, I declared I would cross the crypt at midnight. And he dared me to do it! But I will, and what's more, we'll go there on Christmas Eve." And she clapped her hands delightedly.

I believe my teeth chattered in anticipation, for of all weird, gruesome places to visit at night the crypt of Worsboro Cathedral was about the worst. It had long enjoyed the reputation of being *haunted*, and even those among the inhabitants of the precincts who by day laughed at the groundless superstitions, as they called them, were known to carefully avoid passing its one aperture by night. A host of obstacles instantly presented themselves to my mind.

"It would be a very novel way of spending Christmas Eve, certainly," I answered, in a dismayed tone; "but I don't see how we could manage it. Of course all the Cathedral doors are locked and bolted at night."

"There would be no difficulty about the locks. I should borrow uncle's key. It always lies on his study table."

"But the bolts," I urged. "You can't undo them from the outside."

"Oh, you little goosie! How do you suppose the verger lets himself out? I know he always goes out by that little door in the south transept, and uncle's key fits that lock."

"Well, supposing we could get into the Cathedral, how should we manage to get into the crypt? That must be kept locked up too."

"Oh, I'll manage all that. Leave it to me."

"But I'm sure I couldn't get out of the house without being heard. Grandpapa often doesn't go to bed till twelve o'clock."

"You could come and stay the night with me. Uncle and aunt would be only too happy, if I wished it." Thus as quickly as I raised any objections they were smoothed away, and Mona at last dragged a somewhat reluctant consent from me.

"If you'd rather not come I'll go by myself," she exclaimed; "only I fear Mr. Morgan might be inclined to doubt my unsupported testimony, whereas he would never dare to question anything you said."

Of course I instantly assured Mona that I should like it of all things, and that I would not be left out on any account. And when this was settled it was time to go to the Cathedral service. But I fear that all the time my thoughts were far more occupied with our coming adventure than with my devotions, and later on, when I was alone in my room, dressing for dinner, I began to repent of my newly-given promise. The idea of my crossing the Cathedral vaults at midnight! I, who since my return from school, seven years ago, had never gone to sleep without having first made a careful and minute examination of the room, peering under the bed for some hidden burglar, opening the doors of the wardrobe, and squeezing the dresses inside, looking behind the curtains, and sometimes when I was feeling particularly lonely, even poking into an ottoman which I knew could by no possibility afford concealment to any human creature short of an infant or a midget. And even after all these elaborate preparations I used to lie shivering and shuddering if I heard unusual noises in the house or in the precincts; but I

determined to stand by Mona, and I would not show the white feather.

So the days passed on, and Christmas Eve arrived. In the morning Mona ran in for a few minutes to give me final instructions, and we did not meet again until the eight o'clock evening service in the Cathedral. It was a special service for Christmas Eve, and in place of an anthem we had the Christmas portions of the *Messiah* most beautifully sung. In his rendering of the Pastoral Symphony Dr. Wayland quite surpassed himself. The notes positively trembled on the hushed air. One could almost hear the flutter of the angels' wings as they were descending from heaven to earth. I had never heard anything so exquisite before on the Cathedral organ, and I have never listened to the Pastoral Symphony since without recalling that evening.

We did not get out of the Cathedral much before ten o'clock. I went back with Mona to the Archdeaconry, as it had been arranged I should spend the night there. Tea was brought into the drawing-room, but we soon said good-night to the Archdeacon, and went up to Mona's room. Mrs. Lydstone had retired an hour or two ago; indeed, the whole household seemed to keep early hours. Obeying Mona's injunctions, I lay down dressed on the outside of the bed and closed my eyes. She sat up reading by the firelight.

As twelve o'clock struck we noiselessly left the room, crept down the back stairs, and stole into the kitchen, and thence into the adjoining pantry. I gave a sigh for the comfortable bed and the warm room I had just left, but I could see from her radiant face that Mona was thoroughly enjoying the adventure. She had wrapped herself up in a large cloak, and drawn the hood over her head, and in her hand she carried a dark lantern.

Letting herself and me out by the pantry window only a few feet from the ground, she closed the outside shutter behind us. In two minutes more we had crossed the paved yard, passed through the bolted door in the wall, and reached the south transept door of the Cathedral, from which it was only divided by a few feet of ground. As Mona fitted the key in the lock I gave a hurried glance round. It was a fine but very cloudy night, and there was a bright crescent moon. No one was within sight or hearing, and the tombstones in the adjoining grass-plot stood up gaunt and weird in the moonlight. The next moment, and we were within the Cathedral. An unspeakable stillness and solemnity brooded over the whole building. With the aid of the lantern we picked our way across the transept and paused when we reached the choir screen. The moon shining in through one of the south-east windows of the clerestory sent a ray of silver light across the chancel, and touched the foremost pillars of the nave. The rest of the great nave lay in the deepest shadow, and the heavy Norman pillars and massive arches loomed dim and indistinct in the darkness, giving an unreal sense of height and vastness. Mona broke out with an exclamation of delight.

"Now I do call this jolly! How grand and solemn it looks! Can't you fancy that the spirits of the departed may be assembling all among those pillars and arches, come back to revisit their fine old Cathedral on Christmas Eve?"

"Oh, don't!" I implored, clutching at her arm. "Do let's get away!"

My cheeks were as pale as the moonbeams, and my heart was beating violently. She patted my hand encouragingly.

"They won't hurt us."

"Oh! but I'm so afraid some living man may be hidden somewhere, and may pounce upon us and murder us," I whispered, in terrified tones.

"Nonsense, Grace! Who ever heard of a

murder in a Cathedral since Thomas à Becket was slain, and that was I don't know how many hundreds of years ago."

Only partially reassured, I hurried her through the deserted and silent choir, and then out by a side door which led round to the Lady Chapel; and passing that, we came at length to the door of the crypt. With a little pressure it yielded to the key, and after carefully locking the door behind us we went down some dozen or more well-worn stone steps and stood in the crypt. Now that we were there at last my one consuming idea was to get the terrible ordeal over as quickly as possible. Mona, pitying my too evident fright, proposed I should keep guard at the door while she went inside. But this I refused to do. On all accounts I preferred to stick by her, come what might. The crypt was not usually shown to visitors, as it contained nothing of general interest, and I had only once been inside, many years ago. It extended under the choir and the two transepts, and was pitch dark. But by the feeble light of the lantern we made out by degrees the vaulted roof and low arches and pillars running down either side. The air was full of dank, unwholesome smells, and the atmosphere together with the black solitariness were enough to upset any woman's nerves. I detected a fall in Mona's voice.

"Well, it is a nasty, gruesome place! I don't think anyone would come here by choice. All the more credit to us! But we'll walk to the end and back again."

The stone floor was very uneven and broken up in several places, and we had to tread cautiously. Suddenly we stood still as the lantern revealed straight in our path some planks laid round a freshly-opened grave. We looked at one another in horror, and Mona exclaimed, with a slight shudder—

"This is more than we bargained for! We'd better get on."

The first sickness of fright had passed off, and a sort of dogged indifference was stealing over me. I thought I was getting impervious to shocks, but I felt tongue-tied and could only articulate with difficulty, as I followed close behind Mona, who now insisted on leading the way with the lantern. But we had hardly gone a step or two further before she tripped and fell, uttering a little stifled cry. At the same instant the lantern flew out of her hand and came crashing down on to the stone floor. The glass broke and the light went out. Almost before I could help her Mona had picked herself up, exclaiming—

"Oh, never mind; this is nothing! I'll light it again directly. I brought some matches with me."

But, alas! the matches were of the sort which "light only on the box," and no amount of striking would make them ignite. As Mona realised the grim fact she went off into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which, though I knew it was artificial and horribly ill-timed, I was forced to join, for fear of doing something worse. And it gave momentary relief to my overwrought nerves.

"Now I do call this amusing! This is a bit of Christmas fun with a vengeance. Oh, you poor Gracie," catching my hand, "I have got you into a fix!"

Amusing! for two young girls to be shut up alone in a pitch dark vault at midnight, with the dead lying all around, with a yawning grave close at hand, and far away from all possibility of succour! All the stories I had heard of the crypt being haunted, all the tales I had ever read of murders and dark tragedies which never saw the light of day, came swarming into my brain. As if guessing my thoughts, Mona said, bravely—

"There's nothing really to be afraid of in the darkness. We are on consecrated ground, and I always feel as if the angels must be very

near the earth at Christmas time. We shall easily find the door again; I know just where it is, and when once we are in the Cathedral the moonlight will show us the way."

"But there's the open grave," I whispered, in awe-struck tones. "I think we'd better stay where we are."

"Oh, dear, no! I'm not going to spend a night here. I'll grope about on my hands and knees till I reach the steps, and if you hold on to my skirts you can pull me back when I find I'm near any dangerous part."

So we set off on all fours. The comicalness of the situation drew forth every now and then from Mona little stifled bursts of laughter, but to me it was a very grim sort of joke. Our progress was very slow. We seemed to be perpetually edging up to some tombstone or other, and then retreating away from it, and I was seized with the horrible idea that all the time we might be going in the opposite direction to the entrance, and should never reach it.

Hark! What's that? An eerie uncertain sound, which seemed to come from the other end of the crypt, had suddenly arrested us. My heart stood still. Now, then, the tragedy was going to be enacted. There it was again—more distinct still—a sort of weird rustling! We both started to our feet and strained our ears to listen.

"It does not come from the door. It sounds like someone getting out of a grave," I breathed into Mona's ear.

"I don't mind anything human, but I can't stand the supernatural!" she gasped out, with expiring heroism.

Three more seconds of tortured suspense—then a pale, cold gleam of unearthly light, and a tall phantom figure in a long white robe, with both hands outstretched, was advancing towards us. For one instant we stood transfixed. Then I gave a wild shriek that made the vaulted roof ring again. Mona's hand clasped in mine grew suddenly deadly cold, relaxed its hold, and she dropped down senseless at my feet.

* * * *

A very well-known human voice recalled me to myself, and the next moment the Minor Canon was bending over the prostrate form of Mona. He took her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, directing me to precede him with the relighted lantern, and before I had recovered from my surprise I found myself safely outside the dismal crypt. Mona was laid on the Cathedral floor, and the purer air and a little gentle chafing soon brought her round again. (She always averred that a pair of lips touched her brow. If so they were not mine!) Her first words on regaining consciousness were, "But we did cross the crypt by night."

As we re-traversed the Cathedral, leaning on either arm of the Minor Canon, he gave us the explanation of his timely appearance. It was simple enough. After the service he went back to supper with Dr. Wayland, and they lingered over musical scores till midnight. Then, as it was raining sharply, the organist sent him back in his long white macintosh. But in passing the outlet of the crypt he saw

a faint spark of light inside. Struck by the unusual occurrence, and remembering his conversation with Mona, he determined to satisfy himself on the subject. As he entered the vault by the very same door as ourselves, the moon at that moment breaking through the clouds gleamed in brightly through the grated aperture, and produced the sudden white light. Our heated imagination, and brains bewildered by the darkness, had done the rest.

When Mr. Morgan parted from us at the garden door, womanlike, Mona would have the last word.

"It was all your fault, Mr. Morgan. You dared me to cross the crypt at midnight!"

A dangerous light illumined his face, as he held her hand lingeringly in his and answered firmly—

"I never doubted *your* bravery, Miss Williams, but I shall think more highly of woman's courage after this."

Several years have passed since then, and Mona is now the wife of the Minor Canon. She refused him the first time he asked her.

"It was very pretty of him to come to our rescue and to say nothing about it afterwards," she said, naively; "but I can't see that I'm called upon to marry a fossil like that just out of gratitude." Nor I either. But when he repeated his request she changed her mind and accepted him. And she tells me she has never regretted the decision. She and I have had many a laugh over the adventures of that Christmas Eve; but neither of us has ever felt the least desire to repeat the experiment.

A GIRLS' TOUR IN BRITTANY.

CHAPTER III.

PONT Aven "may be described without much exaggeration as occupied, possessed, and dominated by foreign artists, with a sufficient number of the original race left to serve as models for the invaders." The reason of this is not at first sight evident. The houses which surround the village green are not specially quaint or characteristic, nor is the scenery strikingly beautiful. But there is a lovely river flowing swiftly through beech-woods, banked in with mossy rocks, now flecked with sunbeams, now lost in profound shadow; there are water-mills, rustic foot-bridges, and lower down, where the river widens, sailing boats come up, thus forming another class of subjects. The charming costumes of the peasants, and the ease and simplicity with which they pose, are also points of importance. The cap has long ends pinned on the top of the head, giving the effect of wings, if starched, but falling more gracefully if of a thick, soft twill. The collar is ten or twelve inches deep, finely plaited, and often edged with lace; the bodice, as usual, cut square at the throat, and filled in with white.

The animated scene at the washing stations is of unfailling interest to artists. This phase of Breton life is thus described by the author of "Guenn." "Going to the river was an event which took place two or three times a week at Plouvenec, but its frequency made it none the less delightful to Guenn. All the women clustered on the bank, kneeling and washing their linen, and spreading it out to dry on the clean grass, reeds, brambles, and tufts of heather and brake; and everything, positively everything, that had happened in Plouvenec since last time—with much that had not—related in stirring style by practised tongues. . . . Girls who had mothers rarely went to the river very young. Even here, where childhood is so unguarded, there was a tacit understanding that it was in a certain

sense a decided step in a girl's life, a crisis when she first went to the river."

The women kneel in wooden trays. We noticed one woman on a sort of fence or pier which ran into the centre of the stream, soaping, rubbing, pounding with a flat wooden paddle. She wore sabots, a black bodice, and a thick skirt of bright scarlet cloth; in kneeling her stiff collar turned up behind her head like an aureole. Some large white ducks were swimming about, and tiny children paddling on the stones.

An old woman, whom we found knitting outside her cottage door, and who allowed us to sketch her, invited us into her house, and gave us the opportunity of making acquaintance with a Breton interior. The room was small and dark, and the floor of uneven mud. Fowls walked about or perched on the furniture, which was massive and handsome, and polished to a degree which would have won even Mrs. Poyser's approval. There were two four-post beds, each with thick feather beds and thick goose-down coverlets, cupboards with handsome steel hinges, a quantity of good crockery arranged on shelves against the wall, an eight-day clock, a long oak table, and two benches with backs. In the open fireplace was set a mysterious witches' cauldron, over two or three bits of smouldering wood. It was only revealed to us by a shaft of sunlight coming down the chimney.

We had often noticed before in Brittany the incongruous combination of Irish squalor with north-country cleanliness and comfort. One sees a farmyard, ankle deep in mud, straw and manure, in which animals of various kinds are wallowing, and yet at the door may be set a brass pan, nearly a yard in diameter, gleaming like the sun, and through the window one catches a glimpse of snowy bed curtains. We often saw four beds in one room, sometimes arranged in two or three tiers like the berths of a ship. It occurred to us that the men

were lazy and uninventive, while the women did their very best in their department.

In the evening forty or fifty persons, chiefly artists of all nationalities, sat down to *table d'hôte* at the Hotel des Voyageurs. The panelled dining-room is covered with studies and spirited sketches executed by the artist visitors, and to their taste we attributed the good decorations in the large new salon.

We left Pont Aven after two days, feeling rather overpowered by the great artistic talent there. If we chose a secluded spot from which to sketch, we were sure to notice in a short time four or five real artists unfurling umbrellas, setting up easels, and establishing themselves in front of several square feet of canvas. Our feeble light was quenched by the fear that we were appropriating a "reserved seat," and thus retarding an immortal work of art. Mlle. Julie Guillon provided us with a carriage for Quimperlé (price 8frs.), where we established ourselves for four days at the Hotel de Lion d'Or. We were apparently the only ladies there; our landlord was most attentive, and very anxious to make us comfortable. He was constantly proposing excursions by river or carriage with himself and a "Monsieur Anglais," and was surprised that a day's sketching afforded us greater satisfaction.

We suffered more at Quimperlé than elsewhere from the unwelcome attentions and criticisms of street children. At length we discovered their school hours, and only went out when they were safely immured. When we saw them making for us with a triumphant halo, their hands and mouths crammed with the dinner they intended to devour while hanging over and pushing against us, we quietly folded our campstools and went indoors. Before devising this strategic movement we were almost driven to distraction, for the grown-up people did nothing to keep them in order, but gazed from their shop doors at the increasing crowd with the utmost apathy.

One boy was extremely amusing; with an inch of pencil which he sharpened with a huge hedger's knife and a copy-book, he proceeded to imitate all we did. We were sitting at the foot of a steep street of steps when a boy was seen tearing down these steps to join the crowd. Our special tormentor called out to him to stop at a certain point, saying we wanted to sketch him; insisted on his placing his foot or arm in a certain position, and kept the unfortunate victim in one place for five or ten minutes by crying out, "Elles sont à faire tes jambes," "Elles sont à faire ton bras." At last the deluded one was invited to resume his headlong career in order to see the result of our skill. Great was his chagrin at perceiving no vestige of himself in the sketch. Another victim would then be made, and the same far repeated time after time.

Quimperlé is charmingly situated at the junction of the rivers Elle and Isole, which flow in a united stream, the Latia, through steep wooded banks. The church of St. Michel stands on an eminence, surrounded by the old town. Except for the beauty of its position and of one lovely porch, it boasts no special attraction. On Sunday the church was so full two white-capped girls had knelt down in the porch, and were there joining in the service; they formed a perfect picture, wearing black dresses with the favourite trimming, broad black ribbon velvet; one of them had

on an apron of the colour of an autumn beech leaf, or bright rust, and against her lay a green cotton umbrella; as the other one knelt an underskirt of scarlet was visible, and round her waist was the band of her apron, the bright blue so often seen in the Virgin's robe.

The women are often very good-looking, almost always pleasing. The men are solemn; they wear a felt hat with ribbon ends, and a coat shorter than an Eton jacket, profusely ornamented with buttons. Being tall and thin, they look like overgrown schoolboys, while the boys look like dwarfed old men, for they are dressed just the same, and the probability of their growth has not been forgotten by the tailor.

We had not time to make the excursions to St. Barbe, Faut, the Rochers du Diable, and the Forest of Carnoët.

We left Quimperlé at 2.15 on Sept. 27th for Auray. Through a foolish mistake we did not stop at Hennebont, a quaint old town, the scene of the exploits of the celebrated Duchess of Montfort, Jeanne la Flamme, who successfully defended the town, in the absence of her husband, until succour arrived from England.

Auray was in gala attire, some sort of agricultural show being in process. The women wear a most peculiar cap. It consists of a close-fitting crochet under-cap, over which is laid a square piece of fine net with a broad

hem; it is slightly caught together at the back, but towards the face falls plain and square. In walking the cap catches the wind, and the square corners blow back with a pretty effect. Delicate coloured cashmere shawls (pale blue, fawn, or grey) are worn round the shoulders, and tucked under the apron bibs. This rather trying costume suited extremely well the handsome Auray faces.

The church is ugly, with a vulgar gilt altarpiece and a painted ceiling. The view from the tower is very fine, commanding the distant Atlantic, Quiberon Point, St. Michael's Carnac, Lockmariaker, and the windings of the river.

Next day we woke up to find fine rain falling, but hoping the day might improve we started at 10.50 for Plouharnel, the station for Carnac. On arriving there we were taken possession of by Mlle. Gaillard, daughter of the proprietor of the Hotel de Commerce. Rather against our better judgment (as it still rained fast) we agreed to go to Lockmariaker as well as to Carnac. The Peninsula of Lockmariaker hems in the little Morbihan Sea on one side, as does the Peninsula of Rhys on the other. There is to be seen the largest menhir, 60 feet long, fallen and broken; and from thence one can go by boat to the Island of Gave Inis, where is a wonderful stone gallery covered with unexplained sculptures or engravings.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



HOUSEKEEPING.

HOUSEMAID.—To clean straw matting you should not use soap. Dip a large coarse cloth in salt and water only, and rub it the way of the straw, not across it, and then wipe dry. The salt will prevent its turning yellow. No soap should be used in cleaning oil-cloth, neither should hot water nor a brush be employed, or the paint will come off. A large soft cloth dipped in plain cold water will serve to clean it well. Papier maché articles also will not bear soap nor hot water. Sponge them with cold water, dredge them with fine flour before

dry, and then polish with a soft flannel. But ask your mistress's leave before you touch these latter delicate articles, as she may prefer to clean them herself.

SARAH and NURSE.—If you keep some camphor in the cupboard the ants will avoid it. They dislike strong scents, and if you do not keep food nor wearing apparel in the cupboard, you might dip a small sponge in tobacco-water or creosote, and leave it there, with the same result, having first washed the shelves with strong alum and water. "Nurse" should lock the cupboard while using these things, lest the children get at them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. A. C.—A crown-piece of William III. of England is worth about 15s., and a half-crown of George II. perhaps 5s.; that is if both be in good preservation. Modern foreign coins are of no extra value in this country, and you would probably get nothing more for them than their value in silver. It is impossible for us to be certain about the value of any coin, of course, unless we could see it, and we can only give their present values so far as they are known. A Washington "cent" would be worth about 2s. if in good condition.

M. L.—Martin, from whose name the feast called "Martinmas" was named, or rather who was himself the object of commemoration, was also distinguished as giving a name to a certain season of the year, fine weather setting in on the 11th of November being called "St. Martin's summer" in France and Switzerland. This saint was the Bishop of Tours (France), and died A.D. 400, having specially distinguished himself in destroying the heathen altars and images of false gods, which in his day still existed, and which he could not tolerate within his episcopate, held by him for upwards of twenty-six years. This year the Swiss have been enjoying a magnificent Eté de St. Martin, after a very changeable summer season, such as we have ourselves experienced.

MARIANNE.—The wearing of "châtelaines" is of very ancient date. Our own Saxon ladies wore them, and various appliances of the toilet were suspended to them, such as tweezers, nail-arrangers, etc. 2. Introduce the youngest to the elder of two persons who wish to be acquainted, the person of inferior rank to the superior, and a man to a woman. To explain, you should say "Allow me to introduce," or "to present, Mr. So-and-So," and then say, "Mrs. So-and-So," or whatever the prefix to the name may be.

ALICE BLANE.—The real name of "Robin Hood," the famous outlaw of the time of Henry II., A.D. 1160, was Fitzooth, the Earl, it is believed, of Huntingdon. He spent his fortune, and then took to the woods as a freebooter, having been outlawed. His companion (among others), nick-named "Little John," was one Nailor, a gigantic man. His

reputed grave, at a village in Derbyshire, was a subject of much speculation; and the local traditions respecting his residence and decease at that place were called in question. For the sake of the historical and archaeological interest connected with it, the rector permitted the grave to be opened a few years ago. This settled the question, and confirmed the traditions of the place, for a gigantic skeleton was found to occupy it, it is said of fully seven (if not of upwards) feet in height. 2. Indigestion or acidity produce hiccup; swallowing a small piece of ice or taking a dose of magnesia may cure it.

A CAPE GIRL.—We were much interested in your letter. Do not listen to the conversation of those who would draw you away from the faith of Christ, and dishonour your blessed Redeemer; and unless very well taught in the answers to their infidel objections, do not attempt to argue with them. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed," and "Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown." We are glad that the answers we give to others should so often be of service to you.

THE GIRLS' OWN CONVALESCENT HOME.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged in No. 464 of THE GIRLS' OWN PAPER, £383 17s. 2½d. A. Keller (Rome), 3s., Lennie, 5s., "Rag," £1 10s., "A Poor Girl," 6d., "Jattie," 6d., Fanny Buttle, 11s., A. E. U., 1s., F. C., 1s., M. L. S. (Clapham), £1, Mildred Harrison, 2s. 6d., A Tardy Subscriber, 1s., Florence Newbold, 1s., M. L. (Kensington), 1s., Lizzie Wilkes, 3s. 6d., Hatty Baker, 5s., Annie Divine (Vancouver), 12s. 3d., Fiddle-de-dee, 6d., C. A. W., 1s., Three Rata Blossoms, 3s., Maud C., 3s. 6d., M. Lawson (collected), 15s.

Total amount received to November 27th, £389 18s. 5½d.

** In consequence of the peremptory demands of the public, we have been compelled to reprint the first two parts of this volume, viz., the parts for November and December, which contain the opening chapters of the serial stories and the coloured plates from drawings by James Sant, R.A., and Birket Foster.



(Drawn by George L. Seymour.)

A CHILD OF THE SUN.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHITEFOOT IN REQUISITION.

THREE days after this Bessie wrote the following letter—it was commenced on Wednesday, and finished on Thursday morning:—

"My dear little Hatty,—It is your turn for a regular long letter, as I have already written to mother and Christine.

I don't write to father, because he is so busy and letters bother him, but you must tell him all the news. You cannot think how Edna laughs at my correspondence; she always says it is such waste of time; but you and I know better than that. It is just the one thing that I can do for you all, now that I am away, and I am not so selfish

that I grudge an hour in the day. I know exactly how disappointed one face looks when there is no letter from Bessie in the morning, and so I lay down my book and scribble away, as I am doing now.

"I am having a lovely time. I do not think I have ever played so much in my life before. It is such a new thing,



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"I ASSURE YOU WE MAKE QUITE A PICTURE."

and yet it is rather nice, too, to hear Edna say in the morning, 'Now what shall we do to-day?' as though one's whole duty were to amuse oneself. Father always says, 'Whatever you do, do it thoroughly,' and I am carrying out his maxim to the letter, for I do nothing but enjoy myself, and I do it thoroughly. On Monday, I finished my letter to Chrissy before breakfast, and afterwards, as Edna was busy, I spent a long morning reading 'The Village on the Cliff.' I have finished it now, and think it lovely. I do enjoy these mornings in the garden; but I must not read too many stories, only Edna says I shall like 'Old Kensington,' and I must indulge myself with that. I assure you we make quite a picture. Mac lies at my feet, and Spot generally curls himself up on my lap. Tim prefers lying on the lawn and keeping an eye upon the kitten. She is such a droll little creature, and her antics quite distract me.

"Well, I had this delicious morning to myself, and in the afternoon we played tennis at the Athertons. There were no visitors, but we girls played by ourselves, and I got a long talk with Grace Donnerton. I liked her better than ever; but just as she was talking to me about her sister's hospital, Maud Atherton disturbed us by telling us tea was ready.

"The next morning, Edna drove me over to Kimberley—such a lovely drive; and the ponies were so frisky and went so well. We called at a beautiful old house called Kimberley Hall—I never saw such a place—and had luncheon there. Mrs. Blondell, our hostess, is such a dear old lady, with lovely white curls, and such a sweet old face. Her husband is such a handsome old man; but he is quite deaf, and no one seems to make him hear anything except his wife, and she goes up and speaks to him in a low, distinct voice, and tells him things, and he brightens up at once. He is such a courtly old man, and pays little old-fashioned compliments. He took Edna's hand and said, 'We do not often see a pretty young face, my dear, but it is a very pleasant sight. I remember your mother when she was a girl, and a fine handsome creature she was. I think her daughter does her credit, eh, Dolly!' And Dolly, for that is the dear old lady's name, put her pretty old hand on his arm, and said, 'She does indeed, Rupert, and she has got a look of our Maisie about her,' and then they looked at each other in such a way. Edna explained it to me as we drove home. She said they had one child, a beautiful girl, who lived until she was seventeen, and then died of some wasting disease. She had been dead fifteen years, but the old couple had never got over her loss. 'I am there often,' Edna went on, 'but I have never once been without hearing Maisie's name mentioned; they are always talking about her. One day Mrs. Blondell took me upstairs and showed me all her things. There were her little gowns, most of them white, folded in the big wardrobe. "She was to have worn this at her first ball," said the poor woman, pulling down a lace dress; it looked quite fresh somehow; only the satin slip

was a trifle discoloured. There were the shoes, and the silk stockings, and a case of pearls, and the long gloves. "She would have looked lovely in it," she went on, smoothing out the folds with her tremulous fingers. "Rupert says she would have made hearts ache. Thank you, my dear, you are very kind," for I could not help hugging the dear old thing. It made me cry, too, to hear her. I go there very often because they like to see me; they will have it I am like Maisie, but I am not half so pretty.' And Edna laughed, though her eyes were moist, and touched up Jill rather smartly.

"We had some people to dinner that evening, so Edna made me put on my Indian muslin, which she said looked very nice. She wore a soft white silk herself, which suited her admirably. She has some beautiful dresses which she showed me; she says her mother thinks nothing too good for her, and showers presents on her. She gets tired of her dresses before they are half worn out. I was half afraid she was going to offer me one, for she looked at me rather wistfully, but I made a pretext to leave the room. I enjoyed myself very much that evening. The curate took me in to dinner, and I found him very clever and amusing, and he talked so much that, though I was very hungry, I could hardly get enough to eat; but Edna, who declared that she had had no dinner either, brought me up a great plate of cake when we went to bed. Edna sang beautifully that evening, and the curate—his name is Horton—sang too, and Florence Atherton brought her violin. I had never heard a lady play the violin before, but Edna tells me I am old-fashioned, and that it is all the rage at present, and certainly Miss Atherton played extremely well. Good-bye for the present, dear Hatty, I will add more to-morrow. This is a sort of journal, you know, not a letter, and I shall write a little bit each day. 'Do be nice and lengthy,' you said, and I am sure I am carrying out your wish.

"Thursday morning.

"Well, here I am again sitting at my writing table, pen in hand, and 'the top of the morning to ye, darlint' as Biddy used to say; but my Hatty will be still asleep I know, as she is not one of the strong ones, poor little Hatty! Such a wonderful thing happened to me yesterday—I actually had a riding lesson. Do tell father that, for he knows how I used to envy Tom when Colonel Miles gave him a mount. It happened in this way. Edna was talking at breakfast-time about her ride in the Row, and Mr. Sefton said suddenly, 'How would you like to learn to ride, Miss Lambert?' and not thinking he meant anything by the question, I said, 'I should like it of all things. I do long for a good gallop.

"Oh, you must not gallop before you trot,' he returned, quite seriously; 'Edna, if you still have your old habit by you, I don't see why I should not give Miss Lambert a lesson. Old Whitefoot is doing nothing for his living.'

"Well—would you believe it?—he was quite in earnest, and Edna, who is very good-natured, seemed to think it a good

bit of fun, for she jumped up from the table and told her brother to bring Whitefoot round in half-an-hour; and then she made me go upstairs with her and put on a beautiful blue habit, which seemed to me quite new; but she said she had a much better one made for her that season. It fitted me tolerably, and only required a little alteration to be perfect—and I assure you I hardly knew myself in it, I looked so nice; but a dark habit is always so becoming. Edna looks like a picture in hers.

"Well, when we went downstairs, there was Whitefoot—such a pretty brown mare!—with Mr. Sefton standing beside her, and Brown Bess was being brought round from the stable. I was just a little nervous at first, but Mr. Sefton was very kind and patient; he taught me how to gather up my reins, and how to hold myself; and he would not mount for some time, but walked beside me for a little distance, telling me things, and when he saw I felt less strange he jumped on Brown Bess, and we had a canter together.

"My dear Hatty, it was just delicious. I never felt happier in my life. But Mr. Sefton would not let me ride long; he said I should be very stiff at first, and that we should have a longer ride to-morrow, when Edna would be with us; and of course I had to submit.

"I was far too lazy to play tennis that afternoon, so Edna made me get into the hammock, and I had a nice quiet time with my book, while she and the Athertons had their usual games, and by-and-by Grace Donnerton came and sat by me, and we had another nice talk.

"The next morning Edna said she would ride with us, so Mr. Sefton ordered the horses directly after breakfast, and we had a glorious ride for more than two hours. I found trotting rather difficult at first, but Mr. Sefton would not let Edna laugh at my awkwardness, and he encouraged me by telling me that I should soon ride well, and after that I did not mind a bit. Edna really rides perfectly; it was a pleasure to watch her. Once she left us and had a tearing gallop by herself over the common. The other horses got excited and wanted to gallop too, but Mr. Sefton held Whitefoot's reins, and managed to quiet them both with some difficulty. I thought Edna looked lovely as she rode back to us; she had such a beautiful colour, and her eyes looked so bright, I don't wonder people admire her so.

"Edna was going to an archery meeting that afternoon with the Athertons, but as there was no room for me in their waggonette, I stayed at home quietly with Mrs. Sefton, and I managed to make myself useful, for several people called, and I had to make tea and help entertain them, but I got a quiet hour in my favourite garden seat. Edna brought Florence and Maud Atherton back to dinner, and we had a very merry evening, playing all sorts of games. Mr. Sefton came into the drawing-room for a little while, but he did not stay long. I think the girls quizzed him, and made him uncomfortable. It is such a pity that he is not

more at his ease in society; people think he is stupid and cannot talk, but he is really very intelligent, and knows a great deal about a good many subjects. There is to be no ride to-morrow. Mrs. Sefton is going up to town on business, and Edna is to accompany her to the station, for, although Mr. Sefton suggested that I should go out with him for an hour, I could see that they did not second it. Now, darling, I have told you everything, and I think you will own that I am having a good time. I hope all this pleasure is not spoiling me, but I think of you all as much as ever, and especially of my Hatty. Are you very dull without me, dear? And how do you sleep? Write and tell me everything—how mother looks, and what Tom said in his last letter, and if father is busy. And if any of you want me very badly you must say so, and I will come home at once, though I do want some more rides, and Edna has promised to drive me over to Kimberley again. But there is the gong, and I must run down to breakfast. Good-bye, my dearest Hatty.

"Your loving
"BESSIE."

Bessie had written out of the fulness of her girlish content. She wanted to share her pleasure with Hatty. Happiness did not make her selfish, nor did new scenes and varied experiences shut out home memories, for Bessie was not one of those feeble natures who are carried out of themselves by every change of circumstances, neither had she the chameleon-like character that develops new tendencies under new influences; at the Grange she was just the same simple, kindly Bessie Lambert as she had been at Cliffe.

After all, she was not disappointed of her ride. Jennings, the groom, had a commission to do at Leigh, and Richard proposed to his step-mother that Bessie should ride over there too. Jennings was an old servant, and very trusty and reliable, and she might be safely put in his charge. To this Mrs. Sefton made no objection, and Bessie had a delightful morning and made good progress under Jennings' respectful hints. Bessie had just taken off her habit, and was preparing for luncheon, when Edna entered the room.

"What dress are you going to wear this afternoon, Bessie?" she asked, rather abruptly, and her manner was a little off-hand. "I shall be in white, of course, and I shall wear my grey dust cloak for the roads, but—"

"What dress!" returned Bessie, rather puzzled at the question; she was hot and tired from her long ride, and had been looking forward to an afternoon of delicious idleness. "Is anyone coming? I mean, are we going anywhere?"

"Why, of course," replied Edna, impatiently, and she did not seem in the best of tempers; "it is Thursday, is it not? and we are engaged for the polo match. You must make haste and finish dressing, for we must start directly after luncheon."

"Do you mean that Mr. Sefton is going to drive us over to Staplehurst, after all?" asked Bessie, feeling very much astonished at Richard's change of plan; he had not even spoken on the subject at breakfast time, but he must have arranged it afterwards.

"Richard!" rather contemptuously. "Richard is by this time lunching at the Fordham Inn, with half a dozen stupid farmers. Have you forgotten that he flatly refused to drive us at all. Oh, I have not forgotten his lecture, I assure you, though it does not seem to have made much impression on you. Well, why are you looking at me with such big eyes, Bessie, as though you found it difficult to understand me?"

"Because I don't understand you, Edna," replied Bessie, frankly. "You know both your mother and brother objected to Captain Grant's invitation; you cannot surely intend to go in opposition to their wishes."

"Their wishes! I suppose you mean Richard's wish, for mamma never opened her lips on the subject; she just listened to Richard's tirade."

"But she did not contradict him; and surely you must have seen from her face that she agreed with every word." Bessie did not dare to add that Mrs. Sefton had expressed her strong disapproval of Captain Grant to her. "She was looking at you so anxiously all the time."

"Oh, that is only mamma's fussiness. Of course I know she does not want me to go. I don't mean to pretend that I am not aware of that, but mamma knows that I generally have my own way in this sort of thing, and she did not actually forbid it."

"Oh, Edna! what can that matter when you know her real wishes?"

"My dear, don't preach; your words will not influence me in the least. I told Richard before mamma that I should go, and I mean to carry out my word. You are a free agent, Bessie; I cannot oblige you to go with me, but as the Athertons are all engaged, I could not get one of them in your place."

"But if I say I cannot go, what will you do then?" asked Bessie anxiously.

"In that case I should go alone," returned Edna, coldly, "but I should think you were unkind to desert me."

"I should have to bear that," replied Bessie, rather sadly; "it is not what you would think of me, but what I ought to do. Oh, Edna, you are placing me

in a very difficult position. I do not know how to act, and the whole thing distresses me so. Do give it up for my sake, and just to please me; do, Edna dear."

"I cannot give it up," was Edna's answer; "but I will not argue any more about it. Make up your mind quickly, Bessie, for there is no time to lose." And so saying she left the room, and a moment afterwards Bessie heard her ringing for her maid.

Bessie had never felt more distressed; she was so tired and so perplexed how to act, that she could almost have cried from worry. "If I go with her, will not Mrs. Sefton and Mr. Richard have a right to be offended with me?" she thought. "They will not know that I have tried to turn Edna from her purpose; they do not know me well enough to be sure of my motives. Edna told him that I wanted to see polo played; they may believe that I was willing to go. I cannot bear to put myself in this position; and yet, will it be right to let her go alone? Will they not blame me for that, too? Oh, how I wish I could speak to Mr. Sefton; but he is away. What shall I do? I must decide. It seems such a little thing to pray about, and yet little things bring big consequences. No, I can't moralise; I am too worried. Why can I not see the right thing to do at once?"

Bessie sat and reflected a moment, and then a sudden impulse came to her and she opened her blotting case, and wrote a few hurried lines.

"Dear Mrs. Sefton," she wrote; "I am so troubled, I hardly know what to do. Edna has just told me that she intends to drive over to Staplehurst after luncheon to see polo played, and has asked me to accompany her. I cannot induce her to give it up. Please do not think that I have not tried. I know how much you and Mr. Sefton were against it; but I do not think you would wish me to stay behind. She ought not to go alone. I feel you will be less anxious if I go with her." Bessie dashed off these few lines and then dressed herself hurriedly; but before she had half finished the gong sounded.

As she ran downstairs she met Dixon, the butler, coming out of the dining-room, and putting the note in his hand, begged that he would give it to his mistress directly she returned.

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Dixon, civilly, and it struck Bessie that he looked at her in an approving manner. He was an old servant, too, and most likely was accustomed to his young mistress's vagaries. "We expect my mistress home at six, and I will take care she gets the note," he continued, as he opened the door for her.

(To be continued.)





POETS OVER-SEA.

A GOSSIP ON THE RECENT POETRY OF AMERICA.

By GLEESON WHITE, Author of "Some Poetry we Read," "Ballades and Rondeaux," etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was with a light heart that I projected a campaign to descend upon the recent poetry of America, to occupy not only its strongholds but every minor position, and bring captive its best and noblest, to be imprisoned for a while in these columns. It is with a sense of defeat that I marshal together the results and present them in haphazard fashion to the readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*. The drift-weed which had floated to our shores of late, and the exotic blossoms, that, opening under Western skies, had been hidden between leaves of the many periodicals that come over to us, urged me, Columbus-fashion, to explore the source of their origin; but the overwhelming material that appeared leaves me in a mood near akin to sheer despair. Mrs. Partington, so good at a puddle, was powerless to mop back the Atlantic. To criticise a continent in a column, or even annotate the poesy of a new nation in a nutshell, needs either an infinity of previous knowledge of the subject, or sublime egotism. It may be brave sport for the critic to decide in a quarter of an hour the value of the labours of patient workers for a quarter of a century, but such a perilous task is only justified by that success which must needs be rare. In place, therefore, of an exhaustive notice and critical glance over the whole harvest of the last growth of American poetry, and a judicial summing-up recording its value in to-day's literature, or even a mere catalogue of authors and their volumes, a much more modest programme is forced upon me: and the ambitious scheme vanishes, to be replaced by a mere gossip upon the more noticeable of the verse-makers of to-day in the United States—not even rising to the dignity of a lecture or essay, but merely, as it were, going to a bookcase well filled with volumes hardly known on this side of the ocean, and taking down book after book at random, to make some little effort to introduce it to new readers. We all know how pleasantly a bibliophile can make an hour pass, as he lovingly displays the treasures of his collection, reading an extract there, or passing to us an open volume at the well known page where the very heart of the book beats in a short paragraph, and so by adding a word here and there, gives in desultory fashion a more fairly coherent summary of his stores than his visitor could glean if left to rummage as he pleased. For in that case he would probably either weary of his quest, or else be so enthralled by some one volume that chimed with his particular mood, that he would confine himself to it solely, leaving all the others untouched.

Here is the bookcase with its hundred or so of new volumes of American poetry, the garnered crop of a very few years; but whether

the book-lover who owns them can justify his position, and glean the ripest fruits and most rare blossoms, is doubtful; at least he does it as a labour of love, since every volume brings back kindly thoughts of the courtesy of the far off writers, who sent it over seas to help his purpose.

A few general observations may be risked, for what they are worth, and given merely as the opinion of one who has tried to grasp the main feature of this group of poetry. The fecundity of the rhymester of the States is undoubted; not even our own highly productive island shows more "new poems" in a year. Nor is there so far any sign of the advent of an epoch-making poet among the great chorus. In bulk, it is marked by the character of our own song of to-day—exceedingly high level of its mechanism, no paucity of imagination, a profusion of pretty fantasies and slightly varied similes—doing little things excellently well, but rarely attempting the greatest. One personality, unique and removed by date from the period immediately under notice, is yet so strange to the bulk of English readers, that later on it will be necessary to our purpose to include Walt Whitman.

Apart from this unique figure, it must be candidly said that there is no name of supreme power, towering over all its fellows among the younger school of the United States, any more than in England.

Of Longfellow, Poe, Bryant, Emerson, and the rest of the dead-singers, no word to-day; nor even of Lowell, Holmes, or Whittier. They, with many others, are household words on both sides of the Atlantic. And since for sake of space a limit must be drawn, many names of poets either dead, or whose life-work was given to the public ten or twenty years back, must be left out here. The group to be noticed may be held to correspond roughly to our Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, William Morris, George Meredith, A. M. F. Robinson, to choose a few names entirely at random. That is, of singers who have already won high place among literary people, but who are, compared with the position of Tennyson, or even Swinburne and Browning, not yet quite recognised by the great public, who are slow to make friends with new men, however staunch and lasting when the acquaintance has once fairly started.

From American poets we expect much; and perhaps bearing in mind that without rudeness it may be said their literature is a thing of yesterday only, too much. For one of the first demands we make is that theirs shall be a native and non-English song. Now although there are signs of this quality in their work,

yet it must be confessed it is not at present the dominant note. And remembering how the tradition of their art must needs commence, with our own, at the pure well-head of English poesy—Master Chaucer—and flow in the same channel down to this century, it can scarcely be a surprise that echoes of many a cadence dear to English ears are heard in their strain. Yet there is without doubt a subtle distinction which seems to indicate among their singers more intimate familiarity with certain strongly individual voices of the past, than is the case with our own younger writers, side by side with a less comprehensive grasp of the whole sequence of the art amongst us. Again, English poetry is not quite so exclusively the fountain on which they draw, as with us. Much of their verse suggests familiarity with other European song, with, at the same time, it may be a slighter acquaintance with the classics of Greece and Rome, betrayed chiefly by the use of more available material than an English scholar would care to own, that is to say, as if the classical allusions came from a Bohn's translation, or Lemprière, and not at first hand from the texts themselves. This may be hair-splitting or mere conjecture; but to differentiate their poesy is not quite easy. Yet even as a picture by Abbey, old English though its subject be, has a Dutch Knickerbocker flavour not quite our former ideal of Herrick's England, so their verse has a piquant flavour that just removes it from ours, adding the charm a mere trace of a provincial accent will sometimes lend to a well educated voice.

It is hard to exact at once entire originality of motive and conception from a new school of writers who work in the old tongue; even individual creators have used the manner of their predecessors. In music, hardly any great master has found his own tongue at first. For his earlier message he has chosen to modify accepted forms and well worn phrases, until gaining strength, and confidence in his own powers, he bursts impetuously into his own new song, not less new because of his previous restraint, but really more fresh because evolved in due order in place of being merely a sudden and abnormal new creation.

That their future individuality will be very marked, there is much already to prove. But it must not be forgotten that we also are in a productive state, and borrow at times the local colour and new features of their work directly it becomes popular. Poe and Bret Harte, to take two diverse names, will support this assertion. Anyone now reading either of these authors for this first time would fail to realise the novelty of their method, as so many on both sides of the Atlantic have

mimicked their mannerisms, and made the more prominent peculiarities of their style common property.

But generalisation is needless, and a start must be made, and surely *place aux dames* must rule in these pages even more than elsewhere, so a few of the daughters of the great republic who have lately joined her choir must claim first notice. In gauging the worth of a woman's contribution to literature, the infallible critic has a two-edged sword, warranted to slay without mercy, and to hew through the armour of any poetic Joan of Arc with deadly skill. For it cuts both ways. First, it holds that all woman's work in the arts is essentially feminine, lacking vigour, comprehensiveness, and the nobler virile qualities the critic marks off as the property of the other sex only. Next, that if by chance a George Eliot uses these very qualities, then it is not really woman's work at all, but purely masculine work accidentally produced by a female, but lacking in all the true attributes and the dainty elegance, etc., of the feminine mind. Thus armed, he easily does his work. It is not always "he" in this case, for it is temptingly easy for a woman, by adopting this slashing treatment, to demolish her rivals and indirectly proclaim her unique individuality at the same time. If space allowed, so clumsy a paradox could be easily refuted, but it would be killing a dead bogie, for no one can seriously refuse the possession of the true creative power to the women of to-day. In fiction, poem, and song, names second, in their own way, to none come too readily to need quotation.

The awkward question of precedence next arises. Scorning the easy refuge of alphabetical sequence, it seemed best to pick at random, for the date of birth of each writer would be hardly a graceful mode to regulate the order of notice. So blind chance must be the goddess to introduce the few who represent, more or less fully, youngest America of to-day. Not, of course, because they are all equally youthful in years; but, regarded from our own standpoint, the latest aspirants to the poet's bays—for the uncomfortable word "poetess" is at once a slight to the singer and a vulgarity to the reader; no one talks of a paintress, or musicianess, or a preacheress, or a doctress; why then a poetess?

A book, "John Ward, Preacher," has lately made the name of Margaret Deland familiar to us, and on the title-page of that much-praised book—about which, probably, a great deal more will be heard yet—we find "By the author of 'An Old Garden.'" This little volume, in its coat of white parchment and "gaily flowered gown," charms by its exterior being a booklet so daintily clad to be worthy of the boudoir of a princess. In its naïvely wrought lyrics there is a charm not easy to analyse. Herrick is probably the chief favourite of its author, and who dares object to the echo of the loved rhymes of the old Vicar of Dean Prior, here mimicked with such grace?

In the fore-motto to the group—and it is noticeable how often the prefatory rhyme betrays the true individuality of the author, more than all his more ambitious attempts—we find a suggestion of the influence of his verse.

"Put all thy faith in Time,
Nor trust in me;
Grant Life, and Love, and Rhyme,
Eternity.

The section that follows, giving title to the book, is heralded by a delightful word-painting of an old garden, followed by a series of

flower-pieces that may best speak for themselves in these two.

THE MORNING GLORY.

O maid!
I pray thee light
Both noon and night;
The envious dawn
Thou lookest on
Is too soon gone;
Then stay
The day,
I pray!

THE ROSEMARY.

My sweet maid Rosemary—
(Her gown it is so plain
E'en vanity
Dressed thus, could not be vain!)
Doth preach to me
When this my life doth seem
All small and mean
And full of briers to be;
For in the rain or sun,
Cloaked all in modest gray,
This garden nun
Doth stand as though to pray.
Content, she never heeds
If flaunting Poppy scorns,
Nor marks that weeds
Do tear her gown with thorns;
She tells her beads
And lives her life with joy,
Her one employ
To fill some small, sweet needs!

Among the children's poems is a rhyme that has the true nursery ring.

Bright up into Bossy's eyes,
Looked the Daisy, boldly;
But, alas! to his surprise,
Bossy ate him cordily.
Listen, Daisies in the fields:
Hide away from Bossy!
Daisies make the milk she yields,
And her coat grow glossy.
So, each day she tries to find
Daisies nodding sweetly,
And although it's most unkind,
Bites their heads off neatly!

There is one powerful story-teller, Amélie Rives, who has not only produced verse of rare promise, but attempted already the highest form of the poet's art. So far her poetry has not been collected, and therefore it is not easy to speak of it as a whole. Yet if up to the high level of her stories, "A Brother to Dragons," "Virginia of Virginia," "The Quick and the Dead," and others, it will be indeed a notable volume. But it may be that, like George Eliot, she will always remain essentially a prose writer, although her periods at times are set in rhythm and rhyme, and that the thing said will be more noteworthy than the melody of its expression. "Herod and Mariamne," a tragedy in classical form, is her last and boldest attempt. That a popular periodical should dare to devote almost an entire number to such a work is surely without parallel. Imagine the surprise of the readers of *Temple Bar* or *Macmillan*, if they discovered a play in blank verse filling their beloved magazine! The tragedy at the publishing office that would follow would be serious, and the subscribers killed off thereby equal to the most gory needs of the poet. As "Herod and Mariamne" would suffer from quotation, and much of Miss Rives's work is at hand in *Harper's*,

Scribner's, and other magazines that have an English edition, it need not be extracted here. If one dared to prophesy the arrival of a new genius of the first order in these dead-level days, Amélie Rives would justify the rash act. The first feeling produced by her work is absolute wonder that a young girl should use such masterful methods and dare the highest. *Nor is her work crude* or merely ambitious; it is the quiet, restrained force that seems to put forward only a fraction of its possible strength, and to hold in reserve far greater powers, that fascinates the reader, and provokes anticipation so far realised in each succeeding instance. It is natural that the American public should have welcomed her so warmly, and creditable to their taste.

Although it is an unpleasant thing to own, yet of late years (witness their discovery of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyám," their recognition of Robert Louis Stevenson, and many another instance) they have shown a quicker appreciation of artistic excellence than our own people, who have spent their excitement upon "Called Back" and other sensational romances, which however good in their way, for the most part, cannot be ranked as serious art.

The two books, "Songs at the Start," and "The White Sail, and other poems," by Louise Imogen Guiney, are two volumes of verse distinguished by a very pretty fancy, and typical of to-day. To say that they echo and reflect older song is true, but not derogatory to the charm of the lyrics. It is a feature of the day, this facile, graceful verse, that is so good that it seems churlish to wish it were better; and yet at times, when the finish of the verse is forgotten and the thought expresses itself with more natural vigour, there is evidence of more than just polished and dainty versification.

"The White Sail" is too long to be extracted, and these two give no fair test of the author's powers; yet the fancy of the one and the cadences of the other may leave readers eager to turn to the books themselves.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

You were a haughty beauty, Polly
(That was in the play),
I was the lover melancholy
(That was in the play).
And when your fan and you receded,
And all my passion lay unheeded,
If still with tenderer words I pleaded,
That was in the play!
I met my rival in the gateway
(That was in the play),
And so we fought a duel straightway
(That was in the play).
But when Jack hurt my arm unduly,
And you rushed over, softened newly,
And kissed me, Polly! truly, truly,
Was that in the play?

MY SOPRANO.

Loving her, what should I fail to do for her?
Keep season on season sunny and blue for her,
Lengthen her days like a happy tale,
With thoughts all tender and hearts all true for her.
Ward her from trouble, good tidings bring to her.
Fight for her, laugh with her, comfort her, cling to her;
But if I were even a nightingale,
I wonder — if I should dare to sing to her.

(To be concluded.)



THE CHEF.

By MARY POCOCK.

HOW A FRENCH COOK PREPARES FORCEMEATS, GARNISHES, BATTERS, PASTES, ETC.



preparation of the different things used in making a variety of dishes is such an important part of French cookery that I have thought it necessary to give them a page to themselves, only referring to them in future articles in the same way as I shall do to

sauces and gravies, without repeating the manner of their preparation. I shall begin with a thing rarely used properly by English cooks, that is soaked bread.

Panade for Force meat.—For nearly all forcemeats a panade made of bread or flour is needed. Of bread it is made thus: take some crumb of white bread, pour boiling water on it, cover it, and let it soak a few minutes, then squeeze all the moisture from the bread, either with the hands or by pressing it in a linen cloth, then put it in a stewpan; separate it with a spoon, and stir into it either a little boiling milk or a little hot broth, sufficient to make a thick paste; cook two or three minutes, then turn on to a plate to cool. Panade with flour is made thus: put a teacupful of cold water in a saucepan on the fire with a little salt and a small lump of butter, then dredge in slowly, stirring quickly all the time, as much flour as the water will absorb, so as to get a thick paste without lumps in it; boil three minutes and turn on to a plate to cool. Bread panade made with either milk or broth, with a little piece of butter, the yolk of an egg, and seasoning added to it, is often given to children and old people, as being light and digestible.

Farce à la Mie de Pain (bread stuffing).—Prepare half a pound of crumb of bread as panade, using either broth or milk; when cold add to it a quarter of a pound of beef or veal kidney suet finely chopped, a minced onion, a pinch of parsley, two raw eggs, salt, and a little nutmeg.

Farce Commune (an ordinary forcemeat).—Take some bread panade and mix with it half the quantity of chopped bacon fat, with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley, shalot, and sweet herbs, add the yolks of one or two eggs according to quantity of forcemeat, and employ as required.

Forcemeat for Veal or other Meat.—Take half a pound of uncooked veal, a quarter of a pound of bacon, and a quarter of a pound of beef suet, chop the whole well, add salt, pepper, nutmeg, chopped shalots, and chopped parsley; put to this about two-thirds the quantity (nearly three-quarters of a pound) of bread panade that has been made with broth and allowed to get cold, mix with two yolks of raw eggs, and use for stuffing a breast of veal or any other kind of butchers' meat.

Forcemeat for Poultry.—Chop half a pound of fowl (cooked or uncooked) from which the skin and bones have been removed, add two ounces of pickled pork and a quarter of a pound of veal suet, season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. When all finely chopped

pound in a mortar, and add six ounces of bread panade made with milk; bind with the yolks of two eggs. Use for stuffing capons, fowls, etc., but do not press in too firmly.

Pheasant or Partridge Forcemeat.—Take half a pound of the meat of either pheasant or partridge (preferably uncooked), chop, and pound it with six ounces of bread panade and six ounces of butter, add the yolks of five eggs, salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg.

Rabbit Forcemeat is made in the same way, but three yolks of eggs are quite sufficient for the same quantity of rabbit.

Forcemeat for Game.—Take the livers of the game and pound them with some beef marrow, or a little butter, chop and pound about the same quantity of boiled pickled pork, and add it to the livers, with a little salt, pepper, and spice; add a little cream and two or three yolks of eggs, cook slowly in a stewpan for a quarter of an hour, stirring all the time, so that it does not burn.

Godiveau (a forcemeat used much as a garnish).—Take half a pound of fresh lean veal without skin or gristle, and half a pound of beef kidney suet without skin, chop both very finely, then mix them together, season with pepper and salt. When finely chopped put in a mortar, and pound; add a raw egg when the fat and lean are not discernible, turn the meat on to a plate, and stand it on ice for an hour; then put it back in the mortar, pound it again, adding a small piece of ice or a little iced water, then two more raw eggs and a pinch of finely-chopped parsley; put a small piece on a floured board, roll it round, and throw it into boiling water, poach it, and try if it is too firm; if so add a little more iced water, and pound again. Then form into balls or shapes on a floured board, put them into boiling water, poach ten minutes, and drain on a sieve, or put in a wire basket to poach, so as to drain easily when taken out of the water. The godiveau must be made in a cool place; it is used in pâtés, vol-au-vents, and with some made dishes. Different kinds of godiveau are made by substituting the flesh of poultry or game for the veal. When it can be obtained, veal kidney suet is preferred to beef.

Forcemeats for Pies or for Turkeys (to be eaten cold).—Chop half a pound of lean pork or veal, with an equal quantity of fat bacon, add a few finely-powdered or chopped sweet herbs, a little spice, pepper, salt, and if wanted very good, two or three truffles (according to size) are added; when well chopped pound the whole in a mortar, add the yolks of two raw eggs. If the pie is to be made of poultry or game, the pickings from the bones and the odd scraps can be added to the forcemeat.

If passed through a sausage-machine and well mixed, forcemeats do not require to be pounded.

Quenelles de Volaille (quenelles of fowl).—Take the white meat of a cold fowl, remove the skin, chop and pound the meat, soak nearly an equal quantity of crumb of bread in a little hot milk, squeeze the bread, and pound it separately with a little piece of butter; then add the pounded chicken to it, pound again, adding nutmeg, pepper, salt, and the yolks of two eggs; then beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and add them, turn on to a floured slab, make into little rolls, and poach by throwing into boiling broth, and simmering from eight to ten minutes.

Quenelles au Foie de Veau (quenelles of calf's liver).—Take half a pound of fresh calf's liver,

chop it, and add a quarter of a pound of veal kidney suet; chop again until very fine, then add two tablespoonfuls of onions that have been minced very finely and slightly cooked in butter, a little parsley and marjoram chopped, with a piece of garlic the size of a pea; pepper and salt. Beat three ounces of butter to a cream, add the liver and other ingredients to it, mix and add four or five eggs one after the other, and then half a pound of very fine fresh breadcrumbs; mix well. Boil some water, add a little salt, throw in a small piece of the mixture, and poach it to try its consistence; if too firm a little more butter, or a little white sauce can be added; if not firm enough another egg will make it right. Then take small pieces of the paste, roll them on a floured board and throw them in a stewpan of boiling water, put the lid on, and when the water boils draw to the side of the stove, let them simmer a quarter of an hour, and then drain them. These quenelles are used in various dishes, but can also be served alone as an entrée, for which they are sprinkled with fried breadcrumbs.

Quenelles de Lapereau (quenelles of young rabbit).—Take the meat of a young rabbit, chop it, pound it in a mortar and pass it through a sieve; take equal weight of crumb of bread, soak it in milk or water, then squeeze it in a piece of linen to get all the moisture from it; add it to the rabbit with the same weight of butter, so that the three ingredients are equal in quantity; pound well together, add salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful of velouté sauce, and two or three yolks of raw eggs, one at a time, pounding all the time; try your quenelles as in preceding recipe, and rectify the consistence if necessary, then poach the same way as the quenelles de foie or in stock if preferred.

Salpicons.—Remove the skin and bones from cold fowl or game, cut the meat into small dice, add one-third the quantity of truffles, mushrooms, or the red part of a tongue, and cut in dice like the fowl or game; add some white or brown sauce, more or less thick, depending on whether the salpicons are for garnishing or for making croquettes with.

Liaisons aux Jaunes d'Œuf (egg thickening).—Take one or two yolks of eggs separated from the whites, stir and strain them, add a few spoonfuls of cream or cold milk or water, mix well, remove the liquid to be thickened from the fire, and stir the eggs in slowly; put back on the fire, and continue stirring until the eggs thicken, but do not let them boil.

Roux.—A brown roux that is very useful is made thus: melt a quarter of a pound of butter in a stewpan, stir into it five ounces of flour, stir it, and cook it for half an hour; by that time it should be a nice brown, not too dark; turn it into a pot and let it get cold. When required for thickening a gravy, cut off a piece of this roux, put it into the hot gravy, and let it boil. It will keep for a long time, and is used in many things.

Roux Blanc.—Put a lump of butter in a saucepan; when it is melted throw in a spoonful of flour, stir until it is cooked, and then add the hot gravy to it, stirring all the time. White roux will not keep, not being so much cooked as brown.

Braise.—Put at the bottom of a saucepan some slices of bacon, or bacon rind and bones, some pieces of veal, or veal bones, slices of carrots and onions, sweet herbs, parsley, one or two cloves, two bay-leaves, little salt, pepper, small lump of sugar, and moisten with a little broth; let it reduce a little, then place whatever is to be braised on the top of the

bones and vegetables, and pour in broth until about half the meat is in it; cover closely, and cook gently for a long time, occasionally basting the meat with the broth. Some braising-pans have a rim round the lid for burning charcoal; this browns the top of the meat.

Fumet de Perdreau (partridge flavoured).—Take the necks, legs, backbones, etc., of partridges—the parts, in fact, that are no use for anything else—break the bones small, and put all in a stewpan with carrots, chopped onions, thyme, bay-leaf, pepper, cloves, and a little white wine; reduce over a quick fire, then cover with broth; do not put more than sufficient broth, cook twenty minutes, strain, and take the fat off. Used for flavouring sauces and other things; any kind of game can be used in the same way. Of grouse the backbones should not be used.

Glaze.—Take some ordinary stock that has not been thickened, put any remains of veal, poultry, or game into it, let it boil fast until it begins to get a dark colour, skim it well, then strain it into a small stewpan, which place at the side of the stove; let the glaze reduce until it is the colour and thickness of dark treacle, and hangs to the spoon; then pour it into a pot and put it away for use. If properly made and kept in a dry place it will keep good for a long time.

Financière.—Scald a sweetbread, then cook it in butter; when done cut it in pieces, add some well-flavoured and seasoned velouté sauce to it. Prepare some cocks' combs, kidneys, and livers by blanching them, then cooking and cutting in pieces; add these to the sweetbread with some button mushrooms and pieces of truffle, cook all together until the mushrooms are done, then just before serving add some quenelles of fowl and a thickening of yolks of eggs. *Financière* is used as a "garniture," and to fill vol-au-vents cases. Lambs' sweetbreads or calf's brains often take the place of calf's sweetbread in *financière*.

Spices.—The following spice mixtures are used by many French cooks; I give them for the benefit of some who like spice, but must remind readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that they should be used sparingly; a dish with too much spice is spoilt in a way that cannot be remedied.

Spice for Steaks.—Take one ounce of cinnamon, twenty cloves, one nutmeg, a piece of ginger the size of the nutmeg, a pinch of fennel, and a pinch of coriander seeds; pound all these together to a fine powder, then sift and press tightly into a small tin, which must be kept well shut.

Fine Spices for Entrées.—Take half an ounce of cinnamon, one nutmeg, thirty cloves, a quarter of an ounce of coriander seeds, and six bay-leaves; pound these and sift them, taking care that they are very finely powdered. Take two ounces of mushrooms, and one ounce of truffles that have been slowly dried on a stove; pound and sift them, and mix with the powdered spices; press tightly into a tin canister, and keep well shut in a very dry place.

Spice for Sausages, etc.—Take one ounce of coriander seeds, a quarter of an ounce of aniseed, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, a quarter of an ounce of dried basil, and the same of dried sage leaves; reduce the whole to powder, sift, and keep for use in a well-shut tin. It is used with fresh pork, chitterlings, sausages, etc.

Pâte à Frire Parisienne (batter for frying in).—Put four tablespoonfuls of flour in a basin with one tablespoonful of good olive oil, or of oiled butter and a pinch of salt; mix to a smooth paste, adding a little tepid water and a few drops of vinegar (or half a glass of light white wine is used and preferred by most cooks); add the yolk of an egg, stir and add more water if needed; the batter should be

rather thick, and is better if mixed some hours before it is wanted; taste it to see if it is salt enough. Just before using the batter beat the whites of two eggs to a firm froth, and stir them quickly into the paste. Some cooks use two yolks of eggs to this quantity of flour, and omit wine or vinegar. Batters for frying in must always be rather thick, or they will not cover the articles to be fried.

Another batter for frying in is made thus:—Moisten four tablespoonfuls of flour with a quarter of a pint of ale, stir in one tablespoonful of olive oil, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a large pinch of salt; just before the batter is wanted add two whites of eggs beaten to a firm froth. Stir well in.

Pâte à Beignets (fritter batter).—Put six tablespoonfuls of flour in a basin, add two tablespoonfuls of good olive oil or oiled butter, stir well with a wooden spoon; when smooth pour water to it while stirring, until it is the consistence of thick cream; add a pinch of salt, the yolks of two eggs, and a little pounded white sugar. This batter should be mixed at least two hours before it is wanted for use; when about to be cooked beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, and add them to the batter; stir well, and see that they are well mixed with the other ingredients. It is an improvement to rub the rind of a lemon on the sugar before pounding it.

Another batter for sweet dishes.—Put eight tablespoonfuls of flour in a basin with a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, three yolks of eggs, six tablespoonfuls of oiled butter; mix well, then moisten the paste with light white wine until it is of a right consistence; before using incorporate the whites of the three eggs, having first beaten them to a stiff froth. Some cooks put a tablespoonful of brandy in at the same time as the whites of the eggs; I do not think it is any improvement to the batter.

Crème Pâtissière.—Put in a stewpan five yolks and two whites of eggs, with four tablespoonfuls of flour, one ounce of butter, one ounce and a half of pounded sugar, a little salt, and some grated lemon rind; mix with a spoon and moisten with three-quarters of a pint of milk; put the stewpan over the fire, stir, and let it thicken, taking care that it does not get lumpy; let it cook three minutes after it thickens, stirring it continually, then take it from the fire. If this cream is to be used for fritters two tablespoonfuls of potato flour must be added to it.

Pastry.—The following are the pâtes most used in French cookery:—

Feuilletage.—Sift and put on a board one pound of fine flour, heap it up and make a hollow in the middle, put in a pinch of salt, one ounce of butter, the white of an egg, one-third of a pint of water (some flour requires rather more water); make into a paste and put aside for half an hour, then roll it out; beat fifteen ounces of butter into a thick square, place it on the paste and fold the latter over so as to envelope the butter, then roll it out into a long, thin band; when it is about half as thick as a finger fold it in three (one fold from the bottom and one from the top), press it with the rolling-pin to make it even, then turn it one-quarter round from right to left, so that the part that was at the side of the board is now nearest to you; again roll it out into a long band, and then fold in three as before (this is giving the paste two turns); put it aside for ten minutes, then give two more turns, then put it away again for another ten minutes and give it two more turns, always rolling, folding, etc., the same way as the first two turns; this makes six turns in all, and the paste is then ready for use, or will not hurt if it is put aside until wanted. This is the pastry that is used for small pâtes, vol-au-vents, etc. For some purposes it is made with less butter.

Pâte Brisée.—Heap a pound of fine flour on a board, put in a hollow in the middle ten

ounce of butter in small pieces, a pinch of salt, and half a pint of cold water; mix the water and butter, then work in the flour, knead the paste, roll it out twice, and put it in a cool place for an hour before using.

Pâte Brisée au Sucre.—Heap one pound of flour, put in the middle of it ten ounces of butter, three ounces of very finely-powdered sugar, three yolks of eggs, a pinch of salt, and one-third of a pint of cold water; mix the paste and roll out once or twice. Put aside for a time before using.

Pâte à Dresser.—This is made with one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, two eggs (yolks and whites), and about one-third of a pint of water. Proceed as for *pâte brisée*.

Pâte à Choux.—Put three-quarters of a pint of water in a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of butter, the grated rind of a lemon, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a pinch of salt; stir, and when it boils draw the stewpan to the side of the fire and dredge in as much flour as the water will take, stirring continually; put back on the stove and cook until the paste leaves the sides of the stewpan as you stir; it is then done. Put it in a pan and beat in eggs one after the other until the paste sticks to the fingers. This paste is used for pain duchesse and other things. It is also very good dropped on a baking-sheet in pieces the size of a walnut, sprinkled with chopped almonds and sugar, or with flavoured sugar, and baked in a rather quick oven.

Pâte à Brioche.—Heap one pound of flour on a board, make a hollow in the centre, mix half an ounce of yeast with half a pint of warm water (one-third boiling and two-thirds cold water together give about the right temperature), pour into the flour and mix into a smooth, firm dough. Take another pound of flour and mix into it a little salt and one pound of butter, add four large or five small eggs, and about a tablespoonful of warm water; mix this paste with the dough, knead until there are no light streaks in it, make it into a ball, cover it with flour, put it in a basin with a cloth over the top, and leave it eight or nine hours in a tolerably warm place, then use it to make brioches (very good with half the quantity of butter). Brioches are generally formed like small cottage loaves, and are glazed over the top with egg before they are baked.

Pâte à Baba.—Sift one pound of flour, take a quarter of it and make a dough with three-quarters of an ounce of yeast, and not quite a quarter of a pint of warm water, cover it, and let it rise at the side of the stove thirty minutes. Put the rest of the flour in a warm basin, put to it ten ounces of butter, broken in little pieces, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Work the butter with the eggs, then with the flour, knead well, add four more eggs, one at a time; when they are well incorporated add the dough, knead five minutes, then add a quarter of a pound of sultanas or currants. Put the paste in buttered moulds, but only half fill them, let them rise to the top of the moulds, then bake in a quick oven for about half an hour.

Cinnamon Sugar.—Take a stick of cinnamon, pound it in a mortar, add five times its weight in pounded sugar, pound again, sift, and keep to sift over cakes, sweet dishes, etc.

Sucre à la Vanille.—Split a vanilla pod, then cut it in very small pieces, put it in a mortar with six ounces of pounded loaf sugar, pound until the vanilla is all powdered (it takes about a quarter of an hour), then sift. Vanilla sugar is much used in making delicate sweet dishes and sifting some on cakes.

Orange and lemon sugars are made by rubbing lumps of sugar on the rinds of the oranges or lemons, and pounding or grating the sugar afterwards.

(To be continued.)



"HE COWED BEFORE HER, AND KEPT AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE."

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RESCUE.



EVE was certainly surprised when she saw a strange sailor instead of Arthur, waiting for her in his boat at the heronry, but never for one moment did she suspect there was

anything amiss, for as far as she knew no one but she and he knew of their intended marriage; so imagining he had been unavoidably detained, and had for some good reason sent one of the wherrymen to fetch her, she jumped into the boat, and was quickly rowed alongside the nearest wherry. Her conductor helped her on board, and there she found herself face to face, not with Arthur Clifford, but with Jack Farrar. In a moment the truth flashed upon her that she had been decoyed on board his wherry, and with a wild movement towards the deck-side, she gave several loud shrieks, and would in her terror have jumped overboard, but Farrar caught her in his arms and held her fast. Struggling madly to free herself, and screaming all the time, Eve soon exhausted her strength, and the shrieks soon subsided into sobs, as she still tried to escape from Farrar's hated control.

"Ah! that is better, Eve; I thought that game would not last long. How lovely you look, even in your tantrums. There, don't cry, my beauty, or I shall have to kiss them tears away," said Farrar.

But this insult seemed to give Eve new strength, and with a violent struggle she succeeded in throwing him off, and seizing an iron bar which lay on the tarred deck of the gaily-painted wherry, she placed her back against the mast, and raising the bar in her right hand, exclaimed—

"Touch me again, if you dare, and I'll kill you, I will, you cowardly wretch!"

"Bravo, my beautiful Eve; my little wife, bravo," exclaimed Farrar, in genuine admiration of her courage.

Eve had never looked more beautiful than she did at this moment. Her hat had fallen off in the struggle, and her beautiful red-brown hair was rippling in charming disorder over her shoulders; her cheeks were flushed with anger; her lovely grey eyes flashed fire; her delicate nostrils dilated with scorn; and she bit her red lips with her pearly teeth. Her white dress was tumbled, and the little blue shawl torn off in the struggle; but as she stood there, straight as a dart

against the mast, flourishing the iron bar above her head, she looked like an avenging angel. Scorn, anger, indignation, outraged womanhood, were all visible in her face and manner, and though Farrar was no coward, he cowed before her, and kept at a respectful distance.

"How dare you insult me in this way! Your wife, forsooth! I would die a thousand deaths rather than be wife to such a vindictive Southerner as you, Jack Farrar!" exclaimed Eve.

"Ah! we flew at much higher game than a poor wherryman, I know. Nothing short of a fine gentleman like Mr. Clifford would do for us. Nicely we planned it too, my queen, didn't we? Turn your beautiful head, my pretty, and you'll see the wherry your fine gentleman lover has hired, waiting to take you to Yarmouth to be married at half-past six this morning. You see I know all about it. Ah! you may open those fine eyes of yours in surprise; perhaps it would surprise you to know I have seen the ring, and the licence, and the letter from the minister that's to marry you; and I have seen the yacht that was to take you away; but the ring, and the licence, and the yacht, and all the fine things on board her will do for some other bride; there is plenty of clothes on board this wherry of mine for my wife. Come and see all the pretty things I have bought for you. When I heard him planning it all so nicely, I said to myself, 'two can play at that game, my gentleman.'"

"You heard him! what do you mean?" demanded Eve, her curiosity for the moment overcoming her indignation.

"Aha, my pretty one! you little thought Jack Farrar was close by you every one of those Saturday evenings you spent by the heronry. I was there the night of the thunderstorm, and was there last Saturday, and other Saturdays too. Sometimes I was overhead in one of the trees; sometimes I was hid in the long grass close by you; sometimes I was in a boat; but there I could not hear much. The last two Saturdays I have been up in a tree, and heard every word."

"You mean, cowardly wretch!"

"Your meetings were stolen, so if you come to meanness I don't see much difference. But we'll let that pass. Mr. Clifford thought he was doing a mighty clever thing, I have no doubt, but it seems to me I have done a cleverer. He has got a clergyman in Yarmouth ready to marry him as soon as he gets there; so have I. He has got a 'truss' on board his wherry; so have I—ah! and a beauty too. When you see the lovely red and blue silk dress, and white hat with green feathers to go with it, for you to be married in, you'll sing a different tune, I'll warrant; fit for a duchess they are, both of 'em; and such a shawl! all the colours of the rainbow in it!"

Eve's lip curled scornfully at this information.

"He have got a wedding-ring and licence; so have I. Here they are, look! Let me try the ring on, my beauty, may I?" And he advanced a step nearer, holding a wedding-ring, which he had taken from his fob, in his hand.

"Take care! If you dare come near me I'll knock you down," said Eve, brandishing the bar again.

"He had a wherry to carry his bride off in; so had I—my own, too, while his was hired. He was to meet her at four o'clock this morning at the heronry, but it is the early bird that gets the worm; so I was there at half-past three, and so was she." And Farrar chuckled at his cleverness.

"Half-past three!" exclaimed Eve, in amazement.

"Yes, my little darling. Father Noah's clock never goes wrong, does it? but it gained thirty-five minutes last night with my kind assistance."

"You fiend, you cruel wretch! How dare you deceive me in this way, you sneak, listening and creeping into honest folks' houses while they are asleep? I hate you, I do, I do," sobbed Eve.

"Hate away, my pretty love; I don't mind your hating me one bit; it is coldness and indifference I mind, not hate; that may turn to love any day or hour, so hate on, my little Eve."

"Yours, indeed! I tell you I would jump overboard rather than belong to you. Where are you taking me to?"

"To Yarmouth, to marry you if you'll promise to marry me; if not, out to sea until you do."

"You dare not! Oh, you dare not do such a cruel thing! Put me ashore directly. Do you hear me? Where is the man who brought me here? I will appeal to him; he can have no object in seconding such a villainous scheme."

"Except money; and he is well paid," said Farrar.

Just then the other man left the tiller to tell Farrar the other wherry was pursuing them, and Eve turned to him and implored him to help her; but the man turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties, and on hearing the welcome news that Arthur was pursuing her, Eve's courage revived, and she now concentrated all her interest in watching the movements of his wherry.

She left her place by the mast, and sitting down on a coil of rope, leant her left arm over the rail of the deck, still keeping the iron bar in her right hand to protect herself from any approaches of Farrar's. He stood gazing at her, and entreating her one minute to marry him, threatening to carry her out to sea the next if she refused; but to all his prayers, entreaties, threats, promises, vows and protestations of love alike, Eve turned a deaf ear, and maintained a dignified silence, which exasperated

Farrar more than anything she could have said.

In vain he pleaded he had loved her ever since he first set eyes on her; in vain he vowed to love and cherish her as wife was never yet loved; in vain he promised not a wish of hers should be ungratified; in vain he urged his mad love as an excuse for his conduct; in vain he promised never by word or deed to grieve her, if she would be his wife; in vain he uttered mysterious threats if she refused. Eve paid not half as much attention to what he said as she did to the wind, which she watched anxiously, following the steady advance of the other wherry with her eyes, and inwardly glorying in its progress; but not one word did she vouchsafe to answer.

"They are gaining fast on us!" cried the man at the wheel, when Farrar had spent a good half-hour in talking to Eve, without succeeding in getting a word in reply.

Farrar turned and looked across the rippling waters of the great broad, glistening under the early morning sun, and saw his mate's information was quite true; it would be impossible to reach Yarmouth without being overtaken at this rate, and he decided to alter his course.

"Take her up the Little River. Hard a-port!" he cried, with a muttered oath.

The sailor obeyed, though he did not understand the order, for if Farrar hoped to reach the village of Bridgham before they were overtaken, it was a forlorn hope; still, it was the nearest landing-place, and was their only chance of escaping their pursuers. It was a very remote chance, and another quarter of an hour made it evident it was impossible; the other wherry was gaining rapidly on them, and though as soon as they entered the river Farrar seized the quant and poled away with all his might, it was useless; and Eve, who was eagerly watching Spurgin's boat, saw to her joy she was gaining rapidly on them.

Soon they were near enough for her to distinguish four figures on board, and she was wondering who the fourth could be, for Arthur had told her he should only take two wherrymen with him, when she recognised both Adam and Arthur.

"What will they do when they get alongside us, I wonder? Will they be content with a war of words, or will they fight? How dreadful it will be if they do! They are only a few boats' lengths off us now; I can speak to them directly," said Eve to herself, and rising from her lowly seat, she walked over to the stern of the wherry, and strained her eyes, looking for a sight of Arthur's face.

A minute or two later Farrar came up to her again, and white with suppressed passion, which transformed his handsome face, he said—

"Once more, will you be my wife?"

"No!" said Eve, firmly and decidedly, inwardly quailing under the fire of Farrar's black eyes glowing like two balls of fire, though she controlled the terror she felt, and looked at him without shrinking.

"Then you shall be no other man's," growled Farrar, under his breath, as he turned on his heel.

But with Arthur and Adam only a boat's length off, Eve was not alarmed at this threat; another minute, and they would be alongside, and as they were five to two, she felt no uncertainty as to the result.

"Bridge, sir," cried the man at the tiller.

"All right," answered Farrar, as he moved to the mast to lower it in order to run safely under the bridge—a manoeuvre he, like all wherrymen, liked to postpone to the last safe moment.

But on reaching the mast he folded his arms instead of lowering it. There was a crash, a flapping of the sail, as the mast snapped in two like a twig, and the next moment the wherry was overturned, and the three occupants went overboard.

As quick as thought Arthur and Adam threw off their coats and leapt into the river, which just here was very deep, to rescue Eve, who had disappeared under water with Farrar and his mate, while the wherry filled and sank in an incredibly short space of time. But as Eve came to the surface for the first time Adam caught her by the hair. She was unconscious, and supporting her with one arm, he swam with her towards the bank of the river, Arthur joining him and helping, and between them they succeeded in getting her safely ashore. Meanwhile the mate had swam ashore, being as much at home in the water as on land, but nothing was to be seen of Farrar.

"Take her to the inn, Mr. Clifford; there is one close at hand. I must see if I can help Farrar," said Adam.

And as Arthur took his beautiful burden in his arms to carry her to the inn, Adam swam towards a black speck which appeared above the water a few yards off. It was Farrar, quite unconscious, and with a fearful wound on his handsome forehead, which was cut open, for he had struck his head against one of the piers which supported the end of the bridge; but Adam succeeded in swimming ashore with him, and with the assistance of the mate, carried him in Arthur's wake to the little village inn, about a hundred yards away.

Here the usual means were used to restore consciousness to both patients, and in Eve's case with partial success, after a short time, when the hostess put her to bed between warm blankets. But all attempts to bring Farrar round failed, though Arthur ordered the attempts to be persevered in until he returned with a doctor, whom he insisted on fetching himself; while Adam seized a horse and rode off at once in his shirt-sleeves to fetch Mrs. Oldman, Arthur having borrowed the only available coat.

"Come in, my lad, come in! Why, you look half drowned," said Noah, grasping Adam's hand as he reached the ark.

Adam obeyed, but hesitated on the threshold when he saw Grace Leicester was in the ark, for even at such a moment as this he was unwilling to appear before the woman he loved in such guise; but the hesitation was only momentary, and, reddening, Adam bowed

to her, and made a brief apology for his appearance, and then taking Mrs. Oldman's hands in his, he said—

"Eve is safe, Mrs. Oldman; but she is very ill, and I have come to fetch you to nurse her."

"O dear, O dear, Adam! What has happened to the child? She was well enough last night. Is she married?" said Mrs. Oldman, sinking on to a chair, forgetting the presence of her visitors in her excitement.

"No, she is not married; she is at Bridgham, in bed in the inn, the landlady looking after her; and Mr. Arthur is gone for the doctor while I came here. It is a strange story, and I hardly know where to begin."

"Begin at the beginning, my lad, and then we shall understand all about it, and be as quick as you can, for the sooner you get into some dry clothes the better," said Noah. And accordingly Adam told all he knew of the events of the morning as briefly as he could, his hearers listening in amazement, but never interrupting him by a word, until he reached the point of the accident.

"We heard the man at the tiller shout 'Bridge, sir,' and heard Farrar reply 'All right.' When the wherry was a few yards off the bridge, he moved to the mast, as I supposed to lower it, for I was watching him narrowly; but reaching it in plenty of time to do so, he deliberately folded his arms, and in an instant, before there was time to cry out, the mast struck the bridge, and snapped like a reed; the wherry was upset, and Eve, Farrar, and his mate went down. Mr. Arthur and I rescued Eve, and I jumped in and succeeded in bringing Farrar to land, but I fear he is killed; he has struck his head against the pier of the bridge, and is suffering, I am sure, from concussion of the brain; in fact, I believe life was extinct when I left him, though they were still trying to restore respiration."

"And a good thing too! Such scamps as he are best out of the way; he would have lived to be hanged if he hadn't been drowned," said Mrs. Oldman.

"Wife, I am ashamed of you. Please excuse her, Mr. Leicester. She is so upset by all that's happened she does not know what she is saying."

"My, yes, I do, Noah. I say, and I mean, drowning is better than hanging, and too good for Jack Farrar, and I stick to it, though it is awfully sudden, I'll allow; but it looks like a judgment on him for carrying off our Eve in that way."

"We are a deal too fond of looking out for judgments on other folks. But how is my child, Adam?"

"She was recovering consciousness when I left; but what with the shock and the excitement, I doubt if the doctor will allow her to be moved for a day or two. But Mrs. Oldman will be able to tell better when she gets there."

"Oh, father, may I drive Mrs. Oldman over in my pony-carriage?" said Grace.

"No, my dear, no; it is no place for you," said Mr. Leicester, decidedly.

"Thank you kindly all the same, Miss Grace; but my poor little girl can't

expect folks to think as highly of her as they used after this," said Noah, sadly.

"I shall always love her dearly—always. Oh, father, do let me go! People will not say such hard things of her if I do; and it is Arthur who is to blame—Arthur and that poor wicked man Farrar—far more than poor Eve," said Grace, with tears in her blue eyes.

"Miss Grace, Miss Grace, you'll break my heart! and it is a hard heart as takes a deal of breaking. God bless your sweet face!" sobbed Mrs. Oldman, overcome by various emotions, as she laid one of her fat dimpled hands on to Grace's lap.

"It was not Eve I was thinking of; it was only that Farrar's death will have caused an excitement, and the place will be full of people; but on second thoughts, Grace, I will do as you wish, or rather, I will drive you and Mrs. Oldman over. We are bound to do all we can to save Eve from gossiping tongues, as of course this foolish marriage cannot possibly take place. I am sure Noah,

you have too much sense and proper feeling not to agree with me in this," said Mr. Leicester.

"Yes, sir; it will never take place with my consent, not if it breaks my poor little girl's heart to stop it," said Noah.

"It has gone too far to stop now. Eve's character must not be sacrificed to please Mr. Clifford's friends; but unless I am very much mistaken, he will never allow Eve to return to Windham until she is his wife," said Adam, in a tone of decision which startled his hearers.

"I'll see she never does that. God Almighty made them for each other, and married they shall be, for all Noah or anyone else may say to the contrary, or my name isn't Mary Oldman," said Mrs. Oldman in an undertone to Adam.

"I cannot agree with you, Adam; it is a mere boyish fancy on Arthur's part, and the kindest thing we can do for both of them is to put a stop to it all at once, and for that reason I shall see Arthur as soon as we get to Bridgham, and insist on his leaving Norfolk immediately, not to return till Eve is happily married

to some worthy man," and Mr. Leicester glanced at Adam as he spoke, as if he thought him a suitable husband. "But the sooner we start the better, so if you will get ready, Mrs. Oldman, Miss Leicester and I will call for you in half an hour," he added, as he rose to leave.

"Miss Leicester!" muttered Mrs. Oldman to herself, as she went into the inner room to dress and pack up some clothes for Eve.

"Have you any message for Eve, Noah?" said Mrs. Oldman, when she was waiting, in her best bonnet and gown, for the rector's pony-carriage.

"My love, and I forgive her; and I will come and see her this evening, and bring her home, if she is well enough," said Noah.

"I'll tell her," said his wife aloud; "but you won't bring her home unmarried for all that, obstinate as you are, I can tell you," she added in an undertone, as the pony-carriage arrived, and carried her and her bundle off in the back seat.

(To be continued.)

CHEERFULNESS

"AN eye for cheerfulness and brightness, what a blessing it is! Some people's souls seem to have a strong affinity for whatever there is in the outer world capable of ministering to joy; they detect its presence by a special instinct; they extract it from the most unlikely objects. . . . The first sensation stirred in them by overshadowing darkness is, that there is some light left. . . . One such individual in a household is a source of incalculable comfort to all the rest, for it certainly does a person good to see a man make the best of things."

An old divine has told us to cultivate the "little virtues" that grow at the foot of the Cross, and I think among these we may place cheerfulness. Were one to consult a dictionary as to the meaning or definition of this word, most probably one would find "good spirits, liveliness, animation, alacrity, mirth, gaiety," etc. Now although these qualities are very good in their way, none of them fully expresses cheerfulness. "Good spirits" will last for a few days, but sooner or later the reaction will come. "Animation, mirth, and gaiety" will generally only last as long as one has reason to be happy, but true cheerfulness is far different, for through rain and sunshine it remains the same. Mirth,

animation, and gaiety only accept the happiness that is sent them for a while, desponding when it is withdrawn, whilst a cheerful person will not only seek happiness for themselves and others, but even when it is withdrawn, and all seems dark and dreary, they still live in a buoyant hope of a bright to-morrow, and are always the first to hail any return of good fortune.

Cheerfulness is quite necessary for all who wish to live an energetic and useful life. To the old, the infirm, and the unhappy, a cheerful person imparts hope, happiness, and life; it helps to make their long and weary hours pass quickly.

It is of course natural that every one should suffer a little, or maybe a great deal, in this life, which cannot always be *couleur de rose*; nevertheless, it is the duty of all to try and bear their own sorrows manfully and cheerfully, to look always on the bright side of things, and by so doing not only make their own sorrows easier to bear, but also impart courage to others by a good example. Cheerfulness is innate in some people, while to others it can only be a cultivated little virtue; but as cultivated flowers are often the most perfect, being the outcome of fine selection and toil, so

likewise cultivated cheerfulness may be more perfect in character to that which is inborn.

We all know what a boon and a benefactor to society cheerful people are. It does one good to hear them speak. They seem to live in a higher, happier sphere, and through all their troubles are yet able to enjoy life thoroughly. It may be because they have learnt to appreciate and to be thankful for the many little blessings they receive every moment of their life, and do not let them pass as mere natural events, unworthy of their gratitude. Our own happiness or misery is to a great extent formed by our own creation. If we will insist on walking in the shade when the sun is shining on the other side of the road, it is only natural that we should not feel its warmth.

Finally, if all would try to cultivate the spirit of cheerfulness, how much brighter this world would be! Time would fly quickly, and there would be no more of those long days which seem to have no ending.

Cheerfulness is a small virtue, it is true, but it sheds such a brightness around us in this life, that neither dark clouds nor rain can dispel its happy influence.

E. V. B. ALEXANDER.

VARIETIES.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

A mouse fell into a beer vat, poor thing, and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat—

"Help me out of my difficulty."

"If I do I shall eat you," said the cat.

"Very well," replied the mouse; "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat, and said—

"I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word of honour that I may do so."

"Very well, I will give you the promise. I promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out; and, trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant to clean her own mouth of the abomination of the vat, thinking she had better do so before she took a meal off the mouse.

The mouse instantly darted away and crept into a hole in the corner where the cat could not get him.

"But didn't you promise me I might eat you?" said puss.

"Yes, I did," replied the mouse; "but, don't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?"

And how many promises made in liquor have been broken!

HEROINES IN OBSCURITY.—The women of the poorer class make sacrifices and run risks and bear privations and exercise patience and kindness to a degree that the world never knows, and would scarcely believe even if it did.—*Samuel Smiles.*

INDUSTRIOUS SPINSTERS.—Amongst our hard-working and frugal forefathers it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of *body, table, and bed linen.* From this custom all unmarried women were termed "spinsters," a name they still retain in all our law proceedings.

SCREEN-PAINTING IN OIL COLOURS.

BY FRED MILLER.

THE illustrations accompanying these few notes are reproductions on a very small scale of a four-fold screen I recently painted. The original was some 6 feet 6 inches high, and the illustrations, being necessarily on a very small scale, are apt to appear somewhat confused, especially the side painted with the reeds. But there is a very decided advantage in having illustrations of this character reproduced from actual work, for the amateur gains a much clearer idea of what the original screen was like from whence the cuts are taken than if I had redrawn the screen merely for the purpose of illustration.

Photography helps one greatly in these matters, for having a camera I photographed

both sides of the screen, and the result is now before my readers.

The use to which the owner of this screen has put it strikes me as a very good one. He uses it to put round the seat of the piano, and so keep the draught from the performer—a most useful purpose my readers will allow, for too often the player is exposed to all the breezes that blow in a drawing-room. As a draught excluder, a screen is most valuable, and therefore always have the bottom of the screen close to the floor, and not elevated on knobs or castors, which may look elegant, but which allow the wind playing along the carpet far too much scope.

The framework of this particular screen I

had made for me by a cabinet-maker who works for the trade, and its cost was £4 5s. The panels, which are of pine, would be worth at least another £1 or 25s., and they then want priming, so that the actual outlay in producing such a screen would be some £6 or £7. The framework, I must mention, was stained black and polished. Of course, a much cheaper article can be had. A good carpenter would make the framework of deal; and instead of having it stained and polished it might be painted white. A screen could be made in this style for, I should say, £3. You might do the painting yourself by purchasing some colour ready mixed or in tins, for colours of all shades can be purchased in tins ready for



A FOUR-FOLD SCREEN. FRONT VIEW.

use at many places. Aspinall's enamel seems a good thing, judging from work I have seen done with it, or there is the *Chez-lui* enamel. In priming the panels purchase some white lead ground in oil (to be had of any good oil-man), and by diluting with turpentine and straining through canvas or muslin, and with the addition of a very little copal varnish just to harden it (be careful to put very little varnish, or the ground colour will dry with a gloss which is objectionable to paint upon), a very good grounding colour is at hand. You will require to put two coats at least upon the panels, as the wood is very absorbent and sucks up the first coat. In the screen I am referring to the whole surface was painted; that is, instead of using an arbitrary colour for the sky and other parts not decorated, I painted in the sky, etc., round the work as it progressed, and in such cases a white ground is the best, for you treat the panels in much the same way as you would canvas.

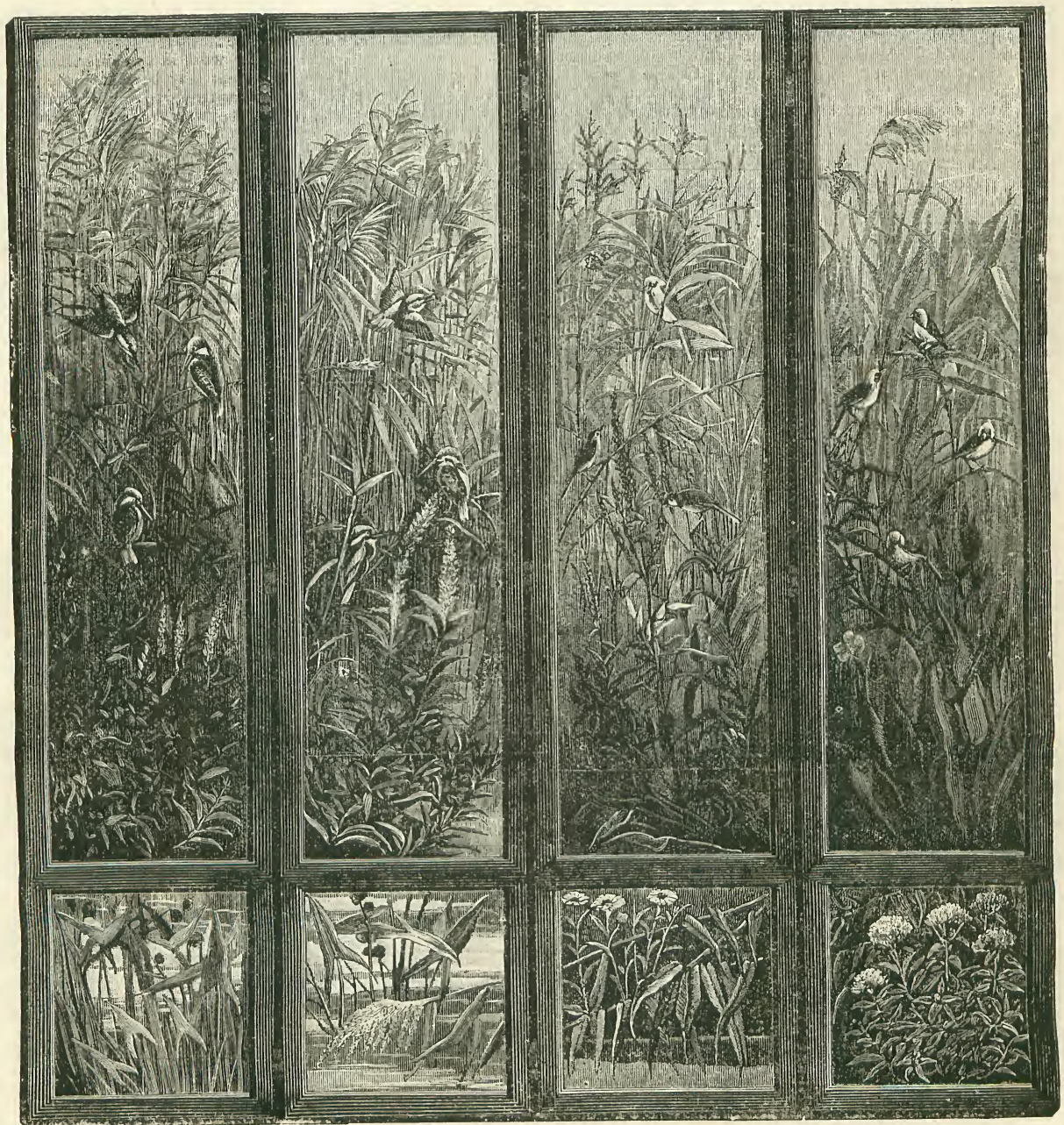
But many very effective screens can be

worked in the Japanese style by having the panels painted, say, some agreeable grey, and just throwing the work across it in a very "decorative" spirit. The screen figured here is more realistic than decorative in character, but in former volumes of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* illustrations of a decorative character have been given.

Another form of screen which is cheap is to have a comparatively rough framework made and then stretch over this stout tough brown paper, putting strips of leather or other material on the edges, and nailing with brass-headed fancy nails. Brown paper is a capital material for painting on, as it is absorbent. Japanese gold-leather paper is also an admirable material to use, and the plainer varieties (there are some with little or no pattern upon them) are very effective when decorated. Canvas such as used in oil painting can be purchased by the yard, and this might be used. The cheaper kind will be good enough, and that with a coarse grain is to be preferred. We are

nothing if not practical in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, and that must be my excuse for so far digressing from the actual subject of these notes. But as the old cookery book says, "First catch your hare," and so here, first have your screen to decorate, and then think about the decoration.

My main idea in painting *this* screen was to suggest a river bank, and to use only such subjects as would be found in close proximity to water. I have always been charmed by the beauty of waterside foliage, and have often made studies of single growths. The side treated with reeds I actually painted in the autumn on the banks of the Ouse, near St. Neots, though of course it was finished in the studio. Those who live in the country might paint the whole screen out of doors, and each panel might be treated separately, and not made to form part of the whole scheme as I have done. This side of the screen I call the autumnal side, as it was painted in September and October, and I attempted to reproduce some



A FOUR-FOLD SCREEN. BACK VIEW.

of the gorgeous tints that are only to be seen in riverside foliage. The purple loosestrife, for instance, is to be seen in every shade of scarlet and purple. The dock, too, is gorgeous in colour, as are the willow herb, meadow sweet, and sedge.

The difficulty in painting direct from nature is in selecting the various groups and arranging them effectively. One is apt to be dazzled and confused by the wealth of the material, and, in endeavouring to get this effect in one's work, to simply produce a confused jumble of foliage, formless and uninteresting. This comes of not knowing what to leave out. You must fix your attention upon some one object, and give that prominence by making all else subsidiary. In the lower portion of the upper panels I have massed the reeds at the back, and treated them more as a background of colour than as individual forms, in order to give prominence to the loosestrife, dock, and meadow sweet. This is what artists term "breadth," and is essential if we would make our work effective when viewed from a distance. Look at nature with half-closed eyes, and paint with half-closed eyes. By this means you will see only the most essential things, and nature will mass itself, for much of the detail will be lost. One sees too much of nature in fact. The trained eye only sees what is important and what can be represented. It is knowing what to leave in the ink-pot makes the writer; as knowing what to lose in breadth makes the painter. I would advise my readers to make individual studies of the different plants, though there is no reason why a suggestive background should not be employed as well as an arbitrary one. Suppose you want to make a great feature of a clump of loosestrife with a background of reeds. Treat the reeds as a mass or wall of colour, and in a lower key—that is, greyer, so that they do not interfere with the loosestrife. Keep out all strong lights and darks from the back-

ground, reserving these for the foreground objects.

In getting many of the tints associated with autumn, recourse must be had to glazing. Scarlets are best obtained by glazing rose madder, raw sienna, burnt sienna, and Indian yellow over lighter tones of these colours. Rose madder glazed over cadmium produces a gorgeous scarlet. So it will when glazed over vermilion. In glazing, use a little varnish, say copal or amber, rather than megilp or medium. The underneath colour should be quite hard, and I would advise my readers to paint in the dry method, using turpentine or spike-oil of lavender to thin the colour, and no medium or varnish. When the work is finished and has stood some time, varnish carefully with mastic or other good varnish (or Soehnee's spirit varnish), and your work will be permanent.

The following is a list of the colours I used in painting my screen:—

Yellow ochre, raw sienna, burnt sienna, vandyke brown, raw umber, black, light red, Indian red, vermilion, rose madder, cobalt, French ultramarine, Antwerp, ceruleum, viridium, cadmium pale, cadmium orange, Indian yellow, lemon yellow.

This is a complete list, and suffices for all requirements. It will be noted that I leave out all the chromes. Delicate tints cannot be obtained by their use. Yellow ochre is the finest colour for greens; with cobalt it makes delicious greys, and with ultramarine and Indian yellow rich juicy greens. Avoid greens made of bright yellows and blue. They are always crude. Emerald green might be added to the above list, as it is useful for toning with blues and gives with them a fine peacock blue such as is wanted in kingfishers, but avoid it in greens, and never mix with any of the fine yellows, as it destroys them.

The other side of the screen, painted with yellow flags and swans, speaks for itself. The

distant reeds are only just indicated. The swans are here the feature, and must be carefully drawn if introduced. There are some good photographs of swans taken instantaneously to be seen in photographic publishers' windows, which are very useful for painting from, if one has studied the bird from nature as well. There is a danger of getting the swans out of tone—that is, too white for the rest of the work. You must always set tone into your work, so that every object seems to fit in harmoniously. Tone in painting is very much what the "key" is in music. This side of the screen I kept grey in colour, for where one has much green to deal with, great care must be exercised in avoiding crudeness and vulgarity. Nature is full of grey, and you have only to put a crude green in comparison with nature to see the truth of this.

The lower panels are treated with smaller flowers, such as forget-me-nots, but there is no reason why the panels should be divided as I have done. This is simply a question of individual caprice.

One word as to bird drawing. I have made a great feature of birds on both sides of the screen. The Natural History Museum offers a fine field for work in this direction. Among the new cases may be seen many waterside birds, such as reed warbler and bunting, kingfisher, ducks, gulls, and tits, and as they are very finely stuffed one might paint direct from them. It will be necessary to write for a student's ticket before permission to draw is granted. The Booth Museum in the Dyke Road, Brighton, contains, I suppose, the finest collection of stuffed birds in England, for Mr. Booth is both a naturalist and sportsman, and he has had the cases set up under his own supervision, and the habits of the various birds are strictly adhered to, so that looking at a case is like reading a chapter of natural history or looking at the book of Nature herself.

FOR LOVE ALONE.

By LAURA L. PRATT, Author of "Plucked from the Burning," "Burton Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER I. A NEW HOME.

"THEN you would rather travel alone, dear?"
"Yes, thank you, I should much prefer going by myself."

The answer was so coldly given, that a shadow came into the kind old eyes that were affectionately regarding the girl.

Mrs. Terry was more than seventy years old, and Miriam Stewart was seventeen; yet the old face wore a sweet, happy, placid expression, while on the young face was a look of habitual discontent.

"I am afraid you will feel lonely; it will be a long journey."

"I am used to being lonely," answered Miriam, with a catching of the breath that was almost a sob.

Mrs. Terry longed to say something comforting; but the girl turned from her, and there were no tears in the blue eyes that looked through the window into the cold spring twilight.

It was a difficult matter to show any love to Miriam Stewart. Indeed, after being in the same house with her for a month, Mrs. Terry, whose heart was full of love, and whose favourite verse was—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all,"

had begun to doubt if it were possible to love

her. There are people whose hearts are hungering for love, who yet by a cold and repellent manner put it from them. Perhaps the hedgehog would like to be petted, but its quills would prevent its being pleasant to pat or stroke. So it was with Miriam; she had hedged herself round with the thorns of discontent. Because she was poor and plain, and not particularly clever, she chose to believe no one ever could or would love her, and she tried to deceive her own heart, and sing—

"I care for nobody, no not I,
And nobody cares for me."

But she did care, and it was with an aching longing to be like them, that she watched other girls basking in the sunshine of family and home love.

A few months before, her father had been with her, and they had been all in all to each other. Miriam called herself a Christian. She had been a Sunday-school teacher, and dearly loved her class of little ones. She had enjoyed visiting the sick and suffering. But when her father had been taken from her, and she was left orphaned and alone, there was no child-like spirit of submission to a loving Father's hand, even though that hand was heavy in correction. Hers was only the submission of a rebellious slave to a conqueror—of a slave rebellious in heart though submissive outwardly, because the conqueror is all-powerful. She saw the clergyman who called on her in her grief, and heard passively enough the ex-

quisitely tender messages sent by the Lord to His suffering children, but there was no response in her heart. As time went on, those who would gladly have been her friends were estranged by her coldness. She hugged her sorrow, and told herself that she would live without love. Mr. Terry had been her father's most intimate friend, and he and his wife had gladly taken Miriam to their home, when by her father's death she had been left alone. It had been arranged that she was to live with the only relations she had in England—an uncle, an aunt, and a family of cousins whom she had never seen. Her uncle, a busy doctor, living in a country town on the South Coast, had written her a kind letter, saying how gladly they would all welcome her among them. Miriam chose to read between the lines, and fancy they were only taking her in on sufferance.

It was the eve of her departure. To-morrow she was to leave the Terrys for her uncle's house, which was thenceforth to be her home. Mrs. Terry had been most anxious to inquire among her neighbours, and to ask their help in finding a travelling companion for Miriam, for what seemed to her a long journey. But Miriam begged her not to trouble herself, as she preferred being alone. With a sigh, the kind old lady let the girl have her own way, and said no more.

It was with a feeling of relief that Mr. Terry turned away from the station the next

morning, after seeing Miriam Stewart safely started on her journey. She travelled third class. Had she been a different kind of girl Mr. Terry would have sent her first class. "But," as he said to his wife, "Miriam is so 'touchy,' I was afraid of offending her. I am sure her father's oldest friend might have done just that for her without giving offence. But there, one never knows how to please her. I wish her relations joy of her."

Mrs. Terry sighed as she answered, "I think she wants loving very much."

Miriam would have indignantly denied that she was "touchy," but her conduct while with the Terrys had certainly left her open to the charge. We do not often "see ourselves as others see us."

Settling herself into the farthest corner of the compartment, she gave herself up to thoughts of her new home.

"I will just be the governess only," she said. "I will not allow myself to love one of them. I seem to blight and destroy what I love. Father was all the world to me, and he died; and now I am quite alone; oh, father, if you had only lived! There is no one to love me now."

Miriam turned her head to the window to hide the tears that rushed to her eyes.

She was in that mood when the mind gets warped, and to judge rightly or fairly is impossible. There were many just as ready to love her now she was poor and lonely as when she was bright and prosperous, but all advances had been met so coldly, that her friends felt hurt, and resolved to leave her alone for some time. Hence the feeling of utter loneliness, which was another bitter drop in poor Miriam Stewart's already full cup. But how much bitterness had she herself put in it? Absorbed in thought, she had not noticed her fellow travellers, except to frown at a poor woman sitting opposite to her, who held a crying baby in her arms.

The mother put her face against the little white one looking up at her, and tried to soothe the child, but the fretful moan still went on.

The red after-glow of sunset was brightening all the western sky as Miriam neared the end of her journey.

About three stations before reaching Littleborough, the door of the compartment of Miriam's carriage was hastily opened just as the train was about to start, and two girls hurried in.

"We nearly missed the train," said one, putting a basket of hot-house flowers on the seat by her side.

The woman with the baby had moved nearer to Miriam, and the girls were opposite to her. She looked at them over the book she was pretending to read.

Having looked once, she looked again and again. Never had she seen such a lovely face as that of the girl with the flowers. Miriam was a keen lover of the beautiful, and her eyes took in every detail of her dress and appearance. Everything about her was pleasing, from the soft, curly, fair hair under the pretty grey hat and feather, down to the small shoe showing beneath the pale grey gown. Her companion was a pleasant, bright-looking girl, plainly dressed, and holding a large basket of primroses.

"It is good of you to give up your comfortable first class and come with me," she said.

"Your company a good deal more than makes up for the difference in the classes," replied the other, laughing.

A minute after the laughter died out of her face, and leaning forward she said to the tired-looking mother—

"I am afraid your baby is not well?"

The mother's face brightened at the kind tone and words.

"No, ma'am," she answered. "Poor little darling, he isn't at all well. I am taking him to my sister, and I hope the sea air will do him good."

"Your arms must ache with holding him such a long time; would he come to me for a little while do you think?"

"Oh, yes, miss, I think he would, but," with a glance at the pretty delicate dress, "are you sure you don't mind taking him?"

"You don't know how much I love babies," was the laughing reply, as she gathered the moaning child in her arms and carried him to a seat near the window.

The child ceased his crying, and lay perfectly still in her arms. She bent over him, talking to him in baby fashion.

Miriam was quite sorry when the train stopped at Littleborough Station, she had grown so interested in her companions. It came quite as a pleasant surprise to her to find all were getting out at the same station. Her uncle, a tall man with grey hair, came forward as the train stopped. Miriam knew him, and was soon on the platform shaking hands with him.

"Why, how is it you and Margaret have come together?" he asked, looking from Miriam to the tall girl with the primroses.

"So this is Miriam? I had no idea I was in the same compartment with my cousin."

Dr. Leigh formally introduced his daughter to her cousin, and the girls went together to the rather shabby pony chaise that was waiting for them, while he looked to the luggage.

Margaret drove, and the fat old pony did not hurry himself. About half an hour's drive through lanes bordered by golden-green hedges, with glimpses of low-lying hills in the distance, brought them to their destination. The doctor's house stood back from the road. The large wooden gates were fastened back, and Margaret turned dexterously in and drove up to the door, where several children were standing ready to welcome them.

Margaret told Miriam all their names and ages; but there was too much noise and confusion for her to take in anything clearly.

Her uncle turned to kiss her in the hall, and said, kindly—

"You are very welcome, my dear; and I hope you will soon be quite happy in your new home."

Ah! how many a lesson was she to learn in her new home. She thought she was going to teach, but she was to learn far, far more than she could possibly teach.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAMP.—The Jews were surrounded by idolatrous heathen nations, and were much disposed to image-worship, and their long residence in Egypt, where the Divine Being was symbolised and adored under so many animal forms, as, for example, the calf, had a strong influence over them. Thus the prohibition to make a graven image was coupled with the explanatory prohibition to bow down to it and worship it as a deity. But it is not, therefore, sinful to be a sculptor, for even the Israelites were made to make the two cherubim with outspread wings over the Ark of the Covenant.

UNA DEAN.—The affianced pair should be sent out together. There is nothing masculine in your writing.

WHITE JESSAMINE.—What you call "speaking for the Lord Jesus" can and should be done under certain circumstances; but tact and sound judgment should be exercised, or you will do more harm than good. Be modest in addressing other people, and always remember that your chief duties consist in your home work for your parents, and your brothers and sisters.

DOLL-FIG.—The use of a concertina to accompany or lead the voices in singing hymns is by no means "irreverent." 2. A rubbing with spirits of turpentine and sweet oil is good for rheumatism, also with opodeldoc.

DAISY had better use a little vaseline to her hair, if so very dry.

JANE B. and MARY C. had better apply to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, for all information and service of such a nature, as what they ask is outside the department of the editor.

BACKWARD.—The 12th of October, 1873, was a Sunday. Use a softer pen, and write roundhand copies. We are glad you are interested in our answers.

LIVELY ANNIE.—You should strain the rain-water through a hair sieve. Your digestion is slow. Be careful of your diet, eat slowly and masticate well. Dine early, beware of eating when very tired, rest a little first. If greatly over-fatigued and after a long fast, begin by taking some milk with a little lime-water in it, so as to strengthen the stomach before taking solid food. Take meat once a day only, and wear looser stays.

CLIMBERS.—We advise you, under the circumstances that you name, to ask your father's assistance in breaking off your connection with the man towards whom he and your mother entertained so great an objection.

ONE OF OUR GRATEFUL GIRLS (Guernsey).—We doubt that the use of a back-board and face-board would be of much use to any girl twenty-four years old. The former is a light piece of flat deal board, about as thick as a pencil (a line being ruled on each side to show the thickness). It should be wide enough to cover both shoulder-blades, and should be shaped like a battledore, only with two flat handles (one at each end). These latter should be perforated at regular distances, and supplied with little pegs to keep the hands from slipping in holding it. The face-board is like a battledore also, made just like the back-board, only with one handle, which should be stuck into the waistbelt, and the middle of the wide part cut out so that it should touch the forehead only. Any carpenter could make them for you.

EXCURSION.—Nothing that you can apply to your grate will resist the action of fire. If you find black lead unsatisfactory, you might try Berlin black.

PUNCH and JUDY (Ontario).—Good Friday came on the 13th of April in 1838, but never since. In the year 1900 and in 1906 that day will again fall on the 13th of April. Christmas cards may be pasted on fans and screens. We are glad that you consider our paper to have increased in interest.

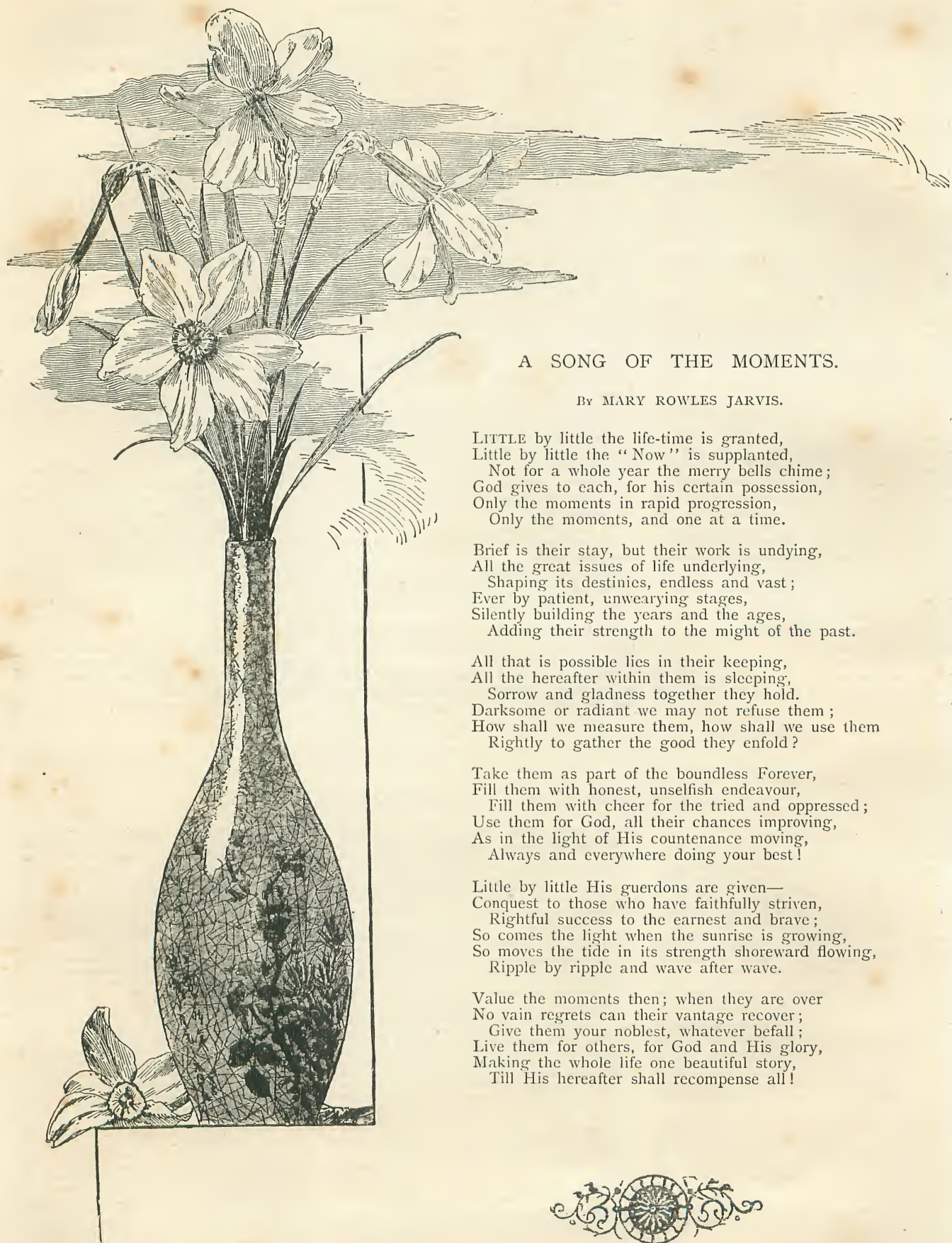
MABEL KATHLEEN.—It is impossible that we should decide such a matter for you. If you prefer the man who has lost an arm to your own suitors who possess both of theirs, you had better give him the preference; it is a purely personal matter. The loss does not, it would seem, stand in the way of his earning his livelihood. Yet £100 per annum is not much to marry upon, if wholly dependent on his health; perhaps you can add to it yourself.

MEUTRA GWEN.—We should like our answer to be favourable, but regret to say that the verses are not sufficiently original. We think you might succeed better in some other pursuit than verse-making.

SARA M.—We believe that no eclipse of the sun will be visible in these British Islands until August 11th, 1999; nor, probably, seen in London for upwards of 500 years. A possible totality may occur, however, over a line drawn from the Isle of Anglesa, across Northumberland, on June 29th, 1927, but that would in any case be so slight as scarcely to deserve the name of a total eclipse. Those desiring to see another will have to go abroad to have that gratification. What is called "the dark day" in the United States of America was May 19th, 1780, which extended all over New England. It is no novelty here!

PUSSY.—As a member of the English church he ought to comply with her rules; and the new dedication of himself, to which you refer, would prove a valuable means of grace as well as a witness for Christ. Yet it is not essential to his being admitted to the Lord's Table; and he should examine his motives to be quite sure that he has not been seeking an excuse for absenting himself from it.

E. E. E. (Cape Colony).—We know all about the appliance to which you refer, and strongly advise you never to use it again. It is as it were a stepping-stone to what is highly dangerous and evil; and many who have made a toy of it have discovered its real character, and destroyed it.



A SONG OF THE MOMENTS.

BY MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

LITTLE by little the life-time is granted,
 Little by little the "Now" is supplanted,
 Not for a whole year the merry bells chime;
 God gives to each, for his certain possession,
 Only the moments in rapid progression,
 Only the moments, and one at a time.

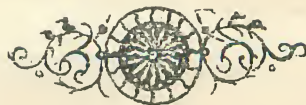
Brief is their stay, but their work is undying,
 All the great issues of life underlying,
 Shaping its destinies, endless and vast;
 Ever by patient, unwearying stages,
 Silently building the years and the ages,
 Adding their strength to the might of the past.

All that is possible lies in their keeping,
 All the hereafter within them is sleeping,
 Sorrow and gladness together they hold.
 Darksome or radiant we may not refuse them;
 How shall we measure them, how shall we use them
 Rightly to gather the good they enfold?

Take them as part of the boundless Forever,
 Fill them with honest, unselfish endeavour,
 Fill them with cheer for the tried and oppressed;
 Use them for God, all their chances improving,
 As in the light of His countenance moving,
 Always and everywhere doing your best!

Little by little His guerdons are given—
 Conquest to those who have faithfully striven,
 Rightful success to the earnest and brave;
 So comes the light when the sunrise is growing,
 So moves the tide in its strength shoreward flowing,
 Ripple by ripple and wave after wave.

Value the moments then; when they are over
 No vain regrets can their vantage recover;
 Give them your noblest, whatever befall;
 Live them for others, for God and His glory,
 Making the whole life one beautiful story,
 Till His hereafter shall recompense all!





VOL. X.—No. 472.]

JANUARY 12, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NOAH'S ARK.



PAUL HARDY

R. TAYLOR

All rights reserved.] "HE PAID NO MORE HEED TO IT THAN HE DID TO THE SKYLARK OVER HIS HEAD."

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

THE inn in which Eve was lying, in an upper room, the best the house could boast, and Farrar in the front parlour, was a picturesque house, with two fronts—one facing the river and the other the village street. Roses now in full bloom climbed over the rustic porch and round the lattice-windows, into the open lights of which they thrust their beautiful heads; the garden, gay with marigolds and hollyhocks, poppies and sweet-peas, sweet-williams, and many other old-fashioned flowers, ran down to the water's edge; while the entrance to the bar was the other side of the inn, and it was here that the carriage containing Mr. Leicester, Grace, and Mrs. Oldman drew up.

Some few women and a group of idle boys and girls, the latter with babies nearly as big as themselves, were clustering outside the inn, but the men were all at work, so there was no crowd which Mr. Leicester need have feared for his daughter. The shutters of the front parlour were closed, and just outside the inn stood Arthur Clifford, in a suit of clothes which the doctor he went to fetch had insisted on lending him. He was now talking in low, earnest tones to the said doctor.

Arthur came forward immediately to the carriage, and taking off his hat to Grace, assisted Mrs. Oldman to alight as gallantly as if she had been a duchess, saying as he did so—

"Eve is in bed upstairs, Mrs. Oldman; she is conscious, but the shock has been very great, and she must be kept as quiet as possible."

"Perfectly quiet. Don't let her talk at all. I'll see her again this evening. Mind, no excitement; and she must see no one but her mother till I come again," said the doctor, as Mrs. Oldman passed him.

"Farrar is lying dead in the only sitting-room; I am afraid I can't ask you to come in, Grace, to-day, though I thank you with all my heart for coming," said Arthur, taking Grace's hand in his as he leant over the carriage, while Mr. Leicester drew the doctor inside the inn to hear further particulars of the patients.

"I will come again to-morrow, if I may, and perhaps I shall be able to see Eve; but Arthur, father is terribly angry with you, and means to do all he can to prevent the marriage," said Grace, anxiously.

"He can do nothing; I am of age, and as soon as poor Eve is well enough I mean to be married; and that will, I hope, be to-morrow morning. Payne says if she is kept quiet to-day she may be all right to-morrow; but he is rather anxious about her, I fancy, by his manner, though he won't acknowledge it to me. But here comes your father."

"Grace, my child, just drive slowly up

and down for a few minutes; I want to speak to Arthur, who will return with us to Windham," said Mr. Leicester, looking as grave as a man who has just been looking at a sight such as that in the inn parlour may be expected to look.

"No, thank you, sir; I don't intend to do that. I have sent to Yarmouth for my yacht, and I shall live on board until my marriage can take place, and that will, I hope, be to-morrow," said Arthur, decidedly.

"Nonsense, sir, nonsense! Go on, Grace. Just come this way, Arthur, please, and listen to reason," said Mr. Leicester, hooking his arm into Arthur's, and walking him off in the opposite direction from which he had sent Grace.

If all he had to say could be called reason, Arthur certainly listened to it, but he paid no more heed to it than he did to the song of the skylark over his head; and at the end of the interview, which lasted nearly an hour, and was only ended by the appearance on the scene of some men who came to hear all about the accident in their dinner-hour, he remained steadfast to his determination to marry Eve as soon as she was well enough.

"Very well, sir, then in that case we are strangers. I wash my hands of you entirely, and I shall write to your mother to that effect, and advise her to do the same," said the Rector, hotly, when he found all his eloquence had been in vain.

"She will probably do so without any advice from you, sir. Her prejudices of birth are as great as your own, and as a rule I share them. My case is an exceptional one."

"Of course, sir, such cases always are exceptional ones," said the Rector; and with this parting sarcasm, he jumped into his phaeton and whipped up the horse, before Grace had time to say a parting word to her old companion.

She saw by her father's tight-set lips that he was very angry, and she did not venture to ask what had happened, until the inward battle she knew he was having to subdue his anger, so as to be angry and sin not, was over; and it was not until they were close to Windham that Mr. Leicester spoke.

"Grace," he said, quite quietly, "Arthur Clifford is a stranger to us from henceforth, unless he breaks off this worse than ridiculous engagement."

"Oh, father, I don't think he ought to do that; it has gone too far for him to break it off now," said Grace, gently.

"Nonsense, Grace! you don't understand such things. A man in Arthur's position can't possibly marry an eel-catcher's daughter, or at least if he does he must do so at the cost of all his friends and relations. Remember what I have said—Arthur Clifford is a stranger to us; don't even speak of him to me for the present."

"Very well, father, I will try to

remember," said Grace, who with all her love for her father, stood in great awe of him, and she dared not plead any more for Arthur, even if the occasion had been propitious, and it was not, for Mr. Leicester was angrier than Grace had ever seen him.

But when the Rector helped his daughter out of the carriage, he saw her blue eyes were filled with tears, and her pale cheeks were paler than ever; and thinking she cared for Arthur, his anger against him burnt fiercer than before, as he kissed Grace tenderly, and said in a low tone, "God bless you, my child!"

Grace smiled a sweet, sad smile, for she guessed her father's thought, and knew how wrong he was; and knew, too, how grieved he would be if he knew the truth—that she, like Arthur, loved one beneath her in social position; grieved—nay, perhaps, as angry—with her as he was with Arthur. Oh! he must never, never know it or guess it, for she could never bear to face his anger; it was bad enough to see him so angry with Arthur, but to anger him herself in that way, Grace would die rather than do it; nay, she would live, which was harder—live with the wish of her heart ungratified, sooner than so grieve him whom next to Adam Day she loved best in the world.

It was late in the afternoon when the Leicesters got back, for it was a ten miles drive to Bridgham from Windham, and they found Noah waiting to hear the latest news of Eve. He looked much disappointed when Mr. Leicester told him there was no chance of her being well enough to return home that night, for he had been counting the hours till he could go and fetch her.

"You see, sir, if once I can get her home here, and make her feel I love her better than ever, if possible, and not one word of reproach shall she ever hear from me, then I think she will learn in time to forget Mr. Arthur, and be happy with her parents again. People will say hard things of her, no doubt; but I'll shield her all I can, and Miss Grace will be kind to her, I know, and in time it will blow over. She must live it down, my poor little Eve! She has been rash and foolish; but she is as good a girl as ever lived, that I'll answer for."

"I am sure she is, Noah; and as far as I can I will never suffer a breath of suspicion against her. Do you mean to go over there to-night?"

"Yes, sir. Adam is to be at the ark by six, and then we are going by water. I have sent my boat up to the head of Muck Fleet; it won't take us more than an hour and a half to pull across Filton Broad to Bridgham, with the tide with us."

"Well, I trust you may bring back good news," said the Rector, as Noah took leave of him.

But when Noah and Adam reached Bridgham the news was by no means

good. The first thing they saw was Arthur's yacht lying a little way from the gay inn garden; and Noah's face darkened as he saw it, for he knew it meant Mr. Clifford was still bent on marrying Eve, in spite of all the opposition he would meet with. On entering the inn the landlady told them the doctor had just come, and was now upstairs with Eve, whom she feared was not so well this morning; and as she was speaking the doctor came down, and on seeing Noah, whom he knew to be Eve's father, took him at once into his confidence.

"She is much worse to-night; very restless and feverish, quite delirious now, and she'll be worse before the morning; the shock and the excitement have been too much for her. I'll do my best for her, but it'll be a long illness. Her mother tells me she is strong and healthy, and has a good constitution, so I have no doubt she'll pull through; but we must be very careful; perfect quiet is absolutely necessary; she must see no one but her mother and the nurse I am going to send, and Mr. Clifford has undertaken to see that she has everything I order; he has gone for ice now."

"Mr. Clifford is very kind, but I cannot allow him to pay for anything my child may require; everything that is necessary she shall have, for what I cannot afford I know my friend here, Mr. Day, will lend me," said Noah, drawing his grand figure up to its full height, and looking so calm and dignified that he might well have sat as a model for any one of the old patriarchs.

"That, of course, you must settle between you; but if you'll take my advice you will allow Mr. Clifford to make this small reparation for what has happened; you see I know all about it, for he made a clean breast of it to me this morning; he means honourably, and is determined to marry your daughter as soon as she is well enough; and he is terribly distressed at this accident, which was through no fault of his. You must try and forgive him, poor fellow, Mr. Oldman, for I assure you he is not only very penitent, but he is in such a state of grief and distress, that if he does not take care I shall have him down with brain fever, as well as Miss Oldman, for which reason I would rather you didn't see him this evening, if you don't mind my saying so," said the doctor.

Noah took this as a hint that he might as well go home before Arthur returned; and since Mrs. Oldman could only leave Eve's bedside for a few minutes to speak to him, and he could be of no use, there was no object in remaining, so he and Adam returned to the boat. They pulled off in silence, Adam not knowing what to say, and feeling that in such a trial as this sympathy was perhaps better expressed by actions than by words, for Noah's grief was very great. He had gone, hoping to see his darling child, hold her in his arms, and assure her of his forgiveness; and he found her lying too ill to see him, perhaps in danger. But even this, hard as it was to bear, did not bow his noble head so low as the fact that Eve had deceived him, and made herself talked

about. This grieved him far more than her bodily sickness; it wounded his pride, and at the same time revealed to him the fact that there was a fair amount of pride latent in his breast, though he had not before suspected it. Yes, he had been very proud of Eve—proud of her goodness and purity, proud of her beauty, proud of her cleverness; and at this pride a blow had been dealt. He had loved her so dearly, so tenderly, so fondly; had he loved her too well? Had he made an idol of her? Was this the reason that the Lord, who is a jealous God, had smitten him in this his tenderest spot? All this passed through his mind as he silently pulled his oar in time with Adam's, now and then dashing away the hot tears that coursed slowly down his rugged, weather-worn cheeks. No trial that could have befallen him could have touched him so nearly as this, but then he argued that was the very reason why it was sent; it showed how intimately God knew him, better even than he knew himself; it showed how dearly the Lord loved him, for "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." And in the midst of his sorrow there arose a great joy in his heart—the joy of forgiveness, the joy of an accepted sorrow, the joy of resignation to God's will, the joy which rejoiceth in tribulation because it is the token of God's love, the joy of a loving, penitent heart which meekly and thankfully accepts the discipline of a loving Father's hand; joy far transcending all earthly joys, even as the sun, though veiled in clouds, far exceeds all other lights in strength and power; a gleam from the face of the angel of joy who, when the cry, "Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done," went up from the garden of Gethsemane, was suffered—oh! blessed mission and thrice blessed messenger—to comfort the heart that broke on Calvary.

Such a gleam, reflected on the faces of all who have learnt that hardest and yet sweetest prayer, was now reflected on Noah's face, when Adam, resting on his oar as they left the waters of the Broad behind them, turned and suggested he should scull them the rest of the way home.

Noah consented, and moved to the stern, where, facing his companion, he said—

"I have been sorry company to-night, Adam, my lad. You must forgive me. I was just thinking how close the union between sin and suffering is. Sin is one arm of the cross, suffering the other; love the upright which binds them together. This is the beauty of Christianity; it unites the two by love into the perfect cross. Take away the love of Christ and they are but cause and effect, one following on the other as surely as night follows day."

"I have been silent too; but there are times when silence is more eloquent than words, and I thought this was one. I shall have to be present at the inquest on poor Farrar to-morrow."

"Poor Farrar! Grief is very selfish, Adam. I was so absorbed in my own trouble I had almost forgotten him, and yet it was his mad love for my poor little

girl which drove him to it, poor fellow. Adam, I should like to ask you a question this evening, my lad. Has there ever been anything between you and Eve?" said Noah, after a short pause.

"No, never! We have been like brother and sister, and I love her dearly as I would a sister if I had one; but we have never cared for each other in any other way, though I have sometimes fancied you would not have been sorry if it had been so."

"It was the wish of my heart, lad—the dearest wish of my heart—to have you for my son. But God knows best, and it is well for us our wishes are not all granted."

There was a brief silence as the boat flew over the dark waters of the river, for the sun had set some time ago, and the soft, silvery, zodiacal light in the northern sky was all that was left of him; and then, perhaps, the dim light gave Adam courage, for he added, in a voice trembling with emotion—

"Father Noah, I have always shut up one chapter of my life from you; the time has come when I will open it. That chapter contains the story of my love for Miss Leicester. I have loved her since I was a little boy. Will you call me mad if I tell you I hope some day to be in a position to tell her what she already knows? I dare not say I hope to win her, because the social gulf between us is, I know, so great; but I mean to do my utmost to become worthy of her."

"Lad, lad! what next? You and Miss Grace; my little girl and Mr. Arthur! The world is turned upside down. Oh! hearts are unruly things. What did you all want to go running against nature and the right of things in this way for? Parson will never consent, Adam; no more than I will ever consent to see my Eve wedded to a gentleman; and Miss Grace, bless her, will never go against her father. But I daren't say as much as that for my little girl. She is a self-willed little creature, and I fear all I can say won't stop her, if Mr. Arthur is bent on having her."

"As he is, and after all that has passed, it seems to me it is the only thing to be done."

"No, Adam, no; two wrongs don't make a right. They ran away, and the Lord showed them they were wrong in doing so. It won't make it right to persist in marrying, and I'll never consent to it." And Noah's handsome face wore such a stern expression that Adam thought it wiser to say no more.

The next morning Noah was up with the dawn and out fishing till eight o'clock, when he went home to his solitary breakfast. He was still sipping his third basin of tea with his open Bible by his side, when a figure darkened the door of the ark and caused him to look up, and, when he saw who it was, to rise to his feet and draw himself up to his full height. It was Arthur Clifford, looking so grave and sad that it struck Noah he had grown from a happy, careless boy to a careworn man in the last forty-eight hours. But the ageing power of time is feeble compared to that of suspense and disappointment; passion

is the best forcing-house for human nature if premature development is all that is desired.

"Mr. Oldman, I am the bearer of bad news. Eve is no better; but before I venture to come in, I wish to ask your forgiveness, for I know you must consider me as the cause of all your sorrow, though had everything gone as I wished, Eve would have been my wife at this moment instead of lying ill of brain fever at Bridgham. But say what you will, you can never reproach me as bitterly as I reproach myself for what has happened."

"For the accident, and the illness which it caused, I cannot blame you, Mr. Arthur; on the contrary, I have to thank you and Adam Day for saving my little girl's life; but for winning her affections and persuading her to elope with you, I do blame you severely, sir, but I forgive you; all I ask is that you will go away as soon as possible, and do all in your power to make her forget you if it should please God to restore her to health," said Noah, holding out his hand to Arthur, who advanced into the ark to take it, but stopped short in front of him at the close of this speech.

"That I can't do. Why, Noah, do you take me for a worse scoundrel than that poor fellow who is lying the victim of his own villainy in the inn at Bridgham? I

always meant honourably to Eve; I meant to have married her yesterday morning; I mean to marry her now as soon as she is well enough. My fault has been in winning her secretly instead of openly, as she deserved to be won. I have always loved her since we were children together; I shall never love anyone else. If she lives, I shall marry her in spite of all anyone may say; if she dies, I pray that I may die too, unfit as I am to do so, for life without Eve would be unbearable."

And, overcome with all he had gone through, Arthur sat down, and leaning his head on the table, sobbed like a child, and Noah, with the fine instinct of a gentleman, eel-man though he was, left the ark, and became occupied with his pike-liggers, which were hanging outside, until he heard Arthur rise and move to the door, when he joined him, and holding out his hand again, said—

"Mr. Arthur, I am truly sorry for you, and from the bottom of my heart I forgive you; but, sir, I will no more let you marry Eve if I can prevent it, than I would have let you go for a sail alone in my boat when you were a child of ten and often begged me to do so. The chances are you would have been shipwrecked then if I had lent you my boat; and they are still greater that your life would be wrecked now if I gave you

my daughter. If I know Eve at all she will not marry you now without my consent, whatever she might have done yesterday. Now, sir, I don't say it in anger, I say it in love for you both, and with the truest regard for your welfare, that I will never consent to your marriage; and if you think you have done me any wrong, all I ask you to do is to go away and forget Eve as quickly as you can."

"I cannot. As to our marriage we will leave Eve to decide that, and I cannot think she will break her promise to me—even at your command; but leave here till she is well enough to decide the matter I can't and won't. You have been frank with me, and I will be frank with you, so suppose we agree to let matters be as they now are until Eve is well enough to tell us what she wishes. That will not be for some time, I fear, for Payne tells me to-day it will be two or three weeks, even if she goes on well, before we can dream of moving her, and before I can see her."

"Very good, sir, so let it be then; at any rate, we understand each other, and I thank you for this visit."

And if Noah had been a peer of the realm, he could not have borne himself in a calmer and more dignified manner than he did throughout the interview.

(To be continued.)

THE MICROSCOPE AND OURSELVES.

SOME short time ago I gave a sketch of the general construction of a microscope, and briefly indicated the best and most effective way of manipulating an instrument such as I described. Sufficient information is conveyed in those articles to enable my readers to appreciate the means by which a knowledge of the various things, of which I have now to speak, is obtained. Hitherto our observations have been confined to those things which by their outward appearance gave us a desire to see their more intimate structure; but our microscope can do more than that for us: it can reveal to us in the most commonplace objects a beauty far beyond conjecture.

We will ask our microscope questions about common objects, by means of which we may discover what various parts of our very selves would look like under those wonderful piercing eyes of his. First let us take a little piece of bone. What an unlovely object, you think! and so it is, but let us take a well-prepared microscope specimen of a piece of bone that has been carefully ground very thin and mounted on a glass slide, such a specimen as we can buy at a microscope shop, and you will soon alter your mind.

What do you see now? Roughly you see an indefinite repetition of Fig. 1. Now let us select such a portion as is diagrammatically represented by Fig. 1, and let us commence at the centre. First of all there is a central circular hole; now this is a transverse section of a canal or tube, and is called the "central canal" or "Haversian canal," from Havers, the anatomist who demonstrated it. Now immediately surrounding this central canal is a circular layer of hard, mineral, bony substance, and what we see is a transverse section of this layer, which is arranged round the central

canal like a scroll of paper round a ruler; from being a thin layer it is called a "lamella," and from its arrangement with reference to the central canal it is said to be "concentric."

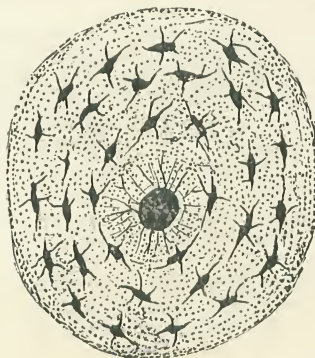


FIG. 1. AN HAVERSIAN SYSTEM OF BONE.

But what are those dreadful-looking, beetle-like objects in Fig. 1 that we next see? These are all a part, and a very important part, of this structure, and I shall have something to tell about their *raison d'être* presently. If you look carefully at your specimen you will notice that these dark objects, which are really empty spaces, are placed between the "concentric lamellæ," and extending from each space are little branches which permeate the lamellæ, and communicate with one another at various points. These spaces, from their supposed resemblance to little lakes, are called "lacunæ"; the small branches "canaliculi," little canals.

Now, taken collectively, what I have just described goes to make an "Haversian system," and the whole structure of a compact bone is but an accumulation of parallel Haversian systems, like so many tubes lying side by side.

And now a word about the lacunæ. You must know that the specimen we have been looking at has been subjected to a process known as "maceration," whereby all the animal matter is eliminated, and only the mineral framework remains—"the skeleton of the bone," we might call it. You remember that when I described low-life organisms I spoke of amoeba, a one-celled creature with its pseudopodia or processes. Well now, if you can imagine an amoeba living in each lacuna, and spreading its branches out through all the canaliculi, you will have a tolerably accurate notion of the state of things in bone. The central canal contains the vessels which mainly nourish the bone, and with this canal the little canaliculi communicate, thus carrying nourishment to the lacunal cells, and so forwarding it throughout the bone. Now round the bone is a sheath which also carries nutrient vessels, and this sheath is called the "periosteum," from two Greek words meaning "around" and "bone." With this sheath the canaliculi nearest the edge of the bone communicate, and thus we see how the bone is kept alive. And now, what has our microscope taught us? It has taught us that in this ugly piece of bone there is a beauty of purpose, a magnificence of architecture, a knowledge of the exigencies of the case and how to meet them. Bone requires strength; what could be stronger than this concentric arrangement? What would those who make our big guns say?

Bone requires vitality. What could be more elaborate or complete than its lacunal cells, each locked up in its little strong-room, delicate in structure yet free from injury.

Another point in the structure of bone which may interest you, and which serves to point out the extraordinary provisions which Nature makes, is one which was first demonstrated by Dr. Sharpey, and it is this: running obliquely through the concentric lamellæ, and bolting them together, are a set of fibres, as indicated in Fig. 2; this serves to strengthen

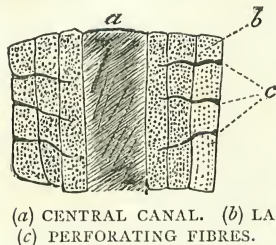


FIG. 2. (a) CENTRAL CANAL. (b) LAMELLA. (c) PERFORATING FIBRES.

the apposition of the lamellæ in a remarkable way, and is a process of rivetting. So much for our piece of bone. Yet stay; our microscope friend who prepared the piece of bone took something away from it which he has made into another specimen. What was that something? A piece of gristle from the end. "And is that worth preparing?" you may ask, in horrified surprise. "Yes, and worth looking at too!" Gristle is not a nice word; let us call this substance by its technical name, "cartilage." And now we have a specimen under the microscope; and first let me tell you how it has been prepared. A very thin section has been sliced off by a machine known as a "microtome"; this has been stained in carmine, the preparation of which stain I have already given, and the specimen has been mounted, after the manner already indicated, in glycerine.

What do we see? We see a general pinkish substance which looks like ground glass, and in this we see a number of cells, each encapsuled. You see that this structure is much simpler than bone—there are no processes to the cells, there is no concentric arrangement, no lamellæ. But this ground-glass substance helps to form an excellent buffer for the end of the bone. The ground-glass appearance of the section has given it its name, "hyaline cartilage."

Like bone, it has a nutrient sheath, the "perichondrium," but it has no central canal; its cells, however, subserve the same purpose in this structure as did the lacunæ cells in bone. Fig. 3 represents a section such as we have

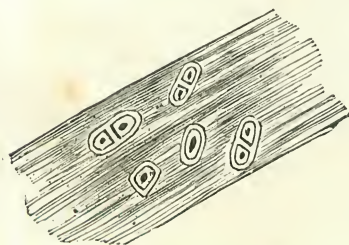


FIG. 3. HYALINE CARTILAGE.

observed. Now all cartilage does not present exactly the same appearance as the above specimen, but is variously adapted according to the functions required of it. Thus, where great strength, immobility, and resistance is required, the hyaline groundwork is replaced by a structure better calculated to provide these qualities. Let us look at a section (see Fig. 4). The cells are of the same shape as in our hyaline specimen, but perhaps smaller; and now instead of a hyaline groundwork we

have one having a general wavy outline, which is characteristic of a substance, very strong, inelastic and resisting, known as "white fibrous

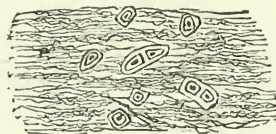


FIG. 4. WHITE FIBRO-CARTILAGE.

tissue," a tissue which goes to form the "leaders" of the wrist and other strong tendons.

Again, where elasticity more than immobility is required we find the groundwork again modified, this time in the direction of "yellow elastic tissue." This differs from the white fibrous tissue in that the wavy outline is absent, the colour is yellow instead of white, and the fibres are branched. Fig. 5 represents this

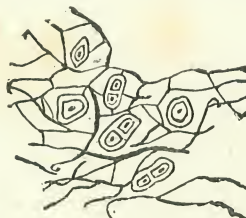


FIG. 5. YELLOW ELASTIC CARTILAGE.

structure. Now we have seen three important modifications of this apparently uninteresting "gristle," "hyaline," or ordinary cartilage; "white fibro-cartilage," as the second variety is called; and "yellow elastic cartilage," which we have just looked at.

When you go to the microscope shop to buy a specimen of bone "mounted dry," as they term it, you will notice that the label is very probably written in French, as most of these bone specimens are prepared in France. The shopman will almost certainly show you the brother specimen to the bone—a specimen also for the most part prepared in France—I mean a thin section of a tooth. We must acknowledge our microscope powerful and wonderful indeed, if it can give us a pleasurable interest in an object associated for the most part with painful recollections at some period of our existence. Yet so it is; and this

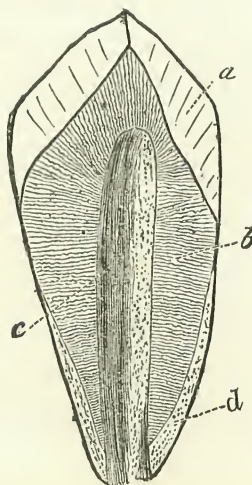


FIG. 6. LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF TOOTH.

(a) Enamel. (c) Pulp Cavity.
(b) Dentine. (d) Crusta Petrosa.

offending and dreaded member is beautiful indeed if we look at it with our microscope's eyes.

Let us first of all look at our specimen with a low power. We see that the tooth is divided into a "crown" (Fig. 6), which is thick and strong, a constricted portion, the "neck," and a long thick part, the "fang."

Now let us look with a higher power at the crown, and let us begin our observations at the edge of this part. We see a clean homogeneous-looking structure, which may appear to consist of a number of hexagonal plates (Fig. 7, a). This is the hardest part of the tooth, the part which gives it its shining whiteness—the enamel. You will notice how this hard part protects the rest of the tooth from injury during the performance of its functions. It really consists of a collection of minute hexagonal rods; the hexagonal appearance is apparent in transverse sections, as in Fig. 7, a; the rods are shown in Fig. 7, b.



FIG. 7. (a) ENAMEL RODS, TRANSVERSE SECTION. (b) ENAMEL RODS.

Next we come to that tissue which forms the greatest part of the tooth—the ivory or "dentine" (Fig. 6, b). This you will see consists of a number of minute tubes running from the central cavity at c to the edge of the tooth; each of these tubes at its commencement measures about 1-4500th of an inch in diameter.

As you move your specimen you will notice that at a point the enamel no longer exists; this is the neck of the tooth. Next you will notice a layer of tissue presenting somewhat the characters which I have described as peculiar to the structure of bone, but lacking the systematic arrangement which we found in our specimen of that tissue. This bears the same relation to the dentine of the lower half of the tooth that the enamel does to the upper. This layer is called the "Crusta Petrosa," and helps to fix the tooth in its socket.

But what is this large central cavity in the tooth? Is it not like the central canal in our bone specimen? Certainly; and this "pulp cavity" (Fig. 6, c) contains the nutrient vessels and nerve (!), the severance of which gives such pain on removal, and a number of cells, like our lacunal cells in bone, all destined for the nourishment of the tooth.

And see what a great provision there is for such nourishment! Turn your attention to the dentine; see how great a part of the tooth substance it forms! And now I have to tell you that these minute dentine canals are all provided with delicate processes from the amoeba-like cells in the pulp cavity, like the cells that live in the lacunæ of bone! The dentine tubules are the canaliculi of the tooth. Again, the same beauty of purpose, the same great care and forethought, the same adaptation of structure to function, all tell of the perfect Mechanician, the perfect Physicist, the perfect Creator! How carefully ought we to guard these beautiful structures given to us! Yet how careless are many of us in their preservation in daily life! The enamel of the tooth must protect the underlying dentine in which the nourishing elements live, and the knowledge culled from our microscope gives us an intelligent idea of the reason for taking care of that visible part of our teeth—the enamel.

We have begun with the "dry bones," as it were, of human microscopy; later I shall hope to tell of things of greater interest.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.
BESSIE SNUBS A HERO.

"So you are going, after all," was the only remark made by Edna, as she caught sight of Bessie's grey gown. "Well, be quick; I have nearly finished my luncheon. I thought you were never coming, and there was no time to lose."

"I will not keep you waiting," returned Bessie, whose healthy young appetite failed her for once. "I am not hungry."

"Nonsense!" said Edna, with restored good-humour. "You will find this mayonnaise excellent. You have had a long ride, and the drive to Staplehurst will take nearly an hour. We shall have a lovely afternoon for our expedition." Edna was chatting in her old lively fashion. She really looked exquisitely pretty this afternoon, and she seemed to take a delight in her own naughtiness. Her eyes sparkled mischievously every time she looked at Bessie's grave face. She was as frisky as a young colt who had just taken his bit between his teeth and had bolted. Her spirits seemed to rise during her long drive, and she talked and laughed without intermission. Bessie tried to respond and to make herself agreeable, but her efforts failed signally. She looked forward to the afternoon as a long martyrdom to be endured; the thought of Mrs. Sefton's and Richard's reproachful faces came between her and all enjoyment. Edna took no notice of her unusual gravity; she had gained her end, and obliged Bessie to bear her unwilling company, and so she was satisfied. It was almost a relief to Bessie when the drive was over, and they found themselves at Staplehurst. Polo was to be played in a large parklike meadow belonging to Staplehurst Hall. As they drove in at the gate, two or three of the officers who were to play were walking about in their bright, silk jerseys, while their ponies followed them, led by their grooms. One came up at once, and greeted the young ladies.

"I was on the look-out for you, Miss Sefton," he observed, with a smile that he evidently intended to be winning, but which Bessie thought was extremely disagreeable. "I knew you would not disappoint me, even if Sefton proved obdurate."

"Richard had some stupid farming engagement," returned Edna, "so I brought Miss Lambert instead. Is your mother on the ground, Captain Grant?"

"Yes; let me take you to her," he replied, with alacrity; but it was some time before Jack and Jill made their way to the central point where the ladies were sitting. Several of the officers joined Captain Grant, and there was quite a triumphal procession through the field. Edna sat like a little queen guiding her ponies, and distributing smiles and gay speeches. Admiration

and pleasure were as the breath of life to her; she was at once peremptory and gracious; she looked down at her escort with a sort of benign amusement. When Captain Grant handed her out of the low chaise, she made her way through the ladies with the air of a princess.

A tall, high-coloured woman with dark hair, and dressed in rather bad taste, held out her hand and welcomed her warmly.

"My dear, I am so glad to see you; Jem told me you were sure to come. Is this Miss Lambert? Put those chairs closer, Jem. And so your mother could not come. Never mind; I am used to chaperoning young ladies, though I never had girls of my own."

Edna answered civilly, but Bessie soon perceived that Mrs. Grant's conversation was not exactly to her taste. She spoke in a loud voice, and as most of her remarks were about her boy Jem, as she called him, his extraordinary cleverness and good luck at polo, and his merits as a son and officer, it was extremely desirable that they should not be overheard; but Mrs. Grant seemed quite indifferent to the amused looks of the ladies round her, and her broad, good-natured face beamed with smiles as Jem made a fine stroke and won the goal.

"He rides better than any of the men," she exclaimed, proudly. "I'll back my boy against any of them. Oh, look, Miss Sefton, Singleton has hit the ball away—no, Jem is galloping after him, he means to carry it. Yes—no—yes! they are through! Bravo, Jem, bravo!" and Mrs. Grant clapped her hands excitedly.

In spite of her uneasiness, it was impossible for Bessie not to become first interested and then absorbed in the game, and for a little while she forgot all about the Grange. She had never seen polo played before, and she was carried away by the excitement of that fascinating but perilous game; the mad rush of the horses across the grass, the quick strokes of the players, the magnificent riding, and the ease and grace with which the officers guided their ponies and leant over their saddles to strike the ball; the breathless moment when young Singleton rode alone with all the others pursuing him wildly; no wonder Bessie felt enthralled by the novelty of the sight. She uttered a little scream once when the horses and riders all crushed together in a sort of confused *mêlée*.

"Is anyone hurt?" she exclaimed, in much distress; but Edna and Mrs. Grant only laughed.

"You must come with me and have some tea," observed Mrs. Grant, when the match was over. "My lodgings are just by."

Edna hesitated for a moment, and Bessie touched her arm—

"It is already five," she whispered.

"Do you see those dark clouds? We shall have a thunder shower soon; I think it would be better to start for home."

"And be caught in the rain," replied Edna, with a shrug. "And we have no umbrellas nor waterproofs. No, Bessie, we must take refuge at Mrs. Grant's until the shower is over. Come along, don't make a fuss, I do not want to go any more than you do, but it is no use getting wet through; we cannot help it if we are late for dinner." And so saying Edna again joined the talkative Mrs. Grant.

Bessie said no more, but all her uneasiness returned as she followed Edna. Mrs. Grant had temporary lodgings in the High Street, over a linendraper's shop. She ushered her young guests into a large, untidy-looking room, with three windows overlooking the street. One or two of the other ladies joined them, and one officer after another soon found their way up the steep little staircase, for Mrs. Grant was noted for her hospitality. She called Edna to help her at the tea table, and Bessie seated herself by one of the windows. No one took much notice of her; her good-natured partner at tennis, Leonard Singleton, was not among Mrs. Grant's guests.

Captain Grant brought her some tea, and offered her cake and fruit, but he soon left her to devote himself exclusively to Miss Sefton. Bessie felt very dull, and out in the cold, and yet she had no wish to join the gay group round the tea table. The room felt close and oppressive; the first heavy drops were pattering on the window; two or three children were running down the street with a yellow dog barking at their heels.

"You will get wet; shall I close the window?" observed a voice behind her, and Bessie started and looked round at the tall, solemn-looking young officer, who had been introduced to her two hours previously as "Captain Brough-ton, not of ours, Miss Lambert."

"Oh no, I prefer it open, it is so warm," replied Bessie, hastily.

"Oh, ah, yes. Are you fond of polo?"

"I never saw it played until this afternoon; it is very exciting, but I am sure it must be dangerous."

"Nothing to speak of, an accident now and then—man half killed last Thursday, though."

"Oh dear, how dreadful!"

The solemn-faced officer relaxed into a smile.

"Well, he might have been killed outright in battle, don't you know; accidents will happen now and then; it is just luck, you see, and Owen always is such an unlucky beggar."

Bessie refuted this with some vivacity. She explained that though it might be a man's duty to die for his country, it was quite another thing to imperil a valuable life on a mere game; but she

could make no impression on the solemn-faced captain.

"But it is an uncommonly good game, don't you know," he persisted, and Bessie gave up the point, for Captain Broughton's mind seemed as wooden as his face.

"It was no good talking to such a man," she observed to Edna as they drove home; "he said 'Don't you know' at the end of every sentence, and seemed so stupid."

"Are you talking about Captain Broughton?" asked Edna, calmly. "My dear Daisy, it is not always wise to judge by appearances. Captain Broughton is not specially amusing in conversation, but he is a brave fellow. Do you know he wears the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in saving a wounded soldier; only a private, too. Yes; though he was wounded himself, he carried him off the field. He was a village lad—one of his own tenants—who had followed him out to India, and when another ball struck him he just staggered on."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Bessie; "this is a punishment to me for judging too quickly. To think I had the opportunity for the first time in my life of talking to a hero, and that I called him stupid! This is a case of entertaining angels unawares. But if one could only know they were angels."

Edna only laughed at this; but Bessie found food for uncomfortable reflection all the way home. The rain had ceased at last, but not before Edna had grown secretly conscious of the lateness of the hour. It was nearly seven before the weather allowed them to start, and for the last half hour she had stood at the window quite oblivious of Captain Grant's entreaties that she would make herself comfortable, and evidently deaf to his unmeaning compliments, for she answered absently, and with a manner that showed that she was ill at ease.

The moment the rain ceased, she asked him peremptorily to order her pony chaise round.

"Mamma will be getting anxious at this long delay," she said, so gravely that Captain Grant dare not disobey her.

"You will come over next Saturday and see our match with the Hussars," he pleaded, as she gathered up the reins.

"Perhaps; but I will not promise," she returned, with a nod and a smile. "Oh, dear; how tiresome these last two hours have been! You have not enjoyed yourself a bit, Bessie. I am so sorry!"

"Oh, never mind," returned Bessie, wearily, and then they had both been silent. Neither was in the mood to enjoy the delicious freshness of the evening; that clear shining after rain that is so indescribable, the wet, gleaming hedges, the little sparkling pools, the vivid green of the meadows; for Edna was feeling the reaction after her excitement; and Bessie, tired out with conflicting feelings, was thinking regretfully of her unsatisfactory conversation with Captain Broughton.

"It serves me right, after all," she thought, penitently. "Father always

says that we ought to take trouble to please even the most commonplace, uninteresting person, not to let ourselves be bored by anyone, however ungenial they may be, and of course he is right. I was just fidgetting about the weather, and how we were to get home, and so I did not try to be entertaining." And here Bessie made a mental resolution to be more charitable in her estimate of people. She had no idea that Captain Broughton had said to himself as he left her, "Nice little girl, no nonsense about her; not a bad sort after the women one sees; can talk to a man without looking for a compliment; like her better than Miss Sefton."

Just as the drive was drawing to a close, Bessie roused up from her unwonted depression. They had turned out of the narrow lane, and a wide sweep of country lay before them, bathed in the soft tints of the setting sun. A mass of golden and crimson clouds made the western heavens glorious, the meadows were transfigured in the yellow radiance, every hedge-row and bush seemed touched by an unearthly finger, a sense of distance, of mystery, of tranquil rest seemed to pervade the world.

"Oh, Edna, how beautiful! If only one were an artist to try and paint that."

"Yes; it is a fine evening," remarked Edna, carelessly. "Thank goodness, there is the Grange at last. Yes, there is Richard, evidently on the look-out for us. So I suppose they have finished dinner."

"Did you think we were lost?" she asked, with a little air of defiance, as her brother came forward and patted the ponies.

"No," he said, gravely; "I told my mother the rain must have detained you. It is a pity you went, Edna. Sinclair has been here two hours. He came down in the same train with mother."

"Neville here!" And Edna's look changed, and she became rather pale. "What has brought him, Richard?"

Richard shrugged his shoulders, and replied that he had not the least idea. He supposed it was a whim. It was evident that Edna was not too well pleased at the news. A little hardness came into her face, and she walked into the house without taking any notice of Bessie.

As Bessie stood hesitating for a moment in the hall, Richard followed her. He had not even looked at her, and poor Bessie felt sure that his manner expressed disapproval.

"Will you not go into the drawing-room, Miss Lambert?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Sinclair is there, is he not? I would rather go upstairs and take off my things. I am very tired." And here Bessie faltered a little.

But to her surprise Richard looked at her very kindly.

"Of course you are tired. You had that long ride; but Edna would not think of that. Take off your things quickly and come down to the dining-room. Dixon will have something ready for you. There is some coffee going into the drawing-room. You will like some?"

"Oh, yes, please," returned Bessie,

touched by this thoughtfulness for her comfort; after all he could not be angry with her. Perhaps she would have time to explain, to ask his opinion, to talk out her perplexity. How comfortable that would be! Bessie would not stay to change her dress, she only smoothed her hair, and ran down. Richard was waiting for her, and Dixon had just brought in the coffee. When he had gone out of the room she said, eagerly—

"Oh, Mr. Sefton, I am so glad to be able to ask you a question. You were not vexed with me for going to Staplehurst with your sister?"

"Vexed!" returned Richard, in a tone that set her mind at rest in a moment. "You acted exactly as I expected you to act. When mother showed me your note I only said, 'I never doubted for a moment what Miss Lambert would do; she would go, of course.'"

"Yes, I only hesitated for a moment; but oh! what a miserable afternoon it has been!" And as she touched on the various incidents, including her *tête-à-tête* with Captain Broughton, Richard listened with much sympathy.

"I never dreamt for a moment that Edna would go after all, but it was just a piece of childish bravado. The foolish girl does not think of consequences. It is a most unfortunate thing that Sinclair should turn up at this moment; he is a little stiff on these subjects, and I am afraid that he is terribly annoyed."

"Did Mrs. Sefton tell him all about it?"

"My mother? No; she would have given worlds to hide it from him. Edna told him herself that she was going in her last letter. Oh, you don't know Edna," as Bessie looked extremely surprised at this; "her chief virtue is truthfulness. She will defy you to your face, and trample on all your prejudices, but she will never hide anything."

"And she actually told Mr. Sinclair!"

"Yes; she did it to tease him, I believe, because his last letter did not please her. Sinclair has to put up with a good deal, I can tell you, but he wrote back in a great hurry, begging her not to carry out her plan. Sinclair told us both this evening that he could not have written a stronger letter. He told her that he had good reasons for wishing her to see as little as possible of Captain Grant. And when he came down just to give her a pleasant surprise, as he had a leisure evening, it was quite a shock to him to find his entreaties had been disregarded, and that she had actually gone after all. He is excessively hurt, and no wonder, to find Edna has so little respect for his wishes."

"It was a grievous mistake," returned Bessie, sorrowfully. "I don't believe Edna enjoyed herself one bit."

"No, it was just a freak of temper, and she chose to be self-willed about it. I hope she will show herself penitent to Sinclair; she can turn him round her little finger if she likes; but sometimes she prefers to quarrel with him. I really think Edna enjoys a regular flare up," finished Richard, laughing. "She says a good quarrel clears the air like a thunderstorm; but I confess that I don't agree with her."

(To be continued.)

EYAM AND ITS MEMORABLE WOE.

PART II.

As we have previously said, it is not our intention to dwell for any length upon the details and incidents of the plague, or the many painful events which marked its malignant course. William and Mary Howitt, the Rev. J. P. Neal, William Wood, and others have recorded these, so we will hurry on to describe the existing relics and memorials still to be seen at Eyam.

The road from Stony Middleton to Eyam, commonly called "Middleton Dale,"* we have already described; and leading out of this at right angles, within a few hundred yards of the village of Eyam, is the "Delf" or "Delve," a wild and romantic valley, in the midst of which rises a lofty grass-clad mound, crowned by the strange cavern or grotto called "Cucklet Church," the place where Mompesson assembled the villagers after the closing of the parish church. It consists of a huge mass of rock, which is hollow, forming a cavern with four entrances, two on the north and two on the south. The interior bears such strong evidences of the action of water, that in all probability it was at one time a vast natural cistern, which was violently rent open by the water, and which, in its escape, tore open the great apertures now forming the entrances to this most singular cavern.

The name "Cucklet Church" is said only to date from the time that Mompesson used it for religious purposes, though it is not impossible that it may in olden times have been a hermitage or chapel of some kind; in fact, it is difficult to understand why Mompesson should have selected for purposes of worship a place so very difficult of access, without it previously possessed some religious or sacred associations attached to it.

The delf or dell comes to an abrupt termination about two hundred yards nearer to the village beyond "Cucklet Church," and is closed by one of the most startling pieces of scenery in this country; two huge rocks seem to have been hurled from their bases, and, meeting together midway, they form a low, triangular, pitch-dark cavern, through which

* The parish of Eyam extends quite up to the village of Stony Middleton, so that the whole of "Middleton Dale" is really in Eyam parish.

rushes a wild mountain-torrent; the cliff-like rocks above and beyond are torn open and rent asunder by a great jagged cleft, and through this ragged and broken aperture is seen a streak of sky, whilst the whole is overshadowed from above by a thick growth of trees. It is impossible to conceive anything more savagely gloomy or more wild; one absolutely feels a creeping sensation through one's flesh when looking at this, and a chill of

neighbourhood and knows well its traditions, told the writer that there is a story current amongst the older inhabitants of the village that Madame Stafford of Bradshawe Hall, the ruins of which still stand near the village, was here concealed for six weeks from the pursuivants and soldiers sent to convey her to prison because of her religious opinions in the reign of Elizabeth; here she was secretly fed by some of the inhabitants of the village, who sympathised with her.

A narrow and very steep footpath conducts one from the "delf" or dell to the village, which we enter through a gate leading on to the green opposite to the old hall, a singularly well-preserved example of Jacobean architecture, with heavy stone mulioned windows and low-pitched gables. The old forecourt of the house still exists, and is entered by a gateway with square piers, carved with "Cartouche" panels and crowned by urns. About a hundred yards farther on to the right is the church and churchyard; and a little way from the fine ancient cross, which we have previously described, and shaded by an old dwarf yew-tree, is the square, high tomb of Catherine Mompesson, erected to her memory by her devoted husband. On the flat stone which covers it is the following inscription—

Catherina, Uxor
Gulielmi Mompesson,
Huius Ecclesie Rects.,
Filia Randolphi Carr
Nuper de Cocken in
Comitatu Dunelmensis
Armigeri.
Sepulta Vicessimio
Quinto die Mensis
Augti.,
Ano. Dni. 1666.

TRANSLATION.
Catherine, wife of
William Mompesson,
rector of this church,
daughter of Randolph
Carr, Esquire, lately of
Cocken, in the county
of Durham. Buried

the 25th day of the month of August, in the year of our Lord 1666.

At the foot of the tomb is an hourglass, with extended wings, deeply cut in stone, and beneath the inscription—

CAVETE: NESKITIS: HORAM:

"Beware, ye know not the hour!"

At the opposite end of the tomb are the words—

MORS: MIHI: LVCRM:

"Death is my gain."

And above them the representation of a skull.



"IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO CONCEIVE ANYTHING MORE SAVAGELY GLOOMY."

almost horror upon regarding it. Those lines of Præd's come vividly before the mind—

"Bold was he who hither came
At midnight, man or boy;
For the place was cursed by an evil name,
And that name was the devil's decoy."

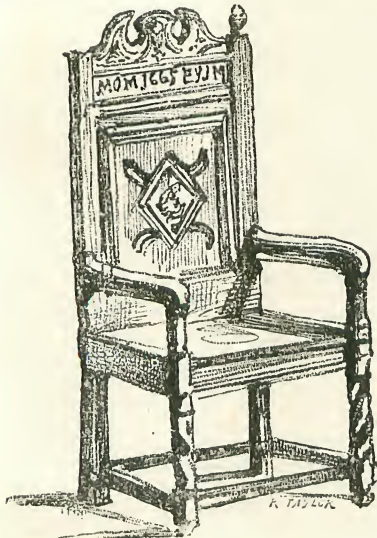
That some painful story of affliction or suffering should be attached to this place, or that it should be haunted by sad memories, one is only too prepared to believe. The rector of the parish, who is a native of the



THE OLD HALL.

There are scroll-work pilasters at the corners of the tomb, plain shields at the sides, and stone posts at the angles of the steps upon which it stands.

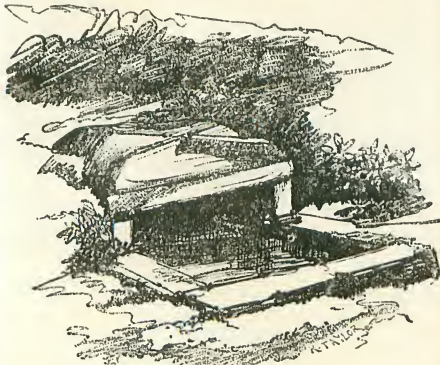
Catherine Mompesson was probably the only person buried in the churchyard after the isolation of the village and the closing of the churchyard itself.



A CHAIR IN THE CHANCEL.

A very few yards from the grave of Catherine Mompesson is the little wicket in the clipped laurel hedge leading to the garden of Eyam Rectory.

Unfortunately, the house itself was almost entirely rebuilt and very much enlarged by a rich rector about a century ago. Not only is this to be regretted upon historical and



THE MOMPESSEON WELL.

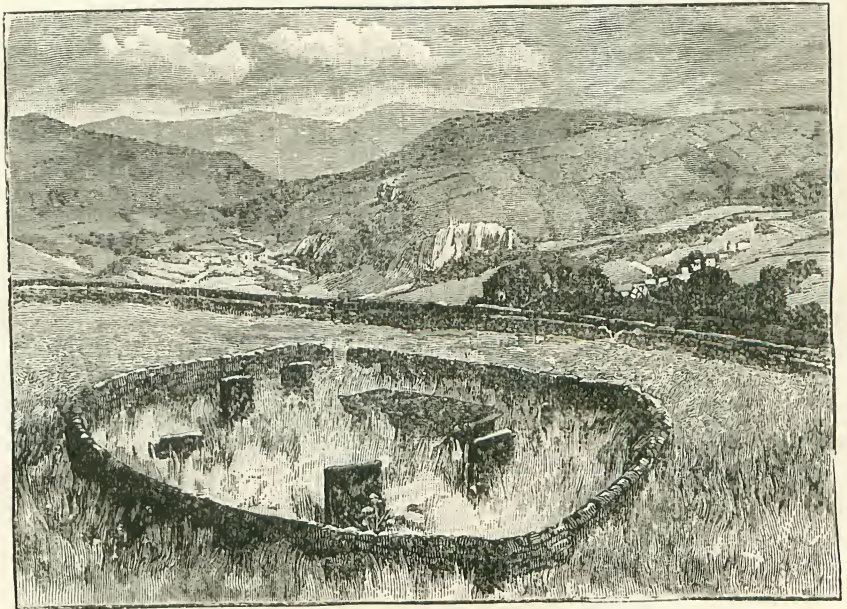
artistic grounds, but also for economical reasons, as this large pretentious house has saddled the living with expenses in the way of repairs, furniture, etc., which are most undesirable; in fact, this wealthy parson of the last century has bequeathed "a white elephant" to his successors. Of course, from an historical point of view, simply irreparable damage was inflicted by the erection of this pretentious and incongruous parsonage. A few portions of the old rectory inhabited by the Mompessons are, however, still to be seen incorporated in the modern house; the most important of these is the staircase, with its prettily carved oak bannisters. It is impossible to look at this without recalling to mind the domestic life of Catherine Mompesson. We know from her husband's letters what a perfect wife and mother she was; and we can almost fancy that we see her in her earlier and happy days playing and romping with her children as she takes them up this staircase to their nursery. Then occurs to the mind her sad parting from these little ones, and one pictures to oneself the children brought down ready dressed for departure, and placed, for the last time on this earth, in the arms of their sweet and loving mother, who impresses upon their lips the last kiss, and commends them to the care of God, with a certain presentiment in her mind that they shall meet no more until "this mortal has put on immortality." This passes away from the

mind, and one sees a nobler figure pass down the staircase. Catherine, tried by suffering, walking literally in "the valley of the shadow of death," with the pestilence raging round her in a world of horror and of gloom, bent upon some noble errand of mercy, to carry comfort and consolation to the sick and dying. Then again we see her feebly climbing the staircase, assisted by her husband, he, broken-hearted, as we know from his letters, with a certain knowledge in his mind that God is about to remove from him the greatest blessing and consolation of his mortal pilgrimage. Again we can almost fancy we hear that scuffle of



"LIKE JACOB'S LADDER, IT HAS BEEN TRODDEN BY ANGELS' FEET."

feet upon the staircase, and some heavy burden being brought down. It is indeed a precious burden, for it is the body of one who has "spent herself for the love of the Lord:" a body from which a sweet soul has gone to its Maker, purified from all earthly taint by a charity, a self-sacrifice, a devotion to Christ's



THE RILEY GRAVES.

poor, a sympathy with suffering, and a readiness to endure all things and to suffer all things for His sake. She was laid in the grave by loving hands, for everyone loved her; she was mourned for with the tears of sincerity, for to whom had she not been gentle, kind, and considerate? There is not a person throughout the whole length and breadth of England who could regard this old staircase without feeling that, like Jacob's ladder, it has been "trodden by angels' feet." Much as one feels tempted to dwell upon the considerations and memories called up by this old staircase, and thoughts of that "angel in the house," Catherine Mompesson, we must hurry on to notice other relics and scenes of that affliction which converted her from being a sweet girl-mother into a heroic, self-sacrificing woman, cheerfully ready to lay down her life in the holy cause of succouring and consoling suffering humanity.

Upon entering the church at Eyam we shall find attached to the new porch a most interesting and singular-looking poor-box, which is a relic of the time of the plague. A plain oak pulpit is also pointed out as that from which Mompesson preached, but truth compels us to say that it is not in a style of work at all consistent with this theory. In the chancel of the church, however, there is an undoubted relic of the time of the plague in the form of a solid old carved oak arm-chair which belonged to William Mompesson, and is inscribed in ancient letters, MOM. 1665. EyJM. The word MOM. is of course short for Mompesson, and the date 1665 is the very year in which the plague broke out. EyJM is probably the old way of spelling Eyam. On the back of the chair is a rudely carved crest, which is too much damaged to be quite intelligible. Probably this was a library-chair, and was from its somewhat rude execution made in the village. It was one of the few pieces of furniture that was spared from the general burning of all household goods ordered by Mompesson after the cessation of the plague. Perhaps it was spared on account of some hallowed recollection connected with the history of his sweet and saintly wife; anyway, it is an object of the greatest possible interest.

A little to the west of the churchyard is the house known as the Plague House, from the fact that the tailor, to whom the packet of goods was addressed which caused such fearful havoc in Eyam, was at the time lodging here. The house has been for the most part rebuilt since the event here recorded, but the old kitchen still remains. Just outside the village to the west are to be seen the ruins of Bradshawe Hall, where the Staffords resided, and concerning one member of which family is connected the strange story which we have already related in describing the dell. An heiress of this family married one of the Bradshaws, from whom this house took the title of Bradshawe Hall. Bradshawe the regicide was one of the descendants of this family, who appear to have been occasionally residing here at the time of the plague.

We must now ask our readers to accompany us to the opposite end of the village, or, rather a quarter of a mile beyond it, where, after passing through a wood and ascending a steep hill, we shall find ourselves in a somewhat bleak stretch of land surrounded on all sides by lofty hills, with the two villages of Stony Middleton and Calver lying in a valley to the southward; here, enclosed by a rough stone wall, we shall find seven tombstones, which are known as the "Riley

Graves." One is a large square tomb with a slab on the top of it, and is inscribed as follows:—

John Hancock, senior, buried August 7th, 1666.

"Remember, man,
As thou goest by,
As thou art now
Even once was I.
As I do now,
So must thou lie.
Remember, man,
That thou must die."

Wood, in his history, makes the sixth line "So must I lie," but the word on the tombstone seems to be *thou*. Of course the inscription is nearly illegible, but we fancy, after having carefully examined it, that Wood is wrong. On the sides of this tomb are the words "Vigilate: Orate; horam nescitis"—"Watch and Pray; ye know not the hour!"* evidently a favourite text of Mompesson's, as we find it on his wife's tomb. The other graves have perfectly plain headstones, with the following inscriptions:—

Elizabeth Hancock, buried Aug. 3rd, 1666.

John Hancock, buried Aug. 3rd, 1666.

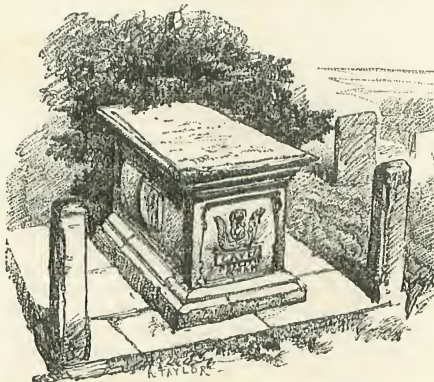
Oner Hancock, buried Aug. 7th, 1666.

William Hancock, buried Aug. 7th, 1666.

Alice Hancock, buried Aug. 9th, 1666.

Ann Hancock, buried Aug. 10th, 1666.

These altogether form the record of a whole family destroyed by the plague, and it was the mother, who in one week buried with her own hands her husband and six children, who was—shall we say mercifully?—spared.



CATHERINE MOMPESSEON'S GRAVE.

There is one other relic of the plague which we must mention before concluding our subject. About half a mile from the Riley graves, rather to the northward, and at the foot of the hill known as "Sir William," is a little stone cistern with a heavy slab over it. This is known as Mompesson Well, and is one of the places where the goods supplied to the villagers during the plague were deposited, the goods themselves being placed on the stone above, and the money, when payment was needed, in the little stone trough beneath, so that the water would cut off all chance of contamination from those removing it. It was of course arranged that the recipients of the goods should never by any chance be present when the articles were being left.

We have now completed our sad and mournful subject. Sad it undoubtedly is; suffering and death, especially that caused by a loathsome and hideous form of disease,

* "When you shall be called away," is of course understood.

must always be a painful theme for human beings to dwell upon. How terrible, malignant and appalling the plague was may be gathered from the fact that when Mompesson left Eyam in 1669, *i.e.*, three years after the plague, to take the living which had been presented to him by Sir George Saville, of Rufford Abbey, the inhabitants of the village of Eakring refused to admit him to reside in the village, and Sir George Saville had to erect him a house in his own park, where he lived until Mompesson's own character endeared him to the flock over which he was called to preside, to such an extent that they were only too anxious for him to take up his abode in their midst.

Before concluding this article upon the plague at Eyam, it is but just that we should acknowledge that many of the facts herein stated are taken from Mr. Wood's excellent history of Eyam, which is still sold in the picturesque little cottage which he inhabited during his industrious life.

Few villages have had the advantage of such a painstaking chronicler, and we recommend any of our readers whom we may have sufficiently interested in our subject, to make them desire further information, to purchase Wood's book and study it out for themselves. We are especially indebted to him for the letters of Mompesson from which we have made extracts, and for the statistics of the plague.

In conclusion, we will point out to our girls what seem to us to be the chief lessons to be derived from the painful history we have related. In the first place we see how noble a virtue is self-sacrifice, and how God rewards it; for the noble and heroic conduct of the inhabitants of this out-of-the-way village absolutely extinguished one of the greatest scourges which had for centuries visited this land, carrying death, desolation, and horror wherever it went. Their devotion and their generosity conquered this appalling destroyer. We read in history of great warriors commanding troops "who knew not fear"; but what were their conquests compared to those who annihilated "the plague," and delivered us (under God) from such an enemy? But another and even higher lesson to be learnt from the acts and death of Catherine Mompesson, one which is full of consolation and encouragement, is the fact that God will, if we only wait upon Him, strengthen us to carry out our duty, however painful and however arduous that duty may be. We see in the case of Catherine Mompesson a highly-born, carefully brought up girl, of delicate health (for her husband tells us in his letters that she had a tendency to consumption), suddenly called upon to make the most heroic sacrifices, to send away her children whom she most tenderly loved, to devote her life to nursing and visiting those suffering from the most appalling and deadly of all diseases, feeling at the time almost certain that in her case her own death would be the result. Yet seeing that this was her duty she cheerfully abandoned everything that could make life pleasant, and even consented to what must have caused the bitterest pang to her sweet maternal heart—the separation from her children, in order to "wait upon the Lord" and do His work. How God strengthened her to go through this terrible ordeal, and to make these great sacrifices, is the most instructive lesson taught by the history of the "Memorable Woe of Eyam."

H. W. BREWER.

[THE END.]



THE ROMANCE OF NATURE; OR, THE FOLKLORE OF ANIMALS, PLANTS, EARTH, AIR, SEA, AND SKY.

By JAMES MASON.

II.—MORE FOLKLORE OF ANIMALS.

AT the end of our last article we were speaking about birds, and had mentioned several curious superstitions connected with nightingales, cuckoos, owls, ravens, magpies, crows, and pigeons. We shall begin this one with our familiar friends, swallows and martins.

For swallows or martins to build in a window corner, or indeed anywhere about a house, has long been considered a lucky omen, and any trouble they cause is patiently borne with under the belief that their presence brings prosperity. A resident in Suffolk, writing in Chambers's "Book of Days," mentions that soon after setting up housekeeping for himself he was congratulated on a martin having built its nest in the porch over his front door. "The more birds," it used to be said, "the better luck." To tear down a nest once it was built was looked upon as a daring of the Fates, sure to be followed by a great calamity in the family within a twelvemonth.

To associate misfortune with doing unkind turns to swallows may be looked upon as a relic of paganism. These birds were sacred to the household gods of the ancients, and their preservation was a matter of religious concern. They were held in high honour as the harbingers of spring, and it must be allowed that they have always done their best to secure the affection of the human race by the trustfulness with which they build their nests under the eaves of our homes.

Some people say that swallows and martins never come to a house where there is strife, which, if true, shows their good sense. When they forsake a house they have once frequented the occupier may expect misfortune. When they fly down the chimney, as sometimes happens, death, it used to be held, may be looked for.

Such is the folklore connected with swallows and martins. As objects of superstitious regard even more interesting birds are robins and wrens. These two are frequently linked together in the popular mind, perhaps in consequence of the notion that they act as partners in the kindly business of covering with moss or leaves the dead bodies of any of the human race that may be left exposed to the heavens. We meet with a reference to this in one of Webster's tragedies, published over two hundred and seventy years ago—

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men."

In the old ballad of "The Babes in the Wood," robins, it is true, are alone mentioned, but that may have been because there were no wrens on the spot. To injure either bird is exceedingly unlucky, and even mischievous boys, when they light upon the nest of either, stay their destroying hand.

"You must not take robins' eggs; if you do you will get your legs broken," is the saying in Suffolk. And accordingly their eggs are never seen on the long strings of which boys are so proud.

"How badly you write," a visitor said one day to a boy in a Suffolk school. "Your hand shakes so that you can't hold the pen steady. Have you been running hard, or anything of that sort?"

"No," said the boy; "it always shakes. I once had a robin die in my hand, and they

say that if a robin dies in your hand it will always shake."

According to an Essex rhyme—

"The robin with the redbreast,
The robin and the wren;
If ye take out o' their nest
Ye'll never thrive again.

"The robin with the redbreast,
The martin and the swallow,
If ye touch one o' their eggs
Bad luck will sure to follow."

And a Cornish proverb says—

"He that hurts a robin or a wren,
Will never prosper sea or land."

Whilst ill-treatment is sure to be avenged, kindness shown to these birds is as certainly repaid, and many a crumb has been thrown them in a superstitious expectation of favours to come.

In Northamptonshire it is asserted that the respect shown to the robin by man is shared by the animals of the wood. The weasel and wild cat, they say, will neither molest it nor eat it when killed. "One cause," says a collector of folklore in that county, "for the veneration in which it is held may be the superstition which represents the robin as a medium through which mankind are warned of approaching death. Before the death of a person a robin is believed in many instances to tap thrice at the window of the room in which he or she may be."

The red breast of the robin is accounted for by a pretty legendary story. When our Saviour was bearing His cross a robin, touched with compassion, took one of the thorns from His crown, and as it did so the blood dyed its breast, which has been of a ruddy hue ever since.

The wren is known in ancient rhymes as "the king of all birds," and the title to royalty rests on his defeat of the eagle in a trial which would fly highest. The story, as it is told both in Ireland and Germany, runs that the birds once upon a time resolved on electing a king, and the choice was to fall on him who could mount highest in the air. The success of the eagle seemed certain, but the wren made up his mind to try whether cunning was not more than a match for size and strength. He contrived to hop unperceived on the eagle's back just as the competitors started. The eagle never felt the wren's weight, but soared aloft till he had exhausted his rivals and was out of sight to most of the onlookers. At last he began to descend, and as he did so the wren sprang off his back, and with a twitter of triumph easily gained the victory. His performance was noticed by some of the more sharp-sighted fraternity below, who, though they were puzzled to explain how he did it, could not deny the fact that he had achieved the highest flight; whereupon the wren was proclaimed with all due solemnity the king of birds. The name for it in many countries is an acknowledgment of its sovereign position; in France it is "petty king" and "hedge king;" in Germany "hedge king;" in Holland "little king" and "little winter king;" in Italy "little king;" in Sweden "fowl king," "alder king," and "sparrow king."

The ancients held the wren in great reverence; they believed it to be the heavenly messenger that brought fire to the earth, though it disputed this honour with the eagle. Ac-

cording to the "Popular Traditions of Normandy," in performing this kind service its plumage was unfortunately scorched, but the other birds, in consideration of what it had done, made up this loss, each of them presenting it with a feather, except the owl, which has ever since been ashamed to show himself in the daytime.

There are exceptions, however, to the high esteem in which the wren is held. In Ireland, the Isle of Man, and elsewhere, dislike to it was carried to great extremes, and it was the barbarous custom to hunt this royal and innocent little songster. The hunting of the wren took place on Christmas Day, St. Stephen's Day, and New Year's Day. In Ireland the "wren boys," as they were called, decorated themselves with various coloured ribbons, and went round with the slaughtered birds, soliciting money for the service they pretended they had rendered. The Irish aversion to the wren is founded on a tradition, one version of which states that during the Rebellion a party of Royalists, tired out after a day's skirmishing, fell asleep, the sentinel also indulging in a nap. The enemy approached, but a wren tapped three times on a drum that stood near the sentinel, which awoke him and saved a surprise, the result being that the rebels were defeated.

We come now to superstitions of the farmyard, of which a great number are current even in this enlightened nineteenth century. Old beliefs die as hard as old practices, and in country places, not so very remote either, the most foolish and unfounded notions often flourish and are likely to flourish for many a day.

Eggs have given rise to many curious items of folk-lore. The time when they are laid is of importance with the superstitious. Eggs laid on Good Friday used to be believed in the West of Ireland never to go stale. Should eggs be brought over running water there is no use attempting to hatch them, for they contain no chickens. In Northamptonshire, "in what is technically termed 'setting a hen,' care is taken that the nest is composed of an odd number of eggs. If even it is thought the chickens would not prosper. Each egg is always marked with a little black cross, ostensibly for the purpose of distinguishing it from the others, but also supposed to be instrumental in producing good chickens, and preventing any attack from the weasel or other farmyard marauders. The last egg the hen lays is carefully preserved, its possession being supposed to operate as a charm upon the well-doing of the poultry."

It is a bad omen to bring eggs into the house after dark, or to take them out either. "The other day," says a correspondent of the *Stamford Mercury*, writing on the 29th of October, 1852, "a person in want of some eggs called at a farmhouse in East Markham, and inquired of the good woman of the house whether she had any eggs to sell, to which she replied that she had a few scores to dispose of. 'Then I'll take them home with me in the cart,' was his answer, to which she somewhat indignantly replied—

"'That you'll not; don't you know the sun has gone down? You are welcome to the eggs at a proper hour of the day; but I would not let them go out of the house after the sun is set on any consideration whatever.'"

The first egg laid by a pullet is, in some districts, secured by a young man in order to present it to his sweetheart—the luckiest gift it is believed he can give her. When children were first sent in the arms of the nurse to visit a neighbour, they were often presented with an egg, together with salt and fine bread. The egg, if preserved, was held to have an important influence on the future good fortune of the child.

After eating eggs what should be done with the shells? Do not burn them, say the superstitious, for if you do the hens will cease to lay. Do not leave them whole, say others, but always crush them up. The reason for this, Sir Thomas Browne informs us, is to prevent witchcraft: “lest witches should draw or prick their names therein, and veneficiously mischief their persons, they broke the shell.” In the West of England it is said you should make a hole in the shells before throwing them away, otherwise the witches will use them as boats, and so put to sea and wreck ships. In Holland the shells are broken lest “the witches should sail over in them to England.” “The English don’t know,” remarks a Dutchman, “under what obligation they are to the Dutch for this custom.”

A new-laid egg affords a means of gaining information about coming events. “The person anxious to be enlightened about his future,” says the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, “perforates with a pin the small end of an egg, and lets three drops of the white fall into a basin of water, which soon diffuse themselves on the surface into a variety of fantastic shapes. From these the fortune-teller will predict the fortunes of the credulous one, the character of his future wife, and a variety of particulars concerning his domestic happiness.”

The custom of distributing eggs at Easter used to be universal among Christians—“pace” or “pasche eggs” they were called. Gebelin in his “Religious History of the Calendar” tells that this practice is to be traced up to the theology and philosophy of the Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks, and Romans, among all of whom an egg was an emblem of the universe, the work of the supreme divinity.

Christians used the egg at Easter on account of its retaining the elements of future life, as an emblem of the Resurrection. The eggs were stained with different colours, and were thus decorated, says one writer, “as a religious trophy after the days of mortification and abstinence were over, and festivity had taken their place; and as an emblem of the return of life, certified by the Resurrection, from the regions of death and the grave.”

A crowing hen is not considered lucky. There are several proverbs which speak of it as equally objectionable with a whistling woman. “A whistling woman and a crowing hen are the two unluckiest things under the sun” is the saying in Cornwall. In Scotland it is “Whistling maids and crowing hens are no canny about a house.” In France the proverb runs “Une poule qui chante le coq, et une fille qui siffle, portent malheur dans la maison.” It has been suggested, and with some show of reason, that so far as the fair sex are concerned, these sayings are only meant as a suggestion that masculine qualities in woman are not desirable.

When the hens take to amusing themselves by crowing, no house it is said can thrive, and the only way to escape the threatened misfortune is either to kill the birds or sell them. In Mr. James Napier’s book on the folk-lore of the West of Scotland, published in 1879, he says, speaking of a crowing hen, “Only a few years ago I had such a prodigy among a flock of hens which I kept about my works, and one day it was overheard crowing, when one of the workmen came to me, and with a solemn face told the circumstance, and advised me strongly

to have it destroyed or put away, as some evil would surely follow, relating instances he had known in Ireland.”

Cock-crowing is a different affair, and has all the credit that belongs to blowing one’s own trumpet in a legitimate manner. It may occasionally be a sinister sound—at dead of night, for example—when it is held to be an omen of death, but as a rule the rooster’s clear utterances have nothing about them to make anybody afraid.

When a cock crows with its head in at the door or even turned towards the door, that is the attitude of a prophetic bird; it is as much as to say, “You may look for a stranger.” When it crows to announce the breaking morn, “fiends, ghosts, and sprites that haunt the nights” creep back to their dens or vanish into thin air. The ghost in *Hamlet*, it will be remembered, “faded at the crowing of the cock.” This notion that at cock-crowing midnight spirits return to their proper sphere, was long prevalent in country districts, and gave great comfort to labouring people, who without it would have been apt on going early to their work to imagine everything they saw or heard to be a wandering ghost. It is a very old superstition, for we find it mentioned as a tradition of common belief by the Christian poet, Prudentius, who flourished in the beginning of the fourth century.

At Christmas-time the cock is specially useful. He is then supposed to crow all night long, and by his vigilance to scare away all malignant spirits, so that at that sacred season no evil influence can be exerted by them on mankind. This old notion has been beautifully put by Shakespeare in *Hamlet*—

“Some say, that ever ’gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.”

Bees are the subjects of some strange superstitions. Should a swarm of bees settle on one’s premises, without the owner laying claim to them, it is unlucky. A collector of folklore in Suffolk speaking of his experience about the middle of this century, says, “Going to my father’s house one afternoon, I found the household in a state of excitement, as a stray swarm of bees had settled on the pump. A hive had been procured, and the coachman and I hived them securely. After this was done, I was saying that they might think themselves fortunate in getting a hive of bees so cheap; but I found that this was not agreed to by all, for one man employed about the premises looked very grave and shook his head. On my asking him what was the matter, he told me in a solemn monotone that he did not mean to say there was anything in it, but people did say that if a stray swarm of bees came to a house, and were not claimed by their owner, there would be a death in the family within the year; and it was evident that he believed in the omen. As it turned out, there was a death in my house, though not in my father’s, and I have no doubt but this was taken as a fulfilment of the portent.”

It is said to be a bad sign if a swarm of bees alight on a dead tree, or on the dead branch of a living tree. Another superstition, and a pleasing one, is that if you quarrel about bees they will not thrive. A clergyman in the South of England speaking about this, tells the following anecdote:—

“I was congratulating a parishioner,” he says, “on her bees looking so well, and at

the same time expressing my surprise that her next door neighbour’s hives, which had formerly been prosperous, now seemed quite deserted.

“‘Ah,’ she answered, ‘them bees couldn’t du.’”

“‘How was that?’ I asked.

“‘Why,’ she said, ‘there was words about them, and bees ’ll niver du if there’s words about them.’”

“This was a superstition so favourable to peace and goodwill in families, that I could not find it in my heart to say a word against it.”

Stolen bees also will not thrive, but pine away and die.

It is a curious observance in many rural districts of England, that when a death takes place, the event is formally intimated to the bees, they are invited to the funeral, and a piece of crape, by way of mourning, is placed upon their hives. If these marks of confidence and respect are not shown, it is held they will all fly away.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* mentions that a lady friend calling upon some poor people who lived at Hyde Green, near Ingatstone, in Essex, inquired after the bees. The old woman of the house replied:—

“They have all gone away since the death of poor Dick, for we forgot to knock at the hives and tell them he was gone dead.”

Another correspondent of the same periodical mentions being at a neighbour’s house when the conversation turned upon the death of a mutual acquaintance a short time before. A venerable old lady present asked, with great earnestness of manner, whether the bees of the deceased—and he had been a great bee keeper—had been informed of his death. No one appeared to be able to answer the old lady’s question satisfactorily, at which she was much concerned, and said:—

“Well, if the bees are not told of his death, they will leave their hives and never return. Some people give them a piece of the funeral cake; I don’t think that is absolutely necessary, but certainly it is better to tell them of the death.”

The same superstition is met with in some parts of France when the mistress of the house dies; the formula being much the same as our English one—to tap thrice on the hive, repeating these words, “Petites abeilles, votre maîtresse est morte.” In Lithuania, when the master or mistress of the house dies it is thought necessary to give notice of the fact to the bees, horses, and cows, by rattling a bunch of keys, and it is believed that if this were omitted the animals would die.

The sale of bees is looked upon as a very unlucky proceeding, and they are generally transferred to another owner by barter. If you want a hive you may easily obtain it in exchange for a small pig, a bushel of corn, or some other equivalent. “There may seem little difference in the eyes of enlightened persons,” says one writer, “between selling and bartering, but the superstitious beekeeper sees a grand distinction, and it is not his fault if you don’t see it too.”

The folklore of spiders is a large subject, but we must content ourselves with mentioning only a few of the more interesting features connected with it. In some houses, though its web is brushed down without ceremony, the spider itself is treated with friendliness and allowed to go on its way uninjured. This arises from a belief that ill-luck will quickly overtake those who either kill or hurt it. As the proverb says—

“If you wish to live and thrive
Let the spider run alive.”

“The regard which is paid by many to the life of the spider,” says the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, “is in all probability due to

the influence of an old legend, which tells how, when Christ lay in the manger at Bethlehem, the spider came and spun a web over the spot where He was, thus preserving His life by screening Him from all the dangers that surrounded Him."

It used to be held in many districts of Scotland that should a servant wilfully kill a spider, she would be sure to break a piece of crockery or glass in the course of the day.

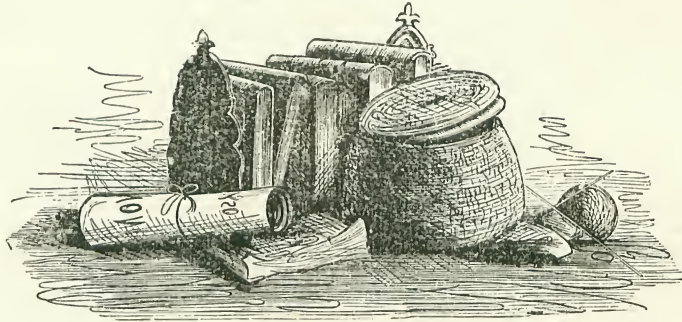
Spiders have long played an important part in charms for the cure of disease. In Norfolk, a cure for whooping cough is to take a spider and hold it over the head of the child, repeating three times, "Spider, as you waste away, whooping cough no longer stay."

The spider is then hung up in a bag, and as it gradually dries up the cough disappears. A rural remedy for fever used to be to shut up a spider in a nutshell and hang it round the neck.

A clergyman in Somerset mentions that one of his parishioners suffering from ague was advised to catch a large spider and shut him up in a box, for as he pined away the disease would wear itself out. "A few years since," says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "a lady in the South of Ireland was celebrated far and near for her cure of ague. Her universal remedy was a large house-spider alive, and enveloped in treacle or preserve. Of course the parties were carefully kept in ignorance of what the wonderful remedy was."

There is a superstitious notion that spiders bring prosperity. This is chiefly said of a little spider known as the "money-spinner," which is held to have an important influence on one's bank account. To obtain full advantage of its power over riches it must be thrown over the left shoulder. From this superstition the quaint Thomas Fuller draws the following very wholesome moral; it will form a weighty conclusion to this article.

"When a spider is found upon our clothes, we used to say some money is coming towards us. The moral is this: such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature may, by God's blessing, weave themselves into wealth and procure a plentiful estate."



VARIETIES.

ON AN ERRAND.

A little fellow was sent a message by his mother to a lady. When he had delivered it he did not seem in a hurry to go; and the lady noticing this, asked him if there was anything else his mother had bidden him say. She was not prepared for his reply—

"She said I wasna' to seek anything for coming, but if ye gave me anything I was to tak' it."

THE MASTER.

The herd of scribes, by what they tell us,
Show all in which their wits excel us;
But the true master we behold
In what his art leaves—just untold.

—Schiller.

FASHIONS IN HAIR.

False hair was much used in the Middle Ages. The share allotted to each by nature was not considered sufficient, even for the comparatively simple head-dress of plaits coiled over the ears and laid against the cheeks. And they dyed their hair, too, those mediæval ladies, sometimes black, but most often yellow. They adored yellow hair. The heroes of their romances were nearly all provided with crisp curls of gold, while the heads of villains and traitors were usually of a fiery red. They somehow connected red hair with wickedness, and such unfortunate creatures as were afflicted with locks of that hue, took great pains to hide their deformity.—*Miss Alma Tadema.*

HOW TO GET ON.—If we see rightly and mean rightly, we shall get on.—*Ruskin.*

SELF-SACRIFICE.—Some good people seem to think that because self-sacrifice is a noble thing everything in which self is sacrificed must be good and right; but our views of sacrifice, like all others, are often dim and confused. Sometimes self is sacrificed most when it appears to be giving up least, and *vice versa*.—*Hare.*

TOP-DRESSING.—"It is all very fine," said a recently married man, who was reading an essay on the "Culture of Women," just as a heavy milliner's bill was presented to him, "it is all very fine this cultivation of women, but such an item as this for bonnets is rather a heavy charge for top-dressing, in my judgment."

THE EDITOR'S WIFE.—There was a clever editor, who had a little wife, who scissored all his X's as became an editor's wife. And when his fertile pen gave out, she used with might and main to ply the shears with vigour, till his head was clear again. And nobody knew, save the editor's gal, that his articles were not orig-i-nal.

USEFUL LETTERS.—"Letters," says an old writer, "are the very nerves and arteries of friendship—nay, they are the vital spirits and elixir of love, which in case of distance and long absence would be in hazard to languish and moulder away without them."

FRIEND AND FOE.

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe as
from my friend comes good.
My friend shows what I *can* do, and my
foe shows what I *should*.

VIRTUE AND VICE.—We derive from nature no fault that may not become a virtue, and no virtue that may not degenerate into a fault. Faults of the latter kind are the most difficult to cure.—*Goethe.*

A SURE RECORD.—There is no way for us to discern our names written in the Book of Life but by reading the work of sanctification in our own hearts. Lord, let me but find my heart obeying Thy calls, my will obediently submitting to Thy commands; sin my burden, and Christ my desire—I never crave a fairer or surer evidence of Thy electing love to my soul.—*Flavel.*

THE LOVE OF LIFE.

An old man coming home from the woods somewhat overloaded, threw down his burden, and, in the anguish of fatigue, called for Death. Death appearing, asked what were his commands.

"Only," said the old man, "to—help me up with this wood."

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

The great Duke of Wellington scorned to take a "bargain" wrung out of another's necessities. A suggestion was once made to him to purchase a farm in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition, to which he assented. When the purchase was completed his steward congratulated him upon having had such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties and forced to part with his farm.

"What do you mean by a bargain?" said the Duke.

"It was valued at £1,100," answered the steward, "and we have got it for £800."

"In that case," remarked the Duke, "you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."

IN TRAINING FOR WIVES.—It seems at times odd enough that, while young ladies are so sedulously taught all the accomplishments that a husband disregards, they are never taught the great one he would prize; they are taught to be *exhibitors*; he wants a *companion*. He wants neither a singing animal nor a drawing animal, nor a dancing animal; he wants a talking animal. But to talk they are never taught; all they know of it is slander, and that "comes by nature."—*Godolphin.*

THE WEALTH OF NATURE.—If a man could make a single rose we should give him an empire; yet roses and flowers no less beautiful are scattered in profusion over the world, and no one regards them.—*Luther.*

FOR LOVE ALONE.

By LAURA L. PRATT, Author of "Plucked from the Burning," "Burton Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER II.
HAVING EVERYTHING.

IN a very short time Miriam had, outwardly at least, settled down among the Leighs as one of the family. She by her own wish was governess to the two youngest girls. Hitherto Margaret had taught them, but as Mrs. Leigh was quite an invalid, she was glad to be free to wait on her mother and look after household matters. The schoolroom was a pleasant room, its broad, low window looking on to the garden. Such a garden! with big shady trees, and old-fashioned flowers—flowers that you looked for as old friends, flowers that came up in the same old places, with the same old faces, year after year; tall, grand, white lilies, and great bushes of sweet pale pink roses; and then the pansies—

"The beautiful Puritan pansies!"
Oh! how many there were!

As yet the garden only gave promise of what its beauties would be as the season advanced. Spring was now giving place to summer, and the roses were budding.

"Don't you love Sunday, Miriam?" asked Netta, the youngest of Miriam's pupils.

She was leaning on the window sill of the schoolroom, listening to the bells ringing out from the old grey church tower, away across the garden, and a field, golden with buttercups.

"I like it very well," answered Miriam. "I like it for the same reason that most people would give, I expect, if they spoke the truth, because I have less to do."

"But Hope Maxwell and Margaret have so much to do on Sunday, and yet they love it. Hope goes twice to the Sunday-school, and then she reads to poor old blind Ford, and very often has some of her boys to practise the hymns, and then she always finds time for a walk with her father, and—"

"We are not all Hope Maxwells, Netta, my dear, and consequently we are not all perfection," interrupted Miriam. "And now if you don't mean to be late for church you had better start this minute; the others have gone, and I am going now."

Hope Maxwell was the girl that Miriam had seen in the train on the day of her journey to Littleborough, and so much admired. She was a friend of the Leighs, and they all loved her. Miriam heard so much said in her praise that, in a spirit of opposition, she declined to see any good in her.

Hope Maxwell was at church that morning, quietly though handsomely dressed, with her tall, handsome father by her side. He almost worshipped his only child, and thought that the world did not contain her equal. Miriam tried to pay attention to the sermon, but—

"Her thoughts were with her heart,

And that was far away."

And yet it was a sermon well calculated to recall wandering thoughts.

Many wondered why the Rev. John Rivers cared to waste his wonderful eloquence on a congregation for the most part composed of small farmers, with slow, heavy minds, and who looked on church-going as the proper thing for Sunday, when you couldn't do anything else.

Someone had once said something of the kind to him, and he had answered, with his worn face all aglow—

"Waste my eloquence! Is it possible to waste one talent when it is used in God's service? Are not the souls of these farmers as precious in His sight as the souls of more richly-gifted men? In whatever corner of the vineyard my Master sees fit to place me,

He expects me there to do my very best to win souls to Him. Never talk to me of wasting what is given to God."

This bright, sunny Sunday morning his text was taken from Ezekiel xxxiii. 2: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?"

Miriam looked at Hope Maxwell, and thought of the time when her father was with her. Oh, how happy she had been in those days! How easy it was then to be loving and lovable. No wonder they all thought Hope so good, she had everything to make her happy, and she had never known trouble.

"He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

These words recalled her mind to the sermon; they seemed to be spoken in answer to her thoughts. She had, almost unconsciously perhaps, been thinking that God had dealt hardly with her, and that He was too high and holy to feel for her in her trouble. Now, as she listened to the message sent to her through the preacher, her aching heart was soothed and comforted. But even yet she did not freely open her heart to receive the peace that might have been hers. Perhaps no one was more fully able "to comfort them which were in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith he himself had been comforted of God," than the preacher. He had been through great and bitter sorrow, and had known what it was to be comforted by "the God of all comfort."

Miriam still in her heart resented the happiness of others, and by so doing she prevented peace flowing as a river into her soul. She walked home in silence, leaving the children to talk to each other.

When they were all assembled at dinner, in the pleasant sunny dining-room, someone remarked how pretty Hope Maxwell had looked that morning.

"Yes, I think she grows more beautiful every time I see her."

The speaker was Herbert Leigh, Dr. Leigh's eldest son; he was studying for the medical profession, and had only come down to Littleborough the night before to stay a few days.

This was the first time Miriam had seen him. He was tall and broad, had thick dark hair and keen grey eyes.

"And she is as good as she is pretty," said Margaret, carrying on the conversation about Hope Maxwell. "Her mind is as lovely as her face."

"It is very easy to be good when one has everything on earth one wants," said Miriam, unable to keep silence. "I wonder if she would be as lovely and good without her present surroundings! People are generally a good deal influenced by their circumstances. This world's riches go a good way towards making one sweet-tempered."

Herbert's grey eyes regarded her attentively during this outburst, and he said, very slowly and quietly—

"Don't be bitter, Miriam; it is so very easy to say bitter things, and with some people it passes for cleverness. Charles Dickens once gave the same advice to a man who wrote in that sort of way. He said it was so much harder to say kind things; it was a pity to be bitter, it was so easy. You may think it sounds clever to be cynical, but it is a very shallow and surface sort of cleverness."

"I was only speaking the truth," said Miriam, defiantly.

"No, I beg your pardon. You were speaking what you think to be the truth; but I am ready to answer for it that, stripped of all earthly comforts, Hope Maxwell would still keep that which is to her far above all worldly things—her trust in God."

Herbert's words were received in silence. His eldest sister alone knew the effort it cost him to speak. She had long ago read the secret of his deep yet hopeless love for Hope Maxwell. There was very tender and true sympathy between him and Margaret; but on this subject he had never spoken even to her. The hope of some day winning Hope Maxwell for his wife had been a spur to him in all his work, and it was a bitter blow when, on her return from a visit of some months' duration to London, he heard of her engagement to a young officer. Hope herself had never dreamt of his having more than a warm brotherly regard for her. She had grown up with the Leighs, and, after her own relations, they were the first to be told of her engagement. Believing that his secret was hidden from all eyes, Herbert bore his trouble manfully in silence. Margaret gave all the silent sympathy she dared, but, divining his wishes, she never spoke, and he knew and was grateful.

After that Sunday Miriam kept her opinion of Hope Maxwell to herself. She was a little afraid of airing her cynical notions before Herbert. His keen grey eyes seemed to read her right through, and she knew that he detected a false ring about such speeches, and guessed that it was the troubled sea of her restless heart that caused it to cast up mire and dirt.

Margaret said one day to her mother, with a sigh—

"I wish Miriam was a more genial nature; I had so looked forward to her coming, I hoped she would have been like a sister to me, but she is so cold."

"She has had a great deal of trouble, poor girl," answered gentle Mrs. Leigh; "we must be very patient with her."

"I daresay she won't like this invitation to the Maxwells' tennis party, because she is asked with me; she is sure to think she ought to have had a card to herself."

Mrs. Leigh smiled.

"I should think she could not mind having her name put with yours, dear. But take the card to her."

Miriam was in the schoolroom giving Netta and Milly their lessons. Margaret put the invitation card down before her, and said, playfully—

"Now you must go; I will not take any excuse. The last time they asked us you contrived to get out of it, this time you really must go."

"You are very kind," said Miriam, coldly, "and the Maxwells are very good to ask me; but some people have to be asked sometimes when they are not wanted."

Her words were confused and her lip trembled.

"Nonsense, Miriam!" said Margaret, rather sharply. "You know perfectly well that the Maxwells do want you to go; it is unkind to speak in that way."

"Very well, I will go if you wish it," answered Miriam.

Margaret took up the card and went away to answer the invitation in the affirmative for herself and her cousin.

How little she knew all that was to come of that tennis party.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

TWENTY-ONE.—Lady pupils are boarded, lodged, and trained, for one guinea a week, for not less than six months, at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C. Nurses (aged from seventeen to thirty-five) are taken at seven shillings and sixpence a week. For further information as to terms and rules, apply to the lady superintendent. Should you prefer the Evelina Hospital for Children, Southwark Bridge Road, apply to the lady superintendent there. Ladies are trained from the age of twenty-one to thirty-five at the former hospital, and probably so at the latter. You ought to have had all the usual children's complaints yourself, and should be strong and healthy.

L. SINCLAIR.—The Royal Holloway College, at Mount Lee, Egham, Surrey, admits young women upwards of seventeen years of age. The terms for tuition, board, and lodging amount to £90 per annum. The principal is Miss Bishop, and the secretary is J. L. Clifford Smith, Esq.

MOTHER.—For your feeble-minded and weakly boy you might obtain careful treatment and home comforts at Miss Arkell's institution, Lynchmere, Maberley Road, Upper Norwood, S.E. You had better see the place, and then obtain the necessary references. He might get on better away from home and under special training.

ELAINE and CAWDOR.—Women are admitted by the new Supplemental Charter of 1878 to all degrees, without exception, in arts, law, medicine, science, and music. The age must be "sixteen years complete" on admission to the matriculation exams. held in January and June. The matriculation fee is £2, and the exams. for it are held at many provincial centres, as well as in London, and the degree exams. at a few of them. Address Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W.

DUNSTABLE.—At the North Eastern Hospital for Children, 8, Goldsmith Row, Hackney Road, E., you would be eligible, from the age of eighteen, for training as a nurse. The engagement is for three years, at a salary of £12 per annum, with board and lodging, laundress, and partial uniform. The salary rises after the period named; and of course the nurse might change into an adult hospital when sufficiently old for admission, and so perhaps obtain a higher rate of salary. Apply to the lady superintendent.

MISS B. WINDER.—We are happy to meet your wishes, so far as we can, by no longer recommending your Educational Girls' Societies to our correspondents, as you have "given them up entirely."

ONE WHO IS WAITING and BLANCHE should avail themselves of one or more of the numerous Private Educational Correspondence Societies, which are, many of them, described and the addresses given in the little Dictionary of Girls' Clubs, often before mentioned (Griffith and Farran). Perhaps the Sulhamstead Girls' Question Club (Miss Thoyts, secretary, Sulhamstead, Reading, Berkshire) might suit you. Otherwise write to Miss Ellman, the Rectory, Berwick, Sussex, and consult her, telling her in what branches you need assistance. 2. Picture rods off which the lacquer has worn can be restored at moderate expense; or you could paint them yourself to suit the colour of the walls.

COOKERY.

BRENDA and A DEVOTED READER will find Phillis Browne's "A Year's Cookery" (Cassell and Co.) a good and inexpensive cookery book; also the "Girl's Own Cookery Book," price rs. 56, Paternoster Row, E.C. In both will be found recipes for soups without meat and vegetables. Nichols and Co., 23, Oxford Street, W., publish two or three penny vegetarian cookery books, we believe.

MARIANNE.—Freshly-fallen snow makes pancakes as light as the use of fresh laid eggs would do. Make your batter as usual, only omitting the eggs; and when ready to commence frying the pancakes, take up lightly as many heaped tablespoonfuls of snow as you would have taken of eggs, and stir quickly into the batter, and you will find our statement correct, the snow making them as light as the eggs would have done. You will have plenty of opportunity for trying this recipe in your cold home in Manitoba. We were glad to hear from you.

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.—To ice cakes the icing must be very well beaten, till it is thick enough to lie on the cake without running. Put a large tablespoonful of it on the centre of the cake, or more if the cake be large, dip a table knife in boiling water, and spread the icing with it over the whole of the top of the cake, perfectly smoothly. Dip the knife repeatedly in boiling water during the process, and drain before using it. Ice the sides in the same manner.

EDITH M.—We recommend you to procure the Girl's Own Cookery Book, published at our office (rs.). For sponge cakes, see pages 352, 399, and 494, vol. i., "G.O.P." We cannot repeat ourselves, as it is very uninteresting to our other readers.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ROSALIND D'ALMEIDA does not say of what the stain on her table is. Lemon juice will clean alabaster; apply with a soft rag. Also a little spirits of salts, applied with a cloth, will take out spots of ink from wood.

PUDLEY.—Terra-cotta may be cleaned with turpentine, and then with soap; and plaster casts can be cleaned by making a very thick paste of starch, and spreading it all over the cast with a soft paint brush. Let it dry, and remove it when it scales off the cast easily in hard flakes. 2. Your window-plants want more light, more air, and a regular supply of water. The room is perhaps too warm.

YOUNG BOHEA.—So long as the milk is not put in the tea, and it is only "cold tea," it will keep good for any time, if bottled and corked closely, we should think.

PEARL, BIRDIE, and MOLLY-CODDLE.—"Pearl," who is a doctor's daughter, says that she has found palm oil, a deep yellow ointment to be got at any chemist's, excellent for chapped hands. If the anointing be persisted in every night, summer and winter, it will cure the worst chaps, and make the hands soft and white. If the chaps should be very bad, first wash in hot water, then apply a little of the oil, rubbing it on; and put on a pair of gloves of at least three sizes too large, tying them on at the wrist. The oil stains linen, and is hard to get out. We thank our kind "Pearl," for many of our girls suffer much from chapped hands.

MUSIC.

MAID OF CWM.—The article entitled "How to Play the Violin" appeared in vol. i., page 232. We cannot recommend the learning of any instrument without a few preparatory lessons, because bad habits are acquired, which must be corrected afterwards, and even the method of holding or laying the hands on it may be improperly done. You should not say, "has I see." It would seem from such a mistake that you should be devoting your attention to learning correct English, and how to spell, rather than spending your time on a mandolin, guitar, or violin.

C. SKINNER.—Refer to the article on violin-playing, of which we have spoken in our answer to "Maid of Cwm."

STUDENT OF MUSIC.—The viola is an instrument well suited to women, and repays the trouble of learning it. In France it is called the alto; with us it is sometimes called the tenor. It has lately regained its position in orchestral music, such as assigned to it by Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, in the eighteenth, and Mendelssohn in the present century. The latter composer, as well as Mozart, were performers upon it. It is a less difficult instrument to learn than its cousin the violin, but a master should be engaged for at least a few lessons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERPLEXED.—"A deed of settlement with trustees" is quite practicable, and your money could thus be settled on you and your children; but it must be drawn up by a competent lawyer.

I. W. S., GERTRUDE MOXHAY.—In America a thick coat of violet powder is commonly applied to protect the skin from sun blisters, a little vaseline being rubbed first to the face. The sun there is very hot.

"BATTEL ROLL."—The only way of getting the spelling of the name of your ancestor changed in the book you name would be by writing to the publishers, to inquire whether they could manage it for you in the next edition. We never heard of any "name being given to those families still existing who can trace an unbroken pedigree to 1066 A.D.," and whose names are written on the "Batteil Roll." Of course, if any such existed they would be Normans, as the names were those inscribed on the Roll at St. Valery, before the expedition started. When called over, the day after the Battle of Hastings, the number amounted to 629. The "Roll of Battel" is not often quoted, we believe, as an authority, because the monks of the abbey are considered to have mutilated the document and added names to it. The "Rolls of Arms," however, in England, date from 1250, and they are found perfectly reliable as to names, titles, and armorial bearings; they are in the Herald's College.

GRANNY.—Certainly you may share your hymn-book with anyone next you on a chance occasion; but it would be better for expediency sake to keep an extra one for so good a purpose.

MARIE BELL.—We have not tried nor seen the effect of dried galls applied to chilblains. We have given many good and safe remedies, which see by reference to our indexes. Always add the prefix to your name on a visiting card; it is bad "form" (to use a new term now well understood) to omit it.

A SUFFERER AT SEVENTEEN.—A pint of very hot water taken directly you rise seems an excellent remedy for digestive troubles, and you might try it without fear of injury.

A WAITING ONE should apply for information up to present date at the Dominion of Canada offices, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. She will obtain at the offices several little guides as to "Farming in Canada," "A Year in Manitoba" (by W. and R. Chambers). Also our own little manual by the Marquis of Lorne, "Canadian Life and Scenery" (56, Paternoster Row, E.C.) Manitoba is considered a healthful locality, notwithstanding the extremes of heat and cold. We could not possibly say whether your daughters would obtain any situations supposing that the farm proved a failure; if you mean as governesses, we think not. Middle-aged women as housekeepers, cooks, and nurses are more likely to find situations than young inexperienced girls.

MADCAP VIOLET must, we think, make up her mind to stay at home, and turn a bright face upon her difficulties there, as she is too young for any "nursing" yet. Perhaps she is impatient and tiresome herself. "ONE LITTLE MAID FROM SCHOOL" should have her name put on her father's card, or on a card with her sister's below it, thus: "Miss Smith—Miss Mary Smith." 2. Dumb-bells of 1 lb. to 2 lb. each would be quite heavy enough.

JEANETTE.—There are very few women who have adopted dispensing as a calling, but a larger supply would create a larger demand, and we are told that doctors in the country would gladly welcome a woman dispenser when their wives are obliged, from some cause or other, to desist from helping in this way, as some few can. In instances where women have gone into the business they have done well, and as you seem to have excellent opportunities for training under your father, we should advise you by all means to qualify yourself fully.

GATTIE.—The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., publish a tiny volume called "Till the Doctor Comes," which would be useful to you.

SKYE.—We could not help with suggestions for a prize competition. It would not be right.

VERA sends us a poem beginning
"The sun had set in the golden West,
Down in the West went he;
Leaving behind him a golden flush,
And a darkness some long to see."

It is not equal to good prose, dear Vera, but we have no doubt it amused you to think you were writing poetry.

WHITE CLEMATIS.—We cannot give the private names and addresses of our contributors.

IONA.—By the alteration of the calendar in 1582, by Gregory XIII., the first Sunday after the full moon immediately following the 21st March was fixed on as the day for observing Easter. Ascension Day in 1877 was on the 10th of May.

MARIGOLD's father and mother are her safest guides at her present age, and ought to be consulted.

MISTEEN.—We regret that we cannot inform you.

AUDACES JUVAT.—There is an opening, apparently, for domestic servants in all the colonies, but none for educated women, unless they choose to become "lady-helps," and do the work under that name. We could not advise you on the subject.

PHYLLIS had better see the doctor again and discover whether her general health may affect her eyes, or whether he would advise her consulting a skilled oculist for her impaired sight. Perhaps her spectacles are not of the right sort.

QUEEN MAB wishes to rule rather than to be ruled; this we can easily gather from her letter, and even her assumed name betrays it. We fancy that she needs a firm hand over her. She inquires, "What means can be taken to get rid of a very strict governess?" This is a suggestive inquiry! If "Mab" have any cruelty or injustice to complain of, let her inform her mother of it, or her father if she have no mother. It is only from her parents that she can obtain relief. For all advice on the subject of the complexion, refer to the articles by "Medicus."

PEG.—A bride is under no obligation to provide any requisites for her new home. The bridegroom is expected to provide a furnished home for his wife, and to have all in readiness for her reception, as well as a fair provision for her support, agreed upon by her parents with him, before he undertakes the serious responsibility of taking her from her parents and her own natural home. In France, amongst the bourgeois and lower orders in general, the intending wife provides the house linen and her own, and the man all the furniture and other requisites of the house.

C. I. W.—We regret to say that we scarcely ever receive a poem, however brief an effort, from our girls that could be taken into a prize competition. They are almost invariably defective, as regards the common rules of versification, and altogether without beauty or originality. It is with regret that we must report unfavourably of yours.

B. L. M.—We are happy to name the English Literature Society, of which the Rev. F. Jarrett, Tooley Rectory, near Barnstaple, is the secretary. We are glad to hear of the use and pleasure our paper has been to you and your friends.



THE SNOWDROP.

HAIL ! timid messenger of Spring,
Thou dost glad tidings with thee bring,
Of lovely things for us in store,
Of wintry storm and tempest o'er.

Fair herald of thy beauteous race,
Venturing to smile in Winter's face;
How tremulous with hope and fear,
How spirit-like thou dost appear !

And yet on thy pale purity
What saddening thoughts are traced for me !
Oh ! bitter tears that I have shed,
Since last I saw thee bend thy head.

Still doth thy voice seem from a clime
Ne'er trodden by the steps of time ;
Art thou the spirit of that Spring
Of which immortal Hope doth sing ?

MARY LEWIS.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



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"THE TWO SAT IN SILENT ECSTASY."

NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALL, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. OLDMAN'S CONFESSION.

FOR three weeks Eve was very ill, and saw no one but the doctor, her mother, and the nurse; and a great part of the time she was delirious, and knew no one; then she took a turn, the fever left her, and she began to recover with marvellous celerity. During the three weeks Noah went over every evening to ask for her, and when she was asleep crept in his socks upstairs into her room to gaze with tear-dimmed eyes on the beautiful face, with the hectic flush of fever on the delicate cheeks, and cool bandages round the pretty head, whose lovely hair the doctor was once or twice disposed to sacrifice, but Mrs. Oldman would not consent.

Eve's first words when the fever left her were to ask for her father, but the doctor would not suffer her to see him until she was stronger, and when he did give a reluctant consent, he warned both father and child that there must be no scene and no discussion of the past or the future.

As a matter of fact, there was no discussion at all. When Noah came in, Eve, who was lying on a sofa by the lattice window, held out her wasted arms and said—

"Father, forgive me." And Noah took her to his breast and said not a word, and then the two sat in silent ecstasy, until all too soon Mrs. Oldman came in to say the time was up and Noah must go.

After this Noah came every evening, but by common consent they neither of them alluded to what had happened, or to Arthur Clifford, but talked of what Noah had done, what fish he had caught, what birds he had shot, the choir practices at which he was a regular attendant, of Grace Leicester and her kindness in coming as frequently as she had done to inquire for Eve—of everything, in fact, except of the subject which lay uppermost in both their hearts, and on this point they were silent.

Meanwhile, Arthur was getting very impatient to see Eve, but the doctor postponed the meeting from day to day, on the ground that any undue excitement might bring on a relapse; but it was plain he would not be put off any longer, so about a month after the accident Arthur was told Eve was well enough to be moved, and that he might see her that day.

"I can't make her out," said Mrs. Oldman, who had become Arthur's strongest ally, and had certainly kept her promise to do all she could both to prevail on Noah to consent to the match and to keep Eve aware of her lover's constancy. "I can't make the child out; she fared to listen to all I say about you, and she lies and looks at your yacht by the hour together, but never a word

have she spoke about you ever since she has been ill; except when she was wandering, your name has never crossed her lips. She'll talk of her father fast enough, and of poor Jack Farrar and of Adam Day; she has asked to see him once or twice, but she never so much as mentions you, Mr. Arthur. There is some women as take a deal of manœuvring, and there is some as likes to be taken by storm; my belief is, Eve is one of these last, so if I was you I should go up to-day and say to her, 'Eve, the doctor says you can be moved, there is my yacht just at the bottom of the garden, and there is my friend at Yarmouth waiting to marry us, so we'll start to-morrow morning.' You see, sir, after all that has passed, the sooner you marry her and take her away from this place the better; it'll never do for her to go back to the ark first."

Arthur was fully of Mrs. Oldman's opinion, and only too anxious to carry out her suggestions; but when he saw Eve he found, to his amazement, a new obstacle to their marriage had sprung up. Eve positively refused to marry him without her father's and Mr. Leicester's consent. She had had plenty of time to reflect during her illness, and although her love for Arthur was as strong as ever, she dare not, as she expressed it, fly in the face of Providence, and persist in disobeying her father after the solemn warning she had received.

"And what's the child going to do, then?" said Mrs. Oldman, feeling, as she described it, fit to drop at this news.

"Going to ask her father about it this evening, and I know what Noah will do, Mrs. Oldman—he'll persuade her to give me up, and go home with him to the ark to-morrow, and she'll do it, too," said Arthur, despondently.

"She won't, Mr. Arthur; I'll stop that as sure as my name is Mary Oldman. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what a heap of trouble it would save if she'd only consent to go quietly off to-morrow morning and be married! But there, she was always such a child for her father! How you ever got her to go off the first time passes my understanding. Deary me! what a world it is! And, mercy me, what a wicked woman I have been! But there, it is no use talking; I have talked for these twenty years without mending matters. It'll have to be done, cost what it will, that is plain enough."

"It may be to you, but it is Greek to me. What will have to be done?" said Arthur.

"You and Eve married. But leave it to me; we shall hear what Noah says to-night, and then if he won't give his consent, I'll see what I can do."

Noah came in the evening, and, as Mrs. Oldman had foreseen, utterly refused to consent to the marriage, telling Eve Mr. Leicester was as much opposed to it as he was, and ending in persuading

Eve to go back with him to the ark the next day, promising to get Miss Grace to drive her home.

"And what time be Miss Grace coming, pray?" said Mrs. Oldman, when Noah informed her of his plan.

"About six o'clock, in the cool of the evening; Eve must not be out in the sun," said Noah, who was beaming with happiness at the prospect of Eve's speedy return.

"Humph! Well, maybe you'll see me over before that; so if you are going out fishing, just leave the key under the old stone; there is a deal to do in the ark before Eve comes home."

The next morning Mrs. Oldman was up early, and having given Eve her breakfast, told her she was going on business, and would not be back for several hours. The idea of her mother, who rarely went out except to church or to the village shop, going out on business struck Eve as odd, and the mysterious and important air she assumed was still more peculiar; but Mrs. Oldman was evidently not disposed to throw any light on her proceedings, and started on her expedition, leaving Eve smiling in spite of her sadness, and she was feeling very sad; but the thought that she was doing right was strengthening her in her resolution to follow Noah's advice.

Eve was in that state of convalescence when each new conscious access of strength is a joy, and so the thought of leaving the room in which she had been confined so long, and going home, was in itself a joy, and to obey her father's wishes in the first flush of their reconciliation was a sweet if a sad pleasure; for it could not overbalance the pain she felt in leaving Arthur, though she felt sure he would be constant to her and remain in the neighbourhood. The truth was, Eve was not strong enough to face the future; she could not think much in her weak state, and she did not realise that to say she would not marry Arthur without her father's consent meant to give him up; on the contrary, she had a vague idea that things would go on very much as they had done before. Arthur would, she supposed, remain at the Rectory, and they would meet as they had done before, except she should always tell Noah where she was going. Those old days had been very happy ones, and though they seemed so long ago, they were not really far off; they would return, and things would go on very much as before.

So thought Eve, but she was too young to know that the past never returns. Things can never be as they were before.

Arthur Clifford, on hearing that Mrs. Oldman was going to Windham, had offered the previous evening to take her across the broad in his yacht, but she had a righteous horror of every sort and kind of boat, and had declared she

* East Anglian for seems.

would rather walk ten miles any day than go five by boat; but when she was about to start on her long trudge, she found Arthur at the door in a dog-cart which he had hired, and he now insisted on driving her to Windham.

"It'll be all right, sir, never you fear, when once I have spoken to parson; he'll agree to the marriage fast enough, you'll see; but I want to go home first, if you have no objection."

"None whatever; in fact, I could hardly drive you to the Rectory, for Mr. Leicester and I are cuts just at present; but if only I could persuade Eve to marry me, he and my people too would all come round, I am sure. Let me take her abroad for a year, and she'll hold her own with the stateliest dowager in the county."

"So she will, and so she ought, for she is equal to the best of them, though I say it as ought not, and my old man would never forgive me if he heard me," said Mrs. Oldman; and so blind is love, that Arthur saw nothing remarkable in this speech.

Then after a hot and dusty drive through the quiet roads and sleepy villages, whose stillness is one of the most characteristic features of the broads, they reached Windham. Arthur put his horse up at the inn, while Mrs. Oldman made her way to the ark.

Noah was out, but he had hidden the key in the appointed place, and letting herself in, Mrs. Oldman proceeded to make an elaborate toilet, such as in her eyes befitted so auspicious an occasion as a visit to the Rectory and a private interview with the Rector. Then having fortified herself for the interview with some cold tea and bacon, she at length started for the Rectory. She was dressed in a coloured chintz dress, which had been laid up in lavender for fourteen or fifteen years, a white shawl with a coloured border, in which she had been married, her best bonnet, and a pair of silk gloves which Eve had given her years ago, but no occasion festive enough to justify their use had ever occurred; she carried a clean pocket-handkerchief, neatly folded in her gloved hands; and a fashionable young lady would have been right in maintaining she must have come out of the ark! She did come out of the ark, literally, at any rate.

She was very hot when she reached the Rectory; hot from her walk, and hot, too, at the thought of the coming interview, which, had she known French, she would have described as *un mauvais quart d'heure*.

"Is Mr. Leicester in the way? Oh, then will you please to ask him if I can speak to him alone for a few minutes," said Mrs. Oldman, as she reached the

back door after a long mental conflict, in which she had debated with herself whether the importance of her visit would not justify her in going to the front door, but with a fine discrimination she decided the importance of her visit did not affect the lowliness of the visitor's estate, so to the back door she went.

The folded handkerchief did a deal of duty, without being unfolded, as Mrs. Oldman followed the servant through some passages to Mr. Leicester's study, which she entered with knees that shook under her as she made her curtsy. Mr. Leicester, who was writing at his table, rose, and put a chair for her opposite himself, and seeing from her dress and manner the occasion was not an ordinary one, he inquired after Eve, to give his visitor confidence to state her business.

He was a reserved man, and though greatly beloved by his humbler parishioners, his manner was cold and distant, though, as they knew, a warm and sympathetic heart beat under that cold exterior.

"Eve is better, sir, thank you, much better. The doctor wishes her to be moved away from Bridgham at once."

"So I understand; and my daughter has promised Noah to drive her home this evening."

(To be continued.)

MITTENWALD AND ITS VIOLINS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER IV.

"Speechless alive, I heard the feathered throng;
Now, being dead, I emulate their song."
From the Italian.

WE have seen how the violin industry was established in Mittenwald, and have been witnesses to the manner in which the wood is selected. We will now follow this up by going through Herr Neuner's violin factory, and into the homes of private makers, which will enable us to see how the wood is used and how the work is set about.

The Mittenwaldians have good models from which to work—viz., those of Stainer, Amati, and other Italian masters—which were brought to the little town by Klotz, their teacher, when he returned from his sojourn in Italy, and the people have wisely adhered to them. This may be the secret of their success, for it is far better to have a good pattern to work from than to seek for information in books, and it is certain that in violin-making the best books to consult are the models of the great masters, on whose tables of wood their laws and principles are engraved.

The laws are the same whether they have to do with the smallest of violins or the largest double-bass, the identity of the rules being determined by those of the proportions.

The structure of the violin is the result of long experience, skill, and thought, and in so perfect a manner has it been handed down to us by the Italian masters, that it seems impossible to improve upon it.

We have only to read the lives of those who devoted their time and genius to the perfecting of this instrument to see what persistent industry they brought to bear upon the work, and how passionately they loved it.

There is a little sketch of Stradivarius,

describing him as tall and thin, wearing on his head a white cap, and in his work a white leather apron over his clothes, and concludes by saying that as he was always at work, he was never seen without his white apron.

One can almost see the picture of the man sitting up in the garret opposite the old church, working day by day for half a century, and pouring his longings, his passions, his love, his power, and his fancy into those exquisite lines and curves which appeal so strongly to our sense of the beautiful.

An enthusiastic lover of music, mounting this same garret not so long ago, said to himself as he looked round, "Here, up in the high air, with the sun his helper, the light his minister, the blessed soft airs his journeymen, through the long warm summer days worked Stradivarius!"

But he was not the only master whose life and energies were given to the perfecting of the violin, as we shall see later on.

The changes to be noticed in our violins when put side by side with those of the great masters is a somewhat larger sound board, in order to bear the increased pressure caused by the diapason being higher than in former times, and a little longer neck, owing to the greater length of string.

We are so accustomed to think of the violin as a whole, that if we were asked on the spur of the moment to say how many parts there were in it, we might probably count on our fingers the top, bottom, sides, neck, bridge, pegs, and button, and think we had told all.

These would not, however, express by a great many the number of parts which make up this graceful and harmonious whole. There are as many as fifty-eight, and it is necessary that all should be perfect.

If by chance any one of these members

should get out of order, or suffer in any way, the whole body of the violin would be sick. There are no separate interests; each part depends upon, and is helpful to, the other. Each, too, has its own burden to bear; the spirit that lay hidden in the wood would not only lose all its sweetness and power to charm, but would transform itself into a screech owl, if the various parts of the body in which it resides were not healthy and in harmony.

The body of the violin is like our own in this respect: that if one member suffer all the members suffer with it. It is like it, too, in that each has its proper place and function, and that all the parts are set in motion by, and are obedient to, a will power.

The analogy may be carried yet further. Neither one nor other can live without air—air regulated and in constant action. To deprive them of this would be to destroy life. We breathe through the pores of the body, so does a violin.

There is, however, this exception to the analogy, that whereas our bodies will in a few years crumble to dust, the body of the violin knows no decay. It grows more beautiful day by day, and gives forth sweeter sounds as the years go by. You may lay it aside for years, but it will awake to life and sweetness the moment the will power is brought to bear upon it. In a sense, it never grows old.

True, it may be stained with age and use, but this only adds to its honour and value, for, as Wendell Holmes beautifully expresses it, "it is stained through and through with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have kindled and faded on its strings."

No wonder it exercises a fascination over people, and that they love it with an affection oftentimes beyond that they give to their

friends; for who is there or what is there belonging to us that would accompany us to prison, to loneliness, or to festival, careless as to place or condition, so that it be with us? And what is there of all our possessions that can so suit itself to our position and moods as our violin?

I was once speaking with Herr Ludwig Straus before he came to England to delight us at the Monday Popular Concerts, and I remember a phrase of his as he was taking his violin lovingly out of its case. "I shall never marry; this [touching his violin] has all my affection; it is wife, friend, everything to me; it knows when I am sorry, and mourns with me; it knows when I am glad, and rejoices with me; it never scolds, it never tires of me."

How dearly Paganini loved his beautiful "Guarnerius," his only friend and companion, is easy to see by the acute agony he suffered when obliged to submit it to Vuillaume for an operation. Each crack and blow went to his soul, and he trembled all over.

Of course I know that everyone has not this intense love for a special violin, and I would quote as an example Molique, a pupil of Spohr, who was not only a splendid violinist, but a composer also. He did not in the least mind whose violin he played on. He would frequently come to a concert where he was to take a leading part without his violin, borrowing one from the orchestra; but this is a rare exception.

It seems that the violin has now and again exercised the physician's power of healing. Lord Beaconsfield told the story of a man of position being suddenly seized by violent illness, and instead of sending for a physician, desired the attendance of a band of violinists, who "played so well in his inside that his bowels became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours were harmoniously becalmed."

But all this time Herr Neuner has been waiting to conduct us through his factory. First we went into some large rooms where we saw stores of maple and pine-wood already cut, dried, and ready for use.

A curious feeling came over us as we stood there with our newly-acquired knowledge of the mysterious properties of wood, and the power they were likely some time or other to wield over us. We half expected to see some shadowy forms, or hear some ghostly sounds; but we remembered they had not yet taken the form in which a human voice or stroke of a hammer would meet with a response—the spirit within was for the present fast bound.

What we actually saw were pieces of trees of high character—trees which had done nothing in their lives to destroy the spirit and power within them, the infallible proofs of which they bore about them, in the perfectly regular rings spoken of in the last chapter.

We passed into another room, where men were busy over these pieces of wood; each had a pattern from which to work; this pattern, whether for the back or belly, was laid on the wood, so that it could not shift its position, and outlined with a dark pencil.

The wood was then passed on to a set of workers, whose business it was to cut away all outside the pencil mark, and leave only the shape of the top or bottom table.

These shapes were given to the most experienced and talented workmen to mould them into the required form. For this work they had various sizes of instruments, which looked like cheese scoops, and with them they obtained the various gradations of thicknesses, and gave to the backs and bellies that graceful arch which pleases the eye so much.

The slightest irregularity in performing this part of the work would render all the rest imperfect. If the bellies and backs be too much arched the elasticity of the wood does not get free play; if they be too thick the wood would give out too shrill a sound, and if

made too thin the result would be too deep a tone.

We could not understand this, as we had always believed just the contrary, and asked to have it explained. Herr Neuner said that ours had been the general belief until research and experiments had proved the opposite to be the fact.

He then took two plates of the same material and exactly the same diameter, one, however, being twice as thick as the other, and, to my surprise, the tone drawn from the thin plates was an octave lower than that given out by the thick one!

We lingered long in this room, there was so much to interest us. The work here could be done by no hard and fast rule; there was nothing to guide the hands but genius and experience.

It was here we learned that the utmost attention must be given to the gradations of the thicknesses in the belly and back of the violin, and that in this operation lies principally the talent of the artist.

It has been said with truth that "the thicknesses of the upper and lower tables are like the wheels of a machine, the dial movements of a watch, or the clockwork of a pendulum."

Our guide explained that the workman could not with impunity decrease or amplify the thicknesses even by an atom. If too thick they oppose to the pulsation and movement of the air too much resistance, and if too thin they do not oppose enough.

In the latter case the vibration stops and the notes get rigid.

The bottom and the upper table contradict each other if the thicknesses be wrong. There is trembling where there should be resistance, the left sounds to the prejudice of the right, and the right to the prejudice of the left.

Again we saw that the workman had to use his discretion about the thicknesses in another way. For example—suppose the wood for the belly were extra hard and dense, he would make it thinner; but if very soft, light, and dry, he would make it thicker; and on this point there is no theory or strict rule.

In fact, Herr Neuner declared that the fault of the large majority of violins was that the thicknesses were badly calculated by workmen not up to their work.

We did not pick up this knowledge all at once, but went from the factory to the homes of the private makers, and to the violin school in the town, where we heard lessons given on the structure of the violin, and illustrated by the work in the hands of the pupils.

The falsification of the thicknesses is easy to prove. There is no more need to take a violin to pieces to find this out than to melt down a five-shilling piece in order to test its genuineness. "The bow will be the touchstone, the sound the condemnor, and the ear the judge."

If the table bends under the bridge, if the violin does not keep in tune, if the strings give out uncertain sounds, it is generally because the belly and back are too tight—the first step in the construction is wrong, and therefore not to be remedied.

In forming the two tables, the maker must secure equality of action, facility of respiration, and full volume of sound. If the arch be not sufficiently high, three things are lost, viz., quality of tone, solidity of the instrument, and elegance of shape.

The results of wrong or faulty thicknesses are given by an old writer in the following words:

"The first strings will be ear-piercers, the second will sound like kettledrums, the shrill thirds will talk through the nose, and the fourth strings will be iron bars."

Stradivarius experimented for forty years on the shape and thicknesses of the two tables, and so well was he rewarded for his pains, that his instruments are to this day the most esteemed for the power of their tone.

The Italian masters generally have been described as mathematical builders, from their nice and minute observation of the proportions most conducive to power, tone, and elegance. They never abandoned themselves to the caprice of chance. Each piece of wood fashioned by their hands reveals the most profound thought. It is certain that each master thought for himself, and never gave lodging in his mind to what is called luck or chance.

When with painful efforts a master traced new routes for himself, more or less direct, the various parts of his work were just as much subject to rules and principles as in the old road.

"If," says Abbé Sibire, "the efforts of those clever, capable men were not always master-strokes, they advanced the science for the future; and far from imputing blame to them for their deviations, we ought to be obliged to them, for some of their involuntary errors, arising from inexperience, have become to us sources of light."

Nicholas Amati, in whose house and studio the young Mittenwaldian Klotz was educated, and who stands second only to Stradivarius, his pupil, gave unremitting attention to the minutest portion of the art he loved so well. With his increased knowledge and experience, he learned that the two most important things in constructing a violin was the choice of wood and knowledge of the gradations of thicknesses in the upper and lower tables. To this last he devoted himself, and the result was, that he gradually departed from the form and model from which his family had worked, and made changes both in the arching and the thicknesses of the backs and bellies, till he arrived at those beautiful instruments known as the "Grand Amatis," and made for himself a name which will live as long as the world loves music.

Seeing and hearing all this, made us understand a little of the importance of the work we were watching. But here were only two individual parts out of the fifty-eight necessary for the whole, and besides they would be of no service as long as they stood alone and unsupported by the other members, however beautifully they were finished off, and we expected now to be taken to the room where the supports of these two tables were being made.

Not so, however; we had forgotten a very important thing indeed, which was the making of the two mouths or *f* holes on the upper table.

Each master had his own idea about these all-important sound holes, and therefore they vary somewhat in form and position. Looking at these with a critical eye, you may almost pronounce at once the name of the master.

The piercing of these holes requires scrupulous care and attention, and are worked from a pattern. The table is divided accurately in the centre, which is the respondent to the sounds; if this were not done the air would be rarer on one side than on the other; it would enter and depart in unequal portions, and draw out the sound without dividing it as exactly as it is required.

For this work you must have compass in both eye and hand, as any irregularity would seriously affect the position of the sound-post, and render that of the bridge impossible.

As lookers-on we are constantly impressed with the fact that on the intimate relation of all the parts together depends the success of the instrument. Each must correspond to and balance the other, and if the workman knows his work he will constrain each part to do this.

Our guide now proposed to take us to the room where the sides or bouts were made; but lest we should weary our readers, we postpone our visit there to the next month.

(To be continued.)

PIANOFORTE DUETS AND PIANOFORTE DUET PLAYING.

LIVING COMPOSERS.



GRATEFUL task is now before me, inasmuch as there is a mass of lovely material to draw on for this paper.

Naturally it is to be expected that, simultaneously with the development of the compass of the piano, a development of the importance and number of duets would inevitably occur.

This has undoubtedly taken place, for although Schubert undeniably has beaten the record in point of beauty and variety of duets, yet taken collectively the duets of living composers are far more important and numerous than those of bygone days. Take only Dvorák with his ten books. But gently! I must not anticipate. Dvorák's duets are too good to be hastily talked about. Let us keep them till last, and give them the full measure of our admiration and respectful criticism.

I really don't know where to commence—they are all so lovely. However, by way of a good start, let me pay a tribute to the genius and musicianly qualities of an English composer—Algernon Ashton—who is entitled to our grateful thanks for his lovely English, Scotch, and Irish dances, and also his march and tarantella. These are not easy pieces, but the wealth of imitation and counterpoint combined with the melodies so happily and melodiously in the three different styles, make them well worthy of the earnest study of the duettist.

Let me express a hope that this talented composer will render us still more under an obligation by writing a duet sonata.

I should mention that all these works are published by Simrock of Berlin.

Brahms—ah! a little word of complaint—not as to the duets themselves—who doesn't know Brahms' Hungarian dances, but who (save a few earnest amateurs) know they are really and truly written as pianoforte duets (in four books)?

Now, my dear readers, don't let our violinist friends claim these as their own inheritance. They may tell you, "Oh, yes, Hungarian dances: Brahms' 'Joachim.'" Nothing of the sort, fair reader! They are Brahms' pianoforte duets, which he permitted Joachim to arrange for the violin, and I believe the composer himself has scored them for the orchestra.

Dvorák himself has—Hush! wait till further on, impatient pen.

Brahms has also written his "Songs of Love" waltzes, Op. 52, for pianoforte duet, with voices *ad libitum*; but his new "Songs of Love," Op. 65, are written for four voices and pianoforte duet accompaniment.

I find on referring to Simrock's catalogue that book 3 of the Hungarian dances is scored by Albert Parlow, and book 4 by Dvorák, and that all four books are arranged for cello and piano by Piatti.

I do not think it would be out of place to mention that Cipriani Potter's favourite amusement was playing pianoforte duets; and I know Miss Grace Sherrington and her niece, the accomplished singer, Miss Ella Lemmens—

now, alas! lost to the concert stage—made it a favourite recreation; and I have heard that it is also a pastime of some of the members of our own Royal family.

Coming back now to business, I must mention some charming pieces of Nicodé, Op. 7, also some valse caprices, Op. 10, and his Op. 26, a ball scene (valse), not difficult but charming music (published by Augener).

The cousins Philipp and Xaver Scharwenka have contributed a good deal to art in this form. I have four books of Philipp Scharwenka which are all very lovely and not too difficult.

A polonaise in E minor is perhaps rather intricate, but a minuet in G major, a Hungarian piece, and a most enchanting valse in E flat major, will I am sure be voted just the thing for an "at home" or friendly gathering. The valse I am especially in love with. It is numbered Op. 30, No. 2; they are all published by Breitkopf and Härtel, and can be obtained here (as can all the foreign music mentioned) at Messrs. Pitt and Hatzfeld, 62, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W., who keep them in stock; whereas I think the other foreign music importers would be obliged to send abroad for them, thus causing a delay of at least a week.

I know of the famous conductor and composer, Reinecke of Leipsic, three fantasias published by Augener, of which the third, called "A Northern Ballad," is most spirited and original. His Op. 46, music to Hoffman's "Nutmackers and Mouse-king" is for four hands on the piano.

There is also of his a collection of pieces, Op. 54, of which the treble is written in a compass of five notes only, in one position of the hand. They are most charming, and are just the thing for little Mary or Alice to play with her big sister!

Julius Röntgen has some pieces, Op. 4; an Introduction, Scherzo, Intermezzo, and Finale, Op. 16; Theme and Variations, Op. 17, etc.

I am coming soon to the great duet writers of the present age by an ascending order of beauty, and next I think the veteran Niels W. Gade is entitled to be mentioned for some charming marches and poetic tone-pictures.

May I be allowed to mention a composer who died, alas! just as his immortal opera had established its beauty and originality? Need I say I mean Bizet? He has given us in his short span of life a suite of twelve duets, called "Jeux d'Enfants," from which the orchestral "Petite Suite" is taken, which consists of five pieces, Nos. 2, 3, 6, 11, 12, from the Pianoforte Duet Suite, scored for orchestral use by the composer; but the music belongs to us, my dear duettist readers—it is ours by right of birth.

Now for another great suite—Rubinstein, "Le Bal Costumé"—enough to make the most staid old grandmamma want to have a dance.

Of course this again is mostly played on the orchestra, but it is nevertheless written for us as a collection of pianoforte duets.

Let us hope that ere long the great pianist composer will give us some more duets from his untiring pen, and if they may be in dance rhythm, still greater will be our happiness and content.

I now speak of music, at once sweet, contrapuntal and original.

There are some valse duets of Gouvy (in two books) which have only to be known in order to carry all before them in this line.

Next to the valse of Chopin and Schubert I do not think anything in this particular dance rhythm has been written to equal them. They are irresistible in their gaiety and abandon. There are also of his some short pieces, Op. 59, and some Variations, Op. 57 and Op. 52.

The Norse composer Greig has impressed his striking personality upon some books of Norse dances, valse caprices, symphonic pieces, and the music to Peer Gynt, which was written in duet form.

When I speak of Moszkowski I mention a name that must be endeared to every girl in the land who has heard his sparkling and melodious "Spanish Dances" (two books), German Rounds from Foreign Parts, etc.

Moszkowski is quite a young man. When I saw him conduct his "Joan of Arc" at the Philharmonic, some two seasons ago, he was then, I believe, only 30 or 31.

We certainly anticipate a great amount of pleasure from his forthcoming works, and let us hope he will not neglect the form in which he first won such popularity in England.

I know also of his "four four-handed pieces," Op. 33, Children's March, Humoreske, Tarantelle, and Spinning Song. The tarantelle I consider one of the best and most original pieces of the kind.

A respected professor, Mr. Li Calsi, once did me the kindness of playing some of these duets at a concert. When I took them to him to rehearse, after the tarantelle, he immediately exclaimed (with his characteristic impetuosity), "Oh, what a beauty!" and immediately played it through again.

The same composer's "German Rounds" also greatly pleased him. I have kept Dvorák's duets to the last, with an incredible display of patience. There are ten books of these efforts of genius—

Four books of Slav dances, two books of legends, two books of bagatelles, and two books from the Bohemian woods.

I could dilate for a long while on the beauty and originality of this music. The piquant rhythm, the fascinating melody, the scholarly and inexhaustible counterpoint, immediately excite and engage the attention and reverence of the listener or executant.

I can only say, get them—all if you can, but get them, any of them, if you want a musical treat of a thoroughly new kind.

They are the greatest works of the kind, in my opinion, ever written, and I give that as my deliberate opinion after fourteen or fifteen years' experience of duets and duet playing.

I cannot do more than mention that there exist duets of César Cui, Massenet, Welterlin, von Bulow, Gernsheim, Goldmark, Huber, Taubert, Volkmann, Wuerst, Bachmann, Lack, Spindler, etc.

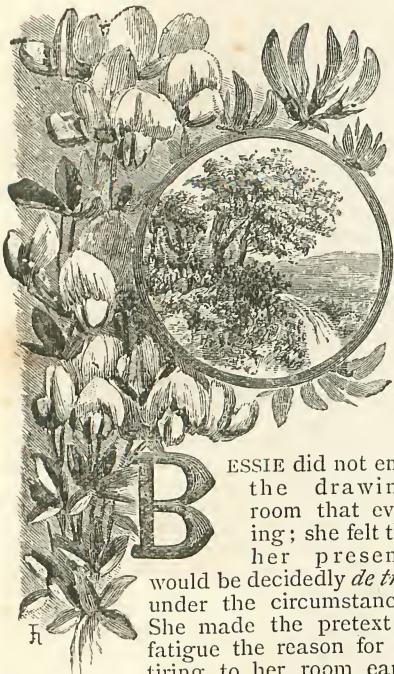
I shall in my next devote some space to the consideration of arrangement—an important subject in our music life of to-day.

WALTER VAN NOORDEN.
(To be continued.)



OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XV.
SHE WILL NOT COME."

BESSIE did not enter the drawing-room that evening; she felt that her presence would be decidedly *de trop* under the circumstances. She made the pretext of fatigue the reason for retiring to her room early, and Richard accepted the excuse as though he believed in it.

"Well, I daresay you will be more comfortable," he agreed. "My mother will be sure to come up and wish you good-night. Confess now, Miss Lambert, are you not wishing yourself at home this evening?"

"No, of course not," replied Bessie, briskly. "Have you not promised me another ride to-morrow?" But all the same, as she went upstairs, she thought a talk with her mother and Hatty would have been very soothing. She was sitting by her window thinking over things in general, when there was a tap at her door, and Mrs. Sefton entered.

"Richard told me you were tired and had gone up to bed," she said, more kindly than usual. "I am so sorry, my dear, that you have had such an uncomfortable afternoon. Edna has been very naughty—very naughty indeed; but Richard and I feel very grateful to you for accompanying her."

"I thought it was the right thing to do, Mrs. Sefton."

"Yes, of course, there was nothing else to be done; but it was a foolish freak on Edna's part." Mrs. Sefton spoke in a worried voice, and her face looked tired and harassed. Bessie said as much, and she replied—

"Oh, yes; I am worried enough. I have had a fatiguing day in town, and then when Neville and I entered the house expecting a welcome, there was Richard's moody face and your note to greet us. And now, to make things worse,

Edna chooses to be offended at Neville's coming down in this way, and declares he meant to be a spy on her. She won't say a civil word to him, and yet it is for him to be displeased; but I think he would waive all that if she would only own she has acted ungenerously to him. I must say Neville is behaving beautifully. He speaks as gently as possible; but Edna is in one of her tempers, and she will not listen to reason."

"I am sorry," replied Bessie, looking so full of sympathy that Mrs. Sefton relaxed from her usual cold dignity.

"Oh, my dear," she said, and now there were tears in her eyes, "I am afraid it is all my fault. I have indulged Edna too much, and given her her own way in everything; and now she tyrannises over us all. If I had only acted differently." And here the poor woman sighed.

Bessie echoed the sigh, but she could think of nothing to say that could comfort Mrs. Sefton; she was evidently reaping the effects of her own injudicious weakness. She had not taught her child to practise self-discipline and self-control. Her waywardness had been fostered by indulgence, and her temper had become more faulty. "What man is there among you whom if his son ask bread, will give him a stone?" asked the Divine Teacher; and yet there are many parents who offer these stony gifts to their children, loading them with false kindness and indulgence, leaving evil weeds unchecked, and teaching them everything but the one thing needful.

"Oh, how different from mother!" thought Bessie, when she was left alone, and recalled the time when her young will had been over strong, and there had been difficult points in her character, and yet how sensibly and how tenderly her mother had dealt with them.

She had never been blind to one of her children's faults, and up to a certain age it had been her habit, on the eve of their birthdays, to talk quietly to them, pointing out their failings and defective habits, and giving her opinion on the year's improvement. "On a birthday one ought to begin afresh," she would say, "and make a new start." How well Bessie could remember these talks, and the gentle words of praise that generally closed them. She was almost sorry when she was too grown up for them, and quiet self-examination took the place of these fond maternal admonitions.

When Bessie joined the family at breakfast, she found Mr. Sinclair helping Edna with the urn. He accosted Bessie with much friendliness, and seemed pleased to see her again. She had been prepossessed with him at their first meeting, and she thought his manner still pleasanter on this second occasion,

and she was struck afresh with his air of quiet refinement. He took part in the conversation with much animation, and talked more to Richard than to anyone else. Edna did not appear to have recovered herself; she took very little notice of anybody, and received her *fiancé's* attentions rather ungraciously. Bessie thought she looked as though she had not slept well; her eyes had a heavy look in them, as though her head ached. Bessie had her ride directly afterwards, and as Richard assisted her to mount, Mr. Sinclair stood on the steps and watched them.

"What are you and Edna going to do with yourselves?" asked Richard, presently.

Mr. Sinclair smiled.

"I shall do whatever Edna likes; perhaps she will drive me somewhere; she looks as though the fresh air would do her good. I shall have to go back to town this evening, so I must make the most of my day in the country."

The house was so still when they returned, that Bessie thought they had started for the drive, when she ran upstairs to take off her habit. She seated herself presently by one of the drawing-room windows with her work, wondering what everyone was doing.

Her work interested her, and she was quietly enjoying herself, when she heard quick footsteps in the hall outside, and a moment afterwards a door slammed.

"They have come back I suppose," thought Bessie, and she worked on, until the drawing-room door opened and Mr. Sinclair came in alone. He seemed surprised to see Bessie, but the next minute he had crossed the room hastily.

"Miss Lambert, will you do me a favour? I cannot find Mrs. Sefton, and I have no one else to ask."

"Certainly," returned Bessie, and she rose at once.

Mr. Sinclair looked pale and troubled, and his manner was extremely nervous.

"Then will you be so good as to beg Edna to come down to me for a moment; she has misunderstood—that is, I wish to speak to her—there is a slight misconception. Edna has gone to her own room."

"I will go at once," exclaimed Bessie, feeling convinced by his manner that something was very wrong. Edna must have quarrelled with him again. She ran upstairs and knocked at Edna's door, but received no answer; it was not locked, however, and after a moment's hesitation she entered. Edna had evidently not heard her; she was standing by the window in her walking dress. As Bessie spoke to attract her attention, she turned round and frowned angrily; something in her face made Bessie breathless with apprehension.

"What do you want?" she asked, harshly.

"Mr. Sinclair sent me," pleaded Bessie; "he is very anxious to speak to you; he begs that you will come downstairs. He thinks that there is some mistake."

"No, there is no mistake," replied Edna, slowly; "you may tell him so from me."

"Why not tell him yourself, Edna?"

"Because I have had enough of Mr. Sinclair's company this morning. Because nothing would induce me to speak to him again. I thought I had locked my door to prevent intrusion; but I suppose I forgot. Please give him my message that there was no mistake—oh, none at all."

Bessie hesitated, but another look at Edna's face showed her that any entreaty at this moment would be vain, so she went out of the room without another word.

Mr. Sinclair was standing just where she had left him; he looked at her anxiously.

Bessie shook her head.

"She will not come," she said, sorrowfully.

"Will not? Did she give no reason—send no message?"

"Only that there was no mistake; she repeated that more than once. Perhaps she will change her mind in a little while." But Mr. Sinclair did not seem to hear her.

"No mistake! Then she meant it—she meant it!" he muttered, and his face became quite changed. He had walked to the window, but he came back again.

"Thank you, Miss Lambert. I am very much obliged to you," he said, as though feeling he had been deficient in politeness; but before she could reply he had left the room.

The gong sounded for luncheon directly afterwards, but Bessie found the dining-room empty, so she sat down to her work again, and by-and-by Dixon brought her a message that his mistress was waiting. Mrs. Sefton was in the room alone; she motioned Bessie to a seat, and began to carve the chicken before her. No one else made their appearance; but Mrs. Sefton did not apologise for their absence. She scarcely ate anything herself, and made no attempt to sustain the conversation. She looked preoccupied and troubled, and as soon as the meal was over she begged Bessie to amuse herself, as she had some important business to settle, and left the room.

Bessie passed a solitary afternoon; but though her book was interesting, her attention often wandered. She was sure something was seriously wrong, and she felt vaguely unhappy on Edna's account. She could not forget Mr. Sinclair's face when she had brought him that message. It was as though he had received a blow that he scarcely knew how to bear.

Dixon brought her some tea, and told her that his mistress and Miss Edna were having theirs in the dressing-room. Later on, as she went indoors to prepare for dinner, she encountered Richard; he had just driven up to the

door in his dogcart, and Brand and Gelert were with him.

"Where is Mr. Sinclair?" she ventured to ask, as he smiled at seeing her.

"He has gone," he replied. "I have just driven him to the station. Do you know where my mother is to be found?"

"I have not seen her since luncheon," answered Bessie. "I think she is with Edna."

"Very likely. I will go and see." And Richard sprang up the staircase three steps at a time. Bessie thought he looked tired and worried, too; and to add to the general oppression, a storm seemed gathering, for the air felt unusually still and sultry.

Edna did not join them at dinner, and the meal was hardly more festive than the luncheon had been. Mrs. Sefton hardly opened her lips, and Richard only made a few general remarks.

Bessie expected that her evening would be as solitary as her afternoon, but, rather to her surprise, Mrs. Sefton followed her into the drawing-room.

Bessie was just debating in her own mind whether she should ask permission to go up to Edna, when Mrs. Sefton beckoned her to sit down beside her.

"My dear," she said, "you are feeling very uncomfortable I can see, and you do not like to ask questions; you think something is the matter, and you are right. Edna is making us all very unhappy. She has quarrelled with Neville, and has broken off her engagement with him, and nothing that Richard or I can say to her will induce her to listen to reason."

"Oh, Mrs. Sefton, how dreadful!"

"Yes, is it not heart-breaking? Poor Neville! and he is so devoted to her. They were to have been married next spring, but now Edna declares that nothing would induce her to marry him. She will have it that he is jealous and monopolising, and that he distrusts her. Over and over again she told us both that she would be the slave of no man's caprice. Of course it is all her temper; she is just mad with him because he is always in the right, and she knows how ungenerously she has acted; but by-and-by she will repent, and break her heart, for she is certainly fond of him, and then it will be too late."

"And she has really sent him away?"

"Yes, she told him to go, that she never wanted to see him again; and he has gone, poor fellow; Richard drove him to the station. He says he never saw a man so terribly cut up, but he told Richard just at the last that perhaps it might prove the best for them in the end, that they were not suited to each other, and never had been, but that Edna had never shown him her temper quite so plainly before."

"Oh, Mrs. Sefton, how terrible it all seems! Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," in a voice of despair. "Richard and I have talked to her for hours, but it is no use. She declares that it is a good thing she and Neville at last understand each other, that she will never repent her decision, and yet all

the time she looks utterly wretched. But she will not own it; it is just her pride and her temper," finished the unhappy mother, "and I must stand by and see her sacrifice her own happiness, and say nothing."

"May I go up to her, Mrs. Sefton? Do you think she would care to see me?"

"I think she will see you now, and it is not good for her to be alone; but you will find her very hard and impracticable."

"I shall not mind that, if she will only let me be with her a little; but I cannot bear to think of her, shut up with only miserable thoughts to keep her company," and here Bessie's eyes filled with tears, for she was very sympathetic and soft-hearted.

"Then go to her, my dear, and I hope you may do her some good." And Bessie went at once.

Just outside the door she met Richard; he was on his way to the drawing-room.

"I am going up to Edna," she said, as he looked at her inquiringly. "Oh, Mr. Sefton, I am so sorry for her! She is making herself and everyone else miserable."

"I am more sorry for Sinclair," he returned, and his face looked very stern as he spoke. "She has treated him abominably. Wait a moment, Miss Lambert," as she seemed about to leave him, "there is no hurry, is there? and I have not spoken to you to-day. Do you think you are wise to mix yourself up in this? My mother is thinking more of Edna than of you, but you will do no good, and only make yourself miserable. Leave Edna alone to-night, and come and play to me instead."

"Mr. Sefton, I never thought you could be so selfish."

He laughed outright, as Bessie said this very seriously.

"Never trust any man; we are all of us selfish. But to tell you the truth, I was not thinking of my own enjoyment at that minute. I wanted to save you an hour's unpleasantness, but I see you prefer to make yourself miserable."

"I think I do in the present instance," returned Bessie, quietly.

"Very well, have your own way; but if you take my advice, you will not waste your pity upon Edna. She is flinging away her happiness with her eyes open, just to gratify her temper. You see I can speak plainly, Miss Lambert, and call things by their right names. Just out of pride and self-will, she is bidding goodbye to one of the best fellows living, and all the time she knows that he is a good fellow. She won't find another Neville Sinclair, I tell her."

"No, and it is just because she is doing it herself that I am so sorry for her," replied Bessie. "Please don't keep me, Mr. Sefton; you do not understand—how can you? If he had died, if anything else had separated them, it would be so much easier to bear, but to do it herself, and then to be so sorry for it afterwards, oh, how miserable that must be!" and Bessie's voice became a little unsteady as she hastily bade him good-night.

(To be continued.)



THE IDLE SERVANT.

From the painting by Nicholas Maas, in the National Gallery.

THE SERVICE OF BEAUTY

BEAUTY IN THE HOME.



WE have been considering the beautiful in its widest aspects—in Nature, in Art, and in Literature. Let us now confine it to a particular application, and one very important to us all—its relation to our homes.

This view of the beautiful concerns us women closely. Here we find a province in which are called forth our special gifts and qualifications in the "service of Beauty"—our sense of fitness, our love of order, our power of administration and readiness of resource, our retirement and leisure for cultivating the graces of life. It is the woman's presence and influence which make the home, in the deepest sense of that word, so rich in meaning. Without her, the fairest dwelling is but a place to lodge in; with it, the grass beneath and the open sky above may become a true home.

There is little need to fear that English folks will ever value their homes too lightly; the love of them is bound up with the national life, and is likely to last as long. But firm as it may be, this love is capable of being, and needs to be, elevated. It must be kept free from over-attention to physical comfort, from the tendency to luxurious materialism, from what may be called family selfishness, or it will tend to harm instead of good, and we shall be recalled in pain and sorrow from our low ideal to a vision of One who had not where to lay His head.

The outward aspect of our homes is a very important element in their constitution. Two reflections will help to bear in mind the solemn necessity of making them what they should be outwardly. First, that they reflect ourselves; secondly, that they help to mould our moral nature with a silent but incessant influence. I lately had occasion to enter a number of homes owned by women, the occupants being unknown to me. While waiting for an interview, I taxed my powers of observation to read the character of the inmates from the open book before me. With a little practice, one can gather quite an astonishing amount of reliable information. In the lower middle-class homes, the two things which I found most frequently marring their fair aspect were conventionality—resulting in dullness and discomfort—and a lack of feeling for form and colour, resulting in harsh contrasts, false ornament, and general unwhiteness—another name for ugliness. The good points were cleanliness, and the evident pride taken in the household gods. I was struck also with the gradual introduction of a higher standard of taste—the farthest ripples of the wave of æstheticism. Sometimes the contrast and mixture of the old style and the new was ludicrous; but one felt thankful that at least the change had begun, and that the old stiffness and want of harmony were giving way. In the higher-class homes it was easy to trace the refining influence of a true perception of beauty; in others, the love of material ease, or the crude results of wealth without taste.

There are few homes without the sweet presence of young girls. Probably each of

them looks forward vaguely to a home of which she will have the forming. Meanwhile she must not be discouraged if her parents' home represents their tastes rather than her own. She has more than enough scope for her powers in brightening it, and in promoting and ministering to the love of beauty. Here are a few golden rules for guidance in this matter. We must first aim at order, in which I include neatness, cleanliness, punctuality, efficiency, in all the means and appliances for working, resting, and eating. Order carries a great many virtues in her train; if they rebel, she soon ceases to reign supreme. There can be no real beauty in a home untidy or dirty. What pleasure can we gain from sitting in a room hung with the finest pictures, if we are poisoned all the while by bad drainage, or afflicted in our sense of smell by a cook whose kitchen emits a whole houseful of evil odours? It is very essential to remember that beauty appeals to more senses than one.

After order, we may aim at decoration. In considering decorative art, we may find a golden rule suggested by the derivation of the word decoration from the same Latin root, *decorus*, which gives us decorous, fitting. Decorative art means art which is fitted to its purpose. In fine art we may say that an object is fit because it is beautiful; in decorative art, that it is beautiful because it is fit. In the latter the artist must find his limit in the purpose of the object which he is decorating. The term conventional in this connection implies an agreement or convention between the artist and Nature, as to how far he may imitate her, which must be only so far as to be consistent with the specific purpose of the object to be decorated. Ornament, according to the rule of the best art, grows naturally out of the fitness of the object, just as "beauty is Nature's signal of attainment."

Avoid all deception and shams in your attempts to decorate. No cultivated eye can possibly be gratified by anything which pretends to be what it is not. Morris says, "Have nothing in your houses which you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful." From what a mass of lumber and hideous objects the carrying out of this simple rule would relieve many of us!

Aim at nothing which cannot be well carried out. It is delightful to have quantities of flowers and plants about us; but if we have not large rooms or time to attend properly to their cultivation and renewing, it is better to have a few which are not in the way, and always in perfect order.

A few simple directions for furnishing and decorating a room will illustrate these rules.

Let the purpose for which the room is to be used be kept in mind throughout, that your aim may be clear and consistent in adapting it as closely as possible to the needs of its occupants, and in making its decoration appropriate to its use.

We will take a common living-room, to be occupied generally by the various members of a middle-class household. Consider its capabilities as to height, light, position of door, windows and fireplaces, so as to make the most of it.

Have the woodwork all as good as possible, but real. Plain deal is better than imitation oak. Let ceiling and walls be washed in some soft tint, and varnished, or better still, painted. Keep the whole subdued in tone, bearing in mind that the room is to serve as a background. Choose a tint to light up well by gas or candle light. Beware of gas in your room, but if you have it at all let it be in branches on the walls, and always shaded. If possible, have movable lamps and candles in a brass chandelier.

Let the grate be well set, decorated with tiles and a tiled hearth, the mantelpiece high, with an over-mantel. Have your floor stained and varnished in a border 1½ ft. wide, cover the rest with India matting, and put good Eastern rugs here and there.

Let the windows be hung with soft material which will drape well—of some plain warm tint; have the curtains bordered with good embroidery, and cut just to the ground. Hang them by rings on a brass rod, without cornice. Have chairs of the best wood you can afford, and of a shape practical, comfortable, and good to look at, and which it is not fatal to tilt back—chairs in which you can sit up to write or work, and easy chairs in which it is impossible to be uneasy, at least physically. Have a couch broad, flat, and long enough to lie down upon, and cushions serviceable as pillows upon occasion. Have this furniture well stuffed, and covered with plain, good material, which will not quarrel with your walls and curtains.

Let the table be square-cornered, and substantial; do not place it in the middle of the room, and as its *raison d'être* is to hold things, do not cover it with fixtures, that you cannot put anything down upon it.

Have a writing-table of similar character, well furnished with writing materials, and low book-shelves, accessible to all, without doors, the top of which will serve to hold china, or any such decoration.

Bear in mind that there is a strong tendency on the part of *enough* to become *too much*, and keep out of your room unnecessary accumulations. Having got the essentials, be chary of adding to them.

Have as many good pictures, however simple, as you have room for, but hang up nothing merely to cover the walls. Good copies are better than poor originals.

Have some beautiful needlework, but never place it where it can seem superfluous or in the way. Do not have embroidered chair-backs too delicate to be touched, nor tables so highly polished that it is a social sin to risk scratching them, nor anything so fine as to impede the children's free movements.

Aim at as much simplicity as is compatible with comfort, and as much beauty as you can fairly and thoroughly enjoy.

We do not always realise what a strong influence our surroundings send back upon us. As we make them, so they make us. Perhaps we have all felt at some time the pleasure, the delicious restfulness, of entering a room thoroughly harmonious to every sense and need; but we differ very much from each other in sensitiveness, and from ourselves at different times. We are apt to become blunted to our surroundings, to imagine that they do not affect us because they are familiar. It may be unconsciously, but still I maintain we are affected for good or ill by everything about us. We can hardly live in the presence of a work of art without insensibly absorbing its beauty. We cannot live in sight of ugliness without our taste being jarred and hurt, or else vitiated and lowered.

With some of us, false notes and discords in the music of the eye will produce a thrill of positive physical pain, but none are altogether unaffected by it, whether they know it or not.

It is for us women to shut out from our homes every harsh, repellent element—to bring into them every tint of loveliness we can learn or imitate from Nature and Art—to make them temples raised to the "service of Beauty," green oases in the barrenness of the hard and dreary world.

(To be continued.)

POETS OVER-SEA.

A GOSSIP ON THE RECENT POETRY OF AMERICA.

By GLEESON WHITE, Author of "Some Poetry we Read," "Ballades and Rondeaux," etc.

PART II.



MR. THAXTER has won full and lasting appreciation in her own land, and turning over the pages of "The Cruise of the Mystery," and her "Poems," two of the five volumes she has written, the wonder is that she is not better known here. Her delight in nature, and the pure, honest joy in living, make her verses not merely a pleasure, but a mental tonic. In these days of morbid self-questioning, and querulous askings if life itself is worth living, she strikes a true and rare note. Much study of poetry, many estimable people contend, unfits the student for everyday work; but such cannot be said of Celia Thaxter's lyrics: the healthful optimism of her praise of living, her exquisite nature-pictures and strong humanity, are no feigned sentiment. One look at her portrait shows that the peace and joy of her song is the outcome of a glad heart, that looks for the best, and therefore finds evidence of it everywhere. Nor are her poems merely "moral and emotional"; they are full of delicate movement and exquisite play of light that only the true crystal flashes. In despair of doing justice to the poet herself, or proving the truth of this praise, the following will at least show one side of her work, and become probably favourites here, as they are in the United States.

A ROSE OF JOY.

For a Betrothal.

As when one wears a fragrant rose
Close to the heart, a rosé most fair,
And while the day's life onward flows,
Forget that it is fastened there;

And wonders what delicious charm
Dwells in the air about, and whence
Come the rich wafts of perfume warm,
Subtly saluting soul and sense;

And then, remembering what it is,
Bends smiling eyes the flower above,
Adores its beauty and its bliss,
And looks on it with grateful love—

Even so I wear, O friend of mine,
The sweet thought of your happiness;
The knowledge of your joy divine
Is fragrant with a power to bless.

With the day's work preoccupied,
Vaguely, half conscious of delight,
Upborne as on a buoyant tide,
I wonder why life seems so bright.

Then memory speaks; then winter gray,
And age and cares that have no end
Touch one no more. I am to-day
Rich in the wealth that cheers my friend.

The last volume by Mrs. Harriett Prescott Spofford, entitled "Ballads about Authors," is a good idea, well worked out. Unfortunately for our purpose they are too large to quote, for the feeling that re-tells the old stories of Cowper and his hares, Collins burning his odes, Samuel Johnson in Uttoxeter Market, and the others, is most charming, and the rhythm and music of the pieces alike good. In an earlier volume there are not a few lyrics of great beauty. The three, picked almost at random, each show that a certain dignity of

thought as well as pleasant words are characteristic of their author's work.

THE PINE TREE.

Before your atoms came together
I was full grown, a tower of strength,
Seen by the sailors out at sea,
With great storms measuring all my length,
Making my mighty minstrelsy
Companion of the ancient weather.

Yours! Just as much as the stars that shiver

When the frost sparkles overhead!
Call yours as soon those viewless airs
That sing in the clear vault, and tread
The clouds! Less yours than theirs—
The fish-hawks swooping round the river!

In the primeval depths, embowering
My broad boughs with my branching peers,

My gums I spilled in precious drops—
Ay, even in those elder years
The eagle building in my tops,
Along my boughs the panther cowering.

Beneath my shade the red man slipping
Himself a shadow, stole away;
A paler shadow follows him!
Races may go, or races stay,
The cones upon my loftiest limb
The winds will many a year be stripping.

And there the hidden day be throwing
His fires, though dark the dead prime be,
Before the bird shakes off the dew.

Ah! what songs have been sung to me,
What songs will yet be sung, when you
Are dust upon the four winds blowing!

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

What love do I bring you? The earth,
Full of love, were far lighter,
The great hollow sky, full of love,
Something slighter.

Earth full and heaven full were less
Than the full measure given;
Nay, say a heart full—the heart
Holds earth and heaven.

CAVEFE, FELICES.

The orchards all a-flutter with pink,
Robins' twitter, and wild bees' humming,
Break the song with a thrill, to think
How sweet is life when summer is coming.

The maple burning a scarlet leaf,
The melting haze, and the south wind
blowing,

Charm the sting from the touch of grief,
For sweet is life when summer is going.

Oh, sweet, so sweet that the heat grows
chill,

Knowing the clouds will sweep the clover,
The leaf will redden, the bird sing still;
But for us how soon it will all be over!

Miss Minnie Gillmore (daughter of the well-known bandmaster of America) in spite, or perhaps because of certain exaggeration and redundancy inseparable from the enthusiasm of youth, has created in her "Pipes from Prairie Land" a book that is purely American, being daringly original, not to say ab-original, in its similes and phantasies. The wayward impulse of her lyrics, the naïve frankness of her humour, and now and again her American use of English as we know it, witches one almost against one's critical judgment. Her poetry might have been recited by the entirely lovable Miss Peggy, of the "Strange Adventure of a House

Boat," that William Black created to steal away our hearts. The pleasure of this volume is a real one; aiming not at the highest, it amply fulfils its intention, and comes with the keen freshness of the western air laden with the perfume of the primeval forest, or, to be more accurate, with the glamour we who know it not associate with the Wild West itself (in spite of recollections of a certain circus at Kensington). After so much verve, "splendidly faultless, icily null, simple perfection, nothing more," this is in itself justification of Miss Gillmore's singing, but there is more than mere quaintness, more than novel treatment. I know not how her own country values this young lady's work, but to an Englishman it has more charm than a reproduction of Keats, or a faint shadow of Matthew Arnold. The following poem is a sample of her more serious work:—

LIFE.

A Song of a White Throne circled
By a girdle of white fire,
Once on the flame God breathed
Filled with divine desire.
Out, at his breath there flickered
A single tongue of flame,
Paling the golden planets,
Putting the sun to shame.
It flashed through the flashing Saturn,
It flamed through the flaming Mars,
Flooded the skies with glory,
Glanced down the glowing stars;
Burst on the six-day Eden,
And since has the world been rife
With fruit of that flame from heaven—
The God-breathed flame of life.

This is the initial poem of a "Quintette of Song," whereof the other numbers are entitled "Love," "Song," "Peace," "Death," and in their harmony, complete with singular grace and power, a conception at once beautiful in design and happy in its treatment.

From the ideality of this group to the Bret Harte-like humour of the section entitled "In the Original Key," is a far cry, yet perchance none of the many who have tried the method of that distinctly unique poet have so justified the adoption of his mannerisms. "A Pioneer Poet" and "A Border Romance" are full of the local colour we have learned to accept as a true reflection of the wild camp life of the Far West. Miss Gillmore's own address to her critics should also be quoted, since it shows at once her strength and the naïve youthfulness which atones for much.

I pray you hear my song of a bird,
My song of a bird fledged newly;
She plumed her wings on a sunny day,
And flew to the far, free west away
To mountains misted bluely;—

To heights that cloister the virgin snows;
To canyons by cool brooks purled,
To hills that warden the vale's retreats,
To grass-seas ridden by flower-fleets
With petal-sails unfurled.

When back one even, on homeward wing
She fluttered with long flight weary,
To kindred sheltered their nests among,
She shyly lifted a glad young song
Of mountain and of cyrie:—

Of twilight woods with their scents of pine,
Of the rose that rides the prairie,
Of still ravines where the cactus hides
And rivers tuning their rippled tides
To the west wind's vagary.

The wise birds listed her simple lay,
And sang, "She is joyous, truly,"
Her prelude-pipes soar no note above
The scale of youth, but she sings for love—
We will not carp unduly.

So the bird sang on, and year by year
More strong rose her song and sweeter;—
O! critics mine! may I pray you be
So kind as my fabled bird to me,
Whose voice is new to metre!

In a volume, "Afternoon Songs," Julia C. Dorr collects her later work, and as the poem that insists on quotation is rather beyond the limits of this article, it must say for itself all the pretty things one could say equally of many of its companions.

THREE LADDIES.

O sailors sailing north,
Where the wild surges roar,
And fierce winds and strong winds
Blow down from Labrador—
Have you seen my three brave laddies,
My merry, red-cheeked laddies,
Three bold, adventurous laddies,
On some tempestuous shore?

O sailors sailing south,
Where the seas are calm and blue,
And light clouds and soft clouds
Are floating over you,
Say, have you seen my laddies,
My three bright, winsome laddies,
My brown-haired, smiling laddies,
With hearts so leal and true?

O sailors sailing east,
Ask the seagulls sweeping by;
O sailors sailing west,
Ask the eagles soaring high,
If they have seen my laddies,
My careless, heedless laddies,
Three debonair young laddies,
Beneath the wide, wide sky.

O sailors, if you find them,
Pray send them back to me;
For them the winds go sighing
Through every lonely tree—
For these three wandering laddies,
My tender, bright-eyed laddies,
The laughter-loving laddies,
Whom they no longer see.

There are three men who love me,
Three men with bearded lips;
But oh! ye gallant sailors
Who sail the sea in ships—

In elf-land, or in cloudland,
Or on the dream-land shore,
Can you find the little laddies,
Whom I can find no more?
Three quiet, thoughtful laddies,
Three merry, winsome laddies,
Three rollicking, frolicking laddies,
On any far off shore?

In the preface to one of her volumes, Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox owns to having published twelve hundred poems. Such a statement is enough to repel the best intentioned critic. Yet amid much work too hastily done, and mere facile rhyming not always correct in its prosody and metrical shape, there is evidence of a spontaneous feeling and graceful fancy. It is only just to own so much, but the deed is almost unpardonable. Twelve hundred poems—why, the masterpieces of the whole English tongue must needs be ransacked to make up half that number; and although courtesy both to sex and country demand reticence, yet protest must be entered against such a terrible example; for if the youthful face which greets us so pleasantly on the frontispiece be so deeply dyed with guilt, what in all conscience will be the account, if the long life, it is our duty and pleasure to wish the fair singer, be equally prolific for half a century more? Besides, how can a well meaning scribe show fair sample of such countless wares? So amid more worth quoting than at first reading seemed possible I take this one, "Esthetic," and regret that many more serious and successful attempts are for various reasons not possible to quote.

ESTHETIC.

In a garb that was guiltless of colors
She stood, with a dull, listless air—
A creature of dumps and of dolours,
But most undeniably fair.

The folds of her garment fell round her,
Revealing the curve of each limb;
Well-proportioned and graceful I found her,
Although quite alarmingly slim.

From the hem of her robe peeped one
sandal—
"High art" was she down to her feet;
And though I could not understand all
She said, I could see she was sweet.

Impressed by her limpness and languor,
I proffered a chair near at hand;
She looked back a mild sort of anger,
Posed anew, and continued to stand.

Some praises I next tried to mutter
Of the fan that she held to her face:
She said it was "utterly utter,"
And waved it with languishing grace.

I then in a strain quite poetic
Begged her gaze on the bow in the sky;
She looked, said its curve was "æsthetic,"
But the "tone was too dreadfully high."

Her lovely face, lit by the splendour
That glorified landscape and sea,
Woke thoughts that were daring and tender:—
Did her thoughts, too, rest upon me?

"Oh, tell me," I cried, growing bolder,
"Have I in your musings a place?"
"Well, yes," she said, over her shoulder
"I was thinking of nothing in space."

In "The Heart of the Weed" (Nora Perry) are many charming songs, the space devoted to sonnets and the French metrical forms being very noticeable, for of those poets noted thus far none have touched the *triolet*, *rondeau*, or *ballade*, so popular in America to-day; but quotation is impossible. So, too, of "Clover Leaves" (Ella M. Baker), a garland of poesy gathered after the singer had joined the choir invisible.

And here perforce this first chapter must end, full of omissions, since poets like Edith W. Thomas, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Fields, Mrs. Phelps, Julia Ward Howe, H.H. (Helen M. F. Jackson) Mrs. Mapes Dodge, and many another are omitted; but it is only want of space, not want of heart, nor lack of admiration for these and dozens of others that curtails the notice. In Stedman's "Poets of America" an ungallant critic is quoted who has a fling "at the plague of American authoresses;" satiety we know is apt to produce disgust, yet it proves only that too much of a good thing cannot be taken at once, not that too much is good for nothing. But conscious already of having exceeded the limit, the rest of the women singers of America cannot be even named here; fortunately every fresh shipment of the American magazines, that have so quietly but surely won a wide circle of friends in the mother country, brings echo of their melody to our shores, while to those who are not in the habit of perusing those periodicals, this brief foretaste may whet the appetite for the plentiful feast that awaits them.

VARIETIES.

THE COUNTRYMAN IN LONDON.

A native of Cumberland, who was the very mouthpiece of eloquence in his own county, visited London about half a century ago. When there he inquired at a shoemaker's shop for a pair of small shoes for his little girl at home, with pink heels, pointed toes, and cropt straps for clasps, which he expressed in the following provincial dialect:—

"I pray yee noo, han yee gatten any neatly, feetly shoen, poainted toen, pink'd at heel and cropped stroops for clposes?"

"Sir," answered the shopkeeper, "what's that you say?"

"Why, I pray yee noo" [repeats as before].

"The family who speak French," said the shoemaker, "live next door."

SEEKING WHAT IS GOOD.—"I always," says the mother of the great Goethe, "seek out what is good in people, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles."

AFTER MARRIAGE.

A poetical woman, who found the cords of Hymen not so silky as she expected, once gave vent to her feelings in the following touching stanzas. The penultimate line is peculiarly comprehensive and expansive:

"When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble;
Had clothes and pocket-money too,
And hours of pleasure double.

"I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a lass, was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook,
housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress,
dairywoman, and scrub generally, doing
the work of six
or the sake of being supported."

TEMPERANCE AND EXERCISE.—Temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous; it is temperance and exercise united that can alone ensure the fittest state for mental or bodily exertion.

CARRYING OFF AN HEIRESS.

Several years ago, when running away to get married at Gretna Green was not an uncommon occurrence, a young man well-known in London went to consult a legal authority of Lincoln's Inn about carrying off an heiress.

"You cannot do it without considerable risk," said the lawyer, "but let her mount a horse and hold the bridle and whip, do you then get up behind her, and you are run away with by her, in which case you are safe."

The next day, the lawyer who gave such good advice found that his own daughter had run away in the aforesaid manner with his client.

RICH AND POOR.—How superior is a poor man with a rich spirit to a rich man with a poor spirit! To borrow the expression of St. Paul, he is "as having nothing and yet possessing all things." While the other presents the melancholy reverse, he is as possessing all things, and yet having nothing.

POULTRY KEEPING :

A RECREATION AND SOURCE OF INCOME FOR GIRLS.

By THEO.



A SILKY HEN.

PART IV.

MORE ABOUT FOOD.

WE have already learnt that if hens are closely confined they will require, after their morning meal, either a sprinkling of hard corn or soft food in the middle of the day; and also a grain meal about twenty minutes before retiring to roost.

The grain used must very much depend upon what the morning meal has been, as hens, like people, appreciate variety, and the right proportion of nutrients must be given. For instance, oats, which are specially rich in flesh-formers, should be given where the morning meal has consisted of potatoes and barley-meal, or some other less nitrogenous food. Do not for weeks together allow the food to be of a very fattening nature, and another time to be far too rich in flesh-formers. Oats, wheat, buckwheat, barley, &c., are all good, and may be used regularly. Always buy good sound grain, and never be put off with a second quality; in this, as in many other things, the best is the cheapest. Never mix the grains, but keep them separately, and if for any reason this is difficult to manage, only buy small quantities at a time, so as to have a different kind constantly.

In choosing the grains and meals for winter feeding, select those that show the largest proportion of warmth-giving material, such as wheat, barley, oatmeal. Indian corn, that favourite food to which the majority of hens are doomed, I have left out, because not only do fowls fed constantly upon it become lined internally with layers of coarse, yellow fat, but they are also rendered extremely liable to liver disease. As Indian corn is very warmth-giving, a little may be used in the winter months where the lighter breeds are kept, but the heavier breeds, such as Brahmas, Cochins, Dorkings, Langshans, etc., should never even be allowed to look at it.

All these grains and meals, although given as judiciously as possible, will not supply all the flesh-forming material which the hen needs for herself and her eggs, unless she eats such a quantity of them that she accumulates an excess of fats and other ingredients at the same time.

Now all over-feeding and disproportionate feeding is bad, entailing both useless labour on the part of the hen and loss to the owner, so care must be taken that the flesh-formers are given in some other form. Animal food is what makes up the deficiency. Fowls with a grass run require but little animal food given them in the summer, as they find it for themselves in the form of worms, slugs, and insects of all kinds; but during the winter months

they must be regularly supplied with it. Where hens are in confinement, however, great care must be taken in this matter, or the egg-basket will be very scanty.

Where but few hens are kept enough can generally be provided from the house scraps, if all are jealously kept. These scraps should be cut up and given with the soft food in the morning, or else they may be given last thing at night after the corn. I here only, of course, speak of literal scraps, not of large pieces of wasted meat, which should never be found in any well-ordered household, and which if given *ad libitum* to the hens would kill them off in apoplexy in early youth. I may add, in passing, that nothing delights a hen more than to be allowed to pick the bones of her late comrades.

If there be no meat scraps, or not sufficient for the quantity of hens kept, some other meat must be provided not less than four times a week, and it is better to have a little daily.

Granulated meats advertised are good and are easier to use than livers, refuse meats, etc., but these latter, together with fish, are very good if they are well cooked and cut up small.

Spratt's Patent Meat Crissel is convenient,



A SILKY FOWL.

and a tablespoonful daily in the soft food will keep six hens in health.

Where hens cannot get at grass, green food must be provided fresh daily. Cabbages and lettuces are greatly relished, and should be hung up high in the run for the fowls to peck at.

Where there is no garden to provide these, an arrangement might be made with the family greengrocer to supply refuse vegetables. All green food must be fresh daily, as it so soon gets stale, and care must be taken to remove all old stalks, etc., from the run, as these soon decay and quite spoil the appearance of a nice, well-kept run.

Mr. Cook, in his "Poultry Breeder and Feeder," gives some excellent suggestions as to how to provide green food, among which are the following: Nettles, dandelions, watercress, a mangold-wurtzel or turnip cut in half in the winter. "Those who live in towns can grow rape, mustard, or maize. These can be grown in boxes with a little earth or manure, and must be well watered; the seeds spring up very quickly, and by having seven boxes, and

sowing every day, there is a daily supply of green food."

Lawn-cuttings stored in a tarred, air-tight barrel on the silo principle are said to be very good for winter food. I should like to hear of someone that has tried them.

The other two necessities which must not be forgotten are lime for the shells and sulphur for the feathers. The lime is provided by means of well-slaked lime and mortar, or by cockle and oyster shells broken up small. I like cockle shells the best, as they are so easy to break up, and if two or three quarts are broken up small and stored in a tin box, a handful can be put into the soft food daily, thus ensuring the lime getting into the hen's system without the waste which throwing it upon the ground always involves.

Flowers of sulphur supplies the feather-making material, and is most essential during the moulting season. Care must, however, be taken in its use, as if an excess be given during cold, damp weather, it will be sure to give the hens cold. A slight sprinkling in the soft food three or four times a week, choosing the bright days, will be quite sufficient.

Before closing this part of the subject let me reiterate my principles, which, if followed out, will yield success to the enterprising poultry keeper:—

Regular, judicious feeding, with a good proportion of flesh-formers, careful mixing (very hot in winter), clean water, sharp grit, abundance of green food, and a good supply of lime.

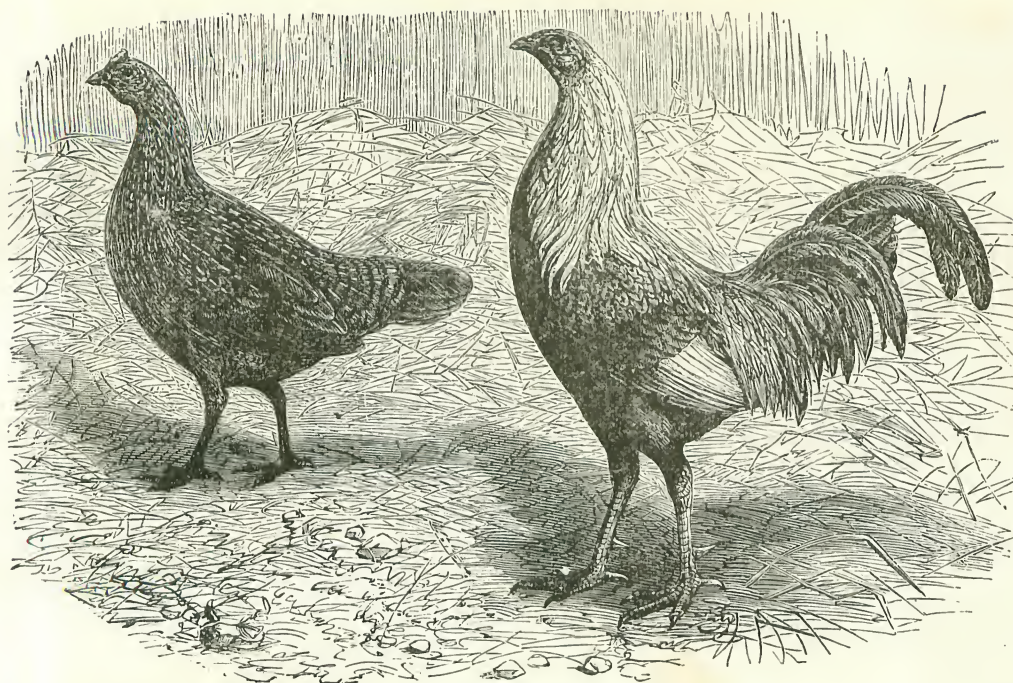
Perhaps by this time my readers are becoming naturally anxious as to the question of profit in the poultry enterprise. The idea that poultry, however kept, must always fail, is, I hope, rapidly passing away. It has not quite gone, for many are the warnings that will come upon the devoted henwife; and even since beginning this series of papers I have been seriously asked how I can think of encouraging the readers of the "G.O.P." to embark in like folly! Nevertheless, I think it may be fairly stated that any hens kept properly will pay a fair percentage, which will increase considerably in proportion to the experience and interest of the owner.

The title of our paper is "Poultry Keeping as a Recreation and Source of Income." The "recreation" must come first; for unless the hens are a pleasure and interest they will never succeed to be a "source of income." For it must be acknowledged that there are few pursuits which need such personal attention on the part of the owner, as is shown by the fact that hens left to the management of inexperienced servants or happy-go-lucky younger brothers and sisters for any length of time will never pay, but will, on the contrary, lose considerably. I would therefore again ask my readers to think what they are doing, and not to attempt more than they themselves can see through.

A few hens kept well will succeed much better than a larger number perhaps crowded together and left pretty much to themselves, getting diseases which the owner, through lack of time, cannot attend to.

The "going away" question is an important one, for no girl stays at home always, nor should we wish her to do so even for the sake of the hens!

The best thing to do under these circumstances is to train someone of the household into the necessary work while at home, and then when going away to leave everything clean and complete, plenty of food in stock.



GAME FOWLS.

etc., besides giving clear, simple directions to the one left in charge. A kind, interested servant or an enthusiastic younger sister will often manage perfectly; but should there still be a slight loss it may be put down to holiday expenses.

Dorkings.—These birds are exceedingly popular in the market on account of their excellent table qualities. They have beautiful white flesh, and an abundance of breast meat and white legs, which latter is quite a consideration to London poulterers. These birds are of a square build, and have short unfeathered legs; they are specially large in size, the coloured variety being larger than the silver-grey, cuckoo, and white.

Dorkings are considered difficult to rear, and certainly do not thrive in close confinement, though with a grass run they do well.

They are excellent sitters and mothers, but should not be kept where eggs are an object, as they are but moderate layers.

Any girl, however, living in a warm situation, wishing to try her hand at spring chickens, could not have a better pure-bred fowl.

Game.—The word gamecock always brings before our imagination cock-fights with all their attendant horrors, and certainly a gamecock still maintains his superiority over all other fowls in this respect, and a hen will fight an intruder, whoever he may be, who meddles with her brood.

Our illustration shows a dubbed comb (cut off) cock, and this appearance is not for the sake of fashion, but in order that

the comb may not be torn in accidental warfare.

Game fowls are splendid table birds, noted for their deep, full breasts, but they are worse layers than the Dorkings, and should not therefore be kept in confinement, or where eggs are required.

Silky fowls are more a fancy show-breed than anything else, and would certainly attract attention at a show, even to the absolute novice, by their strange appearance. The plumage is white and of a light hairy nature, which shines like silk, and the most curious part is, that not only are the comb and wattles of a deep purplish blue, but the skin and legs are of the same colour, quite giving

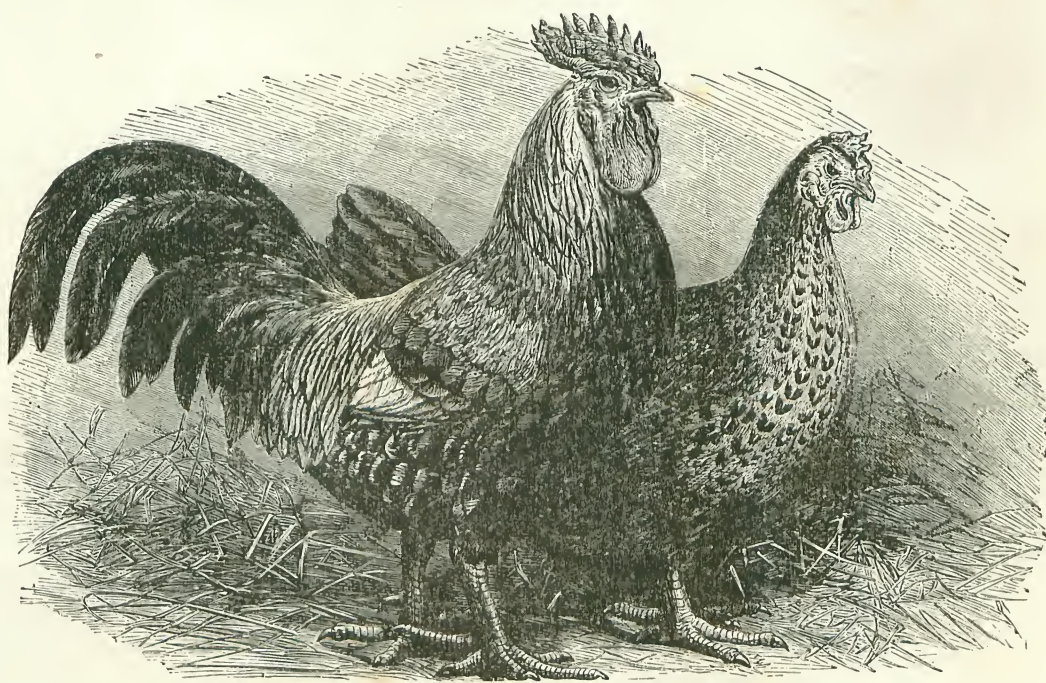
the impression that the bird is seriously ill, until it is explained that that is the beauty of the creature. I should not advise anyone to attempt profitable poultry-keeping with this extraordinary, though interesting, breed.

The whole question of poultry farming is a vexed one at present, and is not in our province, for the cases we are considering are those where from six to twenty hens are kept by private families, either in close confinement or with a grass run.

It is at once apparent that where there are plenty of house scraps, a few hens will pay better in proportion than a larger number, for scraps cost nothing, but after they are used up all other food must be paid for.

It is usual in calculating expenses to throw the scraps in, but should the energetic henwife wish to proceed in a very business-like way, she may allow the household a few eggs weekly for them; but it should be remembered that she is after all only using up what would be otherwise absolutely wasted food.

In poultry books generally you will often find most startling profit tables, which are really more discouraging than otherwise, especially when the devoted reader finds her first experiences fall so very far short of the promised result. What we want to find out is the fair average profit from average results, and consequently the estimates given below are rather under than above what may be expected; and many readers, under favourable circumstances, will find that in a few years they will be able to do greater things. There are but few royal roads to honest money-making now-a-days, and profit must be the result of steady work, and in proportion to the amount of time expended.



DORKING FOWLS.

The advantage of poultry-keeping is that the time given to it is rescued, as it were, from wasted moments. A few hens need not take up more time than about thirty minutes daily, with an occasional hour given to the work explained in the chapter on houses and runs; and as this work is all in the open air, it is an actual benefit to girls, who but for this occupation would be sitting by the fire, or toiling at work, which they would only do all the better after this healthy change of air and thought; and I am sure that there are few occupations where the time expended would yield the same amount of pleasure, profit, and, above all things, health.

Where more time can be given, and there is a field or orchard at liberty, the henwife can, after her first experience, enlarge her borders and keep more hens and rear chickens, and so provide herself with quite a nice addition to her "pin money." Profit depends upon so many things—such as cost of food, market price of eggs, etc.—that no two experiences can be alike. Hens cost in food from 1d. to 2d. per head weekly, according to the number kept, and whether they have the use of a grass run and house scraps.

I do not take into account the original cost of house and run, as that must be considered as capital laid down which must be made to realise its interest. A yearly depreciation of the house and utensils, etc., must be also allowed for.

Let us take first the case of a few common fowls kept in confinement, where scraps are available:—

Six pullets at 3s. 6d.	£	s.	d.
Food at 6d. per week	1	1	0
Depreciation of house, etc.	1	6	0
			0	8	0

Profit	2	15	0
			1	7	0

840 eggs at 1d.	£	s.	d.
Value of birds at end	3	10	0
			0	12	0

Twelve good first-class pullets with grass run and house scraps.

Twelve pullets at 5s.	£	s.	d.
Food at 1s. 4d. per week	3	0	0
Depreciation of house, etc.	3	9	4
			0	12	0

Profit	7	1	4
			2	4	8

1,800 eggs	£	s.	d.
Value of birds	7	10	0
			1	16	0
			9	6	0

These profits may be decreased by unforeseen misfortune, such as death and disease, which latter, however, seldom visits a well-kept small yard.

I should now like to show you a few ways in which these profits may be increased. Be very economical with the food, for remember that 1d. per week wasted means 4s. 4d. less profit in the year.

Never neglect the fowls in bad weather because it is unpleasant to yourself to go out. Always have a supply of pullets in the autumn, hatched not later than April 1st, so that you may have winter eggs, which realise such high prices.

Eggs during the spring and early summer are very plentiful, and fall in price from 14 to 18 for a shilling. They should then be preserved in lime and kept until the dear season, when they are perfectly good for cooking and even poaching, and can be sold for from 10 to 12 for a shilling.

When the stock is reared at home the expense will be still further decreased, especially where the more expensive breeds are kept; as for 12 pullets, about 24 chickens must be hatched, and the price realised by selling off the cockerels will just about balance the cost of the whole set, up to four or five months old.

A lady told me the other day that she had made £17 the first year that she kept hens. She lived near London, and kept 20 hens in a small run and no grass. She had plenty of scraps, and sold her eggs at 2d. each all the year round, and her chickens, etc., at 3s. each.

Our illustrations this month are of some of the less important breeds from an egg-production point of view, though they are some of the very best table birds.

FOR LOVE ALONE.

By LAURA L. PRATT, Author of "Plucked from the Burning," "Burton Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"NOT YOURS, BUT YOU."



MIRIAM stood before the glass in her room, fastening a crimson rose at her throat. She tried it first one way and then another, and finally dashed it down on the dressing-table. The next moment she took it up tenderly and put it in a glass of water.

"I won't wear a flower at all," she murmured, half aloud, "Oh, if I had only been a little bit pretty! Nothing looks well on me."

It was not merely petty conceit that caused her to utter this wish. The greatest longing in her heart was to please; not in itself a bad wish, but likely in her case to lead to bad results, because she was wholly looking and longing only for things external to make her pleasing. She had yet to learn that an utter forgetfulness of self is the surest way to please. At present self was always in her way.

She was dissatisfied with her appearance, and went downstairs to join her cousin, with her eyebrows drawn together in such a frown as to cause Herbert injudiciously to exclaim—

"Why, Miriam, what has put you out? You look as cross as two sticks."

"Never mind me. You needn't look at me," was the irritable answer.

Margaret, who was a great tennis player, was suitably dressed in white flannel, and was

to return home to change her dress for the evening, when the game was over.

Miriam's discontent faded away before Hope Maxwell's cordial greeting. She looked a very vision of loveliness. Tennyson's words came to Miriam's mind as she gazed at her—

"A daughter of the gods;
Divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

She was dressed in a soft creamy lace dress, with yellow roses at her throat. She had come across the lawn to meet them. When Herbert had shaken hands and walked on, and the three girls were alone, Hope kissed Margaret warmly; then, turning to Miriam, she kissed her also, saying—

"You must let me treat you as I do Margaret."

Miriam, as usual, made no response, but had Hope looked at her she would have been surprised to have seen tears in her eyes.

The grounds were very extensive, covering many acres, and beautifully wooded with grand old trees. The gardens were tastefully laid out and brilliant with flowers. Miriam was led off to the tennis ground, and Hope, who was not playing, sat down by her to watch the game. The conversation for some time was about the games and the merits of the players, but a remark of Miriam's led to more serious subjects.

"All games seem to me to be very much like life," she said: "victory to the strong, and defeat to the weak."

A grave look came across Hope's bright face. "Don't you remember we are told that the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift?"

Miriam gave an impatient little shrug.

"Yes, I know; but don't we see that it is not so?"

"We are not permitted to see everything clearly here."

Miriam looked round on the beautiful grounds, and then back to the fine old house, with its broad terraces hung with roses, and its many windows glistening in the sunlight.

Then, without stopping to think, she gave utterance to the thought that was so often in her mind.

"I wonder, if all this were taken away from you, whether you would be as good then as they say you are now?"

Hope's fair face grew crimson.

"I am not good now," she said, gently; "but of this I am sure—our Lord will give strength to bear trials when He sends them, and I am content to leave all in His hands. Have you already heard that we may have to leave our dear old home?"

It was Miriam who reddened this time, but a feeling of shame caused her to blush. How unfeeling her words must have sounded to her companion! She turned to her and said, earnestly—

"Indeed I had not an idea that you were thinking of leaving the Grange." Then after a moment's pause she added, awkwardly—

"I am sorry if I have hurt you."

Hope smiled.

"Oh, you have not," she said; "but my father has lately lost a great deal of money, and we may have to let the Grange for a time; nothing is settled yet, but—" She broke off abruptly and rose from her seat. "If you will excuse me I must go to my father; I am afraid he has bad news."

While they had been talking, Colonel Max-

well had been standing a few yards from them watching the tennis players.

As he stood there a servant came from the house, with a telegram on a small silver waiter, which he handed to the Colonel. Hope was looking at her father, and she saw him take the envelope in his hand, and carelessly open it, talking to a young man near him as he did so. He glanced at it, and immediately a change came over his face. He almost staggered, and then, looking hastily round, as if hoping he had not been observed, he hurried towards the house. Hope followed him. He had gone, as she thought he would, to the library. He was standing by his writing table, one hand resting on it, and his bronzed face was strangely pale. Hope entered so quietly he did not hear her. She stole to his side and put her arm through his.

"Dear father," she whispered, "what is it?"

He started, and crushed the telegram in his hand.

"My darling, go away, will you. I—I—must be alone to think."

"Don't send me away, father dear; let me think with you; if it is bad news let me share your trouble; we have always shared everything, you know, since the day I ran to you to ask you to bring my mother back, and you took me on your knee, here in this very room, and told me that dear mother was with Jesus, and you and I must comfort each other." She laid her fair head on his shoulder, and looking up into his face, said—"Let me comfort you now."

"Oh, my child, my child! Would God you had your mother to comfort you!"

The anguish of his tone and the accent on the last word came like a flash of light to Hope; she raised her head and stood upright before him, her face white to the lips.

"Something has happened to Robert," she said, in a frightened whisper.

Her father only groaned in answer.

"Dear father," she said, "I can bear the truth better than this suspense; please let me read the telegram."

But Colonel Maxwell kept the paper crushed in his hand. The brave soldier, who had many times calmly faced death on the battlefield, could not find courage to tell his daughter that he to whom she had given her heart's deepest love was lying fathoms deep in an Indian marsh, drowned while wild duck shooting.

"Papa, please tell me what has happened," said the soft pleading voice again. "Is Robert—" a pause; then in a whisper she added—"dead?"

"Oh, my darling! perhaps not," exclaimed the Colonel eagerly; even not speaking the truth in his wild desire to impart some comfort.

Little by little, by maintaining outwardly a calm demeanour, Hope drew from her father all that he at present knew of the sad accident. That was little enough. Robert Atherton had gone some way up the country, wild duck shooting, with some fellow-officers. He was a keen sportsman, and had ventured too far on unknown and, as it proved, unsafe ground. Those with him had risked their lives to save him, but all in vain, and he had perished almost before their eyes. This was the brief yet sad news that the telegram contained, adding, "Further particulars to follow by next mail."

Colonel Maxwell knew his daughter too well to be deceived by her calmness. There was already a stricken look on her fair young face that made his heart bleed.

The sounds of merry laughter and bright voices came to them from the tennis-lawn. Hope gave a little start.

"I had forgotten," she said. "Will you ask them to go away, please, father? And I should like to be alone a little while."

"I will do just as you wish, but I don't like leaving you, dear," her father answered, looking at her anxiously.

She answered that loving look with a sad little smile.

"You will leave me not quite alone, but with the One whose presence will uphold me."

He kissed her tenderly and left the room.

After leaving his daughter Colonel Maxwell sent a servant with a message to request Herbert Leigh to spare him a few minutes in the drawing-room, and almost immediately Herbert was with him. In him the Colonel found a truly sympathetic listener, and he begged to be allowed to save the Colonel the pain of repeating the sad news to his friends, and to permit him to dismiss them. This kind offer the Colonel gladly accepted, only too thankful to be spared the hard task of telling the sad story again and again. Herbert Leigh went down the sunlit garden in a dream—one thought ever present with him, and yet resolutely determined to put it from him: Hope was free. But what was that to him? Should he not now prove himself her true friend by not thinking of himself at all, but only how to help and comfort her in her bitter sorrow?

He gathered all the guests together on the tennis-lawn, and then briefly told them of the terrible bereavement that had fallen on Colonel Maxwell and his daughter, and within half an hour the house, just before so full of bright, innocent happiness, was left still and silent, its drawn blinds speaking mutely of the grief within.

(To be concluded.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

NO NAME.—To make hop yeast for bread, pare four large potatoes, and put them into two quarts of cold water with a double handful of dried hops, tied up in a cloth. Set all on a stove, and let it boil until the potatoes fall to pieces. Take them out with a skimmer and beat them into a paste with four tablespoonfuls of flour and a teaspoonful of sugar. Then add the boiling hops-tea gradually to the paste, stirring well to prevent the yeast being lumpy. Set aside until blood warm, and then add about half a cupful of good yeast. Stir well and put the mixture into a warm place to rise. When the effervescence which will take place has ceased, bottle the yeast, taking care to fill the bottles half full only, as they are liable to burst. We thank the kind contributor of this recipe, whose letter has been accidentally separated from it, so that we cannot give her name.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMMA THOMPSON.—Giles, or Egidius, was a very eminent saint of the seventh century. He is thought to have been a Greek, who migrated to France, where he became a hermit in a forest in the diocese of Nismes. There is a legend that he was partly dependent on a heaven-directed hind which came daily to give him milk, and that the secret of the hermitage was discovered by the king of the country, who followed the animal in the chase till it took refuge at the feet of St. Giles. In the arms of the City of Edinburgh you will find to-day, acting as a supporter, the legendary hind of 1,200 years ago. St. Giles became the patron of cripples, because, the better to mortify himself from fleshly appetites, he refused to be cured of his lameness; and in ancient days there was a Giles church on the outskirts of every town, on one of the great roads leading to it, that the cripples might conveniently find it. Thus we have in East London St. Giles, Cripplegate. The parish church of Edinburgh was dedicated to St. Giles so early that all trace is lost of the period, and William Preston, of Gorton, when travelling in France, obtained an arm bone of the saint to be placed in the church, and he built an aisle to contain it, and he and his successors were to have the privilege of carrying the arm in all

processions. In 1556 the Dean of the Guild in Edinburgh spent 12s. in "mending and polishing Saint Giles arm"; but the change of the Reformation was at hand, and in 1558, when the annual procession came about, on September 1st, it was interrupted by a riot, and the image was burnt, after which we hear no more of the St. Giles processions.

CURIOUS NELL.—No; the tax on bachelors is no longer in force in any European country. Widowers as well as bachelors were taxed by an Act passed in 1695. Single women, of course could never have been taxed for their celibacy, because they cannot marry at will.

ELLA and UNA.—The Book of Psalms, though not all composed by King David, are chiefly by him; and he is pre-eminently distinguished as "the sweet psalmist of Israel," upwards of seventy being attributed to him, if not more. We have no means of ascertaining by whom the majority of the rest were written. A few of them were composed after the return from captivity in Babylon. The Tables of Kindred and Affinity (in reference to forbidden connections by marriage) were drawn up in 1563, by Archbishop Parker, and were "set forth by authority" and made the Law of England, or rather of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

ERIN.—If so patriotic, how is it that you know so little of the ancient history of your native land? Moore, he spoke of

"The harp that once through Tara's halls

"The soul of music shed,"

referred back to a period of from 900 to 950 years before Christ. The ancient kings, princes, bards, and clergy of Ireland made a great hall in a palace built on the hill of Tara, co. Meath, their place of assembly for consultation over the affairs of the nation. In the reign of Cormac the palace was 900 feet square, and no less than 1,000 guests were daily entertained there.

ITA.—Your kind acknowledgment of "religious help received" from our answers to your questions has gratified us much. We are specially anxious to be of use in this particular way.

BLUE EYES.—We do not know of any cure for short sight. It is usually strong sight, and out-looks long sight, which proves some compensation for the inconvenience experienced.

ISOBEL.—Ask continually for Divine help that you may be kept from backsliding. Live from day to day, and do not anticipate evils that may never come. If you rely on your own strength you will fall, but so long as your whole dependence is on the help of the Holy Spirit, contending in prayer, and an earnest effort to glorify God in your heart, words, and works, you will find Divine strength perfected in your weakness.

DOUBTING.—We have no lack of experimental evidence that ours is "a God who hears and answers prayer," and is "a very present help in time of trouble." The circumstance you name is certainly a case in point, and well corroborates the fact. "He is faithful that promised," and prayer (provided that the petition be one "according to His will"), if offered in the all prevailing name and in faith reposed on His own promises, will assuredly be answered. None of those who do not "doubt in their hearts" shall be disappointed of their hope.

LENA.—All nominated or assisted passages for emigrants to the colonies have been stopped. If you desire to emigrate you ought to go out with a sum of money in your pocket, and under the friendly direction of some society. Consult Miss Blake, secretary of the Female Middle-class Emigration Society, 187, Fulham Road, S.W.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—If you "wish to live for God" you must ask Him day by day to help you to rule yourself, your words, acts, thoughts, and temper; to make you obedient and grateful to your parents, and those they may set over you; to be diligent in all the work given you to do, either in the house or in your education; and to be reverent, prayerful, and attentive to reading your Bible. Do all as in the sight of your Saviour, and do all well to please Him. One thing, however, you might do in the way of work outside your own home, and yet without leaving it—you could join the Ministering Children's League. Write to the Rev. — Ridgeway, Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, W., and he will send you a paper about it. Of course ask your mother's leave to do so.

LETTY has not got the gift of composing poetry. She had better try to improve herself in writing correct English prose, and of mastering the difficulties of spelling.



R. HIGHTON.—It is our rule not to give advertising addresses. You might obtain what you wish (in the way of text decorations, etc.) by going to an ecclesiastical furnishing shop. They would either supply tin, wooden, or cardboard foundations, or painted and illuminated decorations, or inform you where you could obtain them.

SARAH.—Your friend should go to a dental hospital for what she requires. There is one in Great Portland Street, W. They could at least tell you the terms for supplying you.

BELLA can obtain plenty of small manuals for all kinds of letter-writing, if she inquire for them at a bookseller's; but in vol. viii. of the "G.O.P." she will find an excellent series of articles, by James Mason, "Every Girl a Business Woman," containing full instructions.

E. CHAMPION.—Perhaps the Ladies' Home, 53, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, from 13s. a week (to 16s.) might suit your friend; board, lodging, and medical attendance are included in these terms. There is also a Home for Invalid Ladies at 23, Fitzroy Square, payments various; lady superintendent, Miss Trego. Likewise the Cottage Home of Rest, 2, Tilsey Villas, King's Road, Norbiton station, on S.W.R., close to Richmond Park; terms 7s. a week. Apply for form of admission to Mrs. J. M. Pearson, The Grange, Kingston Hill. At Ramsgate there is a Convalescent Home for Reduced Ladies, at 9, Albion Place; terms 10s. 6d. a week; apply to Miss Bennett.

L. F. B. AFRICANER.—Oakham, the chief town of Rutland, is near the Wreak, a river too small to be mentioned in ordinary geographies, and we think that is the reason that you have not found it.

AN EAGER ONE must take exercise, and wash her face well with soft water and soap, and restrict herself to a light nutritious diet, so as to look rosy and healthy in the face.

A SHOP ASSISTANT.—If the acquaintance be such as to justify the giving and receiving of photographs, there is no harm in doing so, when your mother approves. It has become a general habit, and is no longer a particular favour with a peculiar significance. Still, young women and girls should always be specially careful and modest in all their conversation with men.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—We do not think there is anything equal to velvetreen as a material for reviving an old dress and making it look well.

HARD WORK.—The drapery of velvetreen would not need lining; of course it would be too heavy.

IGNORANT ONE's poems are not very valuable, but we are sure they give her great pleasure to write. You would say an hotel, a harmony.



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JANUARY 26, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A GIRLS' TOUR IN BRITTANY.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE breakfast was being served, Mme. Gaillard showed us the most curious collection of antiquities found by her husband in connection with the menhirs and dolmens of this strange district. It has only comparatively lately been discovered with certainty, that these monuments of antiquity were used as burial-places, but now human skeletons have been discovered, together with weapons, drinking vessels, implements, gold ornaments and precious stones, all of which seem to have been laid in readiness for the soul's transit to the other world. The skeletons are found in the position in which the men died, there having been no attempt to straighten the limbs; in one case the hand was under the chin as in sleep.

Besides the prehistoric remains, there are the Gallic and also the Roman. M. Gaillard seems to have spent his whole life in the search, and his museum is arranged with great taste; his wife's vivid explanations give a double interest to the whole. We saw a very trumpery presentation to him from "l'Etat," consisting of two glass vases and a plaster bust of Sir Isaac Newton. It is to be hoped the State will make some more adequate recognition of his services in course of time.

The rain was heavier than ever when we started in our chariot (a canopied wagonette), with an inquisitive old French lady for companion. We parted with her at La Trinité, and continued our way towards Lockmariaker. We suddenly heard a shout, "Il n'y a pas moyen," and peeping out beheld a rough and uninviting-looking arm of the sea impeding our course. We were not sorry that the high tide prevented our adventuring ourselves on the ferry, for with the remarkable canopy of our carriage we might easily have been blown over on such a wild day, not to mention the fact that our horse later showed a talent for kicking. So there was nothing to be done but to turn back, and to visit Carnac only.

The rain and mist prevented our obtaining any view from St. Michael's Chapel; driving rain clouds and grey sky seem, however, rather in harmony than otherwise with the two fields of menhirs, which are not unlike graveyards filled with gigantic headstones. Delicately tinted lichens of grey, green, and burning gold, with yellow



A BRETON GIRL.

furze and bright bell-heather, have done their best to remove all trace of gloom; but for all that, the predominating feeling produced in the mind of the visitor to Carnac is one of solemnity and awe, which increase the more one wanders among the stones. At first one does not take in their vast size, extent, and number. They are now under the protection of the State as a "monument historique," and many of the once prostrate menhirs have been set up.

We had for guides a ragged little boy and girl, in whose merry blue eyes and black hair we thought we saw evidence of the cousinhood of the Irish and Breton races. Frequent Atlantic showers compelled us to seek the shelter of our curtained coach, from which we were turned out in a damp condition at various points to inspect dolmens. Perhaps it would be well to give by way of explanation the definition in Murray's handbook of these remains. "A menhir (long stone) is a monolith in the form of a rude obelisk set upright on one end, whose height much exceeds its breadth. A dolmen (stone table) is an arrangement of rude blocks, by which one or more upright stones are made to support a horizontal block or slab. Sometimes the supporting stones are wide slabs, so arranged as to fit close to one another, and so lofty as to allow a man to walk upright beneath the horizontal roofstone which they support. Some of them are sixty or eighty feet long."

We entered several by a long passage half underground, ending in a small square chamber.

But how can one dare to describe Carnac, when Mr. Matthew Arnold has felt and given to the world the very spirit of the place?

"Far on its rocky knoll descried,
Saint Michael's Chapel cuts the sky.
I climb'd; beneath me, bright and wide,
Lay the lone coast of Brittany.

"Bright in the sunset, weird and still,
It lay beside the Atlantic wave,
As though the wizard Merlin's will
Yet charm'd it from his forest grave.

"Behind me, on their grassy sweep,
Bearded with lichen, scrawl'd and grey,
The giant stones of Carnac sleep,
In the mild evening of the May.

"No priestly stern procession now
Streams through their rows of pillars
old;
No victims bleed, no Druids bow—
Sheep make the daisied aisles their fold.

"From bush to bush the cuckoo flies,
The orchis red gleams everywhere;
Gold furze with broom, in blossom vies,
The bluebells perfume all the air.

"And o'er the glistening, lonely land
Rise up all round the Christian spires;
The Church of Carnac by the Strand
Catches the westering sun's last fires.

"And there, across the watery way,
See, low above the tide at flood,
The sickle sweep of Quiberon Bay,
Whose beach once ran with loyal blood!

"And beyond that the Atlantic wide!
All round, no soul, no boat, no hail;
But on the horizon's verge descried,
Hangs, touched with light, one snowy
sail."

We returned to Plouharnel, and after rest and refreshment spent the remaining hour or two, before the train for Auray was due, in looking into the church and a small chapel, in which our good landlady informed us there was (what sounded like) "a barrel-roof"; reflecting she would not have expressed herself so clearly in English, we inquired again, and came to the conclusion that she meant a "bas-relief." Having the key handed to us, we duly found two very small bas-reliefs in the lonely little chapel above the beach. They did not detain us long, nor did anything else in the bare little building, which, barring a few tawdry decorations about the altar, might have very well passed for a Methodist chapel.

A small door in the gallery led up into the belfry, and there we rested awhile, letting our eyes wander down Quiberon Peninsula into the mists of the distance where lay the town of Quiberon, Belle Isle, and the bay of the massacred royalists. The peninsula is so flat and so narrow that it seemed as if in a great storm it must be impassable. And yet there is a railway the whole of its ten miles length. Very much we regretted that we had not gone to the town of Quiberon, as was our first intention, and which by economy of time might have been managed in the same day.

We were turned from this intention by some tourists going in a contrary direction from ourselves, who said, "Why go to Quiberon? There is nothing on earth to see when you get there." Whether to anathematise those tourists or be grateful to them is an unsolved problem. Quiberon Peninsula now remains in our memory as a mysterious-looking, precarious roadway, to a misty distance, where is a sea-surrounded town.

In the deepening twilight we turned into the church; its lack of beauty and interest was not visible in the gloom, but the white caps of the kneeling peasant-women were, and just in front of us were three of the White Sisters, whose softly-hanging, cream-coloured robes had delighted us in many a Brittany town before.

On returning to Auray we found the town still *en fête*. The square was brilliantly illuminated and crowded with people gathered to watch a torchlight procession. Before leaving next morning we drove round by the quay and river, and afterwards to the Convent of the Chartreuse, and to the Champs des Martyrs.

We were rather afraid of missing the half-past nine train, so although Ruth kept exhorting me to feel the emotions suited to the occasion, our hurried scamper across the Champs must have horrified the beggar who was appropriately whining "Ave Marias" at the gate.

At the Convent of the Chartreuse the nuns were at mass, and we were not sorry when our repeated appeals to the bell were unanswered. Our driver was scandalised that we did not show more anxiety to see the deaf and dumb inmates, and the bones of the martyrs. These last were the 4,000 emigrés who were treacherously shot, after laying down arms under promise of their lives, on the collapse of the ill-fated expedition to Quiberon in 1795.

We reached Vannes in half an hour by train, and at once repaired to the Hotel de France, and asked for a carriage to take us to the Peninsula of Rhuys. The rain had now passed off, and the day promised to be lovely. We were strongly advised to take a pair of horses, for the distance there and back would be about forty-four miles. As our expenses so far had been very moderate, we thought we would indulge in this unwonted luxury, and pay the 25 francs asked. (In our thirty-one days' absence we had spent about £18 each.) We soon left the quaint old town of Vannes behind, and crossed the first arm of the Morbihan Sea, which runs inland like a river. We had read in Mrs.



A BRETON.

Macquoid's book that on our route we should pass a cemetery, where were to be seen the little skull-boxes into which, after a certain time, the skulls of interred persons are placed, with the inscription, "Ci-git la tête de Monsieur" So-and-So. Our driver knew of no cemetery, still less of the skull-boxes, but at the first sight of a graveyard we insisted on alighting. Instead of the boxes we discovered a repulsive bone-house. Our driver must have been horrified at the ghastly tastes of Les Anglaises when, on passing a little cemetery an hour later, we again renewed our quest, with the same result. Evidently the little boxes (described as being like tiny dogs' kennels) have become too costly a luxury for the present generation, though the bone-house is still used.

As we pursued our way we soon began to feel the fresh breeze of the Atlantic, and to catch glimpses of its exquisite blue waters. By-and-by the ruined castle of Sucinio appeared in sight, the ancient pleasure palace of the dukes of Brittany, as its name "Souey n'y ot" indicates. It has figured again and again in history since its construction in 1250. A century later an English garrison occupied it, and was put to the sword by Du Guesclin. It must have been a magnificent structure, but gains nothing by its position, which is little raised above the shore.

Two bare-footed girls conducted us by perilous paths along the walls and to the tops of two of the towers, from whose dizzy but unfenced heights we took furtive glances at the magnificent view. It was not only our exalted position that made us uncomfortable, but the fact that the remains of the machicolated walls are built with deep perpendicular openings at short intervals, through which one catches glimpses of the depths below, and down which it would be exceedingly easy to slip, while clinging to the crumbling ramparts

for support. It was through such apertures that Jeanne la Flamme and other heroines of history poured boiling oil on their assailants.

Continuing our drive by way of Sarzeau to St. Gildas we noticed vineyards for the first time since coming into France. Buckwheat (*blé noir* or *sarazin*) was less frequent, and the roadside crucifix was supplanted by innumerable stone crosses. We saw a very primitive method of winnowing corn, which illustrated the phrase, "The chaff which the wind driveth away." A man and a girl were standing on a small common, where the corn had evidently been thrashed; the girl handed the corn to the man, who stood on a low stool with his back to the wind, holding in his hand a coarse sieve. As the corn dropped through, the chaff was blown away, and the good grain fell to the ground.

The spinning wheel and distaff are most familiar objects in Brittany, and all the women and girls seem able to do the most elaborate knitting as they walk along, or drive the cattle home.

Except for its associations there is nothing very striking about St. Gildas, but for all that we longed to spend a week or two at the convent, with the sweet-faced sisters, wandering in their ancient garden, and drinking in health and strength from the Atlantic wave. They entertained us with coffee and bread and butter, and told us that they take in boarders, five francs each per day, for sea bathing (ladies, children, and married couples). As one of the nuns showed us their graveyard with the ages eighty-five and eighty-seven occurring often on the small wooden crosses, she remarked, "On n'est pas souvent malade ici."

The convent was originally a monastery, founded in the sixth century by St. Gildas, one of the many emigrant saints sent by Great Britain to Brittany. At his death the Cornish monks tried to claim his bones, which were,

however, miraculously removed to prevent contention. In the twelfth century Abelard became abbot, but his gentle rule was ineffectual in restraining the wild manners and vicious habits of the monks, and he had at length to escape for his life. He wrote to Heloise, "I inhabit a barbarous country, the language of which is unknown and horrible to me; I deal only with a savage people, my walks are by the inaccessible shores of a wild sea; my monks know no other rule than that of having none."

While Ruth sketched, I was taken into the one shop of the village by its vivacious proprietress. As she remarked, "Ici mademoiselle on trouve un peu de tout." She told me that St. Gildas has been a bathing-place for thirty years, and that since "les Bonnes Sœurs" had taken in pensionnaires "il venait beaucoup d'Anglais." One family came two years ago, who lived for several months in a carriage on the seashore. The old woman had been inside it, and described it as fitted up with every luxury. The family consisted of several persons, including the grandparents; they had as well a small carriage, drawn by one horse, and a boat of such length that the cart which brought it could not turn round in the "Place." When the procession first arrived, headed by the travelling carriage, with four horses, it caused the greatest excitement in the primitive village. As my informant said— "Moi, je croyais que c'était un cirque. Ah, c'était une famille bien, bien riche, les messieurs étaient jolis, et les dames très aimables; ils ont beaucoup acheté chez moi."

At the end of our chat I bought for three sous each two models of the beautifully-shaped jugs used in the north of Brittany, and on our way home we first saw the most classic shape of all borne on a woman's head.

On the return drive we called at Sarzeau to see the house where Le Sage was born in 1688. Its owner, the mayor, was away, so we could not obtain admittance; but we looked through the keyhole of the garden-door, and gained a general impression of a very old-fashioned house standing back in a high-walled garden.

The pleasantest part of our day was the drive home. The tide was in, and the Morbihan Sea looked much larger. As we drove along the low-lying peninsula, with the sun fast reaching its setting, we caught glimpses of the Atlantic on our right hand, while the little inland sea, bristling with islands, its shores fringed with salt-works, lay on our left. By-and-by we lost sight of the ocean, and came nearer the coast of the Morbihan. The sky was flaming with gold and crimson, subdued by heavy clouds, the islands lay dark and sombre amid the brilliant colours reflected in the water, and every now and then a clump of trees, a windmill, or a church spire broke the level lines of the shore.

We spent the next morning in wandering about the ancient town of Vannes, the history of which dates from the time when Cæsar came in person, his ships having leathern sails, to subdue the unruly Veneti (Vannetais). It has indeed been asserted by historians that at a still earlier period Vannes colonised the Adriatic, and gave her name to the Venetians. It occupied a prominent part in the stirring history of Brittany in later days.

The streets are narrow and irregular, parts of the old city walls with three gateways still exist, as well as the Tour du Connétable, where Oliver Clisson was treacherously imprisoned in 1387.

We left Vannes at three o'clock, and had our first uncomfortable journey—to Nantes. Having lost a sovereign during our travels, it occurred to us to recoup ourselves by "the negative process" of spending less; so we took third-class tickets, a mistake never to be repeated.

(To be continued.)

FEBRUARY THE FOURTEENTH.

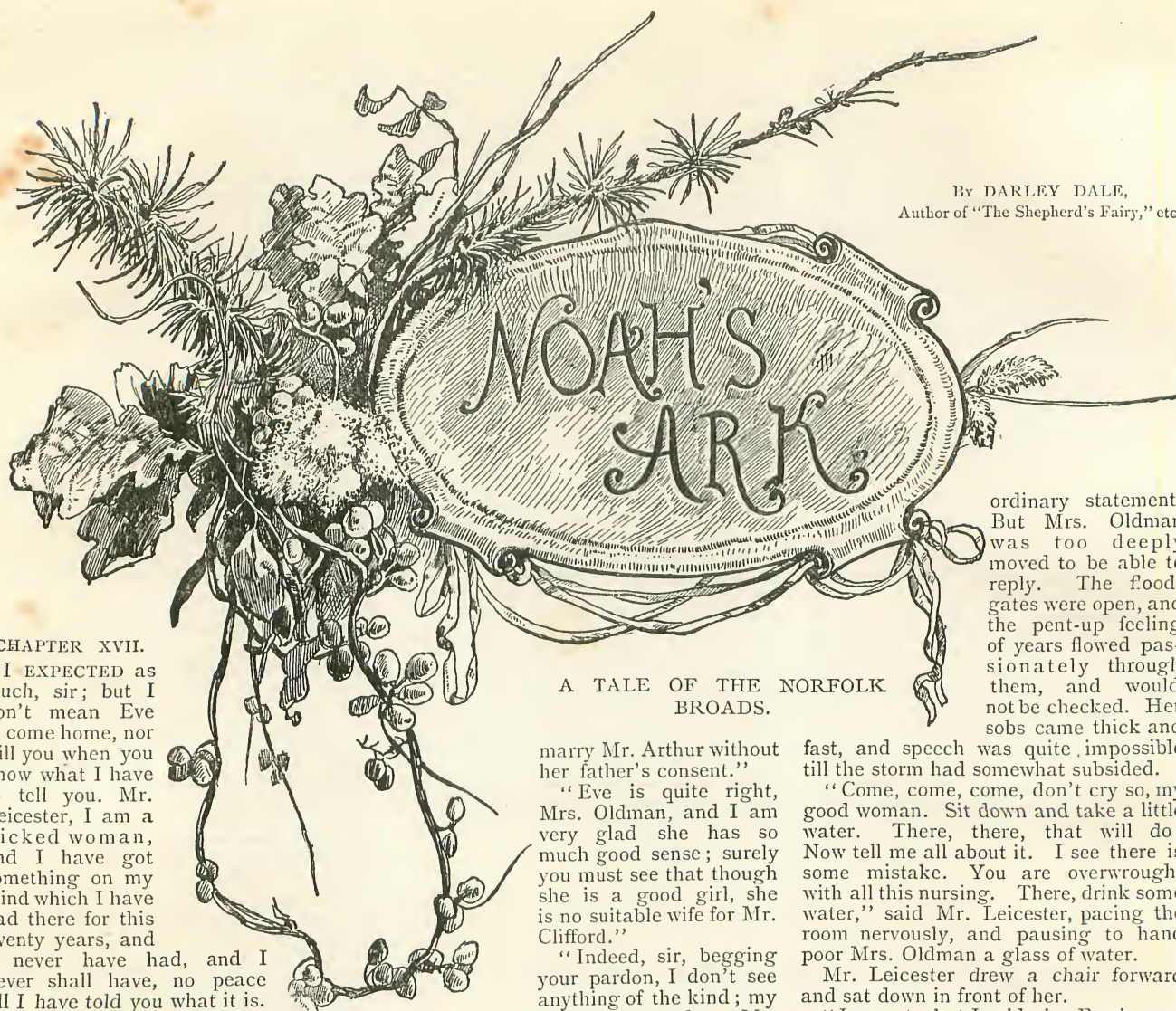
By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



A MAIDEN went a-roaming
Arrayed in kirtle green,
With sunbeams bright illuming
Her hair of golden sheen;
And in the woodland mazes,
And in the meadow grass,
The buttercups and daisies
Woke up to see her pass.

An idle youth was strolling
Beside the grassy way,
In mellow accents troling
This sweet and tender lay—
"The little birds are mating
In every bower and tree;
I trow some lass is waiting
To be a mate for me!"

The lass in green came dancing
Adown the verdant glade,
And met the lad advancing—
Oh, happy youth and maid!
The last fair snowdrops waited
Their wedding bells to ring,
When gay young Love was mated
With sweet and smiling Spring!



By DARLEY DALE,
Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I EXPECTED as much, sir; but I don't mean Eve to come home, nor will you when you know what I have to tell you. Mr. Leicester, I am a wicked woman, and I have got something on my mind which I have had there for this twenty years, and I never have had, and I never shall have, no peace till I have told you what it is. But if Noah was to know it he'd never forgive me. Indeed, I believe it would break his heart; so please, sir, before I tell you what it is, promise you won't tell my old man. I should never dare to face him if he knew."

Mr. Leicester's manner changed. The visit was evidently not an ordinary one; she had come to consult him on a spiritual matter, and the peace she sought was the peace it was his duty to enable her to obtain.

"My good woman, you may be quite sure that anything you may tell me in confidence I shall regard as sacred, though it may be my duty to advise you to tell your husband."

"I could not do it, sir, not if you told me my soul depended on it. How I am going to tell you I don't know. Twenty years have I kept this secret, and many is the night I have laid awake thinking of it, but the longer I kept it the harder it was to tell; and then I saw Mr. Arthur was after Eve, and I winked at it, and I thought he would have married her, and then there would not have been any need to tell anyone; but that wasn't to be; that Farrar must put his finger in the pie, and a nice hash he made of it, and now here is Eve says she'll never

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

marry Mr. Arthur without her father's consent."

"Eve is quite right, Mrs. Oldman, and I am very glad she has so much good sense; surely you must see that though she is a good girl, she is no suitable wife for Mr. Clifford."

"Indeed, sir, begging your pardon, I don't see anything of the kind; my Eve is as good as Mr.

Arthur—b'ess his handsome face!—any day," said Mrs. Oldman, nervously plaiting and unplaiting the border of her pocket-handkerchief.

"My good woman, it is not a question of goodness; surely your own common sense must tell you that—that, in short, Mr. Clifford's wife must be a lady by birth and education, and although I know Eve has had as good an education as my own daughter, her humble parentage makes her an impossible wife for Mr. Clifford."

"May I make so bold as to ask if you would consider Miss Grace a suitable wife for Mr. Arthur, sir?" said Mrs. Oldman, rising from her seat and clasping her hands in front of her over the now limp handkerchief.

"My daughter? A Leicester marry a Clifford? Why, of course I should! My daughter might marry a peer of the realm," said Mr. Leicester, whose besetting sin was pride of birth.

"Then, sir, Eve may very well marry Mr. Clifford, for she is your daughter, and that's the truth!" And with this Mrs. Oldman burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Leicester sprang to his feet, and turning very pale, haughtily demanded to know what she meant by this extra-

ordinary statement. But Mrs. Oldman was too deeply moved to be able to reply. The flood-gates were open, and the pent-up feeling of years flowed passionately through them, and would not be checked. Her sobs came thick and fast, and speech was quite impossible till the storm had somewhat subsided.

"Come, come, come, don't cry so, my good woman. Sit down and take a little water. There, there, that will do! Now tell me all about it. I see there is some mistake. You are overwrought with all this nursing. There, drink some water," said Mr. Leicester, pacing the room nervously, and pausing to hand poor Mrs. Oldman a glass of water.

Mr. Leicester drew a chair forward and sat down in front of her.

"I meant what I said, sir; Eve is your child, and Miss Grace is Noah's and mine," said Mrs. Oldman between her sobs.

"But it is impossible; you can't mean what you are saying."

"I do, sir, begging your pardon; it is true; Eve is Miss Leicester. Oh, sir, for the love of God, forgive a poor, wicked, vain old woman. I changed the babies when I had yours, which is Eve, to nurse." And once again her voice became inaudible for sobs.

Mr. Leicester began to realise that the woman was speaking the truth, though he could not yet grasp all that her news involved. Her grief, genuine as it was, irritated him, for it prevented her from answering his questions.

"Mrs. Oldman," he said, firmly, but kindly, "this is a very grave matter; try to control your feelings sufficiently to tell me what proof you have that this is true, and what led you to do so wrong and cruel an act."

This appeal took effect; and mastering her feelings, Mrs. Oldman crossed her hands in her lap, and sitting bolt upright, said, in a voice continually broken by sobs—

"If you please, sir, it was like this: When your baby was brought to me it

was delicate, and my own was strong and healthy, so Noah insisted I should bring ours up by hand; but after a few weeks my baby grew thin and yours was as strong and healthy as you could wish to see, so without telling Noah I weaned your child and took my own again. I had no thoughts then of changing the children, till one day Noah came in suddenly and sees your child taking the bottle, and he asks me very sharply what I meant by weaning it. 'Bless your heart, Noah,' says I; 'why, don't you know your own child when you sees it? That is Eve,' says I. And Noah he leans over the cradle and looks hard at the child, and the little thing clasped hold of his finger and laughed at him, and says he, 'Well, I shall never make a mistake again, Mary. I shall know the child among a thousand by her eyes and her smile.' I had only told a fib to avoid a scolding, but I knew if Noah found out that I had told him a lie, it would almost break his heart, so I made up my mind I must stick to it, and as soon as he was gone out I changed the children's clothes, and dressed my baby in all Miss Grace's things, and called her Miss Grace, and I put my baby's clothes on your child, and called her Eve."

"It can't be, it cannot be! You must have been found out. Someone would have recognised the children," said Mr. Leicester, unwilling to believe the truth of her confession.

"No one would, except the doctor. All babies are very much alike, sir. He was the only person I was afraid of, and, luckily for me, the children did not want him till they were vaccinated, and then he did not notice, though he and I could prove Miss Grace is my child any day by a birth-mark she has on her left shoulder."

"Then I understand you changed them before they were baptised, so that if your story be true, Grace is really Grace, but your child, and Eve is Eve, but my daughter?"

"Yes, that is the solemn truth, sir, if I was never to speak another word."

"And what do you suppose Noah would say to this if he knew it?"

"Oh, sir, my old man would never forgive me; for mercy's sake, don't tell him."

"I will not, unless you give me permission. I promised you I would not, and I will keep my promise; but have you ever thought what a cruel piece of injustice you have been guilty of to your own child as well as to mine? Grace, as I must continue to call her, not only loves me as her father, but has been a most loving daughter, a most dutiful child to me. Just think what a cruel blow it would be to her to tell her that she is not my child but only an eel-catcher's, though that eel-catcher is a far better man than I can ever hope to be. Why, it is enough to kill her; and this much I shall insist on, she must never know it. As my own child I have hitherto loved and regarded her; as my own daughter I shall continue to treat her. But we must think of Eve as well as of Grace; it is hard to say which you have wronged the most, your child or mine."

"I have been a good mother to Eve, sir; if she had been my own child I could not have loved her more; and now if she is allowed to marry Mr. Arthur, perhaps after all there won't have been so much wrong done to her. Not that I am making any excuses for myself—far be it from me to do so," sobbed Mrs. Oldman.

"She must marry Arthur, and at once too; there is no doubt about that, though I don't see my way to it at present. My good woman, you will be quite ill if you go on crying in this way. Just go into the kitchen and have some dinner, while I think over what you have told me, and consider what is to be done."

And as Mr. Leicester spoke, he rang the bell and told the servant to take Mrs. Oldman into the kitchen and give her some dinner, as she was worn out with nursing her daughter; and then he sat down to think what he ought to do. Many men under similar circumstances would have been inclined to doubt the truth of Mrs. Oldman's story, but much as he wished to do so, Mr. Leicester could not doubt it. She evidently spoke the truth. Eve was his daughter, though unless Arthur Clifford had fallen in love with her and unless Jack Farrar had intercepted their elopement, he would probably never have known it. Still, though in his heart he firmly believed the story, he wished for some confirmation of it, and the first problem he had to solve was how to get this without rousing Grace's suspicions. If he could discover that she had any peculiar mark on her left shoulder, there would no longer be the shadow of a doubt, and he now remembered he had never seen Grace in a low dress. Was this the reason? He must find out. They were going to a dinner party at the Bishop's palace one day that week; he would ask Grace what she was going to wear, and perhaps incidentally the information he wanted would crop up; so he went to the drawing-room in search of her.

"Do you want luncheon, father? It is rather early yet."

"No, my dear. What day is the Bishop's dinner party?"

"Next Monday."

"What are you going to wear, Grace? It will be a grand affair, I suppose."

"That white lace dress of mine you are so fond of."

"It is a high dress, isn't it?"

"No, dear; it is what we call square, open in front and high at the back."

"Is that correct, Grace? Shouldn't it be low for full dress?"

"I suppose it should; but I never wear low dresses, father. If you think it matters, let us send an excuse. I don't care to go, and I daresay you are right; I ought to be in full dress."

"Then order a proper dress, dear. I'll give you a blank cheque," said Mr. Leicester, inwardly hating himself for beating about the bush in this style.

Grace coloured deeply as she answered—

"I could not wear a low dress if I had one, father; there is a large mark on my left shoulder, which would show if I did."

There was no doubt now; Mrs. Oldman's story was true; Grace was not his child; but vexation at the pain he had caused her by his method of discovering the truth prevented him for the moment from realising it.

"I beg your pardon, my darling. Wear what you like; you are always becomingly dressed. I shall want you in my study after luncheon. I want to speak to you about Arthur. Just send me in some sandwiches; I am very busy this morning."

Nevertheless, busy as he was, Mr. Leicester spent the next three-quarters of an hour in pacing his study, during which time he disposed of the sandwiches and decided on the course to be pursued. Then he sent for Mrs. Oldman, who, refreshed by hot mutton, was better able to control her feelings than during her previous interview.

"Well, Mrs. Oldman, I have decided that Eve must not return to the ark; she must be married at once to Mr. Clifford; I will marry them, and if Noah can be persuaded to give her away, so much the better."

"He'll never do that, sir; he will never consent to the marriage, unless he is told Eve isn't his child; I know him so well," said Mrs. Oldman, with a sigh.

"Then there is only one thing to be done; you must tell him. I strongly advise you to do this, not only for Eve's sake, but for your own also. You have deceived him grievously for more than twenty years, and you will not find peace until you have confessed it to him."

"I daren't, sir; I could never have the face to tell Noah that tale; the words would choke me."

"But what is to be done? If he won't consent he must be told. I'll see him at once, and do all I can to get his consent; but if I fail—"

"Then tell him all the truth, sir, please, and I must bear his anger the best way I can."

"Very well, so let it be; and now I have no time to lose, for Grace has promised to drive over this afternoon for Eve. I must have it out with Noah before she starts. Just send her to me, will you? and then I'll go over to the ark and see if I can catch your husband. You had better say nothing to Eve till you see me again, nor to Mr. Clifford if you see him."

Mrs. Oldman made no reply, perhaps because she knew she didn't mean to obey this last injunction, so she curtsied and retired in silence.

"It is all right with parson, sir; I knew it would be when once I had seen him; it is only my old man now that has to be won over, and Mr. Leicester is going to do his best with him; but Noah is a masterful spirit, so I am far from thinking we have won the day yet," was her greeting to Arthur Clifford when he met her, as arranged between them, to drive her back to Eve.

"Mrs. Oldman, you are a witch. How did you manage to convert my guardian?"

But on this point Mrs. Oldman chose to keep her own counsel.

(To be continued.)

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NOTE FROM HATTY.



BESSIE knew that she should find Edna in her mother's dressing-room—a large, comfortable room, much used by both mother and daughter when they were tired or indisposed. Mrs. Sefton

generally used it as a morning-room, and it was fitted up somewhat luxuriously.

Bessie found Edna lying on a couch in her white tea-gown, with a novel in her hand. The pink shade of the lamp threw a rosy glow over everything, and at first sight Bessie thought she looked much as usual; her first words, too, were said in her ordinary tone.

"So you have found your way up at last," she exclaimed, throwing down her book with an air of disgust and weariness; "my head ached this afternoon, and so mamma thought I had better stay here quietly."

"Is your head better now?"

"Yes, thanks; only this book is so stupid. I think novels are stupid now-a-days; the heroes are so gaudy, and the heroines have not a spark of spirit. You may talk to me instead, if you like. What have you been doing with yourself all day?"

Bessie was dumb with amazement. Was this pride, or was Edna acting a part, and pretending not to care? She could break her lover's heart one minute and talk of novels the next. Bessie's simplicity was at fault; she could make nothing of this.

"Why are you looking at me in that way?" asked Edna, fretfully, on receiving no answer; and as she raised herself on the cushions Bessie could see her face more plainly. It looked very pale, and her eyes were painfully bright, and then she gave a hard little laugh that had no mirth in it. "So mamma or Richard have been talking to you! What a transparent little creature you are, Bessie! You are dreadfully shocked, are you not, that I have sent Neville about his business?"

"Oh, Edna, please don't talk about it in that way."

"If I talk about it at all, it must be in my own way. If Neville thought I could not live without him he finds himself mistaken now. I am not the sort of girl who could put up with tyranny; other people may submit to be ordered about and treated like a child, but I am not one of them."

"Edna, surely you consider that you owe a duty to the man you have promised to marry."

"I owe him none—I will never owe him any duty." And here Edna's manner became excited. "It is mamma I ought to obey, and I will not always yield to her; but I have never given Neville the right to lecture and control me; no man shall—no man," angrily.

"Edna, how can you bear to part with Mr. Sinclair, when he is so good and loves you so much?"

"I can bear it very well. I can do without him," she replied, obstinately; "at least I have regained my liberty and become my own mistress."

"Will that console you for making him miserable? Oh, Edna, if you had only seen his face when I gave him your message, I am sure you must have relented. He has gone away unhappy, and you let him go."

"Yes, I let him go. How dare he come down here to spy out my movements? Captain Grant, indeed! But it is all of a piece; his jealousy is unbearable. I will no longer put up with it. Why do you talk about it, Bessie? You do not know Neville—Mr. Sinclair, I mean. He is a stranger to you; he has given me plenty to bear during our engagement. He has a difficult nature, it does not suit mine; I must be trusted wholly or not at all."

"Will you not let your mother explain this to him and send for him back?" But Edna drew herself up so haughtily that Bessie dared not proceed.

"I will never call him back, if I wanted him ever so; but I am not likely to want him, he has made me too miserable. No one shall speak to him; it is my affair, and no one has any right to meddle. Mamma takes his part, and Richard, too. Everyone is against me, but they cannot influence me," finished Edna, proudly.

"Mrs. Sefton was right; I can do no good," thought Bessie, sorrowfully; "it seems as though some demon of pride has taken possession of the girl. Mr. Sinclair is nothing to her to-night; she is only conscious of her own proud, injured feelings," and Bessie showed her wisdom by ceasing to argue the point; she let Edna talk on without checking her, until she had exhausted herself, and then she rose and bade her good-night.

Edna seemed taken aback.

"You are going to leave me, Bessie?"

"Yes, it is very late, and your mother will be coming up directly. I can do you no good; no one could to-night. I shall go and pray for you instead."

"You will pray for me! May I ask why?"

"I will not even tell you that to-night, it would be no use, the evil spirits won't let you listen, Edna; they have stopped your ears too; to-night you are in their power, you have placed yourself at their mercy; no one can help you except One, and you will not even ask Him."

"You are very incomprehensible, Bessie."

"Yes, I daresay I seem so, but perhaps one day you may understand better."

You want us not to think you unhappy, and you are utterly miserable. I never could pretend things, even when I was a child. I must say everything out. I think you are unhappy now, and that you will be more unhappy to-morrow; and when you begin to realise your unhappiness, you will begin to look for a remedy. Good-night, dear Edna. Don't be angry at my plain speaking, for I really want to do you good." Edna made no answer, and yielded her cheek coldly to Bessie's kiss. If something wet touched her face, she took no apparent notice, but Bessie could not restrain her tears as she left the room. "Oh, why, why were people so mad and wicked? How could anyone calling herself by the sacred name of Christian suffer herself to be over-mastered by these bitter and angry passions? It is just temper; Mrs. Sefton is right," thought Bessie; and her mind was so oppressed by the thought of Edna's wretchedness that it was long before she could compose herself to sleep. But she rose at her usual early hour, and wrote out of the fulness of her heart to her mother, not mentioning any facts, but relieving her overwrought feelings by loving words that were very sweet to her mother.

"I think it is good to go away sometimes from one's belongings," wrote Bessie; "absence makes one realise one's blessings more. I don't think I ever felt more thankful that I had such a mother than last night, when Edna was talking in a way that troubled me."

When Bessie went downstairs after finishing her letter, she was much surprised to see Edna in her usual place, pouring out the coffee. She looked a little pale and heavy-eyed; but no one could have detected from her manner that there was anything much amiss. A slight restlessness, however, an eagerness for occupation and amusement, and a shade of impatience when anyone opposed her, spoke of inward irritability. Now and then, too, there was a sharpness in her voice that betrayed nervous tension; but none dared to express sympathy by look or word. Once when she announced her intention of joining Bessie and Richard in their ride, and her mother asked her if she were not too tired, she turned on her almost fiercely.

"I tired, mamma! What an absurd idea; as though riding ever tired me. I am not an old woman yet. Bessie," turning to her, "the Athertons are coming this afternoon, and I have written to the Powers to join them. We must have a good practice, because we have to go to the Badderleys to-morrow, and Major Sullivan will be my partner; he is our best player, and we have Captain Grant and Mrs. Matchett against us."

It was so in everything. Edna seemed bent all that day on tiring herself out. She rode at a pace that morning that left the others far behind, but Richard took no notice; he continued his conver-

sation with Bessie, and left Edna to her own devices.

In the afternoon she played tennis in the same reckless fashion; once Bessie saw her turn very pale, and put her hand to her side, but the next minute she was playing again.

"What spirits Edna is in," Florence said once. "Really I do not know what we shall all do next spring when she gets married, for she is the life and soul of everything," for none of the girls had noticed that the diamond ring was missing on Edna's finger; some brilliant emerald and ruby rings had replaced it.

Edna continued in this unsatisfactory state for weeks, and not once did she open her lips even to her mother on the subject of her broken engagement. Every morning she made her plans for the day. It seemed to Bessie as though air and movement were absolutely necessary to her. When the morning ride was over she would arrange to drive her mother or Bessie to some given place, and the intervening hours were always spent in tennis or archery. When the evening came she would often lie on the drawing-room couch in a state of exhaustion, until she compelled herself to some exertion. "Oh, how stupid everyone is!" she would say, jumping up in a quick, restless manner. "Ritchie, why don't you think of something amusing to do? Bessie, I hate those dreamy old ballads; do come and play some game. Mamma," she exclaimed, one evening, "we must have a regular picnic for Bessie; she has never been at a large one in her life. We will go to Arldley, and Floreñce shall take her violin, and Dr. Merton his cornet, and we will have a dance on the turf; it will be delightful."

Well, to please her, they talked of the picnic, and Richard good-naturedly promised to hire a waggonette for the occasion, but she had forgotten all about it the next day, and there was to be an archery meeting in the long meadow instead.

"Bessie, she is killing herself," exclaimed Mrs. Sefton, for in those days she found Bessie a great comfort. "Do you see how thin she is getting! And she eats next to nothing; she is losing her strength, and all that exercise is too much for her. The weather is too hot for those morning rides. I must speak to Richard."

"She does not really enjoy them," replied Bessie, "but I think she feels better when she is not in the house, and then it is something to do. Mrs. Sefton, I want to speak to you about something else. I have been here nearly a month, and it is time for me to go home."

"You are not thinking of leaving us," interrupted Mrs. Sefton, in genuine alarm. "I cannot spare you, Bessie; I must write to your father. What would Edna do without you? My dear, I cannot let you go."

"Hatty is not well," observed Bessie, anxiously. "She always flags in the warm weather. I don't believe Cliffe suits her; but father never likes to send her away. Christine wrote to me yesterday, and she said Hatty had had one of

her old fainting fits, and had been very weak ever since. I cannot be happy in leaving her any longer, though they say nothing about my coming home."

"But she has your mother and Christine. You are not really wanted," urged Mrs. Sefton, rather selfishly, for she was thinking of her own and Edna's loss, and not of Bessie's anxiety.

"Hatty always wants me," returned Bessie, firmly. "I think I am more to her than anyone else except mother. I have written to father this morning to ask what I had better do. I told him that I had had a long holiday, and that I was ready to come home at once if Hatty wanted me."

"Oh, very well, if you have made your plans," returned Mrs. Sefton, in rather a chilling manner; but Bessie would not let her proceed.

"Dear Mrs. Sefton," she said, much distressed at her obvious displeasure, "you must not think that I leave you willingly. I have been so happy here; it has been such a real holiday that I am afraid I am not a bit anxious to go home, but if father thinks it is my duty—"

"Your father is a sensible man. I don't believe he will recall you anyhow. I will write to him myself, and tell him how anxious we are to keep you. That will do no harm, eh, Bessie?"

"No," hesitated the girl, "I daresay he will only think you are all too kind to me." She did not like to offend her hostess by begging her not to write. Her father knew her well enough; he would not misunderstand her. He knew her love for Hatty would never let pleasure stand in the way if she required her. "All the enjoyments in the world would not keep me from Hatty if she really needed me, and father knows that; we are both quite safe with him."

Bessie was perfectly comfortable in her own mind; she was sure of her own motives, and she had implicit faith in her father; but she would not have been quite so easy if she had known that Mrs. Sefton intended to send a little note to Hatty as well. It was only a kindly worded note, full of sympathy for Hatty's little ailments, such as any friendly stranger might write, but the closing sentence was terribly damaging to Bessie's plans. "Please do not let your father recall Bessie unless it is absolutely necessary. We are all so fond of her, and my poor girl, who is in sad trouble just now, is dependent on her for companionship. Bessie is so happy too, that it would be cruel to take her away. She is becoming a first-rate horsewoman under my son's tuition, and is very much liked by all our friends; indeed, everyone makes much of her. If you can spare her a little longer I shall be truly grateful, my dear Miss Sefton, for my poor child's sake." And then followed a few kindly expressions of goodwill and sympathy.

Bessie was rather surprised to receive a letter from Christine the following morning, with a little pencilled note from Hatty inside. "Her father was too busy to write," Christine said. "He had a very anxious case on hand; but he hoped Hatty was rather better that

day, and he thought they could do without Bessie a little longer, as her friends seemed to need her so much. He was sorry to hear Miss Sefton had broken off her engagement; it was a very serious thing for any young lady to do, and he hoped none of his girls would act so dishonourably to any man." Hatty's note was short and much underlined.

"Darling Bessie,—You are not to come home on my account. Chrissy is very nice and does everything for me, and I won't have your pleasure spoiled and Miss Sefton's too, poor thing, just because I was stupid enough to faint. It is only the hot weather—oh! it is so hot and glaring here! Chrissy and I cannot imagine how you can ride and play tennis in such heat; but perhaps it is cooler in the country. Now remember, I mean what I say, and that I don't want you one bit. At least, that is a fib in one way, because I always want my Betty; but I am quite happy to think you are enjoying yourself, and cheering up that poor girl—she must be very miserable. Write to me soon again. I do love your letters. I always keep them under my pillow and read them in the morning. Good-bye, darling; you are my own Betty, you know."

"Your loving little HATTY."

"I suppose I must stop a week or ten days longer," thought Bessie, laying down her letters with rather a dissatisfied feeling. "I wish father could have written himself, but I daresay he will in a day or two. I will try not to fidget. I will wait a little and then write to mother and tell her how I feel about things. When she understands how difficult it is for me to get away without giving offence, she will be sure to help me, and six weeks are enough to satisfy Mrs. Sefton."

Bessie spoke of her letters at luncheon-time. Edna heard her with languid attention, but Mrs. Sefton was triumphant.

"I knew they could spare you, Bessie," she said, with a look of amusement, that made Bessie feel a little small. Richard glanced at her without speaking, and then busied himself in his carving.

But that evening as Bessie was pausing in the hall to look out at the dark clouds that were scurrying across the sky, she found Richard at her elbow.

"There is going to be a storm," he said, quietly. "I have been expecting it all day. Edna is always nervous; she hates the thunder. What was that my mother was saying at luncheon, Miss Lambert? Surely you do not intend leaving us?"

"Not just yet, not for another week," returned Bessie, much surprised by the gravity of his manner. "They will want me at home after that."

"They will not want you as much as some of us do here," he returned, with much feeling. "Miss Lambert, do not go unless you are obliged. My sister needs you, and so—"

He broke off abruptly, coloured, and finally wished her good-night.

"I wonder why he did not finish his sentence," thought Bessie, innocently, as she went up to her room.

(To be continued.)

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE homespuns and tweeds manufactured and sold by the Donegal Industrial Fund are well worthy of notice and patronage by those who desire thoroughly well-wearing and warm materials for country and winter travelling wear. The colour is a pretty light grey, and the texture is neither weighty, nor too thick to be worn as an ordinary every-day gown in the country. The homespuns, as well as the tweeds, are hand woven and hand spun, and are considered by experts and good, experienced judges to rival the best class of Highland tweeds in quality and general character. In the matter of woollen materials, great strides have been made in Ireland during the last three years, and the woollen industry is one of the most natural for that country, and one into which she could most profitably enter, as she produces plenty of wool, and manufactures but little of the raw material herself. One of the greatest needs there is the inauguration of industrial training schools, where the manufacture of wool might be taught, as skill, in addition to knowledge, is needed for it. I must not omit to mention the "Hygeia All-Wool Underwear," which is sold by the Donegal Industrial Fund, which is made in Ireland, on handlooms, and is very soft and perfect in both its finish and shape.

One of the most curious fabrics lately revived is the manufacture of mixed glass and material. Mons. Dubus Bonnet, a Frenchman, claims to have invented a new process for glass and silk; fifty or sixty strands of glass being woven together into one thread, which is strong and even, and forms the weft, the warp being of silk. The cloth produced is said to be lustrous and extremely beautiful, and resplendent with brilliance; but the weaving is slow, twelve hours being needed to produce a yard of cloth. Under this new patent great improvements are



DOUBLE-BREASTED FUR-TRIMMED JACKET.



A PAIR OF TEA-GOWNS AND AN EMPIRE FROCK

promised, and it is probable that a new departure in textiles may be the result.

Now that we are said to be returning to fur as a trimming and ornament to our dress, both for day and evening wear, it is very amusing to look up the past history of this comfortable covering in our native country. If one may believe an ancient treatise on morals and behaviour, written in 1371 by Geoffroi de la Tour Landray, the English were the first to set the fashion of furring and edging of garments; and we know that Alfred was probably the originator of the custom of fur being worn as an emblem of royalty. Strutt also tells us that before the Conquest, sables, beavers, foxes, cats, lambs, ermines, squirrels, martens, rabbits, and goats were all used for dress. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries every one who could manage to buy it wore fur; and the Plantagenet kings were constantly occupied with sumptuary laws, in which they classified the people who should wear fur of certain kinds. Under the warlike Edward III., an Act was passed prohibiting the use of fur to all except the king, royal family, and those who derived £100 a year from land. The furs were later on accurately mentioned which might be worn by everyone—peers, judges, every order of the clergy, knights, esquires,

yeomen, and artisans; the latter were allowed to wear only lamb, rabbit, cat, and fox. The last Act dealing with clerical furs was passed by Henry VIII., who forbade the clergy to wear any fur but black rabbit, grey marten, fitch, fox, otter, beaver, and "budge shanks," i.e., the fur from the legs of the sheep. The extravagance of the expenditure in furs in those days is constantly remarked upon; and in the year 1361 a nameless chronicler says that England went mad in the matter of ornamental dress, and we gather with some comfort that not women, but men, were the great sinners in that respect in those days, and it was men who wore these expensive and extravagant furs. It certainly shows that the climate was as cold, if not colder, than at present; and as we have constant mention of the Thames being frozen over, we may believe that, with their imperfect methods of eating and living, their sufferings from cold must have been great; and that the fur-lined gowns so constantly mentioned as being worn indoors by men were needed to preserve the natural warmth.

The penalties in money were to be paid to the Crown, but offenders could also be imprisoned. Elizabeth was the last sovereign who tried, I believe, to control

fashionable extravagance by laws, and it does not seem that sumptuary enactments were ever successful, because, from their frequency in every reign, one gathers that people went on doing pretty much as they pleased. I am afraid, in our day, if I had the power, I should try to make a law to prevent anyone wearing or killing birds; for entreaties and expostulations seem to have had little effect on this cruel custom.

I must now turn to the practical aspect of fur in this year of our Lord, 1889. Small jackets for out-of-door use are trimmed with broad collars of fur—generally otter, beaver, or sealskin—and an edging of the same is put down the fronts and round the sleeves. They are of various coloured cloths, besides being of black, navy-blue, and seal-brown; and some are lined with fur, grey squirrel or beaver being used. The fastenings are large buttons of bone, or else brandenburg of silk. Many of these jackets have braided or fur waistcoats, or the latter corresponding with the fur of the revers and collar.

These jackets, as will be seen from our illustration, have always tight-fitting backs and double-breasted fronts, which make them much warmer than the ordinary tight-fitting tailor-made jacket. Sealskin jackets are also



OUTDOOR APPAREL.

worn of the same shape as the cloth ones which I have described. Fur capes are not so much seen this winter. Instead of them we find a combined collarette and long boa, the collarette coming deep over the shoulders. Those in beaver and blue fox are very handsome. These two furs, with the addition of black fox, may be called, I think, the fashionable furs of this winter.

The long cloaks, however, carry away the palm, and everyone seems to wear them, and persons of all ages. They are made in many materials, and all are quite as long as the dress. Some are shaped into the back, and appear to set-in quite tightly, while others are pleated-in and tied-in by strings round the waist. What are called *Rotondes* seem to be straight lengths of the material gathered into a neck-band, or put into yokes. Some are smocked at the shoulders, and some have a plain yoke, which is hidden by three small capes, which are piped at the edges with colour. Others have three deep pleats or tucks at the edge of the front, which fall to the feet; and an opening at the side of the last pleat makes this look as if it had a double-pleated front. The new way of making waterproofs is to make two deep pleats in front, under which are the arm openings, which make the cloak more useful and give freedom to the arms. These loose cloaks that I have been describing are all to be seen in the illustrations of "out-door apparel," where there is also the new



NEW JACKET BODICE WITH WAISTCOAT.

"Hubbard cloak" with long wing-like sleeves over tight ones. Cloaks of plain and striped serge, brocaded woollens, and limousine are worn in the morning in the park or the street, and the same kind of thing is seen in the afternoon, only the material is matelassé, velvet brocade, or Velour du Nord. These are often lined with plush. Ordinary cloaks are lined with shot-silk when a thick lining would not answer. The backs of these cloaks are slit up—though when standing up it is not seen—to enable the wearer to pull them forward when sitting down. Large capes to the waist are seen with Directoire coats, and there are many circular pelerines which are called "cardinals," and are quite loose in shape and style.

The hats are very much prettier than they have been, and the use of felt (very fine and soft), which will bend, and almost take form of itself, is graceful. Some of the wide-brimmed felts are turned up at the back, in three fluted folds, as the straw hats were in the summer. Then there is the boat-shape, which is now called "amazon," which has a slighter degree

of curl at the sides than the old boat-shape had; but it is trimmed with one long and handsome ostrich feather, as in former days, the tip falling over the brim and touching the shoulder, in the graceful way adopted of old. Mere ostrich feathers are used this year than have been seen for some time, and they are quite "piled up" on very handsome hats, one hat having a feather long enough to curl round the throat. Galloon is the usual binding for felts, and some are lined with velvet, but the newest trimming is pinked out cloth, which is used both as a binding and a trimming too, and looks very warm and winter-like. In small hats there are many varieties of the toque, which has a turned up brim, sometimes like a turban or Spanish hat. These are most generally worn in the morning, while the wide and graceful Rubens and Gainsborough-looking hats, with their weight of feathers, are worn at afternoon teas, concerts, and at weddings. Veils are becoming quite large, and some are edged with lace and drawn in at the throat in the way I illustrated last month. Some new long veils have been brought out, which reach below the chin, and are of spotted net with a lace edge. It would be strange if we went back to the old long veil of our grandmothers again! Bonnets are both small and large. The "Corday bonnet" is only a small plate-like shape composed of velvet in killings, winding round from the centre of the crown, and a full *torsade* to give height over the face. The strings are fastened at the top of it; in general the latter are short, and start from the back of the bonnet. Drawn velvet bonnets are seen on both old and young with moiré trimmings. Cloth bonnets with fur trimmings are used to match the dress for morning wear. Black astrachan is used to bind many coloured bonnets, and black feathers are used with it. In general it may be said that black with colours is the most stylish arrangement for both millinery and dresses.

A few words must be given to hair-dressing. The tendency now is rather to lower the very high style we have been wearing, and to make the heads small and very compact-looking; sometimes covered with small curls. The hair is drawn more backwards, and is high at the back, the front parting being shown, and the curled fringe light and fine. We have also, I think, to expect the "Catagan," now that we have gone so far with the other "Empire" styles. The hair looks very pretty when dressed in this way for young people, one objection, perhaps, being that unless the hair be naturally wavy, it has to be a good deal crimped.

In the way of new materials, we find that silk poplins are more used than they have been for some years; so it is to be hoped that Ireland will have her turn now, for poplin is a very handsome and well-wearing material. Woven borderings to materials are now more employed than ever they were, and arranged from the very narrow to the extremely wide. It seems as if stripes and checks would give way before these bordered materials. One of the colours most seen is green, a light shade called "lime," or "melon," which is worn as sashes to black or white dresses, and trimming to black bonnets, and it looks very well for young girls.

The change in the style of riding dress as seen in the Row at present is quite remarkable. Boots of tan leather, cut-away jacket bodices, with checked waistcoats, caps of cloth, or those felt hats with dented-in crowns, which we used to call "Tyroleans," with feathers and ribbons; all these are seen on lady riders, and certainly look dreadful. A weekly contemporary, well known to everyone, is very much troubled on this subject, and pointed out in its columns a short time ago, that if this went on the Englishwoman would

have to abdicate the empire peculiarly her own, and would no longer be "the best-dressed and best-looking woman in the world on horseback." There is one comfort, perhaps, as we have numbers of American and foreign ladies in London, that some of these startling people may not be English. As many of my readers live in the country, they will be interested, I am sure, in any change of this sort.

I had nearly forgotten to say that red has much returned to favour, and we see red hats and red bonnets in great profusion. The new reds are deep in hue, and very handsome. They are called "amaranth red," and "madder red," and a very fine Indian red. There are also several pretty new blues of a dark shade.

While upon the subject of the "Empire dress," I ought to have said that the sash is tied at the left hip, the loops hanging down. The band is wide and straight in front, and narrows down on each side to where it starts from on the left side. It is generally mounted on a stiff foundation, to prevent its being bulky, and the folds are kept quite thin and small, so as to look full, and yet be devoid of bulk.

We have been so often asked for the "jacket bodice" represented in the "New Gallery" illustration, at page 121, that it has been selected for this month's paper pattern. The pieces consist of vest, one side, collar, the jacket, two sleeve pieces, cuff, front, back, side-back, and straight revers—in all, nine. This pattern is now very generally used for all ordinary gowns for daily wear. It is simple and easily made. Four and a half yards of 27-inch material would be sufficient.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.," price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county; and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. *Patterns already issued may be always obtained.* As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, the Lady Dressmaker selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of the "G.O.P." may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic under-clothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke, blouse polonaise, princess dress or dressing-gown, Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, and plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi shirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat.

FOR LOVE ALONE.

By LAURA L. PRATT, Author of "Plucked from the Burning," "Burton Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"FEARING FOR NOUGHT."

SUNDAY morning. Deep, cool shadows lying on the sunny hills; every breath of the soft summer breeze laden with the fragrance of flowers; golden sunshine flooding everything. The big west doors of the church were fastened back, and out on the shimmering dancing air rang the sweet words of the hymn—

"Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones
see!"

For a full year now had Miriam Stewart worshipped, Sunday by Sunday, within the walls of that grand old church, and not in vain had she listened to the sound and faithful teaching of Mr. Rivers. The work of the Holy Spirit is in most hearts a progressive work, and it was so in Miriam's case. As yet, her spiritual life was but feeble, but He who will not "quench the smoking flax" was leading her on. The past year had not been without its lessons. Sunday after Sunday, the empty places in Colonel Maxwell's pew reminded her of the deep trouble through which Hope had been called to pass. A short time after receiving the news of Robert Atherton's death, Colonel Maxwell and his daughter had gone abroad. The Grange was let to a rich manufacturer with a large family, and the Leighs did not care to go there more often than they could help. Hope wrote constantly to Margaret, and when for a short time the regular letters ceased, great was the anxiety felt by all. After a month's delay came a short letter, telling of the sudden illness and death of Colonel Maxwell. Hope wrote that her aunt was with her, and that they would shortly be returning to England. Her loving faith shone through the dark clouds of trouble, and her only comment on it was, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." It was of Hope that Miriam was thinking on this bright Sunday morning. The hymn before the sermon was ended—

"Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through
Whom are we all."

The last soft notes of the organ died away, and Mr. Rivers, in his clear, deep voice, gave out the text.

"The first chapter of the Book of Job, and the ninth verse: 'Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought?'"

The words went right to Miriam's heart, and she sat with her eyes fixed on Mr. Rivers, and her face growing quite white, when, after briefly touching on the history of Job, he proceeded to bring the subject home to his hearers.

"Are there not many now," he asked, "who stand in Satan's place and take Satan's words on their lips? They see some neighbour perhaps better off than themselves, surrounded maybe with all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can give, and yet at the same time gladly using that wealth to serve and honour Him who gave it all. Of such a one they cry, 'Doth he serve God for nought?'"

Of the rest of the sermon Miriam heard not one word. Had not she stood in Satan's place, and taken Satan's words on her lips? Had not she over and over again cried of Hope Maxwell, "Does she fear God for nought?" Miriam spent the rest of the day alone. She asked Margaret, in a wonderfully softened way, if she would kindly let Netta and Milly go with her to the Sunday-school, and Margaret, quite pleased that Miriam should ask a favour of her, gladly consented, and she kept the little ones with her until

their bedtime. At nine o'clock the next morning Mr. Rivers was sitting in his somewhat barely-furnished study, when his servant announced: "Miss Stewart wishes to speak to you, please, sir."

"I am very glad to see you," he said, shaking hands with her warmly.

Then, being an observant man, he saw something was troubling her, so he said kindly, turning a low chair to the open window—

"Will you sit down here for five minutes just while I finish a letter? Then I am at your service."

"Am I hindering you at all?" asked Miriam, nervously playing with a book he had handed her to look at.

"Not in the least. My time is always gladly given to my people; with me, it is 'first come first served;' so we shall not be disturbed."

A few moments' silence, with only the sound of Mr. Rivers's pen going rapidly over the paper and the chirping of birds among the trees in the garden. He wished Miriam to speak without reserve, so when he had put down his pen, he turned to her, and with a kind smile said—

"Now let me hear if there is anything troubling you on which I can throw light, or in any way help you."

"Will you tell me why you chose that text yesterday morning?"

It cost Miriam an effort to speak, and he saw it, and, like Nehemiah, "prayed to the God of heaven" that he might be enabled to help her.

"I chose it as I choose all my texts," he answered; "after due thought and much prayer that I might be directed to a passage of Scripture that might be helpful and profitable to some among the congregation."

Then Miriam told him how often she had said and thought that Hope Maxwell would not have been such a bright and loving Christian if she had not been surrounded by so many blessings; that the text yesterday had shown her that she had acted Satan's part, and that perhaps God had let all these sorrows come upon Hope in order to prove to Miriam that, like Job, Hope could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Mr. Rivers could have smiled at poor Miriam's misery if it had not been so very real, and he knew how a smile at the wrong time may hurt. She evidently looked upon herself as the direct cause of all Hope Maxwell's troubles. He listened attentively to every word she said, and then told her, very lovingly, that although God had permitted her to see the process by which He was refining His gold, yet it was God and not Miriam who had lighted the furnace into which the gold was to be cast. After a short and earnest prayer that Miriam's murmuring thoughts and words might be pardoned, and a calm and contented mind be given her, she went home much comforted. From that day all the household noticed a difference in her. She resolutely tried to take a more cheerful interest in what concerned others, and to go about her daily occupations,

"Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom."

In a few weeks a pretty little house not far from the Leighs was being repaired, outside and in, for the reception of Hope Maxwell and her aunt. On the day when the travellers were expected, Margaret and Miriam were running in and out all day.

They put flowers in every room, and did all that loving thought could suggest to give the small rooms a homelike appearance.

"Now they should be here in five minutes," said Margaret, giving a last look round.

"Then I had better go; Hope will like to see you alone," replied Miriam.

"Now, Miriam, I thought you had given up saying things of *that sort*. *Here they are*; I'll run to the door, and you stay there to welcome them."

Margaret was off like a shot, and in a few moments the door was opened, a great deal of luggage put into the little hall, the station fly had driven off, and Hope Maxwell was standing face to face with Miriam. She was as beautiful as ever, but the happy childlike look that had been in her face before was for ever gone, and in its place was the calm, unchanging light of the "peace that passeth understanding." She kissed Miriam affectionately, and then, with her usual forgetfulness of self, she waited on her aunt, and was only anxious she should not do too much. She was Colonel Maxwell's only sister, and there was so much that was like the Colonel about her that Margaret was charmed.

"I know she will make Hope happy," she said, as the girls were on their way home.

As time went on Miriam and Hope became very true friends. The trouble both had passed through drew them together.

"Trouble softened you, Hope," said Miriam, one afternoon, as she watched Hope holding up a little white frock she was making, and looking at it with a tender smile. The frock was for the baby sister of one of her Sunday-school children. The two girls were alone. Miss Maxwell had gone to spend the afternoon with the Leighs, and Miriam had caught at the chance of having a few hours alone with Hope. "Trouble softened you, and it only hardened me."

"Perhaps you didn't think enough of Him who sent it," said Hope.

"It seems to me when I look back," said Miriam, thoughtfully, "that I wanted, if I served God well, to have something for it; I mean success, or popularity, or distinction in some way, and—"

"You lost sight of the best thing of all—More careful, not to serve Thee much, But to love Thee perfectly,"

answered Hope.

"If you put the question to your own heart—For what are you serving God?—what answer should you give, Hope?"

"For love alone. And is not love the strongest motive power in heaven or on earth? Love makes all labour light; it is the thought of God as my loving Father that alone enables me to face my daily life cheerfully. I know that hereafter, when life's night is passed, I shall see Him and all my dear ones,

'Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.'

And knowing this, I can go on my way rejoicing. Life need never be hopelessly dreary while there are those whom we can help and comfort. You and I, dear Miriam, have both lost those whom we love most and best; then let us resolve that henceforth we will do all we can to live for the happiness of others. We can do it, just in our own home and our ordinary daily life, if we are always on the look-out for opportunities."

Miriam Stewart found at last that the way to get love is to give love, and never now is the old thought in her heart—

"I care for nobody, no, not I,

And nobody cares for me."

Very many care deeply for her.

Let not any girl who reads this little story think Hope and Miriam must have had rather a dull time of it, for to make others happy is the way to be happy, and to prove it true, I say—

"Go and do thou likewise."

THE FAIRY-TALE SISTER.

By LILY WATSON.



CHAPTER II.

In a former article a plea was put forward on behalf of fairy tales, and it was pointed out that the elder sister or friend who ministers to the longing of the child-heart for imaginative lore, need not consider herself as wasting time or indulging a merely idle fancy.

It remains to add a word or two as to the chief storehouses of fairy tale, that are to be consulted by the "Fairy-Tale Sister," or the "Märchen-Schwester," as the Germans would call her. The willingness to tell the children stories is something, the power of dramatic and interesting narration is still more; but when these are given, it is needful to know what to consult, and to possess a good source whence can be drawn the materials for the delightful task.

Certain fairy tales are "in the air," so to speak. Everybody knows them. "Cinderella," for instance; "Silverhair and the Bears," or "Red Riding Hood." The history of some of these stories is very interesting, for their origin can be traced back to the early days of our race, and they are found under varying forms in the literature of widely distant lands. Their lineage and development would form material for a long essay, but lie somewhat outside our present scope. These elementary fairy tales will doubtless be first chosen by the sister, who will tell them as they have been told to her. To begin with, children of two and a half or three years old are usually highly delighted by "The Wolf and the Seven Young Kids," or "Silverhair and the Three Bears."

These are simple in outline, deal with animals about which infants always like to hear, and are sufficiently dramatic without being too harrowing. For once again, anything horrible is to be avoided; and "Red Riding Hood" and "Bluebeard" may very well wait their time.

The two great storehouses of fairy tales are the collections of the Brothers Grimm and Hans Andersen. With regard to Grimm's stories, the sister who makes them her own must use discrimination. Any stories that uphold courage, tenderness, faithfulness, unselfishness, are good; any that place trickery, cruelty, or falsehood in a favourable light are intrinsically bad.

For instance, no child would be the better for hearing such tales as "The Wonderful

Musician," "A Good Bargain," "The Little Farmer"; and ugly and frightful images are to be avoided, like those of the "Man who could not Shiver." But the majority of the stories are charming and guileless. How pretty, for instance, is the legend of "Little Snow-White" in her forest home! "The Little Brother and Sister" is a touching and innocent tale, dwelling upon what often forms the theme of these stories, brotherly and sisterly love. "Snow-white and Rosy-red," and "Madam Holl," contain excellent lessons.

A very frequent moral of these stories is the superiority of character to circumstance. The poor and despised younger son, the neglected stepdaughter, come to honour; the gruff bear or poverty-stricken wanderer turns out a prince in disguise! In this fairy world wrong is redressed, vice is punished, goodness triumphs in the end. Poetic justice is the law, and although this may not be the rule of the world, it is well for the children to be early familiar with a high ideal of society, in which the poet's dream is realised:

"I can but trust that good shall fall

At last—far off—at last, to all,

And every winter change to spring."

Hans Andersen is undoubtedly the prince of story-tellers. The pathos and the loveliness of many of his conceptions entitle them to a high rank in literature, and there is so great a variety in their subjects that they are adapted to children of all ages. The little ones will be delighted with "The Brave Tin Soldier," "Tommelise," "Ida and the Flowers," and "The Wild Swans," to take a few almost at random from the treasury. And "The Forsaken Mermaid," "The Snow Queen," "The Ugly Duckling," "The Ice Maiden," are adapted as well for children of a larger growth. No one is or ought to be too old to appreciate these, but very young children are better fed with simpler imaginative food.

It is a mistake to strain a little child's emotions too strongly. Pity and tenderness are easily stirred, but it is better not to work upon both by such stories, for instance, as "The Little Match-seller," or "The Angel." The child will feel intensely, and it is kinder not to tell him anything too pathetic while he is very young; there is plenty of time for the development of these emotions.

"The Snow Queen" contains a most beautiful lesson, and will charm the imaginative child who is old enough to appreciate it; the picture of the chill Northern splendours, where little Gerda's nature is slowly freezing, until her old playmate, Kay, comes to thaw her back to life and love, is one of power and great picturesqueness. While children are little it is far better to tell than to read a story from Grimm or Hans Andersen. Unless the narrator is incapable, she can clothe it in more intelligible language, better adapted to her hearers, than the printed page contains. She can fill in and amplify details, especially with regard to the somewhat bare and skeleton-like outline of the stories from Grimm's collection, and the practice is excellent for her descriptive powers.

Armed with good editions of these two authors, the "Fairy-Tale Sister" may think she has enough imaginative food to satisfy the most eager demands. But as the children grow older she cannot afford to neglect the collections of tales by Perrault and Madame la Comtesse d'Aulnoy, in which such charming legends as "Beauty and the Beast," "The Yellow Dwarf," and the "White Cat" are found.

There are some most delightful modern French fairy tales that the present writer has

translated aloud to the ravished ears of more children than she can remember. They are by Madame la Comtesse de Ségur, and Léon de Laujon, and appeared in a French magazine first published in 1857, called "La Semaine des Enfants." The wonderful pictures with which they were illustrated, drawn chiefly by Gustave Doré, acted beforehand as a powerful stimulus to curiosity, and "a tale from the French book" has many and many a time proved a solace in the illnesses and disappointments of childhood. The names of the best are "Blondine, Bonne-Biche et Beau-Minon," "Le Bon Petit Henri," "La Sœur du Petit Poucet," "Le Père Barbeau," "Follette," "Le Petit Homme Rouge."

Of German fairy tales, "Undine" holds the first place. Sweet and winning creation of the poet's fancy, she will never be forgotten, and all young people (one can hardly say children), whether they can read German or not, should make themselves familiar with her story. The effect of such romance is pure and elevating, quickening the power of imagination, and providing the youthful fancy with sweet and graceful forms, that shall never cease to people its dim recesses. "Undine" is more real to many an English reader than if she had been a historical personage. Free from idle sentiment, the legend is full of tenderness, beauty, and pathos. Who is there that has not recognised something of the power and terror of Kühleborn in wandering through mountain forests, and coming suddenly upon a leaping torrent? These beautiful stories translate something of the mystic awe felt by the true lover of Nature in her inmost haunts, and in so far they are an allegory.

But we are wandering a little from the subject of fairy-tale telling to children. It would be a pity to omit the modern stories of George MacDonald, one of which, "The Light Princess," is especially beautiful. Holme Lee's "Legends of Fairyland" is a charming present for a child.

There is one source of fairy tales not to be neglected, and that is the legendary lore of ancient Greece. No more entrancing stories are to be found for boys or for girls than the adventures of Perseus, Theseus, or the Argonauts in their voyage for the Golden Fleece.

"They were the first that ever burst

Into that silent sea."

To be conversant with these is to be conversant with the dim beginnings of European history. By far the most beautiful *répertoire* of stories such as these in the English language is Kingsley's "Heroes." Oh, the charm of that book! can it ever be forgotten? Here a decided exception may be made, for the stories should be read, not told at second-hand. The sister who wishes to please her schoolboy brothers cannot do better, provided they are lads of average intelligence, than buy a copy of this book and read them one of the stories—read it sympathetically and expressively in the evening hour, when lessons are done. The present writer will never forget the witching charm of Kingsley's rendering of those classic tales, read aloud by her father in the evening to an entranced circle of children. It is a great pity Charles Kingsley did not write more of these Greek fairy tales—e.g., the histories of "Midas and the Golden Touch," "Bellerophon and Pegasus," "Circe," "The Garden of Hesperides"—into his exquisite English. "Tanglewood Tales" is an American collection of the same legends. But why, oh why! did Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had so delicate and mystical a touch in his tales for grown-up people, allow these beautiful relics to be

jocularly handled by his wretched Eustace Bright, the supposed narrator? Contrast the two in almost parallel passages.

Hawthorne thus introduces Quicksilver, as he is pleased to call Hermes.

"It was a brisk, intelligent, and remarkably shrewd-looking young man, with a cloak over his shoulders, an odd sort of cap on his head, a strangely twisted staff in his hand, and a short and very crooked sword hanging by his side. He was exceedingly light and active in his figure, like a person much accustomed to gymnastic exercises, and well able to leap or run. Above all, the stranger had such a cheerful, knowing, and helpful aspect (though it was certainly a little mischievous into the bargain), that Perseus could not keep feeling his spirits grow livelier as he gazed at him."

This, on the other hand, is Charles Kingsley's style of describing the appearance of Immortals to men:

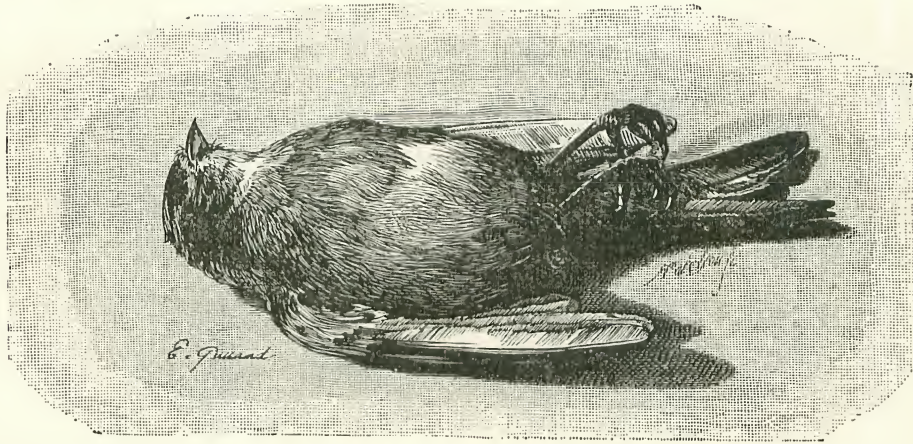
"Perseus wondered at that strange cloud, for there was no other cloud all round the sky, and he trembled as it touched the cliff below. And as it touched it broke and parted, and within it appeared Pallas Athené, as he had seen her at Samos in his dream, and beside her a young man, more light-limbed than the

stag, whose eyes were like sparks of fire. By his side was a scimitar of diamond, all of one clear precious stone, and on his feet were golden sandals, from the heels of which grew living wings. They looked upon Perseus keenly, and yet they never moved their eyes, and they came up the cliff towards him more swiftly than the sea-gull, and yet they never moved their feet, nor did the breeze stir the robes about their limbs; only the wings of the youth's sandals quivered, like a hawk's when he hangs above the cliff. And Perseus fell down and worshipped, for he knew that they were more than man."

The stories of Norse mythology are also very fascinating. Thor the mighty, the crafty Loki, Baldur the beautiful, Freya the fair and indiscreet, thronging in their city of Asgard, people the dim past with great and lovely and wonderful forms. The storehouse for these stories is the "Heroes of Asgard," by A. and E. Keary, a fascinating book.

One last source from which the "Fairytale Sister" may draw inspiration remains yet to be mentioned. That is her own imagination! If she has any power of constructing a story, let her begin with a fairy tale to her young audience. Many a one who has

in mature years become a successful authoress first proved her talent in this way. Power will grow with the using, and when the child-listener craves for "a story of your very own, not one out of a book," the improvisatrice will feel that she has obtained a reward for her pains. Perhaps in later years a public of larger growth will listen to her with approval. And at any rate, if she is always ready to uphold the beautiful and the good, to draw pictures of loveliness that shall not be forgotten, her efforts will by no means be in vain. For, as Mr. Ruskin says, "Imagination will, in the minor necessities of life, enable us, out of any present good, to gather the utmost measure of enjoyment by investing it with happy associations, and in any present evil to lighten it by summoning back the images of other hours; and also to give to all mental truths some visible type in allegory, simile, or personification which shall more deeply enforce them; and finally, when the mind is utterly outworn, to refresh it with such innocent play as shall be most in harmony with the suggestive voices of natural things, permitting it to possess living companionship instead of silent beauty, and create for itself fairies in the grass and naiads in the wave."



BIRD LIFE IN FEBRUARY.

BY A NATURALIST.

"FEBRUARY fill dyke" is a common rustic saying, and there is much truth in it generally; but now and again February has all her dykes and open waters frozen hard up—black ice, the boys and countrymen call it, and whilst these slide and skate to their heart's content, the birds are suffering terribly.

The mallard or wild duck, one of the most wary of birds, will come to any warm spring that he can find in search of food. If you disturb him he will only take a circling flight for a mile or so, and then pitch down again. I know certain spots in sheltered hollows where the springs rise, and there is no freezing there in the hardest winters. Snipe come there for food and shelter.

Anyone looking at a wisp of snipe hanging in a poulterer's shop would have the impression—unless he were in some measure acquainted with birds—that this bird is easy to find; but it is far from being so; his beautiful head and back, mottled and streaked with rich brown, grey, and warm buff, blend so softly with the dry tussocks and brown peat of his feeding-ground, that you may almost place your foot on him before he rises with his zigzag flight; Master Bleater, the moorfolks call him. There is something about his appear-

ance that attracts the attention of the least observant. I look on him as one of the aristocrats of his species. When his mate is hatching her eggs on the tussocky moor, he goes through some extraordinary antics, for he springs aloft in the joy of his heart, and with a "chic! chic! chic!" to a very great height. Then descending again with great rapidity, he makes a most peculiar humming kind of noise, not easily described, which is no doubt caused by the wings being held in a certain position; a piece of wood with a hole in one end, to which a string is fastened, which little boys swing round and round their heads, and call a hummer, gives a very good notion of it.

The snipe is a bird eagerly sought for; in fact, he is a blessing to some of the poor moorland folks—they spring for him in the moist boglands very successfully. Three or four brace of snipe in the course of a week of hard weather help to keep the pot boiling, or they fetch a good price as a table dainty. With his long bill he bores for food in soft places. Its nerves are very sensitive, as they need be, for the food as a rule is mostly out of sight.

Moorhens wander about very much in hard weather, and become to a certain extent tame.

On and about the moorland farms they will feed with the poultry.

The little grebe or dabchick will leave his icebound quarters and fly or scuffle to some tree roots or the bottom of a hedge, and make the best of it. An inland county boy I knew was much mystified by finding one; he could not understand the little fellow's beautiful feet, with their leaf-like oar blades, for he found the bird in a coppice far from water. With some slight misgivings he placed it in his jacket pocket, and showed it to a friend of mine as "wuth at least two shillin'." The friend got a large basin of water, placed Mr. Dabchick in it, and to the rustic's astonishment the strange little bird began at once to paddle and dip, and then made his toilet in most deliberate fashion. In his native haunts he is very shy and difficult to approach.

The gulls keep company with rooks in the fields, and feed with them, miles inland, in hard and stormy weather; for when the ice breaks up and floats in all directions the gulls fare badly. Even the drift on the long shore freezes directly the tide ebbs. The common gull and the blackheaded gull suffer most; the larger kind, such as the great blackbacked gull and the lesser blackbacked gull, fare comparatively well, for they feed like marine

vultures, on the tide. A dead sheep—a common sight in winter on the large grazing flats of our marshlands close to the sea—is a banquet to them. All gulls will follow the plough in quest of worms, grubs, and all the numerous insect pests that do damage to the crops; the quantity they devour must be enormous. I once captured a common gull in order to show a sceptical friend how much

and what its crop contained; his astonishment was great. The gull was then let go, unharmed.

Starlings search in all directions for insects in some form or other; those lying hid for the winter, and the larvae that would come to life in the warm springtime. Birds wantonly killed, or through mistaken notions about them, are a great loss to the general com-

munity; and it has been proved that those which have been held in the greatest disrepute are really the most useful. Nature left to herself keeps her children evenly balanced.

Winter, as well as ignorant man, kills thousands of birds. But there are localities where, but for their existence, man would not be able to live at all during the dreary winter months.

MORLEY HALLS.

By ANNE BEALE.



Unlike the hear of magician's wands, and sometimes think we see them wave. If there were such mystic symbols we should almost believe they had been employed in the transformation of the once luxurious

Lotus Clubs into the habitable, homelike Morley Halls. The magician was the Christian philanthropist; the wand, prayer. Scarcely three years ago we wandered through the countless rooms of the Lotus Clubs, then empty, deserted, unfurnished, cheerless; now we find them a centre of activity, filled, furnished, cheerful, and with a new name. In the winter of 1886 they were converted into the head offices of the Young Women's Christian Association, and 316, Regent Street is at the present moment as active in schemes for the benefit of young women as is its opposite neighbour, the Polytechnic, for young men.

Let us once more roam through the innumerable rooms, and see for ourselves how the void has been replenished. Even in the entrance hall, where formerly Oriental lounges were the principal feature, a *dépôt* for pure literature reigns triumphant, and books, texts, and illuminated cards are offered for sale at a discount of three pence in the shilling. When will buyers and sellers be content to purchase and vend at a fair and fixed price? It would be less troublesome for all parties.

The Lecture Hall, formerly, we believe, a ball-room, greets us first. This is capable of seating 300 people, and here religious meetings of various kinds are held, none, perhaps, more interesting than the Sunday afternoon Bible class, when some 250 young girls assemble for religious instruction. At one end of this lofty hall is a platform for teachers and speakers, at the other an entrance to the Welbeck restaurant. Here we pause to recall that a few years ago some of the young women who frequented this restaurant united in prayer to Almighty God for enlarged premises, and now the partition dividing them from the then Lotus Clubs has been thrown down and an extra dining-room secured. When we consider that from four to five hundred women engaged in business in the neighbourhood dine here daily, and that refreshments are obtainable at all hours and at very moderate prices, we readily understand what a boon the new dining-hall must be. During the season the average was from seven to eight hundred. We have ourselves seen it so crowded at about one o'clock, that we have had to "bide our time" to be served by the ready waitresses. When our time came and we had a good hot dinner for sixpence, we were well assured that more space was very desirable indeed!

This "space" we soon enter upon, and find another of the old halls converted into a dining-room, filled by the overflow from the

restaurant. Truly, women are superabundant. Still, they have no time to lose, and the small monosyllable "work" seems written on their brows, and the hurry of business mingled with their movements. Three times a week, when meals are over, this room is utilised of an evening as a gymnasium. A hundred girls joined the class during the first month, and it is said they develop strength and muscle under Ling's Swedish exercises. The apparatus that hangs against the wall is curious, and so are the ornamental Japanese doors which will remain as mementoes of the clubs. One shilling and threepence a quarter will give the "poor lassie" tired of sitting or standing all day, the chance of changes of posture and muscular strengthening.

The "chances" she has in this great building are as numerous as they are wonderful. From the restaurant and gymnasium we mount a flight of stone stairs to the Welbeck Home, for "young ladies in business." On the first floor is the sitting-room, where young women, either in or out of situations, are variously engaged: some in scientific dressmaking, others in different occupations. One is dressing a doll for a competition—and we hope she may get a prize; another is seated in the window, also at work. The latter is out of employment, and tells us "that this is her only home, for she has no parents." This sad tale is, alas! often repeated during our wanderings through these labyrinthine halls.

Evening educational classes are held here as well as at all the principal institutes, where not only dressmaking, scientific or Anglo-Parisian, but other useful arts, can be acquired at moderate charges. Indeed, what cannot be acquired here? Another flight of stairs, and we see sleeping accommodation; a third, ditto.

"Upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber," might be the motto of our halls. Nearly sixty cubicles belong to this portion of them, and they are always full, while applicants are waiting for vacancies. Very pathetic are the stories told in connection with these tiny bedrooms, and very touching is their ornamentation. Girls of all ranks fly to these hospitable walls, which might almost be called a city of refuge. It seems sacrilegious to pry into the secrets of the sanctuary, but a glance shows that each little tabernacle is a sort of home, where all the treasures are enshrined. Books, photographs, illuminated cards, ornaments, line the wooden walls, and the character of the occupants can be divined by the neatness and prettiness of the cell; for truly there are many small hives collected under this, our monster hive. The bees that frequent them are mostly regular workers, but there is a travellers' room, appropriated to those who seek lodging for a night or so. In the Central Institute, 16a, Old Cavendish Street, is located the actual "Travellers' Aid" Branch of the Association; but here, also, weary wanderers can find a night's lodging. From nine in the morning till ten at night the doors are open to all comers, and no virtuous girl, if unprotected,

will knock in vain. Policemen, railway porters, and various officials are now alive to the agencies for sheltering and aiding young women, and send them without scruple to the Y.W.C.A., when they find them alone or in danger. They come from station, street, or park, often in peril of starvation or worse; and among the dwellers in our halls may be found wanderers from far Australia, or from other of our colonies. And foreigners, speaking a strange language, are not "sent away empty."

This hurries us from the Welbeck Institute and its many cubicles, to the Continental division of the society, and the office of the International Union. More passages and endless stairs bring us to a small apartment whence large results proceed. Here earnest ladies are working for their foreign sisters, who recount pitiable tales of governesses and servants alone in a strange land. Not long since a German girl, who knew not where to turn for a night's lodging, was brought by a policeman. She proved both respectable and grateful, for when, after due inquiry, a situation was found for her, she sent the first pound of her earnings to the Home. But this is merely an isolated example, since on an average 150 foreigners come weekly for help or advice. A foreign registry is kept for governesses and other employées, open from 11 to 4, and on Saturdays from 11 to 12. This branch is formed for the good of women all over the world. It would benefit English girls abroad and foreigners at home, which seems an anomaly; but many English girls are craving for situations abroad, in order to perfect themselves in some foreign language, and to impart their own in return, and the secretary earnestly invites attention to this fact. If foreign ladies would apply, their situations could be filled for a moderate salary.

The International Union aims at linking together all societies formed to benefit women, and spreads from Europe to Asia and America. Its members are legion, and from this central office extends an almost universal system of protection for all who seek it, according to certain rules. An article of its constitution expressly states that the association is intended to aid every young woman, "whatever her nationality, creed, or occupation." Although its central office is at Neuchâtel, each country has its own office, that for England being, as we see, at 316, Regent Street. It works amicably with the Y.W.C.A., and at Morley Halls it is difficult to disentangle the threads that unite them. Doubtless the special fund, Bible classes, and library for French, German, Italian, Swedish, and Norwegian girls are utilised by both.

While we write, we hear a friend say, "Why, there ought not to be a naughty girl in the world since so much is done for the class." A sentiment we endorse, and we hope all our girls will show their gratitude to their heavenly and earthly friends by purity and holiness or life and conversation.

Another short and bewildering journey brings us to the Servants' Home. Fortunately

we have experienced guides, or we should come to grief. A comfortable sitting-room for servants out of work explains itself. At the moment it is full of women of various ages.

They are most of them engaged in needle-work, and look rather despondent, for if situations are not speedily procured, they can but wonder what is to become of them. However, they are in good hands, since the employment agency at 17, Old Cavendish Street is doing its best for them, and Christian love is surrounding them. During one year the beds were used 4,561 times, and there are rarely fewer than twenty servants in the Home. Of course their stay varies in extent according to circumstances, or, alas! sometimes to means, for they pay for bed and board, not exorbitantly, still they pay, and this branch is nearly self-supporting. Spiritual as well as temporal aid awaits them here, in Bible classes and prayer-meetings, concerning which many have written grateful letters when in situations.

Their dormitories are very comfortable, and thirty-three beds are available. One is pointed out as to be occupied for this night only by a servant *en route* for Brisbane. She is not only safely housed, but to-morrow, God willing, will be accompanied to her vessel by one of the ladies connected with the Travellers' Aid. A letter addressed to the lady superintendent, with a request for the rules of this Home, will receive an immediate answer, and no respectable woman will be refused admission who is able and willing to submit to them.

A roundabout, spiral staircase takes us downstairs again, and we find ourselves after some more intricate wanderings in the office for the "Business Agency," where shop assistants, milliners, dressmakers, and the like come in search of occupation. There is no want of applicants for work, but great need of employers who will engage them. The secretary earnestly asks for such, and assures the heads of firms and other agents that they can be "well suited" at small expense and little personal effort. She says that the tales of privation and sorrow told within those narrow walls would almost make them speak; and that her heart is constantly torn by the appeals for aid to maintain, not only the petitioner for labour, but often whole families dependent on her. One poor girl had the burden of an in-

valid mother and younger brothers and sisters. Another, of a helpless father; and are all in need of aid and sympathy.

Sympathy! Yes; that is what they all crave, and they get it here. A milliner, whose soul was downcast by continual rebuffs, read something in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* which induced her to seek this help. She was hopeless, and was sure nothing would be found for her. "We will ask God to help us," said the secretary; and they knelt down and prayed. The next day a situation was found. Grateful letters and gifts of money to the association succeeded, and better still, an acknowledgment of the efficacy of prayer. But this is only one of many instances, and we hear of broken-hearted daughters of our poor clergy and others, seeking aid not only in this, but in all the branches of these great institutions. Oh! why will our young sisters crowd up to London?

This question is asked day by day in the waiting-room, which is free to all. From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and on Saturdays from 2 to 6, "they come, they come!" They have, at least, temporary rest in this apartment, with the privilege of entering the library on the payment of one halfpenny, where they may look through the advertisement sheets of the daily papers, for situations, or write a letter, or turn over the pages of a book.

We pause on the threshold of the library to wonder and admire. We see a large room handsomely furnished with couches, tables, and easy chairs; the walls hung with beautiful paintings of flowers and texts, executed by a friend, and surrounded by books, shrubs and flowers in pots, and ease everywhere. We enter, and are greeted by a photograph of Lord Shaftesbury, the lamented friend of rich and poor. Many ladies are seated or reclining on the couches, searching the newspapers or reading. One from India has a scientific book in her hand; she would fain get missionary work. But every kind of pure literature, from science to fiction, is represented. One penny a day, twopence a week, or one shilling per quarter will enable the subscriber to use this reading-room from half-past seven in the morning to ten at night. There is no extra payment, save for writing-paper and envelopes when required. Says the lady super-

intendent, "Sometimes every couch is occupied by the weary seekers for employment, who come for rest and sleep as much as for literary food." Very patient, if not very weary, must be the young lady who sits all day as secretary near the door.

But how good and patient are all the ladies employed as secretaries or helps in the various departments we have seen! They are evidently "friends all round," and ready to assist one another as well as the applicants at their various departments. Christian cheerfulness is the blessed gift of the Holy Spirit, and it reigns here in spite of much that is depressing from without. This is kept alive by prayer-meetings, Bible classes, ladies' Bible readings, missionary prayer-meetings, and other pious accessories, which arouse dormant energies and stir up flagging faith. At least a hundred individuals dwell in the halls, which are open to all members for religious as well as secular uses. An annual subscription of six shillings constitutes a pass-holder, and makes her free of the gymnasium, library, reading-room, social teas and popular lectures, to say nothing of the ladies' cloak-room, parcels office, and lavatory.

We are not surprised that members increase, since in London alone there are five hundred thousand young girls, numbers of whom surround the Morley Halls.

We cannot better take a temporary leave of them than by accompanying the kind and self-forgetting lady superintendent to her small private sitting-room, if a place subject to the constant influx of individuals can be called private. It was in a corner of this singularly unostentatious apartment that a little company of young girls met regularly to pray to Almighty God for increased space. They were at that time limited to the Welbeck Institute, of which this room is part. Who shall dare to say that prayer is not answered? Who shall affirm that the Great Giver of all good gifts did not open the way from the smaller house to the larger in response to the innocent petitions of His youthful and believing suppliants? None but the blind sceptic. Therefore we close this sketch with the texts, "Pray without ceasing." "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." "Ask and ye shall receive." "I will pray to my Father, and He shall give you another comforter."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—We do not know whether the Guild for Aid in Home Duties train ladies'-maids, but you might write to the secretary, Mrs. Henslow, Zeals Rectory, Bath. You would require to be a fair dressmaker and hairdresser, and be capable, tidy, and clean, with pleasant, respectful manners and address.

W. M. A.—The Sunderbunds is a wild tract of swamp and forest, which terminates the sea-face of the Delta, through which the united streams of the Ganges and Brahmaputra find their way into the Bay of Bengal. The area is estimated at from 5570 to 7530 miles. The population is very sparse; both ricecutters and woodcutters only come for the season. The name is probably derived from the jungles of Sundri trees, which are used for boat-building. Cultivation is extending at present, but tigers are numerous, as well as other wild animals, and the climate is dangerous to Europeans. An enormous boat traffic is carried on between Calcutta and East Bengal, through the Sunderbunds, and from them the firewood used in Calcutta is mostly obtained.

A DAUGHTER OF ALBION.—The spelling and the composition seem very good, and the writing will improve in time. Many thanks for your kind letter. We are glad that you appreciate our paper.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—Perhaps the Utopian Reading Society (Secretary, Miss Gibb, Glenlyon, The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent) might suit you. If it should not prove to be a "Half-hour" Reading Society, there is one conducted by Miss Duckworth, Elmswood, Mosely Hill, Liverpool. The subscription is one shilling, payable in advance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CONSTANT READER.—The passage, "She sat like patience on a monument, smiling at grief," is taken from Shakespeare; you will find it in his *Twelfth Night*. October 1st, 1866, was a Monday. June 9th, 1868, was a Tuesday. September 24th, 1870, was a Saturday.

ANXIOUS LIZ.—The first London Board school was opened July 12th, 1873, in Whitechapel.

BRIGHTON sends us a few verses on the words "Jesus called a little child unto Him." We are sorry for her distress on the loss of the child, her little scholar; but she has comfort in remembering her own endeavours to lead her to her Saviour. Out of eight verses the word "sweet" occurs in seven of them. We regard the giving way to such a state of mind as she describes as sinful. She seems in a most unhealthy, morbid condition of mind and body.

VERITAS (Hospital for Incurables).—We advise you to write to Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald, and Co. for a copy of "The Story of a King's Daughter," and the editor of that little report of an admirable society may be able to give you the address of the secretary of the "Shut-in Society" of invalids. We think it is an American society, but it may have a branch in England, and if not it would not be difficult to organise one for the mutual comfort of sufferers like yourself.

MAY.—We do not think any of our girls do well when they marry a godless or irreligious and unliking man. If they love God themselves, how sad will be the home, and how great the division of interests! If a man loves a girl very truly, he will try to improve himself in order to win her, we think.

A THANKFUL GOVERNESS.—There is a Home for Governesses at 44, Fornosia Street, Maida Vale, at a charge each of 10s. 6d. a week. Also the Ladies' Home at 53, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, which supplies medical attendance as well as board and lodging, at from 13s. to 16s. a week. A recommendation from a subscriber is required; hon. sec., Miss Alcock, 22, Somerset Street, and Miss E. D. Simpson, 44, Porchester Street, Hyde Park, W. Also Governesses' Home, 47, Harley Street, W., at 15s. a week; admission by ladies' committee. And the Home for Unemployed Governesses, 9, St. Stephen's Square, Westbourne Park, W.

CARRIE.—We know of nothing to recommend for your friend, except change of air to a mountainous or hilly country. The steady use of gymnastics will sometimes help, as well as rubbing and out-of-door exercise.

KATHLEEN.—The new book, "The Girl's Own Indoor Book," is in one volume, not in parts. 2. We should think the painting has been kept in a damp place, and the spots have been the result.

SWEET SEVENTEEN is clearly too young to think of marriage at present, and so she had better tell this to the young man in question. When she is older and wiser she will know what she wants, and had much better delay.

NEKAYAH.—The lines you enclose are not "blank verse." Each line should consist of ten feet, but the breaks and full-stop periods must fall in irregular distances. Lines cannot run regularly on to the tenth foot, as in Heroics. You should study the intervals in a blank-verse poem of one of our first poets.

THE GIRL'S OWN INDOOR BOOK,

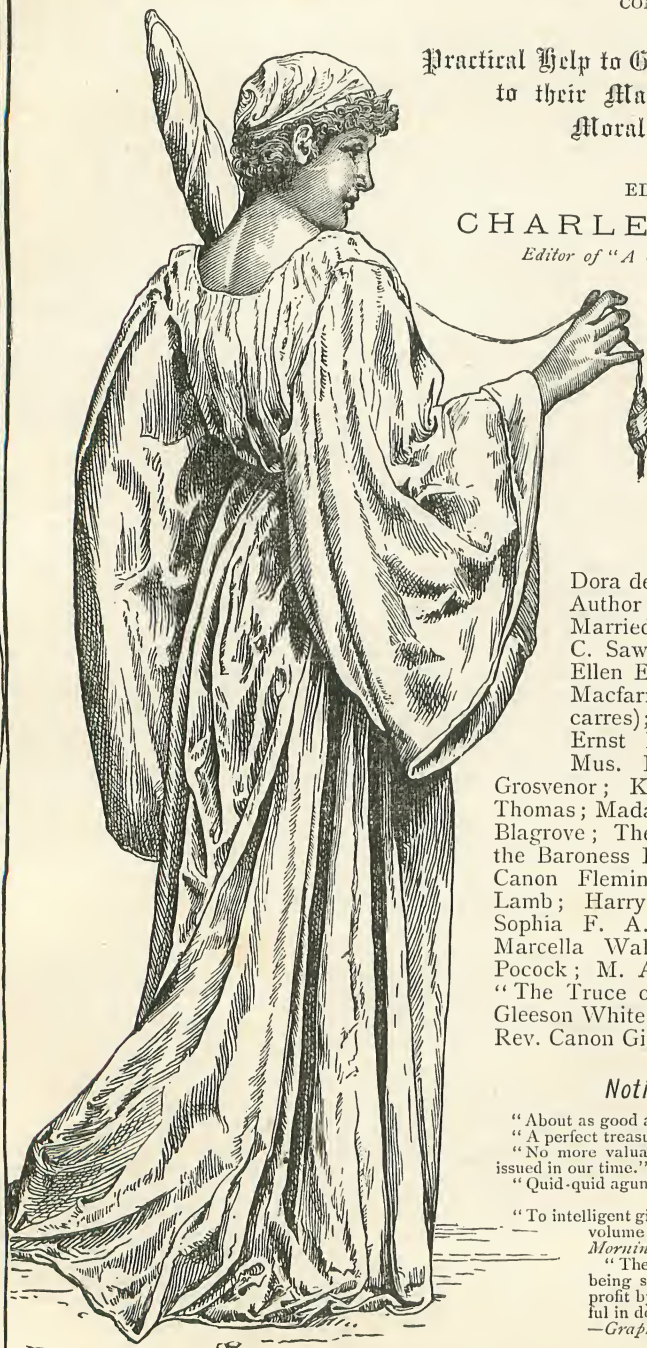
CONTAINING—

Practical Help to Girls on all Matters relating
to their Material Comfort and
Moral Well-being.

EDITED BY

CHARLES PETERS,

Editor of "A Crown of Flowers," etc.



THIS work is published with the hope that it may help all in the Rosebud Garden of girls—the most beautiful garden in all creation—to cultivate the graces of purity, retiring modesty, and Christian earnestness.

Contributions by

Dora de Blaquiére; Dora Hope; the Author of "How to be Happy though Married"; Marie Karger; Blanche C. Saward; John C. Staples; M. Ellen Edwards; Fred Miller; Lady Macfarren; Lady Lindsay (of Balcarres); Edwin M. Loft, Mus. Doc.; Ernst Pauer; Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc.; the Hon. Victoria Grosvenor; King Hall; A. Laby; John Thomas; Madame Sidney Pratten; Richard Blagrove; The Editor; W. J. Hennessy; the Baroness Helga von Cramm; the Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D.; Medicus; Ruth Lamb; Harry Furniss; John Dinsdale; Sophia F. A. Caulfeild; Arden Holt; Marcella Walker; M. L. Gow; Mary Pocock; M. A. Whateley; the Author of "The Truce of God and other poems"; Gleeson White; Louisa Menzies; and the Rev. Canon Girdlestone.

Notices of the Press.

- "About as good as can be made."—*Times*.
 "A perfect treasury of information."—*Standard*.
 "No more valuable book of the kind has ever been issued in our time."—*Saturday Review*.
 "Quid-quid agunt puellæ, in fact, is its subject."—*Spectator*.
 "To intelligent girls anxious to improve themselves, this volume will prove of much assistance."—*Morning Post*.
 "The valuable advice and information being so well arranged that 'our girls' who profit by the teaching will certainly be as useful in domestic life as ornamental in society."—*Graphic*.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A SURREY IDYLL.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Who could have believed that at so short a distance from town we should be stranded like two shipwrecked mariners!"

The tone of this exclamation showed a sense of deep personal injury. And yet the driving rain that was streaming down the window of the little dull waiting room at a Surrey country station was decidedly impartial in its assaults. Had it not been for a certain touch of good humour in the voice, one would have been



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"ROGER HAD SUDDENLY STOPPED."

disposed to class the speaker among those spoiled children of the world who seem to imagine that even inexorable Nature ought to make things smooth and pleasant for their special benefit!

The occupants of the waiting-room were four. First the speaker, a slight, graceful young lady, clad in grey, with fair hair and merry blue eyes, but a pallor of complexion that showed her to have been recently an invalid; another girl, similarly dressed, a little older and more robust in appearance, with soft brown hair and a gentle gravity of expression; a homely village bride, whose red face was disfigured by the staring orange blossoms in her limp white tulle bonnet; and a middle-aged bridesmaid, also red and homely, and bedizened in white. The light heliotrope dresses of the two latter were spotted with rain, and they wore an indescribable aspect of damp bedraggled finery and disappointment, very piteous to witness. Without, in the booking-office, the bridegroom was tramping about and exchanging cheery observations with the station-master. His wedding finery was fortunately of too substantial a character to be damaged by bad weather!

The bell rang, the wedding party hurried off to catch the up train, and the two sisters, Olive and Blanche Woodford, were left alone.

"What can induce people to make such preposterous objects of themselves just because they happen to have been married?" exclaimed Blanche, merrily. "Did you ever see such a contrast as between the faces of those two women and their headgear? I could scarcely help laughing as they sat there, so conscious of their hideous finery—poor things!"

"Poor things!" echoed Olive, the elder, far more sympathetically. "I was so sorry for them. They had evidently been caught in the rain, and their fine clothes that they had taken so much pains about were all ruined. I think it was most pitiful, for I am sure they could not afford the loss. And how cold they must have been in those white lace scarves!"

"Why couldn't they spend their money on a good thick ulster apiece, instead of such absurdity?"

"Well, I don't think I should like to be married in an ulster, though it is the Englishwoman's national garment. Would you, Blanche?"

"If I had a red face, I would not make a perfect spectacle of myself with white tulle and orange blossoms," retorted Blanche, "especially on a day like this!"

"You know it is only the beginning of September, and it was a glorious morning, so they might be excused. Then, don't you think there is something pathetic in the poor women trying to make themselves charming in the best way they know?"

"I think there is something very pathetic in our being kept here like this," replied her sister, weary of the subject. And she began to revert to the speculations with which she had greeted the fact of the "trap" from their farmhouse lodgings not being at the station to meet them. The heavy rain that had come on since the train left Victoria made this *comretemps* really a serious one.

Olive and Blanche were orphan girls, and lived with their unmarried brother, a curate in a populous London parish. Their means were slender, and as Blanche, after a slight but trying illness, was ordered change of air, rooms had been taken by letter in a Surrey farmhouse, far from village or station. This inauguration of their visit was not a very encouraging one.

"Pray let us see if we can't do something, Olive. I am sure the waggonette is not coming," urged Blanche. And the elder sister went on the platform to consult the station-master and porters, all to no avail.

"Was there a fly to be got?" "No, there

were no flies in those parts. There might be one at the 'Red Lion,' at Heathcote, about three miles away, and there might not. He charged very dear, too, did the man, even if you could get him."

"Was there no other means of getting a conveyance?"

The station-master looked vaguely round the dripping horizon and away to Leith Hill.

"Well, Mr. Brooks—he was a farmer in these parts—would be bringing his milk to the station in about three hours' time; perhaps he would take the ladies up to Miller's in the milk cart, but he couldn't say; they wasn't on the best of terms, wasn't Brooks and Miller's."

"What a savage place we have come to!" exclaimed town-bred Blanche, half in fun, half in earnest.

"We must get someone, then, to go up to Miller's and see after the trap," said Olive. But the official looked doubtful. "Miller's" was more than three miles away; they couldn't be spared, couldn't the porters. Perhaps a lad from the village might happen to come, and then they would send him—if he could go.

This was all most dubious comfort, and Olive began to feel really concerned. It was one of her objects in life just now to shield this delicate sister from discomfort, and Blanche's white face appealed to her in mute reproach. As they stood on the platform talking to the station-master a young man in a mackintosh and leggings came suddenly out of the booking-office; a tall, stalwart fellow, with the ruddiness born of Surrey air on his cheeks. He would have looked like a prosperous farmer, if that class were not extinct in England just at present, but he was evidently not town-bred, "not a club *habitué*," Blanche inwardly remarked. To Olive's surprise the station-master instantly appealed to the new comer as "Mr. Roger Dale," and related her perplexity. She withdrew a few steps.

"I had better go to the village and see what conveyance I can find. I will do it with pleasure," observed the young man, with some awkwardness of manner but true kindness.

"Oh no! thank you; I could do that—only I understood there was no chance of getting any fly there," said Olive. "And I would rather not hinder your time."

"I will find something or other on wheels," replied the stranger. "And as for my time, I was only going to Horsham; there's no hurry about that."

"I really cannot trouble you," began Olive, decidedly, but he had disappeared.

"Well, the Surrey manners and customs are certainly primitive," began Blanche, in her mirthful tone. "First we can find no means of escaping from this station; next comes a worthy farmer and adopts our cause as if he were our brother, or, at any rate, a very near relation. I wonder what Alan Graeme would say to this? He will think he ought not to let you go roaming about the country alone."

There was not much brightness in Olive's responsive smile. She had been engaged for three years to a young Scotch doctor in Edinburgh. He was clever, but poor, and all his efforts and work by day and by night were not yet successful in providing an income that would enable him to marry. So Olive, although she looked forward to the future hopefully, and was not afraid of poverty, had occasionally a little sinking of heart; the distance was so great, and money was so scarce with both of them, and Alan's marvellous powers were so slow in winning recognition!

In about half an hour's time the rumble of wheels was heard, and Roger Dale appeared driving an unmistakable light cart, of the description used by tradesmen.

"This is the best I could do," he explained. "I borrowed it from the grocer, but he had no one to drive it, and as I have nothing to do this wet day, I will be very happy to drive the ladies up to Miller's myself."

"But you are going to Horsham; we would rather not trouble you."

"It doesn't matter in the least; in fact, it will be a convenience, for I shall drive on to Horsham, after putting you down at Miller's, instead of going by train," explained Roger. "Perhaps you will spread some shawls to sit upon; and then they must send down for your luggage."

"You'd better, miss," urged the station-master. Then in a confidential undertone he added, "Mr. Roger Dale, he's well known in these parts, and he's always ready to do any one a kindness."

Unconventional as the proceeding seemed, there was really nothing for it but to accept Mr. Dale's offer. Seated on the floor of the cart, on a carpet of shawls, with umbrellas forming a tent over their heads, the two Misses Woodford allowed themselves to be jolted rapidly along, down the hill from the station, up the hill again, and along a broad road with a far-reaching prospect (if they could only have seen it) on either side. There were the fertile undulating plains of field and wood: the "blessed country," as it is well called in the inscription on Leith Hill Tower, that stood upon its purple ridge yonder, and seemed proudly to survey the scene.

"Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone in the forest of Arden!" observed Blanche, in a whisper.

"Be quiet, Blanche; he will hear you!"

"My dear girl," retorted Blanche, peeping up at the waterproof back of their driver, "you may be sure he has never heard of any such personages. He will think they are some people we know at home."

"Don't make fun of anybody who is kind to you," reproved Olive. But her flippant sister only laughed in reply.

At length the cart left the road, drove down a long avenue; then in front of a haystack, a miscellaneous collection of fowls, a duck pond, it went bumping and thumping over ruts, until it reached a gate. The rain had ceased, and the girls were thankful to alight.

"Here, you Jack! Come here. Where is that trap?" shouted Roger, angrily.

"Jack," a loutish youth of seventeen, came and sheepishly held the gate open for the ladies to pass through. They could not repress an exclamation of delight at the beautiful old farmhouse which broke upon their sight. A flagged tiny path led between grass and standard rose-trees to a porch. The whole front broke into projecting gables, large and small, below which the latticed casements peeped forth from climbing roses, and the old timber-work contrasted with the stone. The fruit trees of the kitchen garden shaded the side of the house. The roof was beautiful with the rich tint of age; even the chimney in its massive tall outline was picturesque. In the door stood a stout, round-faced woman in short print skirt and woollen jacket, consternation struggling with hospitality in her broad countenance.

It was soon explained after all. Mrs. Miller was "not much of a scholar;" in plainer terms, she could neither read nor write! The child who did deputy for her mother in this respect had mistaken 3 p.m. for 5 p.m. Blanche, who sent the post-card foretelling their arrival, was rather given to vagueness of outline in her figures. Olive turned to thank Mr. Dale very heartily for his kindness, but he had gone, and she saw the cart speeding along the distant avenue.

The door led into a large, old-fashioned kitchen or hall, with a vast open chimney and polished "dogs," a tall clock in a shining oaken

case, a corner cupboard, a wooden settle by the fireplace, and a cabinet with glass doors, behind which old china cups peeped forth. No work more menial than the sorting and mending of linen was ever permitted in this sacred apartment, which Mrs. Miller looked upon with pardonable pride. The real working kitchens lay away to the left. A door to the right admitted the delighted guests into their large sitting-room, with its long, low lattice window, looking first into a garden breathing fragrance from every wet leaf and flower; then away across undulating, descending fields towards the ridge of hills. Here was an ample couch covered with old-fashioned chintz, a corner cupboard again, and a fireplace in which stood a great pot of roses. The good-natured hostess fussed about, explaining, apologising, asking for orders, all in a breath, and with the circumlocution and lack of sequence peculiar to her class.

"Mr. Roger Dale? He's the son of old Squire Dale, he be; he lives about three mile from here, in the Manor House. They do say he's worth a deal of money. He needn't hire a cart to go to Horsham, that he didn't. But oh, dear! deary me! to think that the young ladies should have had to be so put about!"

From the house-place a flight of steps led to a narrow uneven gallery; but the delicious bedrooms that opened out of it! To Olive and Blanche, accustomed to town quarters that looked over a waste of chimney tops, the large airy chambers with their white-curtained four-posters smelling of lavender, the short dimity curtains at the latticed windows, were inexpressibly tempting and restful. The largest

room was instantly apportioned to Blanche, and the girls were glad to lay aside their wraps in preparation for the huge tea Mrs. Miller was zealously preparing below.

Blanche was enthusiastic about every detail, and quite sure she should get "as strong as a horse" directly. Olive was doubly delighted on her own and her sister's account. And indeed the Londoner who could not be pleased with a Surrey farmhouse would be very ungrateful. Of all havens of rest, refreshment of body and mind, and homelike comfort in pure, sweet air, within easy distance of town, they certainly bear away the palm. Mr. Roger Dale—"Touchstone" as the mischievous Blanche persisted in calling him—came in for a share of the sisters' conversation.

They would have been surprised as they sat early the next morning at work in the porch, wondering at the energetic but somewhat desultory farming of Widow Miller and her sons, could they have known that their *cicerone* of yesterday was discussing them with a near neighbour of "Miller's" in a field of stubble not very far away. The two young men had come out to shoot partridges, but Roger's mind was full of something else besides the sport.

"Do you know who has taken Miller's farm?" he inquired; "I drove two ladies up yesterday, but never heard their name."

"I was over there the day before, and the good woman gave me the whole history," rejoined his friend. "The girls are called Woodford; orphans; sisters of a bachelor London clergyman with whom they live—

younger one has had an illness; come down here to recruit for a couple of months."

Roger had suddenly stopped short.

"Well, what's the matter now?" inquired his friend, with impatience.

"Why, that name has rather curious association for me. Woodford—it was the name of a fellow who would marry father's younger sister long ago; and as father was her guardian and opposed to the marriage, there was a fearful storm. He never saw them afterwards. By the bye, they are both dead!" exclaimed Roger, new light breaking in upon him; "why shouldn't these be their children?"

"It would be a curious coincidence," said the other, "but if I were you I should veil the fact from your governor. He is not likely to want family quarrels raked up again at his time of life."

"I don't know about that. I should like to find up some cousins in this dull place——"

"And make Squire Dale in a towering rage? I should let it alone. Let sleeping dogs lie! that's my advice."

"I shan't take it, then," retorted Roger. "I shall find out, somehow or other, if I am right."

"Then you will probably repent it," observed the other; "but if you want to shoot any partridges this morning we had better not stand here all day."

The stolid Roger was in an unusual state of excitement, and followed his friend, full of inward speculation as to whether the strange coincidence were really fact, or only a suggestion of his own fancy.

(To be continued.)

HINTS ABOUT HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MEDICUS.

In any section of social or political economy, **reform**—if conducted carefully, thoughtfully, and with no semblance to the headstrong, heedless rush of revolution—should always be welcomed, and is always welcomed by the wise.

Well, as I have written it, that first sentence of mine must stand. I admit it sounds rather ponderous, and only hope its severity will not frighten my gentle readers from scanning this article of mine. After all it is nothing very dreadful or weighty I am going to write about, something rather nice in fact. I sing of the kitchen and cookery.

There is a semi-smile curling round your lips as you read: I can see it with the eye of my imagination. You think that this will be a somewhat dry sermon, and for once in a way you are half inclined to turn over the leaf and miss your "Medicus."

But as a rule I do not write in a dry-as-dust style; I have too much fire and fun in me, doctor though I be. Moreover, I do not think that I ever gave our girls anything but good advice. What I have to propose may seem very *outré* to some of you.

"You are going to propose, Mr. Medicus, that we should disport ourselves in the kitchen and learn to cook; and spoil both hands and complexion."

Well, yes, I am going to propose something akin to what you say; but if you do as I shall tell you, I promise you that you shall neither spoil hands nor complexion, but that both shall be improved, and that the work—if work it may be called, which is really half play—shall be good for your health, and good not only for your eyesight, but your insight as well. I promise you also that it shall make you more happy, better able to enjoy your walks or your rides, and able to sleep more sweetly and

soundly at night. Over and above all this it will give you a new power—the power to make others happy and comfortable, your brothers for instance; and I can assure you nearly all men are ogres to a certain extent. When a man is hungry and does not see a prospect of getting anything reasonable to eat, he may talk and smile and all that, but he is merely acting, he is not on good terms with himself nor with the world around him. These are psycho-physiological facts, and no one can gainsay them. You can hardly credit what I say perhaps; very well, give my compliments to your brother and ask him if I am not right.

I am of the opinion that a good dinner or an honest "tea" can give as much genuine enjoyment to a friend as any music you can bring out of your piano, or I elicit from my old Cremona. If so, is there not quite as much honour and glory to be got from being able to cook as from being able to play?

Hear what splendid John Ruskin has to say on this very subject.

"What does 'cooking' mean? It means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savoury in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always 'ladies'—and, as you are to see im-
peratively that everybody has something pretty

to put on, so you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something nice to eat."

As my readers are not all Girton girls, let me say a word or two about the individuals mentioned in the above extract. Medea then, if all classical history be true, was one of the most clever ladies who ever lived. They called her a sorceress, or enchantress, and there might have been such people in those days; anyhow her knowledge of herbs and other odds and ends was so great that she was easily able to extricate her husband Jason from unparalleled troubles and woes, enabling him to conquer his enemies and perform the most wonderful labours that the world has ever read of. She was a true woman, even if she was an enchantress.

Circe was very learned too, but made a bad use of her capabilities, which only shows that knowledge, if not rightly applied, may work a deal of woe. I never liked Circe, and would not name one of my dogs after her.

Calypso, though, was a greatly-to-be-admired and much-to-be-marvelled-at lady. She was the goddess of silence. I do not myself like a silent lady. She makes me think of Paddy's parrot. But nevertheless silence, we are told, is golden, and it certainly is so in the kitchen, for if the tongue wags much the hands will not. So splendid John was right in bringing in Calypso.

Fair Helen of Troy you all know about. She was very beautiful and very clever, and it was not altogether her fault that there was war about her. We gather from this mention of Helen that it is possible to be beautiful even when *making* an apple-dumpling or stuffing a turkey.

With all reverence let us pass from this heroine of ancient history to a name far nobler,

to a story far more touching, far more full of beauty, far more true to the nature and simple grace of womankind—the story of Rebekah. I need not tell it. You know it as perfectly as I do. But the first picture or scene therefrom comes up before my mind's eye as I write. It is the evening of what has been a sweltering, broiling day—a day in which the sun has been blazing fiercely in a sky of cloudless blue, but is now declining red and fiery towards the western hills—a day on which the dust has burned beneath the feet, and weary camels and tired men have struggled slowly citywards from the wilderness, and knelt or thrown themselves down by a well. People come and people go, but heed them not. Will no one draw a drop of water from the depths of that great tank, that the tired travellers may drink and be refreshed?

At last there comes a beautiful but simple maiden with pitcher on her shoulder. Her innocent looks embolden the servant of Abraham to beg that he may drink a little water. All the kindly woman's nature comes gushing out then. She feels not only for the man, but for the dumb beasts with their pleading eyes. She draws water for all.

Though told but briefly in the Book of books, it is easy to fill in the lights and shades of such a life-story as that of Rebekah's. It is evident she was all that a wife, mother, and mistress of a house ought to be, and that she did not think it derogatory to her great beauty to prepare with her own hands the savoury meats that were to grace her husband's table. So much for Rebekah.

The Queen of Sheba was a lady, but one who thirsted for knowledge; else why her visit to the great King Solomon?

And now to draw nearer home, both as regards time and place. A great many girls—well, let me say young ladies for once in a way—complain that after they leave school they have really nothing to do, which they can do heartily and with right goodwill. They take up "fad" after "fad," and these fads blaze brightly enough while they last, but like a will o' the wisp they soon go out, and those who adopted them are more in the dark than ever.

Parish work is a favourite with many in the country, and if gone into with energy it is really a good thing. But I suggest not only that cooking in a rational way should be learned, but the management of the servants, and the whole household as well. I say boldly that the married man whose wife can superintend and manage his house, and properly supervise the domestics without friction or crossness, and who knows to a nicety when the dinner is properly cooked, and what is needed to make it a success—without waste or stinginess—is blessed above the generality of men. An old proverb says that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window. Well, I do not know about that, but I have known many cases in which a bad

dinner sank love for the time being to about three degrees below freezing point. It is getting less and less the fashion for men to marry for beauty or personal attractions alone. Those that do so generally repent it before long. Let us take a rough and ready example. Jones has married a beauty, but she does not know how to cook a potato, nor how long the simplest joint takes to do, and the servants therefore are the real mistresses in the house, and do pretty much as they please. There is a general slatternliness everywhere, and a topsy-turvy air in kitchen, scullery, and pantry. The cook, perhaps, is good-natured, but she cannot get the others to work up to her; so dishes are spoiled and meals are seldom or never ready at the regular time, though if only for health's sake they ought to be "to a tick," as the saying is. Jones has been slaving away in his office all day, and has a little distance to walk through the mud and rain, but he has visions of a brightly lighted dining-room, a well-spread table, and a comfortable fire; and the very thoughts of such home comforts banish weariness and *ennui*. But the vision flies away when he enters his house. His wife is at the piano, "trying over something." Even from the hall he can hear the sounds of laughter in the kitchen, and Mrs. Jones wheels round as he enters the room. "Dinner won't be ready for half an hour yet, dear." Poor Jones! He simply sighs, and perhaps goes away and smokes. Can you blame him?

Now there are schools for cookery almost everywhere. I am not much taken with them, and I speak advisedly when I state that as a rule the branches taught are tooknick-knackish, too Frenchified. Girls learn little at them, and what they do learn they forget. Englishmen are wholesome, solid eaters. I maintain that English girls ought to be taught English cooking first, and let the fricassees follow. And this they must learn at their own homes, in their own kitchens, with their own fingers in the pie. It would be cheaper far and better to give the cook—honest soul—an extra pound a month and let her be the preceptor.

But mothers should let their daughters take entire management of the household for months at a time, they themselves merely supervising. The girl who is thus honoured should give orders to tradespeople; should get the bills and pay the bills; should see that she gets tender meat from the butcher, wholesome vegetables from the greengrocer, and justice from all; she should see, too, that things are done at the right time, that rooms are properly aired and dusted and set in order; and above all things she should study the dispositions of those under her, and be able to give orders with calm and unruffled dignity, never either losing her temper or being for one moment too familiar. If she lives in the country she ought to know how and when to gather shrub-fruit and herbs for preserving, and also how to manufacture jams and jellies. A girl that can do all this, and do it cheerfully, is a treasure in

her mother's house, and when she comes to have a house of her own she will be a blessing.

As to the actual cooking, what I most earnestly desire to impress upon my readers is the necessity of learning to prepare the essentials of a good meal before going into the fine art business. As it is, the teaching of cookery usually begins at the wrong end, just as some people in China begin their dinners with nuts, sweets, edible bird-nests, and jim-jams, gradually working down to the solids and finishing off with the soups.

As to books on cookery, all that I have ever seen are too intricate, too voluminous, and altogether confusing—what our cook calls "worriting, sir." Moreover, the authors who write them seem to glory in bad French. Why dishes at a table should not have straightforward English names has always been a puzzle to me. But I trust there is a good time coming, when the people of these islands will feel independent enough to stand on the dignity of their own cuisine, and call a haddock a haddock.

It must not be forgotten, however, by would-be girl-housekeepers that the serving up of a meal is one-half the battle. The appearance of a well-laid table positively takes the digestion and appetite by storm: immaculate linen, shining plates, glittering glass and silver, and a flower. O, we must have a flower, be it ever so humble!

For breakfast, dinner, or supper! there is always plenty of things to ring the changes on, and change there certainly should be every day, and every meal should be served with the regularity of a ship's chronometer. But beware of fuss; beware of talking much or giving many orders to the servants in the hearing of those around the table. It is here that Calypso should come in; and do not forget it, please. Many a man's dinner has been completely spoiled and his digestion deranged for the day by hearing servants nagged at during the process of bringing in the dishes.

At a future day, with our Editor's kind permission, I may have something more to say about food and health; meanwhile let me conclude with a word or two of advice to our little housekeepers.

Do everything calmly and quietly. Take time to think. I want you to find home-cooking a healthful employment, and if you worry yourself you will get nervous, and nervousness spoils both sleep and complexion, and digestion also. The cooking of any dish should not spoil your appetite by any manner of means. But you are not to bend too much over the range, nor heat the face and hands to an uncomfortable degree.

Finally, you must give yourself just a quarter of an hour's rest to cool down in your own room before appearing at table. Half an hour would be better. Do not hurry even in dressing.

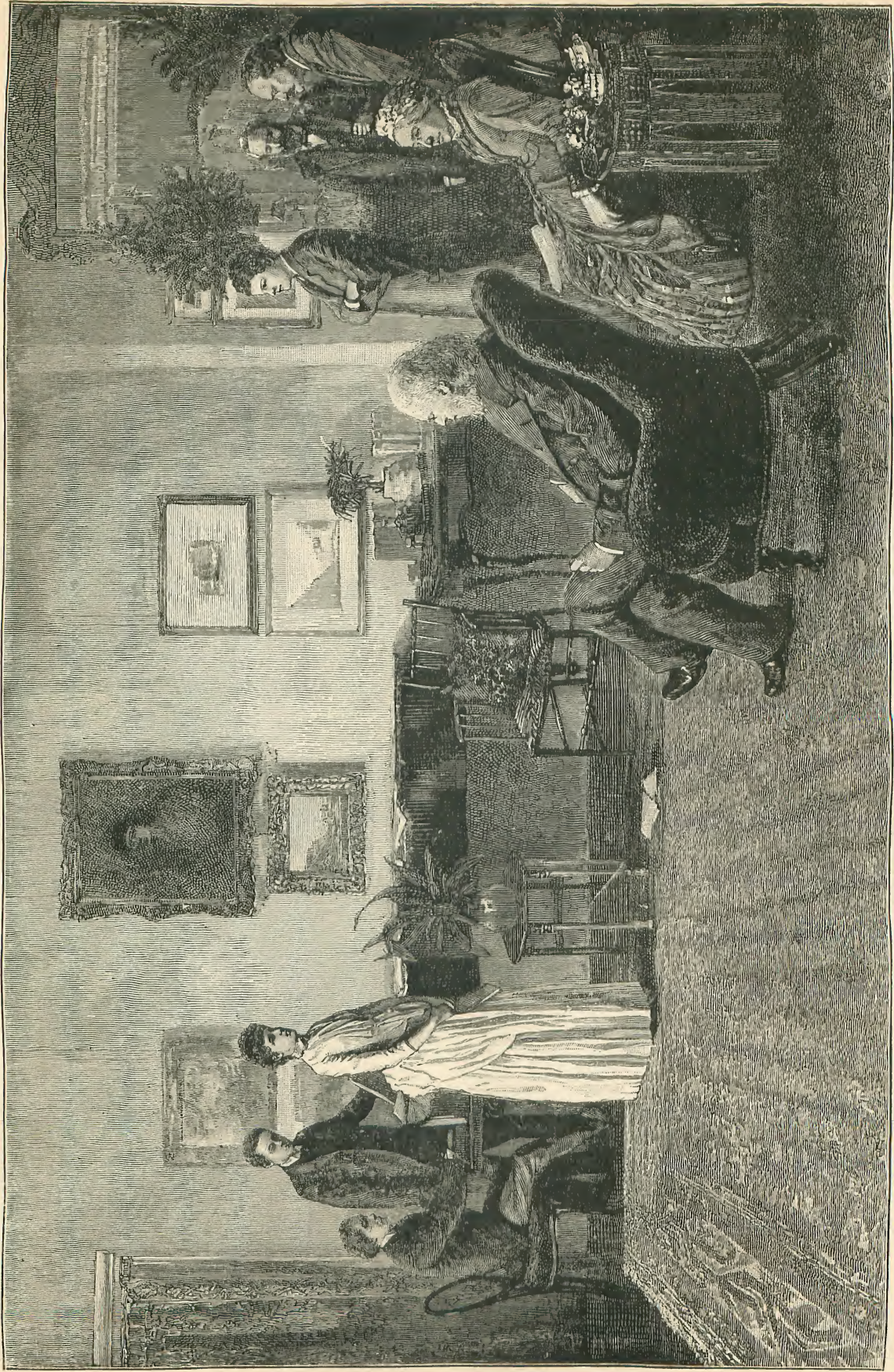
A LONDON ART SCHOOL.

By ONE OF THE PUPILS.

In all arts, no matter how great the individual talent, instruction in the various technicalities of the special branch of art, and a sound foundation, undoubtedly save time. Firstly, as, owing to the perversity of human nature, a self-taught student invariably begins the wrong way to work, and has then laboriously to unlearn; and, secondly, one gets at once the quickest and best style of working by adopting

the teacher's method, arrived at by him after years of practical experience. Look at most amateurs' half-finished drawings, and you will see what I mean. If a water-colour sketch, all crispness of touch and clearness are early lost, the washes being muddled about whilst wet, owing to no settled knowledge of how to produce the effects aimed at, trusting to chance to find out how to get them; and fate, alas! is

rarely favourable. Perhaps, however, an inferior oil painting is worse, hopelessly smeary and slimy, all brush work lost, and the paint drying into lumps and hard edges. As I have personally suffered these adversities in both branches of painting, I can speak feelingly. From a tiny child I have always drawn (horses being my speciality), and have studied them and their ways deeply. Without this study it



BEFORE THE MASTERS OF HER ART.
(From the painting exhibited in the Royal Academy by W. A. Menzies.)

is useless for anyone to take up this particular subject, as the British public are far too "horsey" to tolerate a badly-drawn "gee," and also the endless varieties of character and action can only be successfully attempted or even seen by a real horse-lover. One great reason of the popularity of Landseer's and Rosa Bonheur's works is the insight shown into a horse's mind and thoughts. Almost anyone after a little study of anatomy can draw a moderately correct animal, with the proper amount of legs, and generally a very strong development of mane and tail, but without the speaking look and small marks of character that distinguish one horse from another.

My education in drawing was the ordinary schoolroom one of copying from feeble lithographs, etc., with the exception of one term at a provincial school of art, where I won a South Kensington prize for original sketches of horses. Soon after this I went to stay with an artist in London for a short visit, and whilst there my paintings were seen by Mr. Heywood Hardy and others, who all prophesied success, but deplored my want of technical excellence. One well-known old artist in particular urged me whilst there was time to lay a solid foundation, and regularly ground myself in drawing. He told me he was "too old to do this himself, but he felt the want of it severely every day."

Taking the advice so kindly given, I made diligent inquiries for a good and cheap art school, and at length fixed upon Mr. Calderon's, in St. John's Wood. It is considered one of the best in London; the percentage of his students successfully passing the examination into the Royal Academy schools is larger than any other, also several Royal Academicians have entrusted the art education of their sons and daughters to Mr. Calderon, a convincing proof of their opinions.

The terms are very moderate, only six guineas per quarter, exclusive of the evening classes; easels and stools are supplied by the school. There are six masters, including the principal, Mr. Calderon, three attending every alternate day. When I first joined there were 160 students, elderly men and women, youths of both sexes, and children from eight years old and upwards. For those who prefer it there is a ladies' room and a lady teacher. The ground floor of the school is divided into three class-rooms—the antique, the painting room, and the aforementioned ladies' room.

Perhaps a short account of my life there, beginning with the first day, may best give the information that other struggling artists besides myself may be anxious for. I had capital rooms, board and lodging, for thirty shillings per week; and there is also a boarding-house in connection with the school. School hours begin at 9.30, so I presented myself very punctually with two paintings to show the masters, that they might be able to judge what course of study would be best. Several girls had already arrived, and good-naturedly pointed out the dressing-room, and introduced me to the master for the day on his arrival. The two sample paintings I began by showing him were of horses with landscape; and as I was sure of my horses' anatomy, the master was very complimentary on my "evident talent," and credited me with an all-round knowledge of drawing I did not possess! He told me to join the life-class, and took me to a little office in the school, where at certain hours you can buy canvases, paints, etc. I bought a canvas, and was then placed amongst a circle of students ranged round the model, an exceedingly pretty, refined woman, with pitiful dark eyes, quaintly dressed in grey, with amber touches of colour. I felt so sorry for her, as she used to grow whiter and whiter from the fatigue of keeping

in one attitude from 10.0 a.m. to 12.30, with five minutes' "rest" every hour. How eagerly she watched the clock, and at the hour jumped down from the platform for a stretch, and then began to knit a sock for her baby.

About an hour after I had begun to try and draw just the head and shoulders of the model, the master came round to inspect, and found my attempt so faulty in drawing that he advised me, if I had courage enough, to begin at the very beginning of Mr. Calderon's drawing course, and work my way up through all the stages. As I had had a picture accepted by the Royal Academy, and published a financially successful book of "Hunting Sketches," this was a great blow to my pride, but I agreed to the proposal, and settled to begin in the afternoon.

It was now 12.30, and all the students made a regular stampede for lunch. At this hour a window is opened in one of the rooms round the school-yard, and through it, as at a refreshment stall, soup, coffee, buns, etc., are served out to hungry purchasers. After the first day, when I brought sandwiches, I used to get a cup of boiling water from the refreshment window, and make myself soup from a pot of Liebig's extract. All sorts of cooking used to go on over the dressing-room fire—even chops! Some of the girls had their own kettles and saucepans, which they kept in lockers, with pots of jam, tins of biscuits, etc.; also last, but in many cases not least, dry shoes to change on their arrival. With astonishment I watched the girls eating dry sandwiches, and still drier sponge cakes, with only an orange or apple to slake their thirst! Many, regardless of red noses and indigestion, used to read over their lunch, not novels as I fully expected, but such books as Ruskin's, Carlyle's, and Emerson's Essays. At 1.30 school begins again, and I set to work at the "beggarly elements." I was given a cast of a freehand ornament, to be drawn the exact size. I began putting it in with loose, sketchy lines, and in an hour thought it finished; but when the master saw it he said, "Those sort of lines are not allowed here," rubbed it all out, and then, sharpening my pencil to a needle's point, drew a delicate, firm, prolonged line as a pattern. At 4 p.m. the afternoon schools end. Many used to stay for the evening classes as well, refreshing themselves in the interval with tea.

So ends my first day's adventures, and I will wind up with a description of the course of instruction as far as I have gone.

After a bout at the freehand casts, I began to try for my "Pass" (so called from the word being written by Mr. Calderon on any successful drawings sent in for examination), to be promoted to a more advanced stage, for at this time I was doing the same work as a tiny boy of eight, who, by the way, became a fast friend of mine! The "Pass" work may be sent in for examination every Saturday or Monday before 10, and consists of a large sort of design in relief on a cast. There is a choice of two, and in a weak moment took the "Alhambra design," a terribly intricate pattern supposed to be a copy of a portion of the Alhambra. The other "Pass" subject is a very involved looking lily or passion-flower, with foliage, in rather high relief. In addition to doing one of these, an ordinary cast of an ornament must be enlarged exactly in proportion and to scale.

After a hard week's work at the Alhambra, I had drawn it all in; but it was such an intricate and fully covered design, that if one took one's eye off for a second it took a good hunt to find the place again. I took this "Frankenstein's" monster to Mr. Calderon on Monday, but after carefully looking at it he pointed out several places where the lines were not fine and good, nor did my rendering of the design sufficiently explain itself; in fact, he said it was "too amateurish!" I worked

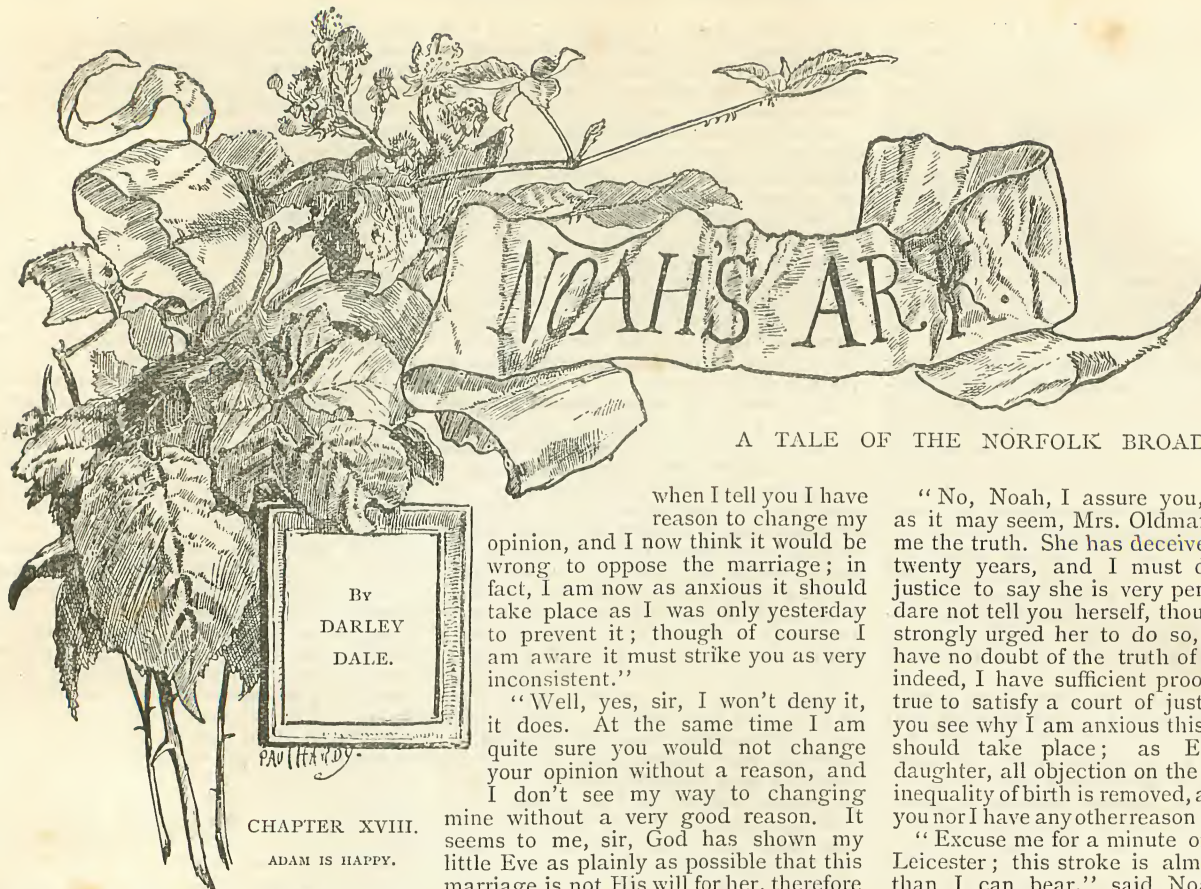
away at it again, and after two days had, at last, perfected the "Alhambra," and then began on my other "Pass" work, viz., the enlargement. I settled to make my ornament one-third larger than the original, which, alas! involved me in endless arithmetical calculations, sums of long division and rule of three. Had I chosen an even number, say three or four times as large, I should have escaped this complication. Before sending my papers in they were looked at by one of the masters, and signed with his initials, and on Saturday afternoon I left them in the office. To my great joy, on Monday I found the joyful word "Passed" signed on the drawings, and later in the day was complimented by Mr. Calderon himself on the style of the work!

"Outline features" was the next step. Four of each feature, viz., nose, eyes, mouth, and ears, had to be drawn in outline, with the smallest amount of shading (all done with charcoal), and in four different positions, each set of features on a separate sheet of cartridge paper. These I "Passed" quickly, and then began shading. Armed with a bottle of chalk powder, stumps, and a fine pointed piece of india-rubber, I was planted on a donkey easel before a very simple-looking cube, and began to shade it. For about two days I toiled away, trying to get anything like an even surface of shadow, but I only made terribly smeary-looking marks, and here and there jet black spots. My fellow-students were very kind in trying to help me, pointing out the way that had helped them, and encouraging me by saying I wasn't a bit stupid in *not being able* to do it at once, as they had taken quite as long, and many had taken a fortnight or three weeks, to get into the knack. On the third day I found out the trick of the work, and when I had finished the cube a student told me she had been sent by one of the masters to look at it, on account of its "superior manipulation." The next step, after doing the cube, is to try for a "shaded Pass." A cast of apples or plums must be faultlessly shaded, and then a set of "shaded features." Then comes outline heads, and finally heads and full-length figures, exquisitely shaded and finely stippled.

At this stage of my career I and several other of the students went, by Mr. Calderon's permission (rather grudgingly given, as he said "everyone wished to rush at once into painting heads, regardless of weak drawing, so always remained amateurs"), alternate days, into the painting room, beginning first by painting a cast in monochrome. In the "rests," or as a little relief from the severe technical work, we used to make little fancy sketches on the margin of our paper. The tiny sailor boy was capital at taking likenesses, and did several for me of students working near him. An Irish girl was first-rate at dogs; she drew some playing the violoncello, piano, and drum, with great spirit and humour; another had drawn a gruesome picture of a man dangling from the gallows by moonlight. My speciality was horses, and it seemed such a physical relief to let one's pencil go with a good fling in a horse galloping, rearing, etc. It used to be a great amusement to go round and look at all the variously ornamented boards. One of the masters, seeing some of my sketches of horses, said, "If you would only draw other things with the same knowledge and love that you show in horse-drawing, you could do anything."

The life in this paper may sound hard and irksome, and the hours long, but everyone seemed very happy, and in earnest. I enjoyed my first term intensely, and had the pleasure of feeling a real improvement in my power of drawing and command of hand, and am eagerly looking forward to again enrolling myself as a "Calderonian."

SOPHIE TURNER.



A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

WHEN Mr. Leicester reached the ark, he found all Noah's goods and chattels which were movable standing outside, while Noah, with his jersey sleeves rolled up, and armed with a pail and a broom, was washing the door.

"Good-day, Noah. Why, you look as if you were on the move."

"No, sir; I have been having a good clean up before my little girl comes home. I have just finished though; if you don't mind sitting down outside for a few minutes, I'll soon have the place fit to ask you into."

Mr. Leicester sat down, not sorry to have a few minutes' respite before he dealt the blow it was his duty to deliver; and in a little while Noah proudly asked him to walk into the ark and see if it was not fit even for Eve.

"It is as fit as love can make it; but, Noah, would it be a great trial to you if Eve never returned?" said Mr. Leicester, looking hard at his host.

"She has not deceived me a second time, has she, sir?" said Noah, sharply, a shadow coming over his fine face.

"No, no, nothing of the kind; only I have changed my mind; and, after earnest consideration, I have come to the conclusion that Eve and Arthur had better be married at once, in fact, I will marry them at my own church to-morrow if you will consent."

"It seems very sudden, sir. You and I were quite agreed that the marriage was most unsuitable, and must never take place. May I ask what has made you change your opinion?"

"I would rather you did not ask me, Noah. I would rather you trusted me,

when I tell you I have reason to change my opinion, and I now think it would be wrong to oppose the marriage; in fact, I am now as anxious it should take place as I was only yesterday to prevent it; though of course I am aware it must strike you as very inconsistent."

"Well, yes, sir, I won't deny it, it does. At the same time I am quite sure you would not change your opinion without a reason, and I don't see my way to changing mine without a very good reason. It seems to me, sir, God has shown my little Eve as plainly as possible that this marriage is not His will for her, therefore I cannot consent to it."

"I don't see that, Noah; but for Jack Farrar the marriage would in all probability have taken place, and I can hardly think he was doing God's will when he kidnapped Eve."

"Not consciously, but unconsciously I believe he was. I suppose God's will is fulfilled by evil men sometimes. But, however that may be, I am sure an unequal marriage like this cannot be for Eve's happiness; in a year or two Mr. Clifford will be tired of her, and then he will be sorry he married beneath him, and my little girl will be miserable," said Noah.

And to this opinion he adhered, in spite of all Mr. Leicester's arguments, until after half an hour's useless discussion, Mr. Leicester reluctantly decided he must tell him the truth.

"Well, Noah," he said at last, "I am sorry I cannot convince you, for it now becomes my painful duty to tell you something which will, I know, grieve you very much. The truth is, I have altered my opinion in consequence of something your wife has told me. She has been to see me this morning, and confessed to me that when she had my child to nurse she changed the babies, and therefore Grace is really your daughter, and Eve is mine!"

"It can't be true, sir; I never knew Mary tell a lie; but I fear she is so puffed up because Mr. Arthur wants to marry Eve, that she has invented this tale to induce you to consent to the marriage," said Noah, stroking his long white beard after his manner when troubled.

"No, Noah, I assure you, incredible as it may seem, Mrs. Oldman has told me the truth. She has deceived us all for twenty years, and I must do her the justice to say she is very penitent; she dare not tell you herself, though I have strongly urged her to do so, but I can have no doubt of the truth of her story; indeed, I have sufficient proof that it is true to satisfy a court of justice. Now you see why I am anxious this marriage should take place; as Eve is my daughter, all objection on the ground of inequality of birth is removed, and neither you nor I have any other reason to object."

"Excuse me for a minute or two, Mr. Leicester; this stroke is almost harder than I can bear," said Noah, with a gentle dignity that was very touching as he left the ark to hide his emotion. We will not follow him, for the storm that he had to weather, though brief, was very heavy, and when, a quarter of an hour later, he returned to the ark, his noble head was bowed, his blue eyes red with weeping, and he sank on to a chair as if he were exhausted after some violent physical exertion.

"Noah, my dear friend, this is a great trial for me as well as for you; let us try and help each other to bear it. I propose to say nothing about this to anyone; let it remain a secret between us three. There is no need to tell Grace or Eve; it would only grieve them both. Let me keep Grace, whom I have loved as my own child, and do you continue to regard Eve as your daughter, since she is to marry Arthur Clifford; and you will not raise any further objection?" said Mr. Leicester.

"I have no right to do so," said Noah, sadly.

"Then, in point of fact, she has lost nothing, for if she had been brought up at the Rectory I could not have wished her to marry better. But Grace would lose a great deal if she were told the truth; in fact, it would be quite impossible for a girl brought up as delicately as she has been to come and live here as she would insist on doing if she knew you were her father," said Mr. Leicester, glancing round the little kitchen, in which, clean as it was, he utterly failed to picture Grace at home.

"True, sir; Grace has all to lose, and Eve all to gain," said Noah, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Not quite all. Grace would gain a better father and mother into the bargain, while Eve would lose both father and mother, for I exceedingly doubt her ever loving me as she loves you. I have thought it all well over, and for all our sakes, but for Grace's more than all, I think we must keep this secret, at any rate during our lifetime, unless your fears with regard to Arthur are in danger of being realised, and then we may consider whether it would be well to tell him the truth; even then I should bind him to secrecy, for Grace's sake. I am afraid I appear very selfish in considering Grace so much."

"No, sir; for you see she is my daughter, not yours, whom you are considering," said Noah, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"True. Well then the best thing we can do is to drive over to Bridgham at once, and tell the young people we have decided to remove our opposition; we need not give them any reason, and they had better be married here tomorrow. Let Eve and her mother remain where they are till then, and I'll marry them: you shall give Eve away. I'll pick you up at my gate in half an hour's time; and by the way, Noah, there is one other thing we must both do—I hope I have done so already—we must forgive your poor wife, for I assure you she is very unhappy, and dreadfully afraid of your anger."

"Poor Mary! I won't be too hard on her, sir, though she has deprived me of my daughter," said Noah; but he had no opportunity of speaking to his wife that day, as since while he was at Bridgham Mrs. Oldman scrupulously kept out of his way, for she guessed when she saw him arrive in Mr. Leicester's dog-cart that the latter had told him of her confession.

Neither Eve nor Arthur manifested any curiosity as to why Mr. Leicester and Noah had so suddenly altered their opinion; they were too glad that it was so to care to know the reason of the change. At first Eve hung back, and pleaded that she might stay another week where she was, but Arthur whispered perhaps Noah and his guardian would change their minds again if they postponed the wedding, whereupon Eve gave a blushing consent. Weddings are generally allowed to be very stupid affairs, except to the parties most nearly concerned; but there was one peculiarity about this wedding which deserves to be mentioned, and that was the extreme nervousness of Mr. Leicester, whose voice was at times scarcely audible; and surely seldom was a stranger group gathered round the altar rails.

Eve dressed in a travelling-dress which Arthur had ordered in her trousseau, looked not only a lady, but a beautiful woman; the delicacy of her appearance only added to her beauty. On one side of her stood her bridegroom, Arthur

Clifford, a look of haughty defiance on his face, as though he challenged the whole world to say one word against his bride; on the other side stood Noah, in his broadman's dress, a grand-looking man, but evidently a fisherman; though he might well have sat to an artist as one of the apostles. By him stood Mrs. Oldman in her Sunday best, a prey to many emotions, fear of the coming interview with her husband predominating; and behind Eve stood Grace Leicester, the skirts of her white dress sometimes touching her real father. And one person in the church thought she looked fairer than the bride; that person was Adam Day, who remained in one of the front seats throughout the service, thinking of many possible reasons for their sudden approval of the marriage, until suddenly, as he glanced from Noah to Grace, the truth flashed upon him.

He had always thought these two beings strangely unlike the rest of mankind; they seemed to him to be denizens of another world paying a visit to this workaday one; but to-day, as he glanced from the grand face of Noah, standing with calm dignity a little behind Eve, to the slight and graceful figure robed in spotless white, he thought it looked like the face of an angel; but a glance at the handsome but as evidently worldly couple whose hands were being joined in holy matrimony dispelled this fancy, and then the sudden thought occurred to him that they were father and daughter.

"Kindred spirits, I always knew they were," mused Adam, "but never till this moment did it occur to me that they were actually related, and yet as sure as I am Adam Day Grace is Noah's child; she is strikingly like him too, though no one seems to have noticed it; her blue eyes are the fac-simile of Noah's, and I have no doubt he was as fair as she is when he was a child: she is tall like him too, and there is the same indescribable something, I hardly know what to call it—an intangible impression of purity and saintliness clinging to them both; it is not an expression, nor can I define it, but it is there for all that, and I never met anyone else who had it—not even the Rector. I have often wondered how Noah came to have a child so strangely unlike him as that wilful little Eve, but never till this moment did I suspect the truth. Mrs. Oldman changed the children and confessed it yesterday, hence this wedding, otherwise Noah would never have yielded, I am sure; that is why he is so grave to-day too. I thought he was not well when he came into church. Grace, my darling, I shall win you after all!"

But this thought drove Adam out of church to walk away into that strange solitude nowhere to be obtained in such absolute perfection as among his native broads, there to consider what change the discovery he had just made would make in his own plans. He cared not

where he went, he was so happy; he scarcely felt the ground he strode over, he wanted to get away from the rest of mankind, and be alone with his joy; all human intercourse just then would have jarred upon him. But these sleepy lagoons, their calm, still, sluggish waters only disturbed by the leaping of a trout or the cry of a sea-bird; these great green pastures, with their sleepy cattle grazing peacefully among them; these rivers with their reaches creeping lazily on to the sea, pausing now and then to spread their shallow waters into a broad, and then concentrating their forces into a river again, and flowing slowly on, to pause again and again to widen their banks before they reached the sea they were so loth to gain; these calm, sleepy waters did not disturb his meditations; he was as disposed to linger in his thoughts as the rivers in their broads; and the white sails of the yachts or the brown sails of the wherries, rising here and there on the horizon, were no hindrance to his musings. On he walked, mile after mile, through meadows and across marshes, until at last sheer physical fatigue made him pause, first to rest and then to consider where he was, for he had paid no attention to where he was going; so throwing himself down on the grass to rest, he took a brief survey of his position.

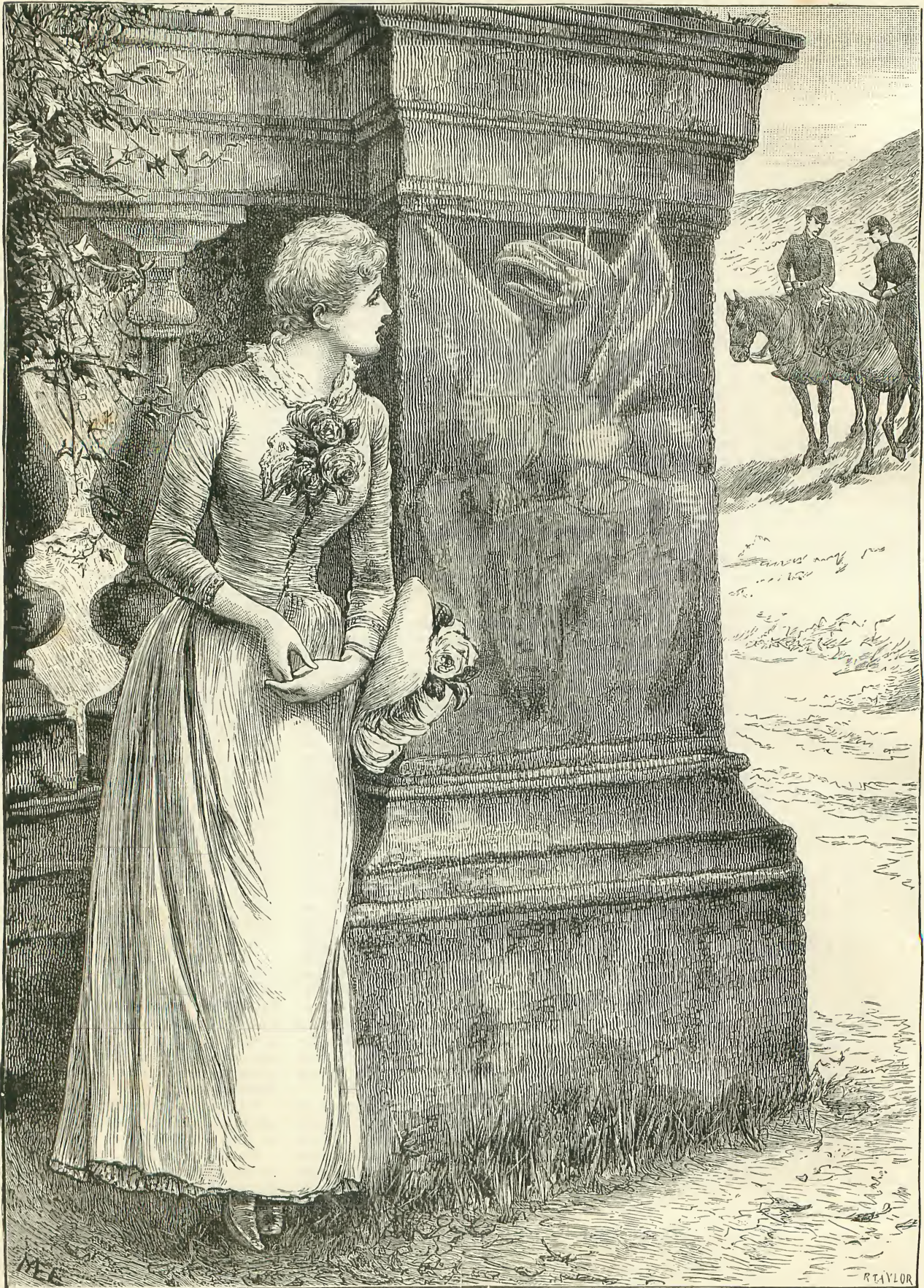
He found himself about two miles from Bridgham, and consulting his watch, he came to the conclusion he might, if he made haste, just catch Arthur Clifford's yacht on the point of sailing, for he knew he and Eve were to drive back to Bridgham, and sail from there directly after the wedding. He would like to see the last of them, and then he would hire a boat and row back to Windham, and go and see Noah, for the result of all his meditations was that he must tell Father Noah the discovery he was certain he had made, and ask his advice. Accordingly he set off for Bridgham, but on reaching it he found the yacht had already sailed, so he went into the inn and ordered some dinner. He was waiting for it when he heard a woman sobbing in the next room, the door of which was ajar. Now Adam hated to see a woman's tears, so when the landlady brought him his dinner, he asked who was crying in the next room.

"Oh, sir, it is poor Mrs. Oldman. She came over to see her daughter sail, but she was too late; they had been gone an hour when she arrived. She walked most of the way, and she is tired out, what with nursing and one thing and another; but I am now going to see if I can't get her to have some dinner."

"Let me go; we are old friends. Put another place at this table. I'll get her to dine with me."

So saying, Adam rose, and knocking at the open door, went in without waiting for an answer.

(To be continued.)



"SHE WAS STANDING AT THE GATE EVIDENTLY WATCHING THEM."

"ONLY."

ONLY a little tiny spark,
Falling so softly down;
In one short hour a frightful glare
Shall rouse the sleeping town.

Only a little spiteful word,
A scarcely noted sneer,
Finding a sunny, joyous heart,
Leaving behind—a tear.

Only a careless, mocking smile,
A foolish, ill-timed jest:
It quenched the dawning of a love
Too weak to bear the jest.

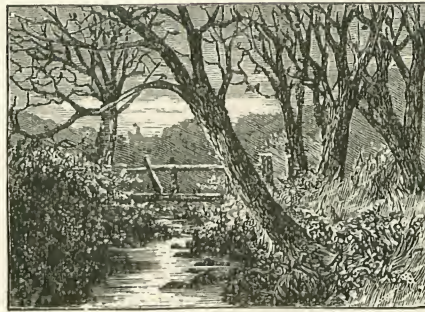
Only the shadow of a doubt,
The whisper of a friend:
It sent two lives to grieve apart,
Mistaken to the end.

Only a little broken toy,
Shabby, and old, and torn:
It woke the memory of a loss
Too heavy to be borne.

Only the little daily wants
Left at the gate of Prayer,
Taking, instead, the golden spoil
Won from the Master there.

Only a weak and suffering life
Laid at the Saviour's feet,
Shedding a warm and steady light
Into the darkening street.

Only a look, and nothing more,
So tender, yet so sad:
It filled one heart with bitter shame,
It made the angels glad.



OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

"TROUBLE MAY COME TO ME ONE DAY."

BESSIE had hardly fallen asleep before the storm broke. A peal of thunder crashing over the house woke her; the next minute a flash of lightning seemed to fill her room with white light.

"What a terrific clap! It must have woke Edna," she thought, and just as she was summoning up resolution to cross the dark passage in search of her, there was a hasty tap at the door, and Edna entered, fully dressed, and with a candle in her hand.

"Edna! what does this mean? You have not been to bed at all," exclaimed Bessie, regarding her friend with dismay. Edna's pale, disordered looks excited her alarm.

"No," she returned, in a tone of forced composure, as she put down the candle with a shaking hand; "I was too nervous to sleep. I knew the storm was coming, and I sat up and waited for it; but I could not stop by myself any longer. Did I wake you, Bessie?"

"The thunder woke me, and I thought of you. I am not a bit frightened; but one cannot sleep in such a noise. Hark at the rain; a perfect deluge! Come and lie down beside me, Edna, dear. You look quite wan and exhausted."

"I have been thinking myself stupid; but I am still too restless to lie down. I feel as though I never want to sleep

again, and yet I am so tired. Ah, you don't know the feeling! One seems on wires, and all sorts of horrid, troublesome thoughts keep surging through one's brain, and there seems no rest, no peace anywhere." And she shivered, and hid her face on the pillow as another peal broke over the house.

Bessie did not speak for a minute, and then she said very tenderly—

"Edna, dear, I know all about it. I am quite sure that you are miserable; I have known it all the time. Pride does not help you a bit now; in your heart you are sorrowful and repentant. You would give all you have in the world to bring him back again." But Edna silenced her.

"Don't, Bessie, you are torturing me. I cannot bear sympathy; it seems to madden me somehow. I want people to think that I don't care—that it is all nothing to me."

"Ah, but you do care, Edna."

"Yes, I know I do," in a despairing voice. "I will own, if you like, that I am very miserable, but you must not take advantage of me. I am weak to-night, and I seem to have no strength to brave it out. Don't be hard upon me, Bessie; you have never been in trouble yourself. You cannot put yourself in my place."

A great pity rose in Bessie's heart as she listened to Edna's sad voice. "No," she said, gently, "I have never

known real trouble, thank God, except when Frank died. Mine has been a very happy life; but trouble may come to me one day."

"Yes, but not through your own fault," replied Edna, in the same dreary, hopeless voice. "There is no trouble so hard to bear as that. To think that I might have been so happy, and that my own temper has spoiled it all! Let me tell you all about it, Bessie; it will be a relief, even though you cannot help me, for to-night the misery is more than I can bear." And here she hid her face in her hands, and gave vent to a few choking sobs. Bessie only answered by a quiet caress or two, and after a few moments Edna recovered herself.

"I was unreasonably angry with Neville that day, but I never guessed that my passion would *overmaster me* to that extent. Oh, Bessie! why, why was I never taught to control my temper? Why was my mother so cruelly kind to me? If I had been brought up differently—but no, I will only reproach myself. If Neville had been more masterful—if he had shown more spirit; but there again I am ungenerous, for nothing could exceed his gentleness, but it only exasperated me. I was bent on quarrelling with him, and I fully succeeded; and I worked myself up to such a pitch that I almost hated the sight of him. I wanted to be free—I would be free; and

I told him so. I was still in the same mind when you brought me that message, but, all the same, something seemed to whisper to me that I should live to repent that day's work; but I would not listen to this inward prompting—I would be firm. Bessie, I verily believe some evil spirit dominated me—I felt so cold, so inexorable, so determined on my own undoing. For one moment I quailed, and that was when I saw Neville drive away from the house. I saw his face, and it looked so pale and sad. Something within me said, 'Call him back, and he will come even now;' but I was too proud to give the sign. I wanted to do it, but my demon would not suffer me, and in a moment he was gone. Oh, Bessie! how I suffered that night and the night after. But my pride was strong. I would not let people see how unhappy I was. But I want him back now. There is no one in the world like Neville—so gentle, and brave, and good; but I have lost him, and I deserve to lose him, for I was never worthy of his love." And here Edna broke into bitter weeping, and for a little while there was no comforting her.

"Oh, how selfish I am," she exclaimed at last, starting up. "I have only made you miserable, and, after all, no one can do me any good. Don't look at me so reproachfully, Bessie; you are very dear and good to me, but you cannot put yourself in my place."

"You are wrong," returned Bessie, quickly. "Though I have never been through your experiences, I can still sympathise with you. If I were in your position, Edna, I would not speak as you are doing now, as though there were no hope for you, and as though everything were only black and miserable. There are no depths of human suffering deep enough to hide us from God."

"Oh, but I am not religious, Bessie. I am not good, like you."

"Please don't talk so, Edna; it only pains me to hear you. Let me tell you how I think I should try to feel in your place. I would try to bear my trouble bravely, knowing that it had come through my own fault. I do do wrong we must surely take our punishment. Oh, I know it is easy to talk, but all the same this is how I would strive to carry my burden."

"Ah, but such a burden would crush any girl."

"You must not let it crush you, Edna. Your will is very strong; why do you not will this one thing—to become worthy of Mr. Sinclair. I do not say that things will be the same between you; I know too little about the world to guess how a man acts under such circumstances; but if you care for him really—if indeed, he stands so high in your estimation as a good man whom you have misunderstood and wronged, then, even if you lead your lives apart, you may still try to live nobly that he may think of you with respect. You may still let his influence guide you to a higher and better life. Would not this make things more bearable?"

Bessie's words, spoken with intense

earnestness, seemed to stir Edna's mind, rousing it from its bitter apathy of hopeless remorse and grief; a faint light came into her eyes.

"Do you think I could grow better—that Neville would ever hear of me? Oh, I should like to try. I do so hate myself, Bessie. I seem to grow more selfish and horrid every year. I thought Neville would help me to be good, but without him——" And here the tears came again.

"Without him it will be doubly hard. Yes, I know that, Edna, dear; but you must lean on a stronger arm than his—an arm that will never fail you. Now you are utterly exhausted, and the storm is quite lulled, do go back to your own room; you will be able to sleep, and it is nearly three o'clock."

"And I have kept you awake all this time," remorsefully. "Well, I will go; the pain is a little easier to bear now. I will think over your words; they seem to have a sort of comfort in them. Yes, I deserve to be unhappy for making Neville so wretched. Good-bye, dear Bessie; you are a real friend to me, for you tell me nothing but the truth."

Bessie kissed her affectionately, and then Edna left the room; but Bessie found it difficult to resume her interrupted dreams; the splash of the raindrops against her windows had a depressing sound, the darkness was dense and oppressive, a vague sadness seemed to brood over everything, and it was long before she could quiet herself enough to sleep. Strangely enough, her last waking thoughts were of Hatty, not of Edna, and she was dreaming about her when the maid came to wake her in the morning. Edna did not come down to breakfast; the storm had disturbed her, Mrs. Sefton said.

"I think it must have kept you awake, too," she observed, with a glance at Bessie's tired face.

Bessie smiled, and said a word or two about the wild night, but she did not speak of Edna's visit to her room. Afterwards she went up to prepare for her ride, but during the next hour Richard noticed she was not in her usual spirits, and questioned her kindly as to the cause of her depression. Bessie made some trifling excuse; she had slept badly, and her head ached; but in reality she could find no reason for her vague discomfort. The morning was fresh and lovely, and bore no signs of last night's storm. Whitefoot was in frisky spirits, but she found herself looking at everything with melancholy eyes, as though she were looking her last at the pleasant prospect. In vain she strove to shake off the uncanny feeling, and to answer Richard's remarks in her usual sprightly fashion. The very effort to speak brought the tears to her eyes, and she had the vexed feeling that Richard saw them, and thought something was amiss, for he told her very kindly to be sure and rest herself that afternoon.

Edna was in the front garden when they returned; she was standing at the gate evidently watching for them. Bessie thought she looked very pale. As Richard lifted her down Edna opened the gate.

"You have had a longer ride than usual, have you not, Richard? Bessie looks very tired. Will you take off your habit, or will you go into the drawing-room? Your brother has just arrived, Bessie."

"My brother! Do you mean Tom? Oh! what does he want with me? Hatty must be worse." And here Bessie's numb, unaccountable feelings quickened into life. "Oh, Edna, speak—what is it?" And Bessie grew pale with apprehension.

"Hatty is not very well," replied Edna, gently, "but Mr. Tom will tell you himself."

"Yes, go to him," whispered Richard; "your brother will be your best informant; don't wait to ask Edna." And Bessie needed no further bidding. Oh, she knew now what that vague presentiment meant. That was her last ride—her last everything, she told herself as she hurried into the house. Of course, Hatty was ill, very ill—perhaps dying—she always knew she would die. Tom's boyish face looked unusually grave as he caught sight of Bessie. She walked up to him and grasped his arm.

"What is it, Tom?" she said, almost clinging to him.

Poor Tom was hardly equal to the occasion. He was young, and hated scenes, and Mrs. Sefton was looking at them both, and he felt uncommonly choky himself; but Edna, who had followed Bessie, said, promptly—

"Don't be afraid of telling Bessie, Mr. Lambert; she knows that Hatty is not so well. You have come to fetch her, have you not, because Hatty has had another bad fainting fit, and your father thinks her very ill?"

"That is about it," blurted out Tom. "Can you get ready and come back with me, Bessie? Hatty asked for you last night for the first time, and then father said I had better come and fetch you; so I took the last train to London, and slept at Uncle George's, and came on this morning."

"And Hatty is very ill?" asked Bessie, with a sort of desperate calmness that appeared very ominous to Tom, for he answered, nervously—

"Well, she is pretty bad. Father says it is a sudden failure of strength. It is her heart; and he says he always expected it. He never did think well of Hatty, only he would not tell us so—what was the use? he said. But now these fainting attacks have made him anxious, for he says one can never tell what may happen; and then he said you must be fetched at once."

"I suppose we can start by the next train, Tom."

"Yes, by the 3.15; there is none before that. We must catch the 6.5 from Paddington, so you will have time to look about you."

"Let me help you," exclaimed Edna, eagerly. "Mamma, will you send Brandon to us?" And she followed Bessie.

Richard came into the room that moment, and took possession of Tom, carrying him off to the garden and stable-yard, and trying to make the time pass in a less irksome manner. Richard could show his sympathy for Bessie in

no other way than this, and he felt sorry for Tom, who was feeling awkward among so many strangers, and was trying to repress his feelings after the fashion of young men.

"I am afraid your sister is very much cut up about this," observed Richard, presently.

"Oh, yes, she will take it uncommonly badly, she and Hatty are such chums."

"Yes, but I trust that your sister is not dangerously ill?"

"Well, she does not seem so to me," replied Tom, vaguely. "She is weak, of course; anyone would be weak after such an attack; but she looks and talks much as usual, only she is too tired to get up."

"And it is her heart, you say?"

"Well, my father says so. You see she has always been weakly, but there never seemed much amiss to us; and now my father says that he never expected her to make an old woman, and that there is something wrong with her heart, and he is afraid that she may go off in one of these attacks, and that is why he wants Bessie to come home at once."

"Yes, I see; it looks very serious. Oh, there is the luncheon bell. I have ordered the carriage round directly afterwards, so you will be in plenty of time."

When the two young men returned to the house they found Bessie in the dining-room. She took her old place by Richard, and made some pretence at

eating. Once, when Richard spoke to her, begging her to remember the long journey before her, she looked up at him with a faint smile; that smile, so gentle and childlike, haunted Richard during the remainder of the day.

Bessie was battling bravely with her feelings all luncheon, and during the short interval that elapsed before the carriage was brought round she managed to say a few words to Mrs. Sefton, thanking her for all her kindness, and just before she left the house she found an opportunity to speak to Edna.

"Edna," she whispered, holding her friend's hand, "you will not forget our talk. I shall be thinking of you even when I am with Hatty." And then for the moment she could say no more.

"Will you come, Miss Lambert?" urged Richard, gently. He had followed the girls, and had overheard this little speech; but Bessie did not heed him.

"Will you try to be brave, Edna?" But her voice was almost inaudible.

"Go with Richard, Bessie, darling; he is waiting for you." And then Bessie got into the carriage.

She looked back and waved her hand as they drove away, but this time there was no smile on her face. Edna was standing in the porch, and the afternoon sun was shining on her face and hair and white dress, and her large, wistful eyes were full of sadness. Bessie's lip quivered, her heart ached. How beautiful it all was. The world seemed glorified in

the sunshine; everyone they met seemed happy, and yet Edna was wretched, and Hatty ill—perhaps dying; and a great black cloud seemed to overshadow everything, a sense of terror and confusion, of utter chaos. "In the midst of life we are in death." Why did those words come to Bessie? Just before the train moved, Richard broke the silence.

"You will let us hear how things are, Miss Lambert?"

"Oh, yes, I will write to Edna."

"And you will take care of yourself?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Things may be better than you expect; one can never tell." He stopped, and looked earnestly in her face, and she could see that he was very much moved. "I wish you could be spared all this, but I know you will do your best for everybody. I won't tell you now how we shall all miss you; the house will seem very empty when I go back."

"You have been very good to me, Mr. Sefton; thank you for everything."

"No one can help being good to you," he replied, gravely. "Good-bye, God bless you." The train moved on, and he lifted his hat and stood aside.

"Oh, how kind everyone is," thought Bessie, as she leant back wearily and closed her eyes. Was it all a dream, or was her beautiful holiday really over? Alas! the dull aching consciousness told her too truly that it was sorrowful reality.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

The minister of a parish in Scotland was called some time ago to effect a reconciliation between a fisherman of a certain village and his wife. After using all the arguments in his power to convince the offending husband that it was unmanly in him, to say the least of it, to strike Polly with his fist, the minister concluded—

"David, you know that the wife is the weaker vessel, and you should have pity on her."

"Well then," said David, sulkily, "if she's the weaker vessel she should carry the less sail."

WORDS OF AFFECTION.

"Posies" for rings used to be very fashionable. We take the following from an edition of the "New Academy of Compliments," published in 1741.

"This was not sent in compliment."

"Let us share in joy and care."

"In thy breast my heart doth rest."

"The love is true that I.O.U."

"Despise not me for I love thee."

"Of all the rest I love thee best."

"The love I owe I fain would show."

"What I call mine shall all be thine."

"My love by this presented is."

"Heart and hand at your command."

"The sight of thee is life to me."

"In constancy I'll live and die."

"I am yours while life endures."

AN INQUISITIVE SERVANT.

Talleyrand had a confidential servant excessively devoted to his interests, but for all that

superlatively inquisitive. Having one day intrusted him with a letter, the prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and with some surprise observed him coolly reading the letter *en route*. On the second day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript in the following terms:—

"You may send a verbal answer by the bearer; he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery."

Such a postscript must have been more effective than the severest reproaches.

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

A lame Spartan joined the ranks of his countrymen, and was laughed at by them for venturing his life at such a disadvantage.

"I come to fight, not to fly!" was the reply of the heroic cripple.

HOW A ROBBER WAS CAUGHT.

There was a young woman left in charge of a house during the absence of her master and mistress in the country. One night on her going to bed she took a good look in the looking-glass and said to herself, smiling complacently—

"How handsome I look in this cap!"

When she rose in the morning she found the house robbed. She was taken into custody on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery; but on being tried was acquitted.

Some time afterwards, as she was walking in company with another servant girl, a man in passing said softly to her—

"How handsome I look in this cap!"

This expression forcibly struck her mind, and she at once concluded that he must be the man who had robbed the house. She seized hold of him with the utmost courage, and assisted by her companion held him fast till he was taken charge of by the police. The man confessed that he was, indeed, the robber, and that he had heard her use the expression when he was hiding under the bed previous to his robbing the house. Robbing was a hanging matter in those days, and the man subsequently paid the penalty of his misdeeds on the scaffold.

RIGHT OR LEFT.

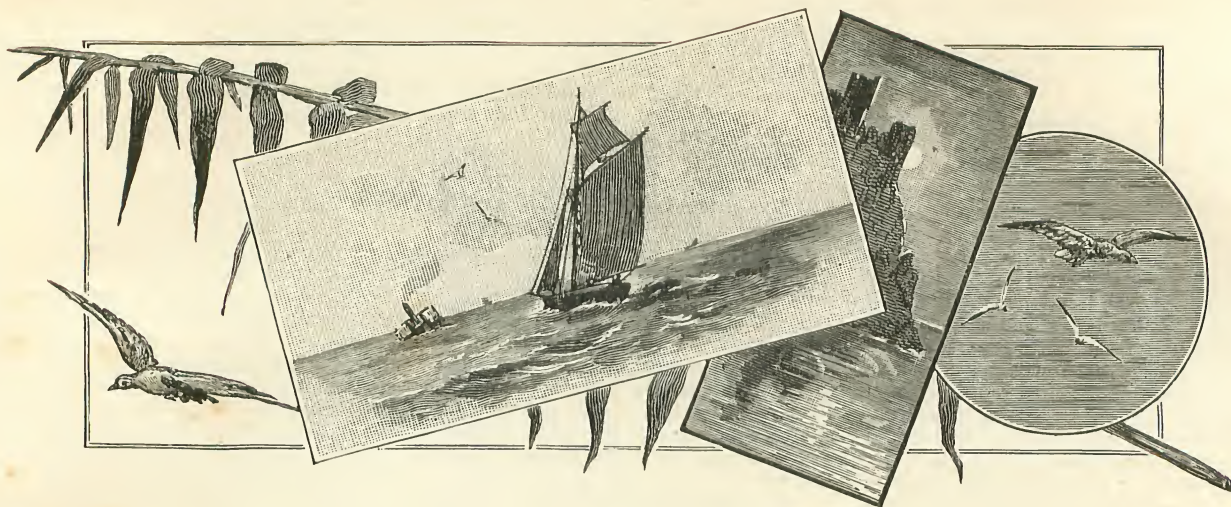
Suppose a person takes an even number of coins or counters or anything else in one hand, and an odd number in the other, there is a simple method by which to tell in which hand the even number is.

Ask her to multiply the number in her right hand by an odd number, and the number in her left hand by an even: then let her add the two products together and tell you if the total sum be odd or even. If it be even, the even number is in the right hand, and if it be odd the even number is in the left hand.

CHARACTER THE BEST SECURITY.

"I owe my success in business chiefly to you," said a stationer to a paper-maker, as they were settling a large account; "but let me ask how a man of your caution came to give credit so readily to a beginner of my slender means?"

"Because," replied the paper-maker, "at whatever hour in the morning I passed to my business, I always observed you without your coat at yours."



THE BURDEN OF THE WIND.

Words by LADY ELLIOT.*

Music by ERNST HELMER.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

p *espressivo.* *f*

Oh! wind, fresh wind..... of spring - time,

sf *p legato.*

What hast thou borne a - way? A bur - den of light - wing'd mo - ments, That

* The last three lines in verse 2 are slightly altered for musical purposes.

rit. *a tempo.*

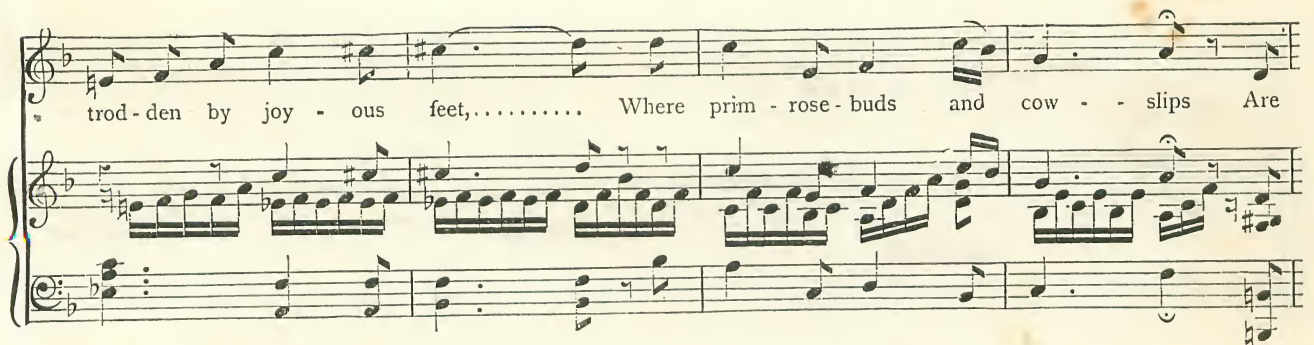
hov-er'd and would not stay; The mu-sic of chil-dren's laugh-ter, From



mea-dows all dew-y and sweet, Where prim-rose-buds and cow-slips Are



trod-den by joy-ous feet,..... Where prim-rose-buds and cow-slips Are



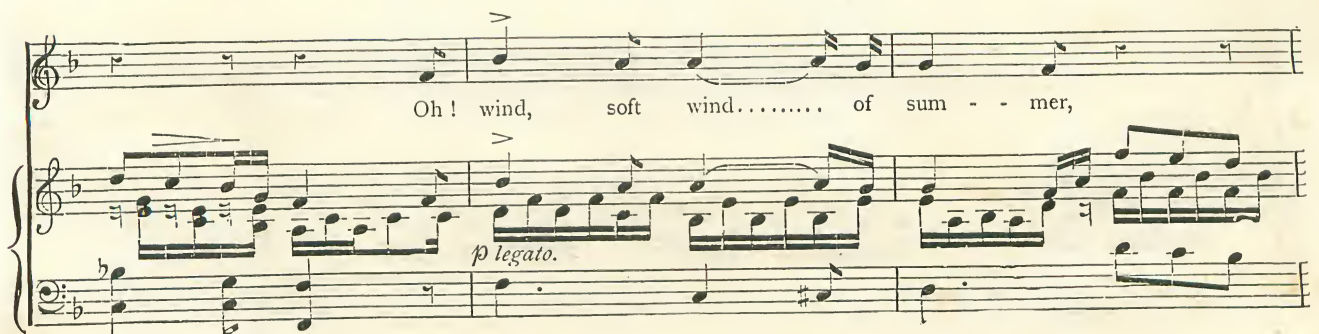
rit.

trod-den by joy-ous feet.



Oh! wind, soft wind..... of sum-mer,

p legato.



What hast thou borne a - way? A bur - den of love and

long - ing, The dream of a gold - en day; The

rit. *a tempo.*

mur - mur of pas - sion - ate voi - ces, The scent of the beau - te - ous

rose, As it lay near the heart I lov'd,..... And droop'd in soft re -

- pose ;..... As it lay near the heart I lov'd,..... And droop'd in soft re -

rit.

- pose. *Con molto espressione.* Oh!

wind, wild wind of win - ter, What hast thou borne a - way? A

bur-den of mourn-ful re - mem - brance, The sigh of the year's de - cay, The

Religioso.
wi - ther'd leaves of the for - est, The drift of the chill snow-wreath, And the prayer of a

soul that is pass - ing In - to the sha - dow of death, In - to the sha - dow of death.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WILL B.—could learn shorthand from one of Pitman's little manuals, which are to be found at any stationer's at an extremely moderate price. She might get a few lessons later on.

MARION GIBB.—We are happy to give a notice of your Utopian Reading Society, and to say that although the session commenced in October, members can qualify for a prize by making up the lost time. (Secretary, Miss Gibb, Glenlyon, The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.) Miss Impey, former secretary, has resigned.

AUTUMN LEAF.—Apply to Miss Hedge, secretary of the Society for Studying Languages by Correspondence, Lyndhurst Lodge, Chelsea Road, Southsea, Hants. Subscription, ten shillings and sixpence half-yearly; and two prizes given, consisting of ten shillings and five shillings. We have no special educational club in connection with our paper.

MISS JOHNSTON.—We have pleasure in giving our girls the benefit of an introduction to their notice of your Reading Club, entitled *The Haute Vue Reading Club*. The quarter days are the 1st of February, of May, August, and November. Three months' holidays allowed in the year, a longer period than that accorded by any other of such societies (of which we know). One shilling entrance fee, and one ditto retiring fee. No other subscription.

MUSIC.

STORM.—If the piano be an old one we do not know what could be done with it. You might ask your tuner; he would know the exact state it was in, and could say whether exchanging it could be managed.

FRANKIE.—An American lady has for the last two seasons given drawing-room entertainments of whistling in London; and a famous masculine whistler also gave some concerts, but we cannot say whether it will become a usual thing or not. We see nothing "wrong" about it.

CHRYSE.—It is said that the sound of hammers on an anvil suggested to Handel the theme of the musical composition to which he has given the name of the "Harmonious Blacksmith." (See "Life of Handel," Schoeeler.) "J," the seventh consonant in the English alphabet, is an addition to it of comparatively modern date; its immediately preceding letter "I" having formerly been used as a substitute for it. As in the German language, it seems to have represented the letter "y" in some words. "I" and "J" were formerly identical in form, though not in sound, and we owe to the Dutch printers the advantage of a change to distinguish the two letters from one another. It is to be regretted that so many writers are careless about this distinction, and they confound both the capital I and T likewise, which creates a difficulty for the reader.

ART.

PEPPER'S GHOST.—We have pleasure in naming the Jubilee Sketching Club; secretary, Miss Nelly Baker, Mildenhall, 324, Camden Road, N.; the yearly subscription two shillings. The pictures may be executed in oils, water-colours, pen and ink, or any other style. Two prizes are given at the end of the twelvemonth. Send a stamped envelope for copy of the printed rules. Members may put a price on their pictures if they wish to sell them.

KATE E. COLMAN.—We gladly inform our girls of the Rover Sketching Club, of which you are the secretary, and give your address, Bridge Street, Peterborough. In brief, the rules are that only original sketches are received, a fairly high standard required, a knowledge of perspective essential. A specimen sketch to be sent in by the intending member, and their works will be criticised by an artist. Annual subscription, five shillings.

JOCELYNDA and **"DONOVAN."**—Beware of how you take your subjects from other people's works. If you want to avail yourself of them, you should obtain their leave. Of course, suggestions for work may be gathered anywhere, and can be carried out, without dishonesty towards anyone, or infringing their copyright. Remember that we speak without personal knowledge of what you are going to do.

WORK.

ROSALIND does not say how the stain was made, nor what caused it; so we cannot give advice.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—We know nothing of the paper you enclose. The only way for you to find out what you want would be to write to some of the people who are employed, and whose addresses are fully given on the circular, enclosing a stamp for a reply.

NELLY.—You could trim your brown-braided jacket with fur round the neck and down the fronts, and at the cuffs. It need not be edged with fur, unless you like. Jackets are more worn without than with it at present.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—We have never given any articles on Macramé lace. A small manual may be very cheaply obtained at any shop where work is sold. The best way would be to get some friend to teach you. 2. We should think you could dispose of your books by advertising them.

STONECROP.—You would probably be able to restore the colour to your black kid gloves by using a little of Judson's black dye. You could apply some according to the directions on the bottle. If this would not do there are many patent glosses or revivers sold for kid boots and shoes, some of which would answer for black gloves we should think. Black ink will answer when the seams become white and bleached.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN IRISH GIRL.—The 18th of March, 1873, was a Tuesday.

AMY S. WOODS.—The Pinafore and Prize Society, an offshoot of the Grosvenor Reading Society, which "has, as its sole aim, the glory of God and the good of His poor," must have a share in our sympathy. "Members of the Pinafore Society are not

D. P.—We regret that we are not acquainted with the hymn you name. Perhaps the beautiful one beginning with—

"Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,"
would suit you equally well. It is No. 451 of the Rev. J. Mountain's collection, called "Hymns of Consecration and Faith."

BARBARA.—We suppose you mean "Her Majesty's Nursing Sisters" (the distinct title given to them). They must be all ladies by birth or education, and must have gone through training in a good civil hospital. Their headquarters are at Netley, and application should be made to the lady superintendent (or matron). They are popularly called "Grey Sisters." If your sight be good, though short, we think the spectacles would not prove an objection.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER AFTER SALVATION.—We think there is a little too much *you* in your letter. What are you daily trying to do for Christ? How are you living to Him? You must remember that the test of the Christian is not the saying of "Lord, Lord," but "by their fruits shall ye know them;" and it is in living His life that we shall see Him as He is.

ADA.—There are ideas in your poem: go on and prosper; but you must study the rules of poetry, and write correctly.

MACKENZIE.—The words were not intended as a falsehood, and though they were differently understood from what you thought or wished them to be, we do not see that you can blame yourself. But it is better not to make trivial promises such as these, for it leads to difficulties with truth, in daily life.

CURIOSITY.—The "grain of mustard-seed" of which our Lord speaks as the smallest of all seeds is not that of our English tree, the *Sinapis nigra*, but was of a tree called by the Arabs khardal, the *Salvadora Persica*, one having numerous branches large enough to be used by the birds for roosting places, yet of which the seeds are exceedingly small, and unusually so with reference to the dimensions of the tree. Many statements and also strong expressions, which create surprise and are perplexing to a modern and Western reader, are capable of most satisfactory explanation. Of this you may always rest satisfied, and wait patiently and trustingly for a solution of the difficulty, sooner or later, or else it may be when we shall "no longer see through a glass darkly, but face to face."

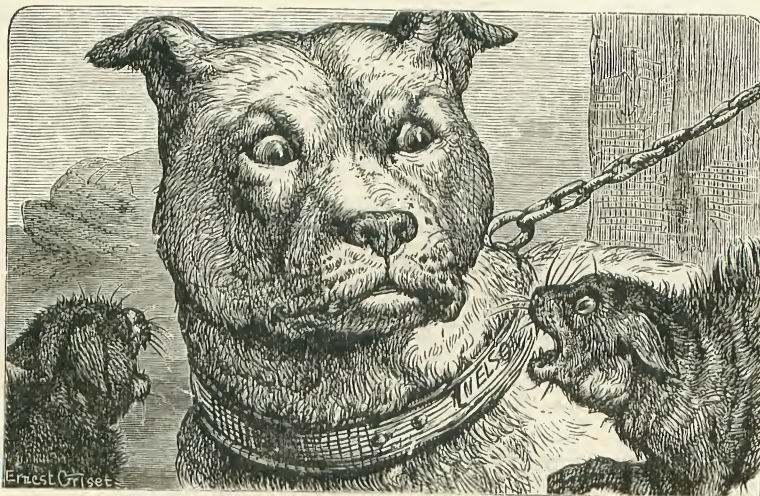
LACEL.—Pea-flour would not be good for you, nor would potatoes; but oatmeal porridge and good brown bread, with any fruit, such as roast and stewed apples, prunes, or pears. We should also leave

off tea and coffee for a time.

JACK POINT.—Germany was revolutionised by the great reformer Luther, and now what is known as Lutheranism is the religion of the Court, and the chief portion of the country—viz., the north, and of Prussia. It is also the religion of Denmark and Sweden. The doctrines are mainly embodied in the "Augsburg Confession," and in the *Formula Concordia* of the Lutherans. Their first university was founded at Marburg by Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, in 1527.

EDINA.—The newspaper cutting about which you ask our opinion is a curious one, and well-meant. But we think that Godly people make a great mistake in fixing dates respecting our Lord's second advent. It is a dangerous thing to do, as the passing over of certain periods named by them without the fulfilment of their predictions "causes the enemy to blaspheme." At least we believe that the end is near, nearly nineteen hundred years nearer than when the New Testament prophecies were written, and whether coming for all, or only for one, we should daily bear in mind our Divine Master's words, "Watch ye therefore, for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

MARIANNA.—The colour of the water both of the ocean and the various rivers has perplexed many inquirers. According to Mary Somerville, the water of some in equatorial America is white, in others a deep coffee colour, or dark green when seen in the shade, perfectly transparent, and of a bright green, like some of the Swiss rivers and lakes when ruffled. Sir R. Schomburgk thinks they (the dark rivers) are stained by iron in the granite. The Rio Negro, which is black, does not stain the white rocks, which is a curious fact.



ROUGH QUESTIONERS.

obliged to be members of the Church of England." The object of the society is "to supply the destitute children attending National schools with tidy and decent clothing." This is indeed a valuable work, for the extreme need of even one decent article of clothing exhibited by a large proportion of children attending these schools—not to speak of the almost state of famine in which they pursue their course of learning (multitudes going without having any breakfast), should be made known as widely as possible. Members subscribe one shilling annually, and one garment half-yearly. Manager, Miss A. S. Woods, Merton, Thetford, Norfolk.

FLORA.—We think that both women and girls should take an intelligent interest in everything that goes on in the world, to make them pleasant companions to fathers and brothers.

EVELYN BURTON and **GWENLIAN** "IN EARNEST."—We regret we can make no use of the poems so kindly sent us.

INQUISITIVE SAL.—Your query, "What do we know apart from matter?" seems a strange one in a Christian country. If you study the Holy Scriptures you cannot fail to see that when God breathed into Adam's nostrils "man became a living soul," and that our blessed Lord has redeemed both soul and body, and will raise to everlasting life all those who believe on Him, and whose faith is "a living faith," not a dead one without works.

HIGH SCHOOLGIRL.—A "carpet knight" means one who is invested with the title of "knight," which is essentially a military distinction, but who is not a soldier nor a naval officer, but a civilian only, and whose title has not been won in the original and orthodox way on a field of battle, but has been conferred for civil service on a carpeted floor.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A SURREY IDYLL.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER II.

THE Manor House, in which dwelt Roger Dale with his old father, was to all appearance an ideal home. It stood in the midst of a hundred acres of arable, wood, and pasture land, from almost every part of which the spectator could look down on the surrounding country. Far away the pall of smoke that hung over London could faintly be discerned; and sometimes a shaft of sunlight would strike out a brilliant gleam on the horizon, revealing the spot where stood the Crystal Palace. But from the house itself none of these things could be seen, for it was surrounded by a dense belt of aged forest trees. It was of red brick, tapestried with ivy, from which the birds were ever flying, and of castellated form. The French windows, back and front, opened upon a lawn of velvet smoothness, for it had been cut and rolled for more than a century; and beyond the lawn stood the majestic forms of elm and oak, with dim sylvan recesses between. Outside the woodland came the fields and the farm. Roger acted as steward to his father, and was out and about the estate all day, overseeing, directing, arranging—a healthy, outdoor life, but one strangely incongruous for a young man of means. His father had, since his wife's death, led a secluded existence; and near as the house was to London, in one sense, for practical purposes, it was far—far from a station, remote from neighbours, engrossing in the claims of the estate. Besides, the father's will was law, and he chose his son to remain near him. Roger was of a good-tempered, pliant disposition, but he often chafed sorely under the restraint and his father's impatient temper.

It was a bright September morning, but Squire Dale was indoors. In a great armchair he sat, listlessly looking at a few logs smouldering in the grate. The room was large and lofty, but neglected in detail. Its great table and sideboard showed it to be a dining-room, but the odour of stale tobacco smoke hung about it; there was no freshness in any of the furniture, which was of ugly mahogany and horsehair; the gay-patterned Brussels carpet was worn, and there was a comfortless aspect about the place strangely at variance with its dignity of proportions. On entering the room one felt the same shock of incongruity, as if, in a noble picture gallery, a

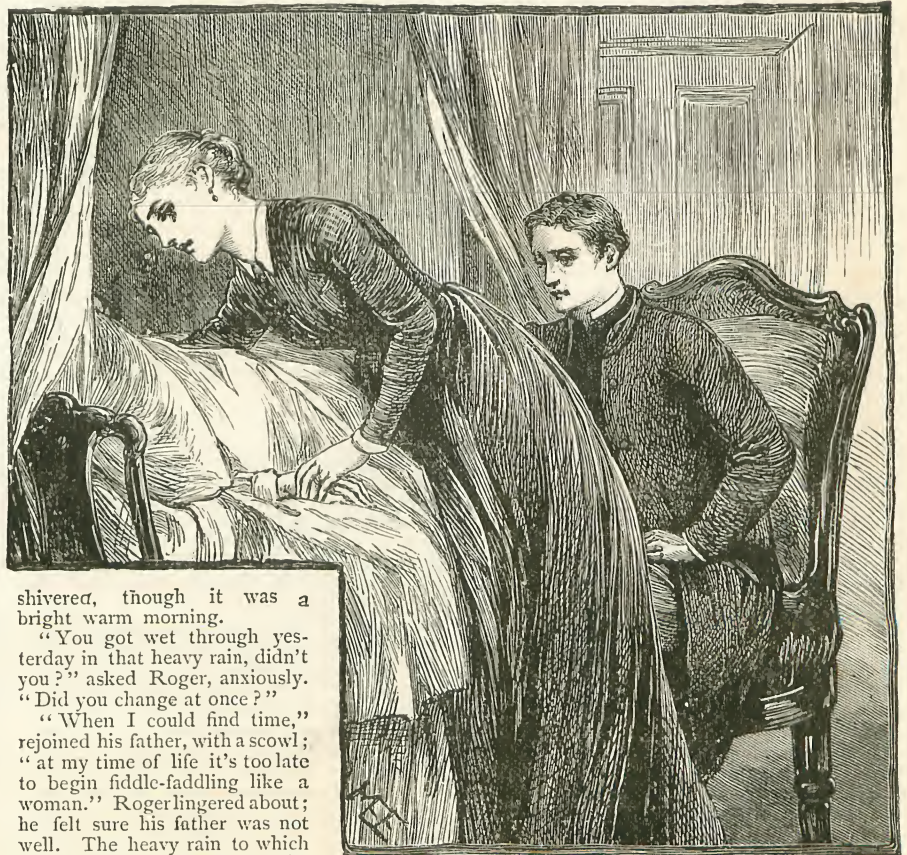
staring oleograph or two should appear on the wall.

Roger had returned from his morning's shooting, and was standing opposite his father, a grizzled old man with a spare figure and sharp features.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," ejaculated the Squire. "I want to go round to the stables and speak to Smith, but I am cold to the very heart." As he spoke he

Misses Woodford had surprised Squire Dale on horseback; he had got wet to the skin, and, as Roger suspected, on coming home had lingered in the stables, giving directions about his horse. But there was little effusion or power of expression between father and son.

"I'll tell him all about my adventure of yesterday; it may amuse him, and lead to my finding out about these Miss Woodfords,"



shivered, though it was a bright warm morning.

"You got wet through yesterday in that heavy rain, didn't you?" asked Roger, anxiously. "Did you change at once?"

"When I could find time," rejoined his father, with a scowl; "at my time of life it's too late to begin fiddle-faddling like a woman." Roger lingered about; he felt sure his father was not well. The heavy rain to which he owed his introduction to the

thought Roger, and sitting down opposite the Squire he related in full detail the occurrence of the day before.

Squire Dale listened with intense interest, staring at his son from under his bushy eyebrows.

"What were the young women like?" he inquired.

Roger gave a full description.

The old man sighed, and gazed into the smouldering logs.

"I may as well tell you," he said, at length.

"I suspect, Roger, that these Woodfords have a nearer connection than you think with us. My sister Olive married a man of that name against my orders. I was her guardian. I hated the fellow. She disobeyed me, and we agreed to part company in this life. It was many and many a year ago." The old man spoke dreamily and with unwonted softness in his tone. "You've scarcely heard her name; but she is dead, and these I judge (especially as you say the eldest is called Olive) are her girls."

"Wouldn't you like to see them?" suggested Roger, in great excitement.

His father was by no means used to the melting mood, and the obstinacy and roughness of his nature made his son anxious to seize the present opportunity.

"Nay, nay," said the Squire, though without bitterness. "It's best to leave well alone. She chose her way, I mine. Yet when we were children we were great friends, were Olive and me."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant to lay the cloth for luncheon. The Squire chose to be his own housekeeper, and as he was inclined to be illiberal besides being short-tempered, and the place was a very lonely one, with few attractions, the natural result followed—he was badly served. The cloth was tumbled, the glass was dim and streaked, the silver was far from bright, and a large pot of straggling fern was the table's only ornament.

The luncheon to which the two men sat uncomfortably down was solid enough, but unappetising. The Squire could touch no portion of the great leg of roast mutton and suet pudding. He drank glass after glass of port, and then returned to crouch over the fire again.

"Tell the cook to make father some soup," ordered Roger.

But the distant butcher had been and gone for the day, the thriftless cook had no "stock" ready, and the thin greasy decoction that came up after an hour or two disgusted the master.

"Here, take this stuff away," he shouted. "What's come to all the servants, I don't know, I'm sure! There's not one of you worth her salt." And away went the housemaid, with a bang of the door that foretold her intention to give warning on the morrow.

Roger began to be alarmed, and urged his father to see a doctor.

"That idiot from Moorhead? Not I."

All he could do was to persuade the Squire to go and lie down, which he did, grumbling.

"I wish we had some woman about the place with a head on her shoulders," reflected Roger. "I am sure father is ill, and wants nursing; but the servants are as stupid as they can well be. . . . Why shouldn't I go across to Miller's and talk to the Miss Woodfords—aye, and tell them I am their cousin. The eldest one knows about illness—she had a kind face. I'll do it!"

The next step was to change his shooting garments for morning dress of what he considered unexceptionable fashion, and to place a flower in his button-hole. Then Roger found himself, in a condition of much nervousness, wending his way to the farm. The wide landscape, bathed in the soft golden light of the September afternoon, stretched away in exqui-

site beauty as far as the eye could see;—fields of stacked corn, reaches of pasture-land with grazing cattle, copses with the thin blue smoke curling faintly upwards to tell of a cottage habitation among the trees. Familiar as was the picture, Roger could not help thinking, after all, there was much charm in the country life against which he had often rebelled. He thought so still more when he reached Miller's. The front garden was all fragrant and radiant with the pomp of standard roses, and the *Gloire de Dijon* hung its yellow treasures softly against the dark timbered walls. The beautiful gabled front would have allured an artist to sketch it, and, in fact, Blanche Woodford was sitting on a little camp-stool in the garden engaged in that occupation. Olive sat sewing in the porch, directing her glance now and again to her sister with a smile.

"There is Touchstone! Rosalind, look!" softly cried Blanche, who had dubbed herself Celia, and persisted in her little joke about the forest of Arden, styling worthy Mrs. Miller "Audrey."

"Do behave properly to him, Blanche," returned Olive, trying to frown.

Roger heard nothing of the colloquy, but felt greatly abashed as he entered the little gate.

Blanche dropped her pencil and rose to greet him with a bright kind look in her eyes that had no malice in it; Olive, remembering his timely help, gave him a welcome, and offered him a seat in the porch.

"We scarcely feel you are a stranger, Mr. Dale," observed Blanche. "Audrey—I mean Mrs. Miller—tells us you are the son of her landlord. Perhaps you have come to see her, or your property?"

"I am glad to be able to thank Mr. Dale for his kindness of yesterday," remarked Olive, with the gentle iciness of manner that characterises the English girl in speaking to people whom she "does not know." And a pause ensued, during which Roger's face grew redder and redder.

"Now or never," he thought in desperation, and suddenly blurted out, "I have come to see my cousins."

The faces of Olive and Blanche were a study to behold, and Roger hastily proceeded to explain the details of the coincidence he had learned.

"I think it must be so," he concluded. "Woodford is not an uncommon name; yet the Christian name too—and—can you throw any light upon it?"

"I believe my mother had a brother with whom she was not on good terms; and her maiden name was Dale. I am called Olive Dale Woodford," was the reply. "We have scarcely ever heard of him, and had no idea he lived here."

Olive was about to add that she believed him to have been very unjust to her mother, but she paused in time, only adding, "It is very extraordinary."

"I am not your cousin, Mr. Dale, even if you are right," interrupted Blanche.

"No; my sister Blanche is only my half-sister. Our father was twice married, and Horace and I are the only children of my own mother, of whom you speak."

A certain haughtiness in the young lady's manner seemed to add, "And as your father behaved cruelly to my mother by your own showing, I do not wish to make more of that relationship than is necessary."

"The fact is, I am in trouble," pursued Roger. "My father is ill, I'm afraid. I can't do anything with him. He's of a curious disposition. Our servants are not very first class, and we lead a lonely life. I thought you might perhaps be so kind as to suggest something."

The forlorn aspect of the poor young man instantly worked a revolution in the hearts of

both girls. They had been regarding him as the representative of a family feud, and since Olive cherished with passionate loyalty the image of the mother she could dimly remember, she was not ready on the spot to make friendly overtures. But to hear that she was needed! That touched the spring of womanly tenderness at once.

"You will have some tea with us; then we can talk it over," said Olive.

And Roger quickly found himself sitting in the farmhouse parlour before a meal whose delicate freshness and daintiness contrasted strongly with the more plentiful repasts at the Manor House. An old china punch-bowl, full of roses, stood in the centre of the table. The dainty bread and butter, delicious preserves, and the fragrant tea with its cream were tempting to the worried guest.

"I wonder why we can't have cream?" he reflected. "And our tea isn't in the least like this. I suppose the water doesn't boil."

It was very pleasant, too, to find himself in the society of two bright and kindly girls, who did all in their power to assuage his home anxiety.

Olive strongly urged him to fetch the doctor, whether his father liked it or not; and she hesitatingly added that if she could be of any use she would come to the Manor House. Roger gratefully thanked her, and departed to go round by Moorhead, the nearest town, on his way home, in search of professional assistance.

The next day was eagerly anticipated by Olive and Blanche, for their brother had promised to run down, and they looked forward to pouring this new and wonderful intelligence into his ears. The Rev. Horace Woodford was highly delighted with "Miller's," and duly astonished and interested at the relationship that had been discovered.

"Let bygones be bygones; if they wish to be friends it is not for us to hold back," he advised.

"We're not at all sure the Squire *does* wish it," replied Olive.

"At any rate, we will go and inquire at the Manor House," decided the clergyman.

And on the morning after his arrival Horace and Olive wended their way to ask after the sick Squire.

The anxious face of Roger startled the visitors on their admittance.

"He's very ill. The doctor calls it an aguish chill and fever. But he's been asking for you," he said. "I was to show you up, Cousin Olive, as soon as you came; and you come, too, please—he may like to see a clergyman. He was wandering last night, and it was 'Olive! Olive!' every moment, thinking he was with his little sister in the fields."

Olive's eyes filled with tears of sympathy as she and Horace went upstairs.

The large, dull room into which Roger introduced them was far from being an ideal sick chamber. It faced the north; and the heavy, old-fashioned brown moreen hangings to bed and window made it additionally dismal and "stuffy."

Olive, who had had considerable experience in nursing, saw at a glance much that needed improvement; the medicine bottles on a table beside the bed, a great basin half-full of beef tea standing among them with its used spoon, the dusty fire, the tumbled sheet and clumsily-arranged pillows, and, most piteous of all, the worn, sharp features of the patient, with his rough hair and unkempt beard. Urged on by womanly tenderness, she went straight up to the poor old man, and bending over him, took him by the hand.

"Do you know me, uncle?" she asked.

And in a low, hoarse whisper came the answer—

"Yes, to be sure! You're my little Olive, come to take care of me again!"

(To be concluded.)

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.



SCARCELY know whether the family of *Campanulaceæ*, or bell-flowers, may be fitly awarded a place amongst those styled "historical"; but the "blue-bells of Scotland" has become a household phrase. Another species, "Venus's looking-glass," has been the subject of classical fables, and the "Canterbury bells" (or nettle-leaved bell-flower) are associated with the pilgrims who flocked to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, for these pilgrims rang bells placed upon poles as they went, chiming (in harmony, it is to be hoped) with those on their horses' necks. These flowers used to grow in great abundance in the low woods around or near the

ancient city, and there exists a tradition that they were likewise so called in memory of St. Augustine of Canterbury. The blue harebell may be included with its fellows of the family as being the emblem of St. George. The "azure harebell" is mentioned by Shakespeare, and old herbalists so called the *Hyacinthus non scriptus*; but the "nodding blue-bell" of the heathland, or *Campanula rotundifolia*, is the harebell of modern poets, and is said to have been originally termed "air-bell" on account of their waving under the slightest breeze, supported on such slender and delicate stems, called by the country-folk of some counties the "witches' thimbles."

Amongst the special favourites of the flower-loving world, the *Chrysanthemum* most certainly may be ranked, although it makes no appeal to our love of perfume. It was first introduced into this country by Miller (1764), who had received a specimen from Nimpu, a *Kokfa* or *Chrysanthemum indicum*, and he cultivated it in the Chelsea Botanical Gardens. But we have some indigenous species of our own; as, for example, the "corn-marigold," the "feverfew," and the "ox-eyed daisy." These all bloom in summer only, while the Chinese, Indian, and Japanese chrysanthemums blossom in the autumn and as late as November. As the special heraldic emblem of the Mikados of Japan, this flower deserves some notice, and because it is honoured with a special festival in that country, being one of the five annual flower fêtes, viz., those of the golden *Kiku* (or chrysanthemum), the cherry-tree, the iris, the *Fudsi* (or *Wistaria sinensis*), and the plum-tree. The Japanese florists build up their chrysanthemums into effigies of their deities and celebrated heroes, real or fabulous; so arranging the colours of the flowers as to array these personages in gorgeous fashion, the "Sun-goddess" being clothed in golden blossoms. What are called by English florists the "Pompon" varieties are produced from the Chusan daisy, brought to England in 1846 by Mr. Fortune. It is much used in Japanese art for house decoration; "sprinkled" in the irregular style which

has appealed so strongly to English taste, and superseded the hitherto formal lines of our own designs.

Clover, known by its old English name of "Trefoil," is a plant likewise dignified by historic associations. The ancients symbolised Hope as a little child standing on tip-toe holding a clover blossom in his hand. I need not do more than notice the fact that St. Patrick is said to have represented it as an emblem of the Holy Trinity, having endeavoured to explain the mysterious nature of the holy "Three in One" to the ignorant heathen to whom he preached in Ireland.

The *Shamrock*, or common wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*), thenceforth became the badge or distinctive heraldic device of that country. By old herbalists it used to be called both "Alleluja" and "Cuckoo's Meat." Gerard says, in explanation of these names, that "when it springeth forth the cuckoo singeth most; at which time also 'alleluja' was wont to be sung in our churches." The finding of a four-leaved clover is variously regarded in different countries as very "lucky," or much the reverse. The Druids esteemed it greatly, and believed it to be a charm against evil spirits; and even now, in the North of England, it is placed in dairies and stables to ensure them against the spells of witches. We find the trefoil much employed in architectural decorations, the form being adopted in church windows, for the capitals of pillars, and as a finish to the four limbs of crosses. In the "language of flowers" it is used to symbolise "fertility," and it possesses the distinctive characteristic of being able to vegetate after having lain dormant for many years. The early Italian painters in their representations of the crucifixion introduce the wood-sorrel on account of its symbolic meaning.

The next flower to which a few words of notice may justly be given is very specially an English one; I refer to the *Daisy* (*Bellis perennis*). The Welsh call it *Llygad y dydd*, which translated into English means "Eye of the day," or "Day's-eye," the ancient English name of the flower, and so written by Ben Jonson, while Chaucer calls it the "ee of the daie." We read of it in the poems of Burns as the "wee, modest, crimson-tippit flower," and Shelley describes them as—

"... Those pearl'd *Arcturi* of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets."

Certainly this simple wild flower has been more distinguished in the songs of the poets than the majority of its fellows, whether of the woods and hedgerows, the meadows, or even the luxuriously cultured denizens of garden parterres. Poets have immortalised it from the days of Chaucer in the land of its birth, and the great and the noble have exalted it to the honour of a distinguishing badge. Louis IV. associated it with the royal *Fleur-de-lis*, and wore a ring, which he caused to be made, round which was a wreath of daisies and *Fleur-de-lis* enamelled in relief, the two flowers being engraved on a sapphire, with this inscription: "*Hors cest anel, point n'ay amour.*" This motto may be explained by the fact that he referred to his wife, Marguerite of Provence, and implied that his affections were centred in her and in his country.

Margaret of Anjou likewise selected it as her emblem, and the knights who entered the lists at the tournament at Nancy, held in honour of her marriage (at the tender age of fifteen), wore garlands of daisies, as did all our nobility, knights, and squires, in their bonnets and caps of estate, on her arrival in England. Moreover, King Henry caused her device to be enamelled and engraved on his plate, and

the modest little flower, now so ruthlessly beheaded by the modern gardener's daisy-mowing machine, was cultivated in the greatest profusion in the gardens of the palace. The words of Drayton (attributed to the lovely queen on a different occasion) are now again applicable:

"My daisy flower, which erst perfumed the air,
Which for my favour princes deigned to wear,
Now in the dust lies trodden on the ground."

Queen Katherine Parr adopted a tuft of three daisies and two buds as her badge; a pretty design much employed in modern decorative embroidery. There are many ancient legends connected with this flower, and amongst them we find its origin traced to the race of nymphs called *Dryads*, through one of the *Belides*. She is said to have encouraged the suit of *Ephigeus*, the rural divinity, and while dancing with him on the green sward, attracted the admiration of the guardian deity of orchards—*Vertumnus*. To escape from his attentions she was changed into the daisy. There are other fables connected with it, which are scarcely worthy of relation. In an ancient floral vocabulary it is said to represent "candour and innocence."

In Teutonic and Scandinavian mythology, the special flower dedicated to the moon is the daisy; which seems a curious idea, since the "wee crimson-tippit flower" closes her "ee" to the light of her nocturnal patroness. There is another name by which it has been called—i.e., *Herba Marguerita*, after St. Margaret of Cortona. In French a *Marguerite* means a pearl; and in German, also, it is known as the "Meadow-pearl." The Greek for pearl, *Margarites*, became in Latin *Margarita*, as it remains in Italian; the same word in each language denoting both a pearl and a daisy. The mother of Henry VII.—the



BLUE-BELL.

Lady Margaret—wore three white daisies; and so likewise did the charming sister of Francis I., so called by him his "Pearl of Pearls." But no loving appreciation of her merits,

when, being threatened with defeat in this before-named battle with the Huns, he prayed to the God of his holy wife and recommended his army to Him, the tide of battle turned, resulting not only in a splendid victory, but in his obtaining baptism at the hands of St. Renie (early in the sixth century).

It will be observed by those who may see any pictures of St. Clotilda, that she is represented with an angel attendant, bearing a shield with the device of three *Fleurs-de-Lys*.

Many of the Carolingian monarchs wore this latter flower on their crowns, as did Frederogonda. Their sceptres bore the white lily. The banner presented to Charlemagne by Leo III., when he gave him the title of "Defender of the Church of St. Peter," was blue, *Semée* with *Fleurs-de-Lys* of gold. Prior to this, toads were the heraldic emblems emblazoned on the flag of France. See Givillim's "Display of Heraldrie," 1611. He states that the charges were "three toads, erect, *saltant*." Referring to this fact, Nostradamus, in the previous century, calls Frenchmen *Crapauds*, a nickname which has naturally stuck to them ever since, notwithstanding that Louis VII. dismissed them from their exalted position. The circumstance which induced him to exchange these reptiles for the elegant *Fleur-de-Lys* is said to have been a vision or dream on the occasion of the second Crusade, and they were then designated the *Fleurs-de-Luce*.

I said that the word *Lys* was a corruption of "Louis," but other derivations are assigned to it; amongst others, that it was from *Löys*, in which manner the first twelve monarchs of that name spelt it. It was also said that the flower was so called because it grew on the banks of the river Lis.

We find the lilies of France in combination with the lions of England, and for the first time, on the escutcheon of Edmund of Lancaster, second son of Henry III. This circumstance is explained by the fact that in 1075 he married Blanche of Artois. In the year 1340, when the crown of France was claimed by Edward III., the shield of that country was quartered with the lions of England. In the first year of the present century the lilies finally disappeared.

Before concluding my remarks in reference to this distinguished historical flower, I must observe that it was not alone the symbol of royalty. When residing at Rouen, many years ago, I often had occasion to pass through the square of La Pucelle, in the centre of which a statue of Jeanne d'Arc was erected. The *Fleurs-de-Lys* emblazoned on her banner, and borne by her as her insignia, by royal grant, were sculptured on her monument, together with an inscription, which, being translated from the Latin, ran as follows:—

"The maiden's sword protects the royal crown;
Beneath the maiden's sword, the lilies safely blow."

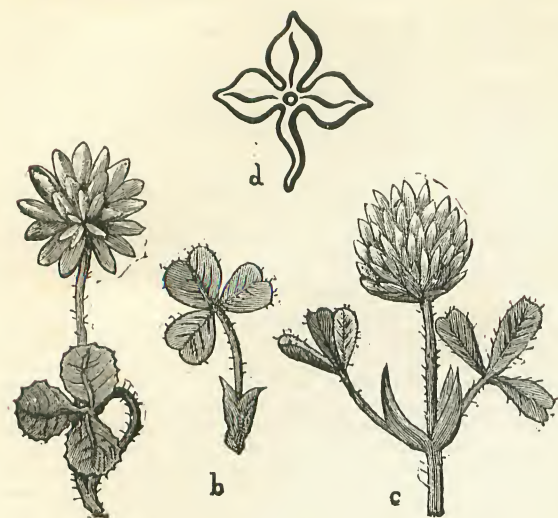
It may be observed that the *Fleur-de-Lys* was chosen by Flavio Gioja to surmount the northern radius of the compass; this was done in honour of Charles of Anjou, in whose reign, as King of Sicily and Naples, that great discovery was made. The Bourbons retained this flower in its conventional form as their emblem; but its assumption was not limited to royal personages and races; it was borne by

the Medici, and Est, by our own Montgomeries, Earls of Eglintoun, inherited from their ancestor, John Mundegumri, on whose seal it is found (about the year 1175). The Chateaubriands also bore it, with the motto, *Mon sang teint les Bannières de France*, conferred by St. Louis; and several of the Spanish Orders of Knights assumed it likewise.

Returning to the question of its origin as the royal badge, I should not omit to name an idea promulgated by some—viz., that it was adopted in allusion to the "Salic law" or "code," denying the sovereignty of the kingdom to a woman, and with reference to the passage of Scripture which says of the "lilies of the field," that "they toil not, neither do they spin;" and here we find the origin of the proverb, *Le Royaume de France ne tombe point en quenouille* (freely translated, "the kingdom of France falls not under the distaff").

The initial letter of this section of the series on "Historical Flowers" gives a representation of the *Forget-me-not* (*Mysotis palustris*). Another plant, the identity of which has not been very decisively determined, was woven into collars, and was likewise so called in the days of chivalry, or designated in the language of the times, "*Souveign vous de moy*." At a famous joust between Edward IV.'s brother-in-law, Lord Scales (brother of Elizabeth Woodville), and a French knight, of Burgundy, such a collar formed the prize. But the flowers may have been the *Veronica chamaedrys*. Yet as far back as the year 1500 (and odd) German botanists gave the name *Vergiss mich nicht* to the *Mysotis palustris*, as we do ourselves. According to Miss Agnes Strickland (in her "Queens of England"), Henry of Lancaster (Henry IV.) "gave to the *Mysotis* its emblematical meaning, by writing it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of 'S.S.' with the initial letter of his *Mot*, or watchword, '*Souveign vous de moy*.' It was with his hostess, wife of the Duke of Bretagne, that Henry exchanged this token of goodwill and remembrance."

But there is likewise a German legend, which disputes with Henry the origin of this poetical name as connected with these pretty blue clustering flowers. Two affianced lovers—a knight and his lady-love—observed a spray of them floating by on the waters of the Danube. The bride-elect expressed her regret at their fate, and the devoted lover



CLOVER.

(a, b, c) Various forms of Clover or Trefoil.
(d) The Trefoil in Heraldry.

whether mental, moral, or physical, appeared to affect her extreme humility. In writing to the Bishop of Meaux (Brignonnet) she calls herself "that imperfect, ill-shaped, and counterfeited pearl!" and her piety was of a public and an active, as well as passive and private character; distinguishing herself as she did, as the protector of Calvin, Clement, Beza, Marot and others, who took refuge at her Court at Nérac.

The *Fleurs-de-Lys* (or *de Luce*) are conventional representations of the Iris. The French name is a corruption of *Fleur de Louis*, originating in the fact that Louis VII. of France adopted it as his device, A.D. 1137. But it would seem that, as a symbol of that country, the Iris is traced back to the time of Hadrian, A.D. 100 (and odd), when, according to Nicholas Cousin, a lady holding one of these flowers (a lily or a gladiolus) was the emblem of Gaul. Tradition relates how, on the field of Tolbiac, Clovis, being converted to the true faith, was made victorious, and was presented with a lily, with which flowers the soldiers crowned themselves, finding them in the vicinity of the battlefield. These were probably blossoms of the Iris.



CHRYSANTHEMUM.

It would seem that the conversion of this warlike sovereign was due to the persevering prayers of his Christian wife, Clotilda, and



DAISY.

(a) Natural Daisy.
(b) Daisy Badge. From old Embroidery.

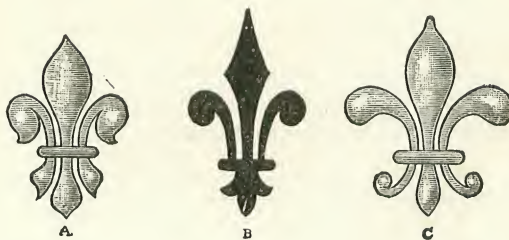
plunged in to secure them. The flowers were grasped, but the current carried the knight away; and he flung them on the bank as he

swept past, exclaiming, "*Vergiss mich nicht!*"

"History repeats itself;" and just such a fate might have overtaken the late Emperor, Louis Napoleon, when walking by the Rhine with his thoughtless cousin, the Princess Marie of Baden. It is related that she was inveighing against the degeneracy of modern gallants, as compared with the chivalrous

knights of old. Just at the spot where the Neckar and Rhine unite, a flower was blown from the hair of the Princess into the rushing stream, eliciting from her unwary lips the exclamation, "There! that would have been an opportunity for a cavalier of the olden time to have shown his devotion!" "That is a challenge, cousin," returned the Prince, and without a moment's hesitation he sprang into

the surging waters. The story goes that again and again he rose, to disappear beneath them, but in the end reached the bank with the so nearly fatal flower in his hand. "Take it, Marie," he gasped, as he shook the water from his clothing; "but never again speak to me about your 'cavalier of the olden time!'" The regretful Princess afterwards married the Duke of Hamilton, and died very recently.



FLEURS-DE-LYS.

Conventional Forms of the Fleur-de-Lys.

- (a) *From the First Seal of Eton College, Bucks.*
- (b) *From a French MSS. (circa 1430).*
- (c) *From the tomb of Lady Elizabeth Montacute (circa 1354) in Oxford Cathedral.*

PIANOFORTE DUETS AND PIANOFORTE DUET PLAYING.

FANTASIAS, VARIATIONS, AND ARRANGEMENTS—

COMPOSITIONS of considerable utility when used in the right way, which unfortunately is rarely the case. When there are two sisters or cousins in a family, or any two players in the habit of meeting frequently, the opportunity ought not to be lost of making the acquaintance of these works written in duet form. Of course I am addressing myself to those of my readers who play and practise the piano.

In my previous papers I have indicated (of course briefly) the composers of duets in the various classic forms, and though I have left till last the consideration of works coming under the above heads, it is not to be assumed that they are altogether to be treated with indifference and neglect.

The number of fantasias, etc., is very large. As soon as a new opera, symphony, etc., makes a success, the various airs are reproduced for all manner of instruments, singly and in combination. Some of these are merely pot-pourris, which I certainly opine should be left in oblivion; some are passable transcriptions; and some are fantasias which are worth performing.

In the present age the fashion is not for variations, but for transcriptions and illustrations, as they are called, written so as to present not a single difficulty to the merest tyro in music. Such should not be.

It is certainly right for beginners to have pieces written for their capacity, but the truth is that there is a disinclination on the part of students to take trouble over anything in which the honours are shared by a colleague, and for that reason the various mongrel productions called part songs, trios, duets, etc., that are written and published at the present time are so wanting in musical interest and device. "Too difficult," say the publishers. "Cannot sell anything that amateurs cannot read at sight." Of course there are brilliant exceptions to the rule, and I hope and trust that all my readers are brilliant exceptions. This, of course, applies equally well to all vocal con-

certed music. It is really painful to listen to the efforts, even of good players, to read the most simple duets at sight; and as for the vocalists, the less said the better.

Now if you want operatic airs for the piano, why not go to the best transcriber for the piano that ever existed—Czerny? whose name probably brings to the mind of my readers visions of exercises of all kinds, wearily performed under the direction of that hindrance and block to learning music—the nursery or other governess, whose knowledge of the piano consists generally of Czerny's 101 Exercises and a piece or two of that clever arrangement manufacturer—Sydney Smith.

Czerny's arrangements and variations can be got by hundreds at Messrs. Cocks. He possessed the art (of which the present arrangers are ignorant) of turning the various airs he worked on into melodies and passages adapted to the genius of the instrument. As a tribute to his genius in this branch of art, I may mention that I have long had a duet of Czerny's on airs from *The Huguenots*. I had lost the title-page, but on the blank page before the music there was written "Duet on the Huguenots." Czerny.

I was always under the impression that it was a genuine pianoforte duet; there was no internal evidence to show that it was anything different; but on taking it to Signor Li Calsi to play through, he at once recognised it as an arrangement of Thalberg and De Beriot's fantasia on Meyerbeer's great opera, but the violin passages and the melodies were so beautifully and ingeniously adapted to the piano, that it is impossible for anyone who did not know the violin and piano duet to recognise it as anything else than a pianoforte duet. Therefore I say, if you wish for transcriptions of operas, etc., go and get Czerny's. There are also a number of admirable transcriptions of Duarte dos Santos published at Messrs. Cocks. Beethoven has written two sets of duet variations, on various airs. Herz is another prolific writer in this respect. but I cannot call to mind a single living writer who has written duet fantasias or

transcriptions worth playing by the intelligent player.

I notice in Messrs. Schott's catalogue a number of operatic fantasias by H. Bertini. I would recommend to advanced players one or two excerpts from Wagner (including a magnificent transcription of the march from *Tannhäuser*), arranged for piano duet by Von Bulow; and the arrangements of Burgmüller are also worth playing. Döhler's arrangements are also good.

I notice in the catalogue of Durand and Schœnewerk some fantasias or operas, by Edward Wolff, which are sure to be musicianly and worth playing.

I recommend very much the arrangements of the great symphonies published by Augeners (Peters' edition). When a new symphony or overture, etc., is to be performed, it is highly useful to play it though as a piano duet (not as a solo, where it is impossible to give all the counterpoint), thus acquiring a knowledge of the subjects and the construction of the movements, which helps you to realise the efforts on the orchestra far easier than if you heard the subjects for the first time. Do not practise them as pianoforte work, but have them to refresh your memory when you are going to an orchestral concert. I remember some three years ago or more I bought as a duet Moszkowski's "*Joan of Arc*" symphony. I knew it almost by heart when it was played by the Philharmonic orchestra, under the composer's direction; thus I was enabled to follow the orchestra effects without having to get the subjects in my head.

Believe me, fair readers, when I assure you that if you were to play any orchestral work on the piano before going to hear it, your enjoyment would increase fourfold; but do not (I must repeat) practise passages on the piano that were never intended to be played on and are not suited to the instrument.

Adieu; and if my observations have the effect of turning your attention to a beautiful form of art, I am more than rewarded for my trouble.

WALTER VAN NOORDEN.

THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"THE WATCH ON THE RHINE,"
 "WHAT IS THE GERMAN'S
 FATHERLAND?" "THE SWORD
 SONG."



FOR months past we have heard so much of Germany, that we think it may be worth while to give a short account of three famous German songs. Their names, at least, are already familiar to most, and they have played no unimportant part among the influences under which was finally achieved that grand national unity of Fatherland which will remain the glory and the monument of the late Emperor William's reign.

The songs to which we allude are "The Watch on the Rhine," "What is the German's Fatherland?" and the famous "Song of the Sword."

We have no intention of rushing into the intricacies of German history or politics. We wish only to give a simple explanation of these to help our readers to an intelligent comprehension of the present position of affairs and the agencies by which it has been brought about.

From the earliest known periods Germany had been, not one country, but many, with different royal families and varying laws and customs. These separate countries had been often at war with one another. It is exceedingly difficult to follow the threads of their history, which, while so distinct, yet seem so hopelessly tangled. There were the great Powers of Austria and Prussia, and the smaller ones of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony. Then came Westphalia, Hesse-Darmstadt, Mecklenburg, and a host of still smaller principalities.

Such was the state of things when, after the great French Revolution, at the close of the last century, the armies of France overran Europe under the generalship of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Prussia and Austria he humbled to the dust. Some of the smaller German Powers, too weak to remain neutral, actually saw fit to ally themselves to the conqueror.

Finally the great Emperor's discomfiture in Russia, and the defeats his armies received in Spain at the hands of our English Duke of Wellington, turned the scale of events.

To Germany the French disasters brought hope of deliverance. Prussia was the first to seize the golden opportunity. Secret societies were formed, in which all classes of society eagerly joined, with the one object of driving the foreign usurper from the country. The army, which Napoleon had restricted in number, was kept always freshly recruited, so that as soon as one body of men were thoroughly drilled and disciplined, they were replaced by another, until almost the whole male population had received a military training.

In 1813 Frederick William III. of Prussia, father of the late Emperor William, made an appeal to the young men of Prussia to arm in defence of "Fatherland." The call was eagerly responded to.

Among the crowds who flocked to his standard was a youth of the name of Karl Theodor Körner. He was the son of a highly respectable family in Saxony. Born in 1791, he had, as a little lad, enjoyed the acquaintance of the great poet Schiller. In

his earlier years he had been a delicate and precocious child, but as he grew towards manhood he became strong and agile, as renowned for his prowess as a gymnast and a dancer as for his personal beauty and mental qualities. His father would have liked him to be a lawyer, but his own tastes leaned towards natural science and engineering. He studied at the universities of Leipsic, Berlin, and Vienna, and first came before the public as a poet when he was about twenty years of age. He produced a tragedy, which, contrary to the experience of most young authors, proved an immense success. But this work struck the right key, for its subject was a patriot hero. Still fortunate in his surroundings, the young man, whose childhood had been honoured by the smiles of Goethe and Schiller, now became the friend of Humboldt and Schegel. About this time, too, he fell in love with a sweet girl, and their betrothal gave unmingled satisfaction to two families.

But when Prussia's call to arms resounded through Germany, Körner forgot everything but patriotism. His was no courage of despair, but that high courage which can turn aside from the sweetest joys of life, saying:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
 Loved I not honour more."

He wrote to his father thus:

"Now that I know what happiness may be realised in this life, and when all the stars of my destiny look down on me with such genial rays, now does a righteous inspiration tell me that no sacrifice can be too great for that highest of all human blessings, the vindication of a nation's freedom."

He enlisted in a corps of volunteers called "The Black Huntsmen," joining with them in their solemn dedication service, which concluded with the singing of "Luther's Hymn,"

"A safe stronghold our God is still,
 A trusty shield and weapon."

His powers of endurance and aptitude for every kind of military duty soon raised him to the rank of lieutenant, and he was the idol of his comrades. Beside the bivouac fires he composed the noble lyrics which have immortalised his name, such as "The Summons to Arms," the "War Song," and the solemn "Prayer during the Battle."

It was during the August of 1813 that the "Black Huntsmen," deceived by the rumour of an armistice, found themselves surrounded by their foes and reduced to lie in ambush for several days, and it was when thus hidden with his comrades in a thicket that Körner composed his most famous lyric, the "Sword Song," a dialogue in which the warrior speaks as a bridegroom, to his sword as a bride, eager for the consummation of their bliss. This fancy may strike us as partaking of the nature of a mere "conceit," and it is weird and gruesome into the bargain. But its passionate fervour shines even through the disguise of a translation.

"O sword beside me hanging,
 Why dost thou on me smile?
 There's something in thy aspect
 That does my heart beguile."

"O brave is he who bears me,
 So radiant is my gleam!
 To be a free man's comrade—
 What more can weapon dream?"

"Ah! cherished sword, free am I
 With you, my love and pride,
 As you were to me wedded,
 My own beloved bride!"

"So to thy hand I render
 The wielding of my life;
 O would we were but wedded!
 When will you claim your wife?"

"Unto our bridal evening
 The festive trumpets call;
 And 'mid the cannon's booming
 We'll find our nuptial hall!"

"O blessed, bridal moment,
 For it I yearn, I pine!
 O clasp me to thee closer,
 For thee my wreath I twine!"

"Why clangs't thou in thy scabbard,
 As if thy blade was mad
 With joy at coming battle?"

My sword, why art thou glad?"

"Well may I clang in scabbard!
 I yearn with ardent zest
 For battle's strife and struggle;
 How, rider, can I rest?"

"Stay yet in thy still chamber,
 My darling must not stir,
 But keep her quiet shelter
 Until I come to her!"

"O keep me not long waiting
 Outside Love's fair domain,
 Where blood-red are the roses,
 And fresh bloom death and pain!"

"Then leap thee from thy scabbard,
 Light of the rider's eyes!
 Come out, my sword, and show thee
 Beneath the Father's skies."

"Out in the open meadows
 Our wedding dance we'll tread,
 While the sweet sunbeams glisten
 Upon thy shining head."

"Come on, ye valiant warrior,
 Ye rider, ride apace,
 For sure thy heart is throbbing,
 Its darling to embrace!"

"Once, coyly as a maiden,
 She hung at thy left side;
 Now in God's sight, she blushes
 In thy right hand, thy bride!"

His lips pressed to her brightness,
 Their nuptial vow they take,
 And he must be a craven
 Who would his bride forsake!

"Now let her sing her anthem,
 And sparkle at my side;
 The wedding morn is springing,
 Hurrah! my gleaming bride!"

Two hours after Körner had thus written the French soldiery surrounded the patriots, and the poet fell, mortally wounded. The "Sword Song" was found in his pocket-book. He was buried beside an oak on the roadside, and his grave has since been surrounded by a wall and graced by a monument. And English Mrs. Hemans sang over his tragic end—

"A song for the deathday of the brave,
 A song of pride!
 For him that went to a hero's grave,
 With the sword his bride."

The war ended with every advantage to the German side, and two years later "Waterloo" completed the ruin of Napoleon.

Ernest Moritz Arndt was another who at this epoch gave his pen to the service of his country. He, too, belonged to the cultured and privileged classes. He was a professor in sundry German universities. He attacked Napoleon "like a bulldog," and during the short period of French ascendancy was forced to take refuge in Sweden, where he plotted unceasingly for the benefit of his country.

But when favouring fortune permitted his return, he did not meet with much gratitude. His sentiments were of too liberal a nature to be pleasing to an exclusive dynasty. His wonderful lyric, "What is the German Fatherland?" was perhaps the first voice of the national craving for unity. It runs—

"What is the German Fatherland?
Is't Prussia's realm or Suabian land?
Is't where the Rhenish grapes hang red,
Or Baltic sea-mews scream o'erhead?
O nay, nay, nay, so cramped a strand
Is not the German Fatherland!"

And so on, through a poetic enumeration of the many provinces, until the question is answered—

"Where'er men speak in German tongue,
Where German songs to God are sung,
That only be thy boundary line—
That, valiant German, call thou thine!
The whole of Germany shall it be!
O God of Heaven, look down and see;
And German courage to us send,
To love and guard it to the end.
Thus shall it be, thus shall it be!
The whole of Germany shall it be!"

Arndt was born in 1769, in the Isle of Rügen. He died in extreme old age in 1860. Could he have been spared for ten years, he would, "in the flesh," have beheld the fulfilment of the youthful "desire of his heart."

But, alas! for years after the downfall of Napoleon, the history of Germany was little but a record of petty squabbles between its several states and of high-handed repression of popular rights in all of them.

When Frederick William IV. (brother of the late Emperor William) ascended the throne of Prussia in 1840, the popular party founded great hopes on the moderation and tolerancy of his earlier measures. These hopes proved ill-founded; for from that date until 1848 all Europe was filled with "risings" of "the peoples," and with clamours for popular representation. To this period we owe the world-famous song of the

"WATCH ON THE RHINE,"

whose author, Max Schneckenburger, like the writers of so many other national lyrics, was a

quiet, obscure person, who does not seem to have burst into song on any other impulse. The song, which attracted very little attention at the time, was written on the occasion of France insolently asking for the Rhine frontier as her natural boundary; it runs—

A cry goes up like thunder's crash,
Like clash of swords and roaring sea.
At the Rhine, the Rhine, the German
Rhine.
Who will the river's guardian be?
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine.
Firm and true stand the watch,
The watch on the Rhine.

"Through countless thousands flies the word,
A million eyes with lightnings shine,
And each sound German heart is stirred
To keep the sacred boundary line.
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"To heaven's plains he lifts his eyes,
Where hero-fathers have their rest,
And swears, while patriot passions rise,
Thou, Rhine, art German as my breast.
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"For while one drop of blood still glows,
One sword remains in German hand,
While one the rifle's magic knows,
No foe shall trample on thy strand.
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"The oath resounds, the waters shine,
The standards flutter in the air,
By Rhine, by Rhine, the German Rhine,
All German hearts are guardians there.
Dear Fatherland, etc."

The perpetual bickerings between the German states culminated in the Franco-Austrian war, at the close of which Frederick William of Prussia died, and was succeeded by his brother William. He began to reign as King of Prussia in 1860. His chief minister was the famous Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor," whose one idea was, sooner or later, to place Prussia at the head of a "united Germany." His first move towards this end was the annexation by Germany of the provinces of Schleswig-Holstein; Austria to hold Holstein, and Prussia Schleswig. Next a quarrel was picked with Austria, which drove her out of Holstein, and reduced her to a secondary posi-

tion. But the climax was the great war with France in 1870, when France once more hoped to extend her frontier to the Rhine, and to carry her triumph into Berlin itself. The whole German nation rose up in solemn self-defence, in the resolute spirit of another popular song—

"It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine."

It was at this time that "The Watch on the Rhine," the song of the obscure Suabian merchant, Schneckenburger, sprung into universal favour.

The King of Prussia, already an aged man, rode out of his capital with tears in his eyes, accompanied by his son and surrounded by royal kinsmen, and followed by his troops. On the other hand, the French Emperor's first despatches were filled with self-glorification and boastful sentimentality.

There was soon a most dramatic reversal of the picture. France was defeated at every turn. Instead of the French marching in triumph to Berlin, the Prussians marched to Paris. Instead of extending France to the Rhine, the French had to give up Alsace and Lorraine, including the fortified towns of Strasburg and Metz. In September, 1870, the Emperor of the French placed his sword at the feet of King William of Prussia, and was carried a prisoner to Germany, being only released to die an exile's death in England. It was actually in the heart of France, in the "Hall of Mirrors" of the Palace of Versailles, that William I., King of Prussia, was proclaimed "Emperor of Germany." This happened on the 18th January, 1871. Thus was fulfilled the dream of poets and patriots, and wherever the conquering army passed the stirring notes of our three "famous songs" accompanied them.

Let us hope and fervently pray that this great empire, whose foundations have been laid by such strong hands, and cemented by the blood and tears of myriads of her own children, will now be ruled by heads and hearts wise to know that there is "a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to break down and a time to build up, a time of war and a time of peace."

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO AND CO.

FROM this eminent firm we have received several new works of interest, amongst them being Weber's hymn, "In constant order works the Lord." This is, of course, another number of the celebrated octavo editions. To the octavo choruses have been added many numbers, ancient and modern. We have before us a chorus (753) from Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," and a Hallelujah Chorus (755) from Handel's "Triumph of Time and Truth." Their tonic sol-fa series of anthems and part-music comprises over 600 numbers. Amongst the most recent of these appear madrigals by Pearsall, part-songs by Sullivan, Barnett, and Pinsuti, and anthems by Dr. Mann and Berthold Tours.

The volume of Seven Pianoforte Pieces, by Henselt, edited and fingered by De Pachmann, would make a beautiful New Year's gift to a really capable pianist.

Then, for violinists, we have an Album (No. 11), containing six sonatas by Corelli, full of beauty; and another (No. 13), made up of eight British melodies arranged by Siegfried Jacoby.

ENOCH AND SONS.

Drawing-room Songs, with banjo accompaniment, arranged by Edmund Forman.—This

album includes "Three Old Maids of Lee," "Some Day," and other ballads which, doubtless, will suffer but little from being associated with the banjo.

A Child's Garden of Verses.—Twelve songs for children, with delicious quaint words by Robert Louis Stevenson, which alone should create quite a rush for copies, and, added to this, charming music by Miss Carmichael, forming a most auspicious commencement to Messrs. Enoch's Kindergarten series.

Madrigal is the name of a graceful French song by C. Chaminade. Both French and English words are appended.

The Angel Came. A song by Frederic H. Cowen.—This ballad is published in keys to suit all voices. It is scarcely up to the high standard which we assume by some of his songs that Mr. Cowen has set up for himself.

The Salute is a capital quick march, and has all the dash and spirit necessary to military music.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

King Weathercock, words by Chrissie Denning and music by Joseph L. Roedel, is a humorous song, which, well sung and well told, would be sure to give amusement.

None Know How I Love Thee. Words by W. Toynbee and music by Tito Mattei.—A

fine song, but almost overbalanced by a rather meaningless and very vague modulation.

Burlington Music Books (No. 1).—This part offers six songs by Gounod, Sterndale-Bennett, Blumenthal, Cowen, and others, at a shilling, sheet-music size.

Six Recreations for the violin, with piano accompaniment, by Carlo Ducci, jun.—No. 4, a song without words, which we have before us, is very well suited to the instrument, and has a most melodious subject.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

Six Easy Pieces for Violin. By Otto Peiniger.—Let us again recommend these excellent and interesting pieces. They are so very suitable for young beginners.

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

Little Sweethearts. Song, by Edward German.—Quaint and pretty, the compass in the G minor key being from D to E natural. The story is funnily pathetic. It will amuse old and young alike.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

If at your window, Love. Song, by Ethel Harraden.—Published in three keys. A clever and graceful song by a G.O.P. Prize-winner. It is fully expected that this song will become very popular.

A ROUNDEL OF "OUR" GARDEN.

By GLEESON WHITE.

("A dance, where Time plays the fiddle."—*Austin Dobson*.)

A GARDEN of girls, who read this their *own* paper,
 Only think of their number! One's intellect whirls,
 At the tall and the short, the robust and the taper—
 A garden of girls!

Some staid and demure, some with sunniest curls,
 Some whose love is for wisdom, and some—for the draper;
 Some, maybe, rough diamonds, some costliest pearls.

Time! you fiddle and yawn, you insatiate old gaper!
 Just ponder awhile, as your giddy tune twirls;
 Can't you stay? and thus keep them (you out-of-tune scraper)
 A garden of *girls*.



NOAH'S ARK.

A TALE OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "The Shepherd's Fairy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHY, Mrs. Oldman, I didn't expect to find you here. I came to see them off, but, like you, I was too late. Don't cry so. Come and have some dinner with me, and I'll row you back to the ark."

"I daren't—I daren't, Adam. For pity's sake, don't ask me to go there! I daren't face Noah for the life of me. Don't ask me why, but I can't. I am a wicked woman, Adam Day, and I don't deserve to have a child at all, and I have not got one now, and it serves me right, too; and I shan't have a husband either much longer, and——"

But here her voice was choked with sobs, and her words were indistinguishable.

"Mrs. Oldman, there is no doubt you did a very wrong thing when you changed those babies. You see I know all about it," began Adam, gently.

"Dear me, Adam! How did you learn that?" interrupted Mrs. Oldman, surprise giving her voice.

"I guessed it. But if I know Father Noah, he won't have an angry word for you when you tell him the truth, if you have not already done so."

"I told him? Indeed, I have not. He knows it all, though, from Mr. Leicester; and I am afraid to go home, so I came here, to ask Eve to take me with her as her maid or nurse; but she was gone when I arrived, and now I don't know what to do."

"Fortunately, I do. Come and have some dinner, and then I'll hire a trap and drive you home as quickly as possible, for Noah will be frightened. It will never do for him to lose both wife and daughter in one day."

"He'll never forgive me, never,"

sobbed Mrs. Oldman, as she suffered Adam to lead her into the next room to get some dinner.

"And now tell me how they went off, for I did not wait till the end of the service," said Adam, to divert his companion's thoughts from her trouble.

"There was a deal of bother about signing the certificates or the register, because they had to get Eve to sign her real name, and they managed it somehow, without her suspecting anything. It was Mr. Leicester's lawyer who did that; he was telegraphed for yesterday, you know."

"How did he manage it, I wonder?"

"I don't know exactly, but I heard him say to her, 'Now write your Christian name, only, here,' which Eve did; and then, after Mr. Clifford had signed, he said to Eve, 'Now, Mrs. Clifford, I want you again, please,' and when Eve came up, he said, 'We must have the name of the officiating minister; so write Leicester just here,' he said this almost in a whisper, and he pointed to a place where he had pencilled the word; all the rest was covered up with blotting paper, and Eve was so happy and excited at the time that she paid very little attention to what she was doing."

"And did they go straight off from the church?"

"Yes, they drove here in a carriage and four horses, with postilions. But if Noah had been looking after Eve's hearse instead of after her wedding coach, he could not have looked sadder than he did; and yet, if I know Eve, she'll always love him, no matter how grand a lady she may be; and he has been a rare good father to her. Ah! Adam, my sin has found me out many and many a time,

for, fond as I am of Eve, I never loved her as I do Miss Grace. Time after time, when she has been to see me, I have longed to tell her the truth—longed as only a mother could. But she must never know it, as Mr. Leicester said it would almost kill her, for she never was strong like Eve—none of my children ever were—and I sometimes think she don't care about life much. She seems to have some trouble. I fancy it is she wants a mother's love. Fathers are all very well, but they aren't like mothers, after all said and done. But I don't know, I may be wrong."

Adam privately thought she was, but he could hardly tell Mrs. Oldman that he hoped his was the love Grace needed to make her care to live; so he dropped the subject, and suggested they should go back to Windham, lest Noah should be alarmed at his wife's absence.

But it afterwards turned out that Noah had taken Mrs. Oldman's absence very coolly at first. Not finding her at home when he returned to the ark after the wedding, he concluded she had gone up to the Rectory; so he cooked and ate his own dinner, for which he had very little appetite; then smoked a pipe, and then fell asleep. When he awoke it was getting on for tea-time, and as Mrs. Oldman had not returned, he went up to the Rectory to fetch her, thinking she might feel shy about meeting him; but to his surprise and alarm he found she had not been there at all, nor had anyone seen her since the service. Neither Grace nor Mr. Leicester were at home, and Noah left the Rectory to go in search of her, reproaching himself bitterly for having taken her absence so coolly.

"I should have sought her out and



"IT WAS MRS. OLDMAN'S TURN TO BE SURPRISED NOW."

forgiven her, not waited for her to come to me," he said to himself as he went to the school-house to tell Adam of his trouble. But here he heard that Adam had just driven past with Mrs. Oldman, and on hastening back to the ark he found Adam in the act of driving away, having left his charge safe in her own home.

"Mrs. Oldman is all right; I found her at Bridgham. She is indoors, looking out anxiously for you. I am coming back in an hour or so to see you on important business," said Adam from the dog-cart; and before Noah had time to answer he drove off, wisely thinking he would not be wanted for the present.

Noah went into the ark, but, like Adam, we will not follow him, for he shut the door behind him, so that not even an inquisitive fowl witnessed the scene which took place.

Only when Adam knocked an hour later he found he was in plenty of time for tea, since they had been too much occupied to think about it, though Mrs. Oldman complained of a splitting headache.

"Well, Adam, you were right. I have told Noah all about it now, and he has not given me so much as one hard word, though if he had laid them there pike-liggers about me, it would not have been more than I deserved," said Mrs. Oldman, pointing to the pike-liggers which hung on the wall.

"But what does Adam know about it?" asked Noah, in amazement.

"I know all I care to know, Father Noah. I know Grace is your daughter, and that I am the happiest and luckiest man on earth!" replied Adam.

It was Mrs. Oldman's turn to be surprised now, but she said nothing, as she looked from Noah to Adam in silent expectation.

"Why so, Adam? It makes no difference to her. She is still to be called Miss Leicester, and is never to know the Rector is not her father," said Noah.

"What! never to know she is the daughter of the noblest and saintliest man in England? Never to know that now even I, unworthy as I am, may venture to ask her to be my wife, since no barrier of birth any longer separates us? Never to know that she need no longer crush out the love I humbly hope she feels for me from her heart out of filial duty? Why is she never to know what I cannot help thinking will be the best news she ever heard?" said Adam, rising and pacing the little kitchen, his fine eyes flashing as he spoke.

"Because the Rector thinks it would kill her. She is not strong, and could never stand the rough life we lead after her delicate bringing up," said Noah.

"That may be true, but if she is my wife she need never lead it, and I don't see why she should leave the Rectory until she marries, if Mr. Leicester is willing for her to remain."

"He is most willing. I am bound to say that he has considered Grace far more than Eve in the matter."

"Then let me go to him now, Father Noah, and tell him I love her, and have reason to think my love is returned. I know you will not refuse to receive me as

a son-in-law, and I can hardly think Mr. Leicester will, if he finds Grace desires it."

Noah was silent for some minutes, and neither his wife nor Adam interrupted his silence, for they knew he was speaking to his Master.

At length he spoke.

"Go, my lad; tell Mr. Leicester all you have told me, and place yourself in his hands. Grace is more his child than mine, though I am her father. I have no right to interfere in the matter."

Later that same evening Adam Day was closeted with Mr. Leicester in the latter's study till the bell rang for evening prayers, when he returned to the ark to say that Grace was to decide his fate, for Mr. Leicester seemed unable to conceive it possible that she cared for him. If she accepted him they were to wait until he was in a position to marry, and till then she was to remain at the Rectory; and the only condition the Rector would impose on Adam was that he did not tell Grace of her parentage until she was his wife, when of course he would be free to use his own discretion. But whether Adam obtained the open scholarship or not, he was to go to college, since Mr. Leicester insisted on lending him the necessary money.

The next morning Mr. Leicester sent for Grace to his study soon after breakfast, a proceeding which in itself prepared her for something unusual, for the only other occasion she could remember since she had grown up, when he had done so, was a year ago, to tell her of a proposal of marriage he had received on her behalf.

"I hope no one else has been so silly," thought Grace to herself as she crossed the hall, never dreaming that someone else had been equally silly, though when she knew who that someone was she would be the last person in the world to condemn his conduct.

"Grace, my child, I had Adam Day here last night, and he told me something which surprised me very much. Can you guess what it was?" began Mr. Leicester, drawing Grace to him.

One glance at her crimson cheeks, which she hastened to hide on Mr. Leicester's shoulder, answered the question more eloquently than words.

"I see you know what he wanted; tell me, my darling, is there any hope for him?"

"No, father," whispered Grace, after a little pause.

"I thought not. I told him I thought it was impossible; I felt sure he was mistaken," exclaimed the Rector triumphantly, for he had yet hardly realised the fact that Grace was no Leicester after all.

"But, father, I don't mean—I think you have misunderstood—I mean—I—I don't know—I can't," stammered Grace, sinking into the chair Mr. Leicester had risen from in his excitement, and hiding her blushing face in her hands.

"You don't mean what? How have I misunderstood you?" said Mr. Leicester, rather sternly, for Grace's confusion irritated him.

But to these questions Grace's answer was to burst into a flood of tears, which

brought back all the Rector's tenderness; and inwardly blaming himself for his want of tact in dealing with this, to all intents and purposes, motherless girl, he lifted her up, and drawing her to him put his arm round her waist and stroked her golden hair.

"Tell me all about it, Grace, dear; what is it? Must I tell Adam he is mistaken, and that you don't care for him?"

"No; tell him only it is no use," sobbed Grace.

"But I am afraid that answer won't satisfy Adam; he feels so sure his love is returned. Mayn't I tell him he is wrong?"

"No," whispered Grace.

"Why not?"

"Because it is not true. Oh, father, father, I am so miserable! I shall never love anyone else; don't be angry with me, I could not help it. But of course it can never be. I would never grieve you by marrying beneath me; though it seems to me he is so good and clever, he is fit for a princess. I wish he had not told you; I didn't want you to know."

"Has he ever spoken to you on the subject?"

"No, never; but I have known it for years."

"And how long have you cared for him?"

"A long time; I don't know when it began."

"And you mean to refuse him because you will not marry beneath you?"

"No, father, not quite that; because I could not bear to grieve you for the sake of my own selfish happiness."

"But supposing I were to say it would not grieve me, that I should not think it such an unequal marriage after all, that I have as you know the highest opinion of Adam, of his abilities as well as of his character, that I feel sure in a few years he will be in the position of a gentleman, and able to maintain a wife, even a dainty little wife, like my Grace—what then? Would you be very much surprised?"

"I should indeed, more surprised than I was the day before yesterday, when you told me you had given your consent to Arthur's marriage. Do you really mean it, father?"

"I do; you would have made a very great sacrifice for me, Grace—it is only fair I should make a very slight one for you; all I stipulate is that you are content to stay with me till Adam has taken his degree, and I should prefer that your engagement was not publicly announced till then. And now Adam will be here for his answer this morning. I shall send him to you when he comes, that he may learn how happy he is from you."

And so when Adam arrived, all that Mr. Leicester told him was that Grace knew nothing about her parentage, and was not to be told. But from Grace he learnt that Noah had spoken the truth when he said, "All things were possible with God," for certainly what had seemed to both these lovers as quite impossible, had come to pass, as Grace firmly believed, by a miracle of prayer.

(To be concluded.)

THE SERVICE OF BEAUTY:

PERSONAL BEAUTY.



TS cultivation in personal appearance is another application of beauty to a particular case which is essentially the affair of women, and may not rightly be disregarded. Perhaps my young readers may be inclined to wonder

at such a phrase as "the cultivation of personal beauty." They may have been used to suppose that one is born beautiful or the reverse, and that in either case Nature is entirely responsible, and that there is nothing more to be done. I think this view is as limited as though we should hold that babies are born ignorant, and therefore there is nothing more to be done. I hope to show that good looks depend not only on grace of nature, but largely on art also.

Though doubted and denied theoretically, we usually act as though we believed in the desirability of personal beauty. "Beauty is deceitful," is skin-deep, is a snare, we hear from the preachers and moralists; but what beautiful woman does not, openly or secretly, value her beauty as her great, if not her greatest advantage and means of happiness? There is a grain of truth in the satire of the Japanese heroine, exclaiming in her self-admiration, "Nature rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and I take after my mother!" Which of us, not so gifted, would refuse to accept the boon because of its temptations? And we should be perfectly right in accepting the boon and the risk with it. "A woman's glory lies in her attractiveness, as a man's lies in his strength." Far be it from me to undervalue the high qualities of mind and heart, yet I hold that her beauty is by no means the least part of a woman's attractiveness. It blesses where it goes; it is open and patent to all; it needs no interpreter of word and deed; it has a universal magic; not only the lower natures are under its sway, but the good and gifted also; it has appealed more strongly than any form of beauty to the imagination; from time immemorial it has been held worth living and fighting and dying for.

The Greek mother used to pray to Zeus that before all things her child might be beautiful. The Greek believed that physical beauty was a special sign of divine favour. In the age of asceticism, the soul was exalted at the expense of the body; all physical charm and pleasure were counted sinful. The Renaissance brought about a more healthy view; and now it almost seems as though another reaction had set in, and we were in danger of cultivating the mind to the exclusion of the body. Women, especially, in love with their new privileges of education and chances of intellectual expansion, need to be reminded of their ancient privileges, of the grace which cheers and comforts, and their chances of expansion through sweetness into a double life, nobler than the individual.

All honour to the fine intellect and pure soul! but, truly, these are never honoured by the neglect and degradation of physical charm, and its refining, subtle, elevating influence. We all feel this influence; an unerring in-

stinct pays homage to its power. It remains for us not to ignore or deny it, but to measure it, to say how far it shall extend, to turn it to the best use.

It is said that among all nations Englishwomen are the most beautiful. Yet how often do we find them holding this precious gift as though it were to be treated with suspicion as dangerous, or lightly disregarding it as of no solid value! Here we trace a remnant of our old asceticism—another phase of the attempt to crush out the evil in our physical nature by destroying all healthy and wholesome pleasure of the senses, an attempt which inevitably results in a last state worse than the first. How can it be otherwise? God made us as we are—a compound of body, mind, and spirit—and so fitted us for a life, bodily, mental and spiritual. Yet we dare attempt to crush out one part of this complex life.

If we value a simple flower for its beauty as the reflection of its Maker's love, how much more must we value the beauty of the human face and form, the highest type of visible beauty? "To Eve," say the Mahomedans, "God gave two-thirds of all beauty."

Love, here as everywhere, is the law of life. We go wrong in this matter, as in all, through selfishness. We must not value our gift for the pleasure, the happiness, the opportunities which it brings to ourselves alone. We must rejoice in the pleasure it sheds around, with an honest joy free from the uneasiness of personal vanity; we must consecrate it, use it humbly, and remember always that it is one talent more to account for.

There is a sad instance of the selfish, the degraded use to which beauty may be put, and her blessing turned into a curse. It is utterly foreign to the nature of Englishwomen, but it flourishes like a noxious weed in modern society. In the career of the "Professional Beauty," the very name is a reproach to English womanhood—we see how this good and sacred gift may be soiled and perverted to base purposes, used as a key to open forbidden doors, turned into a power for evil to its possessor and all within her reach. This reflection simply strengthens our view of the intrinsic worth of personal beauty: the higher a thing is, the more terrible its abuse.

Now let us see how far we can cultivate physical charm. Very few are strictly beautiful, very few strictly ugly; all the debatable ground that lies between these extremes can be claimed and held by judicious effort. I wish all women would look at such effort in the light of a simple and imperative duty.

Anyone who has not studied the question will be amazed to find what an immense difference, sometimes all the difference between plainness and good looks, results in attention to health, manner, and dress. After all, beauty is never a "fixed quantity." It depends so much on the variable spirit within, on expression, on setting, on an infinite amount of things that change it as we look.

The body is the garment of the soul, a garment that is worn at one time with such dexterous grace and fitness, and again with such awkward uneasiness and ill-adjustment, that we hardly recognise it as the same.

On the point of health I need not dwell, for it is daily coming more to the front, and is advocated by better powers than mine, on graver grounds than that of physical beauty.

Dress occupies much of our time and care, and rightly so; it is only a pity that so much of them is wasted, judging by results. Dress is important, when we recollect how it has become a kind of second self, a kind of outer body which expresses while it conceals the

form within. It has to represent or to substitute the invisible beauty of the body; it has to heighten and set off that which is visible.

The failure of Englishwomen to dress well is due either to conventional prejudice, to indifference, or to lack of artistic feeling. Those who really care, labour in vain to look their best, under the notion that every woman must dress alike, contradicted all the time by Nature, who has made no two women alike. Women are so terribly afraid of being "peculiar." Yet it has been affirmed that "the secret of ugliness consists not in irregularity, but in being uninteresting. Let each girl and woman study her own style and complexion, her own good points, and boldly originate the dress which accentuates the best and renders less visible the worst in her physique. Following blindly after fashion leaves us at the mercy of her oracles, the dressmakers, whom we obey, instead of directing, with the worst results to our purses as well as our appearance!"

Some girls, who are not vain, think that the less time and thought they spend on this matter the better. They wear anything that comes in their way, provided it be useful and respectable, and are entirely indifferent to their appearance from the æsthetic point of view. I believe it is no merit, but a fault, to be so careless about the impression we leave on the eye.

But these, after all, are the exceptions. Most women do care how they look; it is more often ignorance than indifference which produces such painful results as we see every day. The instinctive feeling for the right garment, the right colour, the right shape, is not so common with Englishwomen as it is with women of some other races; but what I would insist on is, that this feeling which we characterise as good taste, when not instinctive, can be acquired. We can learn from Nature and the artists, and from those whose dress is always pleasant and harmonious, the how and why of certain combinations and effects. The reform has begun; it is not nearly so difficult now as it was some years ago to wear a dress appropriate and beautiful, without being unpleasantly conspicuous. But much remains to be done. Englishwomen must largely cultivate artistic perception, emancipate themselves from their dressmakers, and respect what God has granted them in good looks enough to care wisely for it, if they would succeed further. And then, when our object is attained, we can fix its limits by remembering that "after a world of pains has been taken with the costume, the least mistake in sentiment may take all the beauty out of your clothes!"

Two golden rules hold good in the matter of dress as in the arrangement of our houses. Here also art is in servitude to utility. No dress can be good which is not thoroughly appropriate to its wearer and to its purpose. Its beauty and grace must grow naturally out of its fitness. Imitation and meaningless ornament must be avoided, and material and workmanship be as good as possible.

Manner is another element of physical beauty too much overlooked. In this I include the management of the body, the art of wearing that garment of the soul to the best advantage. It is no mere dancing mistress's deportment I would recommend, but a grace, instinctive or acquired, of behaviour, an avoidance of everything ungainly, harsh or repellant, a high culture of those subtle perceptions which, being pained by any discord in the impression others make, know how to refrain from creating such discord, whether by appearance, by gesture, or by voice. A large

element of the pleasurable impression we make is the effect of true courtesy. The old-fashioned definition of politeness—

"To be polite is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way"—brings this quality very near to the finest graces of the Christian character, and as such it is beneath the notice of no true woman.

"I have seen manners which make a similar impression with personal beauty; that give the like exhilaration, and refresh us like that; and in memorable experiences, they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that super-

fluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, by acquaintance with real beauty. They must always show self-control Then they must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, of form, or of behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us."

An old man of great culture and experience once said to a younger friend—

"When you come into the room, I think I will study how to make humanity beautiful to you." Surely, this is a fair and noble aim, but there are no golden rules by which it may

be attained. Each must study it for himself or herself. "Who dare assume to guide a youth, a maid to perfect manners?" The golden mean is so delicate, so difficult, say frankly unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the genial precepts of the young girl's demeanour? The chances seem infinite against success; and yet success is continually attained. But Nature lifts her easily over these impossibilities, and we are continually surprised with graces and felicities not only unteachable, but indescribable."

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF TRAVELLING.—To have travelled has many advantages, and one is, that annoyances and dangers, in recollection, become sources of pleasure; add to which, in the language of scripture, "the affliction is but for a moment," while the recollection endures for years. I advise those who are beginning their travels to bear this in mind.—*Walker.*

WHAT IS A MILLION YEARS.

The following is one way of conveying to the mind some idea of what a million years really is. Take a narrow slip of paper, an inch broad or more, and eighty-three feet four inches in length, and stretch it along the wall of a large hall, or around the walls of an apartment somewhat over twenty feet square. Recall as many years as you can remember, and then multiply them in imagination by any necessary number so as to get something like an adequate conception of what a period of a hundred years is. Then mark off from one of the ends of the strip one-tenth of an inch.

The one-tenth of the inch will then represent one hundred years, and the entire length of the strip a million of years. It is well worth making this experiment just in order to feel the striking impression that it produces on the mind.

A COURAGEOUS YOUNG WOMAN.

A young woman had laid a wager she would descend into a vault in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously hid himself in the vault, and as the girl seized a skull, he cried in a hollow voice:—

"Leave me my head!"

"There it is," said the girl, throwing it down and catching up another.

"Leave me my head!" said the same voice.

"No, no," said the heroic lass, "you cannot have had two heads."

And so she brought away the skull and won the wager.

KEEPING A JOURNAL.

This diary is only ruled out for January," said a gentleman in a stationer's shop.

"Yes," replied the stationer, "our experience in the business has taught us that no one ever gets beyond the first month."

ONLY ONE HEAD.

Henry VIII. after the death of Jane Seymour had some difficulty in getting another wife. His first offer was to the Duchess Dowager of Milan, but her answer is said to have been:—

"I have only one head; if I had two, one should certainly be at his service."

HOW TO ESTIMATE HAPPINESS.—To form an estimate of the proportion which one girl's happiness bears to that of another, we must consider the mind that is allotted her with as much attention as the circumstances.

TEN YARDS OF EEL.

A young housekeeper was discussing with her cook the menu for a supper-party. "I think," she said, "we will have some eel for the second course."

"How much will you want, ma'am?" asked the cook.

"I fancy," said her mistress, "ten yards will be sufficient."

WOMAN.

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all the idols of life depart,
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

—*Barry Cornwall.*

THE BUSINESS OF THE POST.—A curious, elaborate, and comprehensive table has recently been compiled by the superintendent of the Foreign Mail Division of the American Post Office. It shows that the total number of letters transported last year in all quarters of the globe was 5,849,000,000, to which may be added about 1,077,000,000 postcards, 4,610,000,000 articles of printed matter, and about 104,000,000 samples, making in all 11,640,000,000 pieces of mail matter handled by the 489,000 officers and employes in the 154,000 post-offices of the world. To every human being there are thus on an average about five letters and postcards yearly.

A MAN'S LIFE SAVED BY CATS.

In the year 1783 two cats belonging to a merchant in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt the two animals seemed anxious to work their way through the floor of the room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street and out of the gate of the town.

The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct, followed them into the fields, where he again saw the cats scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses in the city fell down, of which the merchant's house was one, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of his cats.

A DEFINITION.—"What you please," means, in many cases, "I expect much more than I can in reason ask for."

A VALUABLE WATCH.—There is a girl who boasts of having a watch that keeps correct time. She was heard to remark not long ago as she pulled it out, "If the sun isn't over the hill in a minute and a half he will be late."

THE MILLER'S SERVANT AND THE MAD DOG.

A miller's dog having broken his chain, the miller ordered his servant to tie him up again. She was attacked and bitten by the dog. On hearing her cries, the miller and his people ran to her assistance.

"Keep off," said she, shutting the door. "The dog is mad; I am already bitten, and must chain him up alone."

Notwithstanding his biting, she did not let him go, but chained him up, and then retired to her room, and with the noblest resignation prepared herself to die. Symptoms of hydrophobia soon broke out, and she died in a few days.

GOOD CHARACTER.—What we call the sterner virtues alone cannot make a good character. The woman of integrity who is cold, or hard, or unamiable is as far from moral goodness as she is from moral beauty. She who prides herself on being righteous and forgets to be kind is not truly righteous.

AN ODD MARRIAGE.

Many years ago, a gentleman whose first wife was dead rose one morning with the whimsical resolution of marrying any one of his maidservants who should first appear on his ringing the bell. He rang, and the chambermaid came up, to whom he abruptly said—

"Get yourself ready, and go with me to be married."

The girl, treating the affair as a joke, refused, and withdrew.

He rang the bell a second time, when the cook appeared, to whom he said—

"Well, my girl, I intend this day to make you my wife; go and dress yourself in the best you have, and order the coach to be got ready immediately."

She took him at his word, dressed herself, and on coming downstairs was met by the chambermaid, who asked her—

"Where are you going?"

"Abroad," she said; "I have my master's leave."

She had scarce uttered the words when her master came down, and took her by the hand to the carriage, which drove to St. Benet's Church, in London, where they were married. The union, it is said, was singularly happy.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

Spreads life's true mystery round us evermore;
Seen by no eye, it lies all eyes before.

—*Schiller.*

THE CAMPO SANTO AT PISA.

THE "Campo Santo," or the "Holy Field," once a cemetery, though no longer used as such, is an open space of about four hundred feet in length and one hundred and eighteen feet in breadth, enclosed with high walls, and an arcade, something like the cloisters of a monastery or cathedral, running all round it.

On the east side is a large chapel, and on the north two smaller chapels, where prayers and masses are celebrated for the "repose of the dead."

The open space was filled with earth brought from the Holy Land in the time of the Crusades. The Archbishop Ubaldo, on his retreat from Palestine in 1190, returned with his fifty-three vessels laden with earth from Calvary, whence this spot where the earth was deposited was named the Campo Santo, the "Holy Field."

The space once sown with graves is now covered with green turf. At the four corners are four tall cypress trees, their dark, monumental, spiral forms contrasting with a little lowly cross in the centre, round which ivy or some other creeping plant has wound a luxuriant bower.

The beautiful Gothic arcade was designed and built about 1283 by Giovanni Pisano, son of the great Nicola Pisano.

This arcade, on the side next the burial-ground, is pierced by sixty-two windows of elegant tracery, divided from each other by slender pilasters. Upwards of six hundred sepulchral monuments of the nobles and citizens of Pisa are ranged along the marble pavements, and mingled with them are some antique remains of great beauty brought from Greece.

Here also is seen the famous sarcophagus (of Greek workmanship) which first inspired the genius of Nicola Pisano, and in which had been deposited the body of Beatrice, mother of the famous Countess Matilda.

The walls opposite to the windows were painted in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries with scriptural subjects. Most of these are half ruined by time, neglect, and damp; the best preserved are faded, discoloured, ghastly in appearance, and solemn in subject.

The whole aspect of this singular place, particularly to those who wander through its long arcades at the close of day, when the figures on the pictured walls look dim and spectral through the gloom, and the cypresses assume a blacker hue, and all the associations connected with its sacred purpose and its history rise upon the fancy, has, in its silence and solitude and religious destination, something inexpressibly strange, dreamy, solemn, almost awful. Seen in the broad glare of noonday, the place and the pictures lose something of their power over the fancy, and that which last night haunted us as a vision, by day we examine, study, criticise.

The building of the Campo Santo was scarcely finished when the best painters of the time were summoned to paint the walls all round the interior with appropriate subjects. This was a work of many years—it was, indeed, continued at intervals through two centuries—and thus we have a series of illustrations of the progress of art during its first development of the religious influences of the age, and even of the habits and manners of the people, which are faithfully exhibited in some of these most extraordinary compositions.

The earliest of these is a series of subjects from the Book of Job, painted in the time of Giotto (*circa* 1300), and popularly ascribed to that great reformer of painting. Next in date follow subjects of extraordinary power and originality, long ascribed to Andrea

Orcagna. These were to represent what the Italians call "*I quattro novissimi*" (the last or latest things)—Death, Judgment, Hell or Purgatory, and Paradise. Three only were completed. These subjects harmonised peculiarly with the sacred precincts for which they were designed.

We are bound to add that these powerful works, which have always hitherto been associated with the name of Andrea Orcagna, are now supposed by Mr. Poynter, R.A., to have been painted by two artists of Sienna, the brothers Ambrogio and Pietro Lorenzetti; while the same learned authority disputes Giotto's hand in the "Sufferings of Job," and ascribes this latter work to Francesca da Volterra, a contemporary painter.

Other subjects by other artists follow, until we arrive at twenty-one magnificent frescoes from the Old Testament history by Benozzo Gozzoli, of Florence. These were painted between 1469 and 1476. The good people of Pisa showed their appreciation of these beautiful works by the present of a tomb in the sacred ground to the painter.

Among the tombs and sarcophagi which line the lower part of the walls and cover the floor, inscribed to nobles and merchant princes of Pisa, we may still find the one with its old Latin inscription: "Hic tumulus est Benotti Florentini qui proximè has pinxit historias. Hunc sibi Pisanorum donavit humanitas. MCCCCLXXVIII." ("This is the tomb of Benozzo of Florence, who painted these nearest histories. The gratitude of the Pisans gave it to him in 1478.")

If it strikes us as a somewhat odd present to give a tomb to one who was still living, we must reflect that, according to the popular superstition of the day, burial in that sacred earth afforded a sure passport to Heaven. It were then a priceless gift, indeed!—(Account of the Campo Santo of Pisa, taken partly from "Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters," by Mrs. Jameson.)

PISAN LEGEND.

Pico della Mirandola, a scholar and philosopher of the fifteenth century, tells us that "when the shipload of sacred earth was mingled with the common clay in the Campo Santo of Pisa, a new flower grew up from it, unlike any flower men had seen before—the anémone, with its concentric rings of strangely-blended

colour, still to be found by those who search long enough for it in the long grass of the Maremma."

Since the days of the above-named learned writer, the pretty flower he names has become one of the commonest of the wild flowers, not of the "Holy Field" of Pisa alone, but over all Italy. It now requires but little searching to find handfuls of its pale purple flowers in the Italian fields from north to south. On the ruins on the Palatine Hill in Rome, the little wild flower that came in the sacred earth from Palestine in the eleventh century survives the grandeur of the Cæsars, and flourishes amid the ruins of temples and imperial palaces. Nice and Cannes cultivate rare varieties of this pretty flower, which they send in quantities in the spring to the London market; while in England we know and treasure among our wild flowers a pale and small variety, which in country places we call by its literal Greek name, the wind flower (*anémone*), little thinking from whence this travelled stranger had originally sprung.



THE CAMPO SANTO, PISA.

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"FAREWELL, NIGHT!"



HE journey seemed endless to Bessie, but she restrained her painful restlessness for Tom's sake. Tom was very kind after his own fashion; he got her some tea at Paddington, and was very attentive to her comfort, and every now and then he gave utterance to a few remarks, bidding her keep up her heart like a brave little woman. "While there is life there is hope," you know, Bessie," he said. "I think my father takes too dark a view of the case; but then, you see, Hatty is his own child. I don't believe she is as bad as all that; depend upon it, she will take a good turn yet."

"Don't let us talk about it, Tom," pleaded Bessie, with a sick, wretched feeling that Tom's boyish testimony was not very reliable. How she wished he would be silent; but in a few minutes he was back again on the same subject, with another homely axiom for Bessie's comfort. But the longest day must have an end, and at last they reached Cliffe. No one met them at the station, but Tom assured her that he never expected to be met; he put Bessie into a fly, and again there was need for patience as the horse toiled slowly up the steep road. It was long past nine when they reached the house, and by that time Bessie's overwrought feelings bordered on nervous irritability. The door opened as the fly stopped, and by the hall lamp she saw her mother's face, looking paler and sadder, but her voice was as quiet and gentle as ever.

"Is that you, Bessie? My dear child, how tired you must be!"

"Oh, mother, mother!" and now Bessie literally fell on her mother's neck and wept. Mrs. Lambert seemed to understand all about it; she made her sit down on the couch, and took off her hat, and smoothed her hair with caressing fingers.

"You have had a long day, and have been keeping up as well as you could; don't be afraid of giving way a little, now you are with your own mother," she said, tenderly.

"Oh, mother, you are such a comfort! but I must not trouble you like this, and I am keeping you from Hatty."

"Hatty is asleep," replied her mother, quietly. "Christine is with her; you must come into the dining-room with me, and have something to eat and drink before you go upstairs;" but Bessie detained her.

"Wait a moment, mother darling; Tom is there, and I want to speak to

you alone. What does father really think of Hatty?"

"He thinks her very ill," was the sorrowful answer; "it seems a sudden failure; she was much as usual until the warm weather came, and then one evening she complained of palpitation and faintness, and the next day she seemed very weak, and so it has gone on. Your father says he was always afraid there was latent mischief, but I think he hardly expected it would be like this. There was a consultation this morning, but they say there is no rallying power, and another attack may carry her off."

"Oh, mother, if I had only stayed at home!"

"Don't say that, Bessie; you must not even think it; no care on your part could have prevented this. Hatty seemed as well as usual for a week or two after you left, and none of us suspected anything. You are very good not to reproach us for not sending for you before, but Hatty prevented us; she would not have your pleasure spoiled, and it was only last night that your father looked so grave, and said Tom had better fetch you."

"But is there no hope—no hope at all, mother?"

"I dare not ask the question," and here Mrs. Lambert's eyes filled with tears. "Your father looks so harassed. Dr. Morton said she might go on like this for a long time, getting weaker and weaker, or it might be sudden. Dear little Hatty is so good and patient, and gives us no trouble. Now you must not talk any more, and you must be a good child and take your supper; we all need to keep up our strength. I will leave Tom to take care of you, while I go up to Hatty."

Bessie did as she was told, and Ella and Katie waited on her, and then she went up to her own room, and stayed there until Christine came to fetch her.

"Hatty is awake now, Bessie, and she is asking for you, and mother has gone downstairs to speak to father."

"Thank you, Chrissy dear, I will go to her at once," and Bessie went hurriedly across the passage. Hatty lay on her little bed with her eyes closed. As she opened them a sudden sweet smile came over her face, and she held out her arms to Bessie.

"My own Betty, is it really you?"

"Yes, it is really I," returned Bessie, trying to speak brightly; but how her heart sank as she looked at her sister! There was no need to tell her Hatty was very ill; the life was flickering in the feeble body, the mysterious wasting disease had made rapid strides, even in these few days. "Oh, Hatty, darling, to find you like this! Why—why did you not let them send for me? You wanted me, I am sure you wanted me."

"Why of course I wanted you," returned Hatty, in a weak, happy voice, "and that is just why I would not let

them send. You know how unhappy I have always been because of my horrid selfishness, and I did want to be good for once, and I said to myself when Mrs. Sefton's letter came, 'Bessie shall not know how poorly I feel, nor what strange suffocating feelings I have sometimes. I won't try to get my own way this time, she shall be happy a little longer.'"

"Oh, Hatty! as though I cared for any happiness without you!"

"You must not say that, Bessie dear," replied Hatty, stroking her sister's hand; "and yet it seems nice to hear you say so. Do you recollect what I used to say—that it would take very little to kill me, because I was so weak? Well, I think it is coming true."

"Don't talk so, Hatty; I can't bear it. I feel as if I want to lie down there in your stead."

But Hatty shook her head.

"No, darling, no; that would not do at all. You are so strong and full of life, and people could not spare you. It does not matter for a weakly little creature like myself. I have never been strong enough to enjoy anything. I have just been little 'Miss Much Afraid,' full of troublesome fears and fancies; but they seem gone somehow."

"I am so glad, my Hatty; but ought you to talk?"

"Yes, when I feel like this. Oh, I am so comfortable, and it is so nice to have you with me again. What talks we will have! Yes, I don't feel like dying yet. Oh, there's mother, and she is going to send you away."

"Yes, for to-night, love. Bessie is tired, and it is not good for you to talk so much. Bessie shall be head nurse to-morrow, if she likes, but father says she is to go to bed now."

"Very well, mother," replied Hatty, meekly. "Bid me good-night, Bessie. I don't mean to be selfish ever again." And as Bessie kissed her without speaking and moved away, she said to herself, "It was Bessie that always helped me to be good; but by-and-by it will be the blessed angels. Oh, how nice that will be!"

Bessie's life was changed indeed from this day. No more thoughtless, merry hours, no more rides and drives, and pleasant musical evenings. Her days were passed in a sick room, and from hour to hour she seemed only to live on Hatty's looks and words. Bessie had for many years been her mother's right hand, and now she shared her watch beside the sick bed. Her bright, healthy colour began to fade from fatigue and anxiety, and it needed her father's stringent orders to induce her to take needful rest and exercise. For the first time in her life Bessie found it difficult to submit, and she had to fight more than one battle with herself before she yielded. More than once her mother remonstrated with her, tenderly but firmly.

"Bessie, dear," she said once; "this may be a long illness, and it is your duty to husband your strength most carefully. You are looking pale from confinement to the house and want of exercise. You know your father insists that Christine should relieve you for two hours in the afternoon."

"Yes, mother; and of course father is thinking of me; but what does it matter if I look a little pale. I cannot bear to lose an hour of Hatty's company when—when—" but Bessie could not finish her sentence.

"My dear, the feeling is natural; but don't you think Chrissy likes to have her to herself sometimes? We all love Hatty; you must remember that."

"Oh, mother, how selfish I am after all! I see what you mean. I want to monopolise Hatty, and I grudge her to everyone else—even to you and Chrissy. I never knew I could be so horrid; but I see even trouble has its temptations."

"Indeed it has, Bessie; but I will not have you say such hard things about yourself. You are our dear child, and our greatest comfort, and I do not know what your father and I would do without you. Don't fret any more, darling; go out with Katie, and get a little turn in the woods, and come back fresh for the evening work."

Mrs. Lambert's words were not thrown away. Bessie's sweet, reasonable nature was easily guided; her passionate love for Hatty had blinded her to her own selfishness, but now her eyes were open. The mother's heart was often touched by the cheerful alacrity with which Bessie would yield her place to Christine. Even Hatty's plaintive, "Oh, must you go, Bessie?" seemed to make no impression; but how long those two hours seemed!

Bessie did not forget her friends in her trouble; she sent frequent notes to Edna, and heard often from her in return. Now and then a kind message came from Richard, and every week a hamper filled with farm produce and fruit and flowers was sent from the Grange. Hatty used to revel in those flowers; she liked to arrange them herself, and would sit pilloved up on her bed or couch, and fill the vases with slow, tremulous fingers.

"Doesn't the room look lovely?" she would say, in a tone of intense satisfaction. When her weakness permitted she loved to talk to Bessie about her friends at the Grange, and was never weary of listening to Bessie's descriptions.

"What a nice man Mr. Richard must be, Betty!" she would say. "I should like to see him." And she often harped on this theme, and questioned Bessie closely on this subject; but often their talk went deeper than this.

One evening, about five weeks after Bessie's return, she was alone with Hatty; she had been reading to her, and now Hatty asked her to put down the book.

"Yes, it is very nice, but I feel inclined to talk. Come and lie on the bed, Bessie, and let us have one of our old cosy talks. Put your head down on the pillow beside me. Yes, that is how I mean; isn't that comfortable! I always did like you to put your arm round me. How strong and firm your hand feels! Look at the difference." And Hatty laid her wasted

transparent fingers on Bessie's pink palm.

"Poor little Hatty!"

"No, I am not poor a bit now; you must not call me that; I don't think I have ever been so happy in my life. Everyone is so kind to me—even Tom—he never finds fault with me now."

"We are all so sorry for you."

"Yes; but you must not be too sorry. Somehow I am glad of this illness, because it makes you all think better of me. You will not remember how how cross and jealous and selfish I used to be. You will only say, 'Poor little thing, she always wanted to be good, even when she was most naughty and troublesome.'"

"Don't, Hatty; I can't bear to hear you."

"Yes, let me say it, please; it seems to do me good. How often you have helped me over my difficulties. 'If I could only tell Bessie,' that was what I used to say. I am glad you went away and gave me something to bear. I used to be glad every night when I said my prayers; it was something to do for you, and something to bear for His sake." And Hatty dropped her voice reverently, for she was speaking of the Lord Jesus.

"Yes, darling, I see what you mean."

"I am glad that it has not been too easy, and that I have really tried for once not to be selfish. I don't want to get well, Bessie. I should have all the old, miserable feelings over again. I have been little 'Miss Much Afraid' all my life, and the fears have been a part of me. Do you recollect what Bunyan said about Much Afraid? 'She went through the river singing'; that was because she had left all her fears and troubles on the bank."

"And you are not afraid to die, Hatty?"

"No, not really afraid. Sometimes in the night, when I lie awake with that strange oppression, I think how strange it will be without you all, and to have only the angels to talk to me. But I suppose I shall get used to it. I always say that psalm over to myself, and then the queer feeling leaves me. Don't you know? 'He shall give His angels charge over thee, and they shall bear thee upon their arms.' That verse gives one such a restful feeling; just as though one were a little child again."

"Dear Hatty, it does me good to hear you; but you must not talk any more, your voice is so weak. Let me repeat one of your favourite hymns, and then perhaps you will get drowsy." And then Hatty consented to be silent.

After all the end came very suddenly, just when it was least expected. Hatty had seemed better that day; there was a strange flicker of life and energy; she had talked much to her mother and Bessie, and had sent a loving, playful message to Tom, who was away from home. It had been her father's custom to take the early part of the night watch, and then to summon one of the others to relieve him. He had persisted in this, in spite of long, laborious days. Hatty was very dear to her father's heart, and he loved those quiet hours beside her.

Bessie had retired to bed early, as it was her turn to be roused, but long before the usual hour her mother was beside her.

"Come, my child, come; do not wait to dress, Hatty is going home fast."

One startled, non-comprehending look, and then the truth rushed on Bessie, and she threw on her dressing-gown and hurried to the sick room.

"Going home fast!" nay, she had gone; the last sigh was breathed as Bessie crossed the threshold. "Thank God, she has not suffered," murmured her father. Bessie heard him as she flung herself down beside Hatty. There had been no pain, no struggle; a sudden change, a few short sighs, and Hatty had crossed the river. How peaceful and happy she looked in her last sleep—the sweet, deep sleep that knows no awaking! An innocent smile seemed to linger on her face. *Never more* would Hatty mourn over her faults and shortcomings; never more would morbid fears torment and harass her weary mind; never more would she plead for forgiveness, nor falter underneath her life's burthen, for, as Maguire says, "To those doubting ones earth was a night season of gloom and darkness, and in the borderland they saw the dawn of day; and when the summons comes, they are glad to bid farewell to the night that is past, and to welcome with joy and singing the eternal day, whose rising shall know no sunset."

Many and many a time during that mourning week did Bessie, spent and weary with weeping, recall those words that her darling had uttered, "I don't want to get well, Bessie; I should have all the old miserable feelings over again." And even in her desolation Bessie would not have called her back.

"My Hatty has gone," she wrote to Edna, in those first days of her loss. "I shall never see her sweet face again, until we meet in Paradise. I shall never hear her loving voice; but for her own sake I cannot wish her back. Her life was not a happy one; no one could make it happy, it was shadowed by physical depression. She had much to bear, and it was not always easy to understand her; it was difficult for her to give expression to the nameless fears, and the strange, morbid feelings that made life so difficult. She loved us all so much, but even her love made her wretched, for a careless word or a thoughtless speech rankled in her mind for days, and it was not easy to extract the sting; she was too sensitive, too highly organised for daily life; she made herself miserable about trifles. I know she could not help it, poor darling, and father says so too. Oh, how I miss her! but God only knows that, and I daresay He will comfort me in His own good time. Mother is ill; she is never strong, and the nursing and grief have broken her down, so we must all think of her. Pray for us all, dear Edna, for these are sorrowful days. I do not forget you, but I seem to look at you through the mist of years; still, I am always your loving friend,

"BESSIE."

(To be continued.)



WORK.

REDUCED.—We give each month all the information we can afford space for on dress-making and millinery. You can gather anything else from seeing the bonnets people wear, or looking into the shop windows, if you have any taste for millinery. But taste is very needful indeed. 2. Black straw can be renovated by using any of the "glosses" that are sold for shoes, or else with a wash of thin gum-arabic.

X. Y. Z.—We see no reason why a jersey should not be worn as a bodice to your wedding dress. There are so many styles now, and some very pretty ones.

ELLEN, BIRDIE, and ANNIE must write to Mr. Tarn, Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., and say what numbers they require of the book, enclosing stamps for payment.

MAY.—Take one gallon of tepid water and add half a gill of gall to it. Apply to the carpet with a clean brush, and wash the lather off with clean water and a clean cloth, rubbing with a dry one. Do a small portion of the carpet at a time, and do not make it too wet. The gall may be obtained from any butcher, but you are usually required to give notice a few days before, and to take a bottle with you in which to put it.

COOKERY.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following recipe for making marmalade, of which she says, "You will never make it another way if you try it." Take of Seville oranges, nine; of sweet ones, three; of lemons, three (or half quantities). Cut the Seville oranges, after peeling them, into thin slices cutting them across, not lengthwise with the stem, and cut the peel into narrow strips. Peel the sweet ones, throwing away the peel, and cut them up; peel the lemons, having previously taken out the seeds. Weigh all, and add three pints of water for each pound of the fruit; let it stand for twenty-four hours; boil till tender, which will take two hours. Third day weigh the pulp, and add either a quarter or half pound of sugar to each of pulp—according to taste—and boil until the chips be transparent, say about an hour, and the marmalade will be made.

FLORA K. W.—We are very glad that our article, "Sixty Pounds per Annum," and our dress articles have been so helpful to you and yours. We gladly give your recipe for dressing haricot beans. Soak the beans (during a whole night), boil without salt till soft, add salt, and boil for a few minutes; drain off, and keep the water. Fry a sliced onion in one ounce of butter; when quite brown stir in half a tablespoonful of flour. Let that brown also; add half a pint of the bean water, stirring all the time.

Let it boil, add pepper and chopped parsley and sweet herbs; pour all over the beans, or serve separately, as brown gravy. The bean water may be made into white sauce with butter, flour and milk, and is very nutritious. We think that the addition of the onion would render the beans unattractive to many.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROBIN.—Victor Marie Hugo, the French poet, dramatist, and novelist, was born February 26th, 1802, and was raised to be a Peer, with the title of Vicomte, by Louis Philippe, April, 1845. He was a very eccentric character, as his house in Guernsey demonstrated. He not only decorated the walls with china plates, but covered some of the ceilings with whole dinner services; and all the balusters of the staircase, as well as the walls, were covered with rugs and carpets. In his own private study at the top of the house there were only two pictures—one was his own likeness and the other a man hanging on a gibbet!

ROSE.—Domestic service is open to young women well trained in any of its branches; but they are not at all likely to find situations as governesses, either in the Dominion of Canada or in the United States of America.

EVA HOPE.—The signification of the two Hebrew words applying to the sacred breastplate worn by the Jewish High Priest, *i.e.*, *Urim* and *Thummim*, mean respectively "light" and "perfection." There is great mystery attached to this medium of Divine communication between God and His consecrated servant the High Priest. On his breast the twelve tribes of Israel were represented, borne as it were on his heart, when he approached his Divine Master in prayer, and when he "inquired of the Lord" concerning them on difficult occasions. But this was only when supreme wisdom was needed in their behalf for the guidance of the king, the president of the Sanhedrim, or general commanding their army. 2. To be sure of getting rid of vermin in vegetables you should not only wash them in salt and water, but a piece of soda should be put into a teacupful of water, of about the size of a walnut, and after soaking them a short time in this bath every grub will come out.

E. Z.—We should think that such a home might be found in the country by advertisement, as there are many people who would like to add to their income in that way.

NEW SUBSCRIBER, DUBLIN MAIDEN.—Apply at the Rotunda for all such information. You should learn to spell and write grammatically. You mix up the present and past tenses of your verbs.

SCAMP.—Apply to the secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, John Gill, Esq. (fee £1 1s. per subject), 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W. There is an entrance fee of £5 ss. Fees per term £11 11s. There are three terms in the year.

NELLIE (Jamaica).—We had nothing to pay, we believe, for the parcel. You have our affectionate sympathy in your recent great trial, but we are thankful you see God's hand in it all, and to know that "He doeth all things well."

A LEARNER.—The best way to make a paper pillow is to cut the paper in long, very narrow strips, and curl them with a penknife. Only notepaper should be used.

ZITTIE.—The word "crystal" is from the Latin *crystallum*, from a Greek word meaning ice, cold, frost, crystal. The dictionary gives four meanings, but if you wish to study the scientific one, you had better get some standard treatise on mineralogy, as the subject is very interesting from a geometrical point of view, and crystals are arranged in classes or systems. The glass of a watch is called "a crystal," also a species of glass more perfect in its composition than ordinary glass. The word "crystal" is also applied as a descriptive term to anything clear which resembles it, such as water. Dryden speaks of "the crystal streams that murmur through the meads." Crystal given as a woman's name means clear, lucid, transparent, crystalline.

BLANCHETTE and PENELOPE.—The peeling of the lower lip in large flakes has, we believe, something to do with the digestion. You had better consult a doctor. A good lip-salve might help you, bought of a chemist who makes it himself.

MRS. A. WATSON.—Your work is a truly good one, and we are glad to read in your printed account of it that there are now upwards of thirty "Snowdrop Bands," and that the members include all classes. For the promotion of the work amongst "Our Girls," we give the inscription which each member writes on a book presented to her: "We, the members of the 'Snowdrop Band,' sign our names to show that we have agreed that, wherever we are, and in whatever company, we will with God's help earnestly try, both by our example and influence, to discourage all wrong conversation, light and unmodest conduct, and the reading of foolish and bad books."

MISS POLHILL-TURNER.—Your missionary society, called the Willing Hands Society (specially for the benefit of Chinese missions), deserves to be noticed in this magazine. Each member must contribute four articles yearly, painting, work, etc., and a (minimum) subscription of 1s. per annum, paid in advance to the treasurer, Miss Bancroft, 7, Rothesay Gardens, Bedford. The proceeds of the annual sale of articles sent in by members are equally divided between the Church Missionary Society and China Inland Mission, to be used for evangelistic work in China only.

IDA VILLIERS.—It is not often that we are asked to help thin people to get fat; it is generally the other way. First, we should advise you to sit down and be quite tranquil for at least half an hour after your meals, and to cherish a thankful, unrepining, loving spirit; and get all the sleep possible. Eat butter, fat meats; take cream, milk, cocoa, chocolate, bread, potatoes, peas, parsnips, carrots, beetroots, and all farinaceous foods; pastry, custards, and sugar. Avoid acids, and do not tire yourself with exercise. You must remember, however, that the very slightest thinnest people often become the stoutest in middle life.

R. C. R. kindly writes to say that when sponges have become slimy in the winter season, they may be cured by putting them outside a window in a hard frost till they are frozen to the centre. When thawed they will be found quite right again.

TOO UTTERLY TOO-TOO does not mention the colour of her hat. If black, perhaps a little gum arabic would restore it.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NOAH'S ARK.



By
DARLEY
DALE.

CHAPTER XX. CONCLUSION.

THE autumn passed away without anything else happening to disturb the monotony of the broads; the usual floods, with an occasional salt tide, very destructive to the fish, grand sunsets, gales in which now and then some poplars were felled, were the chief incidents. Noah shot teal and snipe, worked his decoy very successfully, and cut reeds when he was not occupied in fishing; Adam was at college; Arthur and Eve abroad, exceedingly happy; Grace brighter and happier and better in health than she had ever been, and very much amused at the correspondence which went on between her father and Eve, for Arthur deputed his wife to do

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"AND LISTENED TO HIS STORIES AND HIS SONGS."

all his letter-writing. Mrs. Oldman alone was not well; she seemed quite unable to regain her strength after all she had gone through while nursing Eve, and the subsequent excitement seemed to have told upon her, the least thing exhausted her, and Noah found he was obliged to do all the hard work of the house for her or pay a woman to do it; she never complained, but it was evident to everyone she was far from well. The villagers said she missed her granddaughter, and if Eve had not married a gentleman, but had been contented with a broadman for her husband, her mother would not ail anything, and to outsiders it did seem that Mrs. Oldman felt Eve's absence more than Noah.

But the fact was that Noah had long learnt the truth of those words of Dante, "*In la sua volentade e nostra pace*," though he knew them only in the English version:

"In His will is our peace."

He knew them also by experience, and though he missed Eve terribly, the joy he felt in accepting God's will was greater even than the joy of her presence, and the tears that sometimes ran down his cheeks as he sat in the silence of the night-watches, listening for wherries, were happy tears.

The same could not be said for the tears Mrs. Oldman shed by day and by night; but it was Grace and not Eve that her soul yearned after. She felt that her sin against Eve had been expiated since she had married a gentleman; but she had deprived her own flesh and blood of a mother's love and care, and for this she could never atone; for not all the advantages of position and education which Grace enjoyed could make up for this. And now in the evening of her life she hungered for a daughter's love. Eve, had she been still at home, could not have satisfied this craving, only Grace could do that; and between her and Grace what a sea of separation lay! Not even the supposed fact that she was her own child's foster-mother bridged it over; though it was a thing Grace never forgot, and never omitted to pay at least one visit a week to the ark. Indeed, since Eve's marriage she had been more frequently, and a sense of duty forced Mr. Leicester to encourage these visits.

It was an early winter that year, and before Christmas the broads were a sheet of ice, and the skating was first-rate, for it was possible to go for miles on the frozen waters. Filton Broad, however, was the favourite place for the gentlefolk of the neighbourhood to meet and form quadrilles on the ice. A few days before Christmas Mrs. Oldman, knowing Adam Day was at the Rectory, thought she would go and look at the skaters, knowing that both Grace and Adam would be there. Accordingly she wrapped herself up, and set off to walk across the fields to the head of Muck Fleet, where, as she knew, she could get a good view of them. There, as she expected, she saw Grace, handsomely dressed in a long sealskin jacket, with hat and muff to match, the prettiest and the best-dressed girl on the ice, skating gracefully about with a

gentleman whom Mrs. Oldman recognised as Lord Norwich, who was reported to admire her exceedingly. Mrs. Oldman stood and watched the scene for some time, but she had no eyes for anyone but that fair, gentle girl who seemed to be the centre of attraction on the ice, and never before had she realised how great was the gulf between her and her child.

It was very cold, but she seemed unable to tear herself away, though it was torture to her to remain. Once Grace and her companion skated past her near enough for her to hear Lord Norwich remark—

"Look at that poor old woman watching us; how cold she looks!" but they were out of earshot before Grace, who had not noticed her, answered.

It was a relief to the poor breaking heart when Adam Day took Lord Norwich's place; he seemed a link between her and her child, though well as she knew him, she would have cut off her right hand sooner than claim acquaintance with him when he was among gentlefolks.

But the short December day began to wane, and, chilled to the very marrow, she turned from the broad and set her steps towards the ark. She was numb and faint with cold when she reached it, and too much exhausted to make up the fire, which was getting low, or to get herself some hot tea. Luckily Noah came in soon after, and finding how ill she seemed, gave her a dose of hot cordial and water, but the remedy was too late. She had taken a severe chill, and was so ill the next day that Noah sent for the doctor. At first he was not alarmed, though he insisted on her spending Christmas Day in bed; but the day after Christmas Day he shook his head, and told Noah there was very little hope, the end was very near; she had been failing for months, and in her weak state this chill would prove fatal.

Noah sent at once to the Rectory to tell Mr. Leicester of his new trouble, and he came almost immediately, bringing Grace with him. At the sight of her, Mrs. Oldman, who had been lying apparently unconscious for some hours, roused herself to say, with a smile, "Kiss me, my child, before I die."

Grace bent over her and kissed her tenderly, and then some impulse moved her to say—

"Mother, I will stay with you to-night if you like;" and the look of unutterable joy which lightened the features of the dying woman more than repaid her.

Grace often called Noah Father Noah, but her foster-mother had always been Mrs. Oldman to her; and now she could not have told what sudden inspiration moved her to use the one word those ears so soon to close on all earthly sounds were aching to hear; she felt in some vague way that she must try and take Eve's place since she was away, and perhaps it was this thought which prompted her; and then she sat on one side of the bed, and Noah on the other, each holding one of the dying woman's hands until the end came. Her watch did not last very long; before midnight Noah was a widower, and Adam, who

was sitting up in the kitchen in case anything was needed, took her home.

* * * * *

It is three years now since Eve was married; it is summer again, and again almost the same figures are grouped round the little altar for another wedding. Mr. Leicester, as before, is the officiating minister; Noah, still in his broadman's dress, but with a band of crape round one of his blue jersey sleeves, which he will always wear, gives away the bride, as he did on the former occasion; but the position of the two girls is reversed to-day. Grace, robed in a costly white dress with a long lace veil and wreath of orange blossom, is the bride, and behind her stands Eve, in a still more costly dress of pearl-grey silk, relieved with ruby velvet, looking prettier than ever. The bridegroom is, of course, Adam Day, and by his side is Arthur Clifford, as handsome as ever. There are no other guests, though the church is crowded with spectators, foremost among whom is a lovely boy of two years old, whose nurse only restrains him by main force from rushing into his supposed grandfather Noah's arms, where he is accustomed to spend the greater part of his day while visiting in Windham. For Eve is not one whit spoiled by her marriage, but runs in and out of the ark as if it were still her home, and kisses Noah, and tells her boy if he does not think his grandfather the best man in the world he is no son of hers.

But the secret of Eve's parentage is to be concealed no longer. When the service is over Mr. Leicester and Noah have agreed to yield to Adam's wishes, and let the truth be known before the register is signed. So when the vestry door is closed, and Grace is ready, pen in hand, to sign her name, Mr. Leicester put his arm round her, to the detriment of her lace, and said—

"Wait one moment, my darling; you do not know how to sign it. Arthur, Eve, and Grace, I have some news to tell you, which intimately concerns you all three, and which perhaps will explain the apparent inconsistency of my conduct, when three years ago I so suddenly gave my consent to Arthur's marriage with Eve."

"And also your consent to my marriage with Grace," interrupted Adam.

"I am not so sure of that, Adam; I think under any circumstances I should have consented to that, had I been consulted. The fact is, my children—for you are all my children—Arthur I have always looked upon as a son, Grace as a most dutiful daughter, while after all Eve has the best right to call me father, for Eve is my real daughter, changed by poor Mrs. Oldman when a baby with Grace, who was her own child. It is true, incredible as it must seem to you all; Mrs. Oldman confessed the truth in order to induce Noah and me to consent to Eve's marriage, and Adam guessed it as he watched her wedding, and it is by his wish that I now reveal the secret to you."

While Mr. Leicester was speaking he kept his arm round Grace, as though declaring his intention of not letting her

slip from him, though no daughter of his; and Eve quietly moved to Noah's side, and slipping her little hand through his arm, laid her soft cheek against the rough crape band which bound it, and whispered—

"I don't believe a word of it, father,"

"It is true, my little one," said Noah aloud, sadly.

"True or not, you are my own dear father, and nobody shall take you away from me," said Eve aloud, with a jealous look at Grace, who would fain have clung to Mr. Leicester; but Adam drew her arm through his, and leading her to Noah said—

"Give us your blessing, Father Noah; your heart's desire has been granted you, for I am really your son now." And Noah drew the arm Eve held gently away, that he might lay his hands on the heads of Adam and Grace while he blessed them solemnly, and then he stooped and kissed Grace's forehead; meanwhile

Mr. Leicester crossed the little vestry to Eve, and, taking her hands in his, embraced her, saying—

"I think I must ask for a corner in my own daughter's heart, after all."

"Yes," said Eve, simply, "I am very fond of you; you have always been very good to me, but I shall always love my old father the best," and with this she slipped back to Noah's side, and pillowed her soft cheek against his coarse jersey; and putting up her little white hand, with its jewelled fingers, she pulled his grand face down to hers, and whispered pettishly, "You are always to love me best, do you hear? I shall be dreadfully jealous if you like Grace too much."

"My little one, I fear I always shall love you best," said Noah in the same tone; and Eve was satisfied.

But for the first time in his life Adam awoke to the conviction that Noah had a fault—he loved Eve better than Grace, and it was a fault that time could

not cure, for Eve always felt at home in the ark, and sorry to leave it; while Grace, though she visited her father as often as Eve, always felt out of her place there, and breathed freer *outside*. As years went on, and children were born to Adam and Grace, as well as to Eve and Arthur, the ark became their favourite playground, and Father Noah was the centre of attraction to a group of girls and boys, who sat on his knees and played with his beard, and spoilt his pike-liggers and entangled his fishing-tackle, and listened to his stories and his songs, and loved him almost as dearly as he deserved. And so the evening of his life was calm and beautiful, though the storm which fell on his middle age was violent and sudden, like the storms which rise so suddenly on his native broads, all trace of which is over before the sun sets in a glow of golden glory at eventide.

[THE END.]



THE ROMANCE OF NATURE;

OR,

THE FOLKLORE OF ANIMALS, PLANTS, EARTH, AIR, SEA, AND SKY.

BY JAMES MASON.

III.—THE FOLKLORE OF PLANTS.

IN speaking of the folklore of plants we shall begin with our national emblems, the rose, thistle, shamrock, and leek.

Of these the rose is, from our present point of view, the most worth speaking about. This is as it should be; the emblem of England is the queen of flowers, and a queen may naturally be expected to have the best of everything.

At what time the rose came to be bound up with the fortunes of England is doubtful. The first English monarch, according to Mr. Lower in his "Curiosities of Heraldry," who assumed the rose was Edward I. From this, in some way or other, not yet well explained, probably originated the white and red roses of his descendants, the rival houses of York and Lancaster, who for many a long day wearied the country with their wars.

In the early days of the world there were not, it seems, red and white roses as now; there were only white ones. How the others came into being has been told by Herrick.

"Tis said, as Cupid danced among the gods.

He down the nectar flung,
Which on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red."

Love divination by means of rose-leaves is practised in Thuringia. If a maiden has several lovers she takes a corresponding number of rose-leaves and names one after each suitor. She then scatters them on the surface of a basin of water, and the leaf that goes last to the bottom is that either of her truest lover or of her predestined husband.

From the earliest times the rose has been a symbol of silence. This has given rise to the common phrase *sub rosa*, under the rose. "This vulgar saying," says Brand, "is stated to have taken its rise from convivial entertainments, where it was an ancient custom to wear chaplets of roses about the head, on which occasions, when persons desired to confine their words to the company present, that they 'might go no farther,' they commonly said they were spoken under the rose."

A curious superstition connects roses with human blood. In France, Germany, and Italy it used to be held that if anyone wished to have ruddy cheeks she had but to bury a drop of her blood under a rosebush. A belief existed in some quarters that the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour was made from rose-briar, and that the drops of blood which started from beneath it fell to the ground and sprang up as roses.

The rose, according to a Roumanian notion, is an enchanted princess. The legend is thus told by Mr. E. C. G. Murray in his "Doine."

"It is early morning, and a young princess comes down into her garden to bathe in the silver waves of the sea. The transparent whiteness of her complexion is seen through the slight veil which covers it, and shines through the blue waves like the morning star in an azure sky.

"She springs into the sea and mingles with the silvery rays of the sun, which sparkle on the dimples of the laughing waves.

"The sun stands still to gaze upon her; he covers her with kisses and forgets his duty. Once, twice, thrice, has the night advanced to take her sceptre and reign over the world—thrice has she found the sun upon her way.

"Since that day the lord of the universe has changed the princess into a rose, and this is why the rose always hangs her head and blushes when the sun gazes on her."

A beautiful Eastern fable represents the bulbul—as the Armenians call the nightingale—falling in love with the rose, and only beginning to sing when inspired by the tender passion. This fable has been thus rendered in English verse by Thackeray:—

"Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
I could not have my fill.

'How comes,' I said, 'such music to his bill?

Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill?'"

"Once I was dumb," then did the bird disclose,
 'But looked upon the rose;
 And in the garden where the loved one grows
 I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

The way in which the thistle became the insignia of Scotland is said by tradition to be this. When the Danes invaded Scotland it was deemed disreputable to attack an enemy in the darkness of night instead of encountering him in a fair stand-up fight in broad day, but on one occasion the invaders resolved very shabbily to avail themselves of stratagem. They advanced in the dark, and to prevent their tramp from being heard marched barefooted. They had neared the Scottish forces unobserved, when a Dane stepped on a superbly prickled thistle, which made him give a howl of pain. This discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle, out of gratitude, was immediately after that adopted as the national emblem of Scotland.

It was a plant sacred of old to Thor. Its colour, it was said, came from the lightning, against which it was a certain safeguard.

What sort of thistle is really the thistle of Scotland has been hotly discussed. Botanists generally agree that the cotton thistle is the one that has most claim to the honour. Another debatable question is, What is the true Irish shamrock? Is it the leaf of the wood-sorrel, or that of one of the trefoils? The weight of authority is certainly in favour of the latter, Dutch clover being pretty generally regarded by the Irish themselves as the genuine article.

The popular tradition is that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish he made use of this plant, bearing three leaves on one stem, as an illustration of the great mystery, and it thus came to be adopted as the emblem of the land of which St. Patrick is the patron saint. It may be, however, that the shamrock had mystical virtues ascribed to it in Ireland before the landing of the saint. Clover, certainly, has a number of superstitions connected with it at the present day. The accidental finding of four-leaved clover is a sure sign of luck. Whoever discovers it, especially on Christmas Eve, has the power of seeing faeries and other supernatural beings.

In Hunt's "Popular Romances of the West of England" a curious story is told of a milkmaid who, having finished her work, picked up a handful of grass and clover to put in the crown of her hat, that she might carry the bucket the steadier. "She had no sooner placed the hat on her head than she saw hundreds and thousands of the small people swarming in all directions about the cow, and dipping their hands in the milk, and taking it out on the clover blossoms." When she got home she looked over by candlelight what was in her hat, and found a bunch of three-leaved clover and one stem with four leaves.

In Germany four-leaved clover used to be used as a protection against being drafted for military service. In Bohemia, when a young man sets out on a journey his lass contrives to place four-leaved clover in his shoes, and believes that by that means she has effectually secured his return. In the Tyrol a lover puts four-leaved clover under his pillow in order to dream of his sweetheart.

The leek is the emblem of Wales, and for its being so various reasons are assigned. Some say it is in memory of a great victory obtained over the Saxons. During the conflict the Welsh, by order of St. David, put leeks in their hats to distinguish themselves from their enemies. Shakespeare makes the wearing of the leek to have originated at the battle of Cressy. Dr. Robert Chambers, however, takes quite a

prosaic view of its adoption as the emblem of Wales, and of its being worn on the day of St. David, the patron saint of the Principality. "Perhaps the English," he says, "if not the Welsh reader, will pardon us for expressing our inclination to believe that the custom had no romantic origin whatever, but merely sprung up in allusion to the prominence of the leek in the *cuisine* of the Welsh people."

The daisy—the "golden tuft within a silver crown"—is popularly looked upon as the emblem of modesty. It used to be the badge of Maid Margaret, that was so meek and mild, a highly popular saint in days of yore.

When chivalry reigned in Europe the daisy played an interesting part in many a love affair. When a knight was an accepted lover his lady allowed him to engrave a daisy on his arms; when he proposed and she would neither say yea nor nay, she wore on her head a coronet of wild daisies, which meant "I'll think about it."

In France they make use of the daisy as a sort of thermometer for ascertaining the warmth of other people's affections. Lovers take a daisy and pluck its leaflets off one by one, saying, "Does he (or she) love me?—a little—much—passionately—not at all." Whatever phrase falls to the last leaflet tells how the matter really stands. In this country the marigold, and in Germany the star flower or aster, is applied to for the same kind of information. Readers of "Faust" will remember how Margaret, as she walked in the garden, picked off the leaves of an aster one after another, saying, half aloud, "He loves me—loves me not—he loves me—not—he loves me—not—he loves me!"

In many parts of England the country people judge of the advance of the year by the number of daisies to be seen. "Spring has not come," they say, "till you can set your foot on twelve daisies at once."

The dandelion has a place in folklore both as a clock and as a lover's oracle. When the seeds are ripe the flower stalk is carefully plucked, and then the seeds are blown away with the breath till they are all gone. The number of puffs necessary to accomplish this is held by some to indicate the hour of the day; others more romantic interpret it as the number of years that must elapse before they are to be married.

The "sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers" have a story attached to them to explain how they came by their name. "Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake on a fine summer's evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of the myosotis growing on the water close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished-for plant, but his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and, casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he cried, 'Forget me not,' and was buried in the waters."

A beautiful Persian legend about the forget-me-not is given by the poet Shiraz. "It was," he says, "in the golden morning of the early world, when an angel sat weeping outside the closed gates of Eden. He had fallen from his high estate through loving a daughter of earth, nor was he permitted to enter it again till she whom he loved had planted the flowers of the forget-me-not in every corner of the world. He returned to earth and assisted her, and they went hand in hand over the world planting the forget-me-not. When their task was ended they entered Paradise together—for the fair woman, without tasting the bitterness of death,

became immortal, like the angel whose love her beauty had won when she sat by the river twining the forget-me-not in her hair."

The lily is rival to the rose for the queenship of the garden, and by virtue of its position has many interesting pieces of folklore connected with it. It used to be held that a subtle relationship existed between it and human life. According to a Northern superstition, if anyone is unjustly executed white lilies will spring from his grave in token of innocence. In many of the ballads of Sweden, lilies as well as roses grow out of graves. From the grave of a maiden three lilies spring, which can be gathered by no one but her lover.

There are quaint old stories of people being changed by death into lilies. We may repeat one of these, which is given in Thorpe's "Northern Mythology." "There was in days of yore a conjurer who cut people's heads off and set them on again. One day, when he was practising his art, a travelling journeyman entered the room as a spectator. On the table before the conjurer there stood a large glass filled with distilled water, out of which grew a white lily every time the conjurer cut a head off, which he called the 'Lily of Life.' When the conjurer had cut a head off, the traveller quickly stepped up to the table and with a sharp knife severed the stalk of the lily without being observed by anyone; so that when the conjurer would replace the head the operation failed, whereupon he was seized and burned for a murderer."

As a charm against witchcraft the water-lily is gathered in Germany. It is also held to have a magical power in Holland. "I remember when a boy," says Dr. Halbertsma, "that we were extremely careful in plucking and handling it, for if anyone fell with such a flower in his possession he became immediately subject to fits!"

The lily of the valley has long been a popular symbol of purity and holiness. In some parts of St. Leonard's Forest, in Sussex, it grows freely, and a legendary tale is there told of it. It is said to have sprung from the blood of St. Leonard, who once met a mighty worm, or "fire-drake," in the forest, and did battle with it for three whole days. The saint came off victorious, but in the struggle he was severely wounded, and wherever drops of his blood fell on the ground lilies sprang up in profusion.

In the olden time no plants ranked higher as antidotes to all witcheries and wizardries than the well-known St. John's worts; and they were not only "powerful for the expulsion of witches," but for "the prognostication of the fates of young men and maidens."

The reason for their being held in such esteem is thus given by Mr. James Napier in his "Folklore in the West of Scotland":—"In heathen mythology," he says, "the summer solstice was a day dedicated to the sun, and was believed to be a day on which witches held their festivities. St. John's wort (then known as Baldur's blood) was their symbolical plant, and people were wont to judge from it whether their future would be lucky or unlucky; as it grew they read in its progressive character their future lot. The Christians dedicated this festive period to St. John the Baptist, and the sacred plant was named St. John's wort or root, and became a talisman against evil. When hung up on St. John's day, together with a cross, over the doors of houses, "it kept out the devil and other evil spirits. To gather the root on St. John's Day morning at sunrise and retain it in the house gave luck to the family in their undertakings, especially in those begun on that day."

Stowe, in his "Survey of London," mentions that it was the custom on St. John's Eve to hang up St. John's wort over the doors along with green birch, fennel, orpine, white lilies, and other plants. Pennant, who wrote at a later date, speaks of St. John's wort as

hung over the doors in Wales on Midsummer Eve. In Sweden and Norway, a bunch of St. John's wort, gathered on St. John's Eve, is hung up to warn off the witches. Wreaths of it are placed on the roofs of houses on the Lower Rhine as a protection against evil.

"It used," we are told, "to be a popular belief in the Isle of Wight, before crowds of visitors drove the fairies out, that if you trod on the St. John's wort after sunset a fairy horse would rise from the earth and bear you about all night, leaving you in the morning wherever you might chance to be at sunrise."

Amongst girls in Denmark it is the custom on St. John's Day to gather St. John's wort and place it between the beams under the roof in order to learn what their future is to be. The usual plan is for a girl to place one plant for herself and another for her sweetheart; if they grow together it foretells a wedding. In Lower Saxony sprigs of the St. John's wort are gathered by girls and fastened to the walls of their chambers. If on the following morning the plant is still fresh there is a lover in the wind; but if it be drooping and withered, the maiden is destined to come to an early grave.

There is a common saying in the Tyrol that if a traveller have a piece of St. John's wort in his shoes he will never be weary. In the Netherlands it is believed that, if it be gathered before sunrise, it will protect a house against being struck by lightning.

We shall speak next of rosemary. This herb was long ago supposed to be a wonderful improver of the memory. "It overtoppeth all the flowers in the garden boasting man's rule," says an old herbalist. "It helpeth the brain, strengtheneth the memorie, and is very medicinable for the head." This belief made it the symbol of remembrance amongst lovers and friends. A poet of the sixteenth century writes:—

"Rosemary is for remembrance
Between us day and night,
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight."

In *Hamlet*, Ophelia in her madness gives rosemary to her brother, saying, "There's rosemary; that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember."

The superstitious believed that rosemary kept off thieves, and some held that it could work even a greater wonder, and make old folks young again. There is a story told in an old English poem on the virtues of rosemary about an aged woman bent with age and crippled with rheumatism, who looked back to her dancing days with not unnatural regret. So—

"Of rosemarie she took six pound
And ground it well in a stownde,"

and then mixed it with water, in which she bathed three times a day. The result was very satisfactory; she became so youthful-looking that she began to look out for a husband.

Rosemary was commonly used in bygone times at funerals, along with sprigs of ivy, laurel, and other evergreens as an emblem of the soul's immortality. Gay in his "Pastorals" tells how—

"To show their love, the neighbours far and near,
Followed with wistful looks the damsel's bier;
Sprigged rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walked before."

In Lancashire, not so long ago, the "bidders" of guests to a funeral went to the various houses of the persons to be invited, and presented to each a sprig of rosemary, which the guest wore or carried in the hand at the funeral.

A cheerful use was its employment in foretelling the end of love affairs. On St. Agnes's Day a sprig of rosemary and a sprig of thyme were taken and sprinkled thrice with water. The girl in the evening put the rosemary in one shoe and the thyme in the other, set the shoes on either side of her bed, and on going to rest repeated—

"St. Agnes, that's to lovers kind,
Come ease the troubles of my mind!"

The future husband was then sure to appear.

Rosemary was often worn at weddings. In Thuringia it is twined with bridal wreaths. After marriage, if it flourished in the garden, it used to be said in some parts of this country that "the lady ruled the roast." A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* mentions his being in a garden in Hertfordshire, where the worthy cottager pointed to a specimen of the plant, and said—

"That be rosemary, sir, and they do say
that it only grows where the missus is master,
and it do grow here like wildfire!"

In Spain rosemary is connected with love affairs. A Spanish saying, of which we give a free translation, informs us that—

"Who passeth by the rosemarie,
And careth not to take a spray,
For woman's love no care has he,
Nor shall he, though he live for aye."

The plantain is one of the familiar plants of the wayside, and it is an odd fact that it always follows the migrations of the human race. Through its haunting the track of man with such constancy, a superstition has arisen in Germany that it was once a maiden who watched by the roadside for her lover. Whilst she was on the look-out she was changed by magic spells into a flower, and ever since in the form of the plantain she has been found in beaten paths. Only once in seven years she changes into a bird, either the cuckoo or the "cuckoo's servant," which is said to follow its master everywhere.

The ribwort plantain is employed in Berwickshire for purposes of love-divination. "The lads and lasses who would peer into the future take two 'kemps'—i.e., spikes—of this plant, which must be in full bloom, strip them of the flowers, wrap them in a dock leaf, and lay them beneath a stone. One represents the lad, the other the lass. If next morning the spikes appear in blossom, then there will be 'aye love between them twa!'"

We spoke about St. John's wort having a reputation abroad for preventing weariness in walking. As an aid to pedestrianism in this country mugwort is most praised by the superstitious. An old writer says: "If a footman take mugwort and put it in his shoes in the

morning, he may go forty miles before noon and not be weary."

But mugwort is sought after for another reason. A rare coal possessed of wonderful virtues is found under it. This coal, which also exists, it is said, under the plantain, can be discovered only at one hour of the day and on one day of the year. "Divers authors," says Thomas Hill, in his "Natural and Artificial Conclusions," "affirm concerning the verity and virtue of this cole, viz., that it is only to be found on Midsummer eve, just at noon, under every root of plantain and mugwort; the effects whereof are wonderful; for whosoever weareth or beareth the same about with them shall be freed from the plague, fevers, ague, and sundry other diseases. And one author especially writeth and constantly averreth that he never knew any that used to carry of this marvellous cole about them who ever were, to his knowledge, sick of the plague, or indeed complained of any other maladic."

Flax has several interesting items of folklore connected with it. In Thuringia, when a young woman gets married she puts flax in her shoes, under the belief that through doing so she will never come to poverty. In Bohemia there is a belief that seven-year-old children, by dancing in a field of flax, will become beautiful. There is a saying in the Netherlands that the flax is sure to prosper if the sun shines on Candlemas Day, the 2nd of February. A popular belief in Westphalia is that if the sun makes its appearance on the first day of the year the flax will be straight.

To these superstitions we may add the following North German legend of flax-spinning, told by Mr. Thorpe. It is an instructive example of what may be the end of woman's curiosity. "A dwarf came one day to a girl, and gave her a distaff full of flax, on which there was enough for her whole life, provided she never spun it quite off. She spun from one year to another, and yet the distaff was always full, and she got so much yarn that she was constantly adding one piece of fine linen to another. At last she thought she might as well know what was beneath the flax, and why she might not spin it all off. So she spun quicker and quicker, and had at length the end of it between her fingers. But under the flax there was nothing on the distaff, and the everlasting supply was irrecoverably gone."

Hemp is of service in love-divination, the seed being sown on a particular night of the year, with a view to seeing a girl's future husband. In Gay's "Pastorals" we have a girl thus describing how on St. John's Eve she performed the rite:—

"At eve, last Midsummer, no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought;
I scattered round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
'This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be the crop shall mow.'
I straight looked back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe, behind me came the youth.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."

(To be continued.)



OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I MUST NOT THINK OF MYSELF."



BESSIE'S words to Edna had been strangely prophetic—
"Trouble may come to me one day;" it had come already, in its most crushing form. The bond

of sisterhood is very strong; it has peculiar and precious privileges, apart from other relationships; a sort of twinship of sympathy unites many sisters who have grown up together. Their thoughts and interests are seldom apart. All their little pleasures, their minor griefs, youthful hopes, disappointments, are shared with each other. They move together through the opening years of their life. Sometimes old age finds them still together, tottering hand-in-hand to the grave. Of all her sisters, Bessie could least spare Hatty, and her death left a void in the girl's life that was very difficult to fill. From the first, Bessie had accepted the responsibility of Hatty. Hatty's peculiar temperament, her bad health and unequal spirits, had set her apart from the other members of the family, who were all strong and cheerful and full of life. Bessie had realised this, and had made Hatty her special charge and duty; but now there was a gap in her daily life, a sense of emptiness and desolation. There was no need now to hurry through her morning's task that she might sit with Hatty. When she went out, there was no Hatty to watch for her return and listen to all her descriptions of what she had seen. At night, when Bessie went upstairs, she would creep softly into a certain empty room, which was dearer to her than any other room. Hatty's little gowns, her few girlish possessions, were all locked away in the wardrobe; but her Bible and prayer-book, and her shabby little writing-case, lay on the table. Bessie would pull up the blind, and kneel down by the low bed; she liked to say her prayers in that room. Sometimes as she prayed, the sense of her sister's presence would come over her strongly; she could almost feel the touch of the thin little hands that had so often toiled in her service. Hatty's large, wistful eyes seemed to look lovingly out of the darkness. "Oh! my Hatty, are you near me?" she would sob, but there was no answer out of the silence.

Who has not tasted the bitterness of these moments, when the craving for the loved presence seems insupportable, hardly to be borne? How our poor human hearts rebel against the unnatural separation, until the thrilling words make themselves heard—"He is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Oh, yes, of the living! Cease, then, to mourn, poor soul, as one without hope. Somewhere,

not here, but in the larger room of a purified existence, your beloved one lives, breathes, nay, thinks of thee. Be comforted; one day we shall meet them, and the friendship of time will become the love of eternity.

Bessie strove hard not to be selfish in her grief. Her mother's strength, never very great, had broken down utterly for a time. Bessie knew that this failure of power added to her father's anxiety, and in the most touching manner she tried to console them both. When she looked back at these sad days, Bessie owned that she had been marvellously helped and supported. With the day's burden had come daily strength to bear it. "I must not think of myself, I must think of father and mother," she would say, as she awoke in the morning with that blank sense of loss. "There is nothing to do for Hatty now, but there are others who need me." And this thought helped her through the day. In that busy household there was no time to sit alone and brood. A quiet walk now and then, and that half-hour in Hatty's room, was all Bessie could conscientiously spare. If she stayed away for an hour, Christine complained of dullness, and her mother looked sadder on her return. Ella and Katie, too, made constant demands on her time and patience. Christine was very unlike Bessie in temperament. She was a pretty, bright girl, warm-hearted and high-spirited, but she did not possess Bessie's contented nature. Christine often found her quiet life irksome. She was inquisitive, restless, eager to see the world. She had insatiable curiosity; a love of change, her small girlish ambitions. She wanted to plume her wings a little—to try them in flights hither and thither. The gay world seemed to her ignorance a land flowing with milk and honey. She had yet to spell the meaning of the words illusion and vanity. Bessie was very fond of Christine. She loved all her sisters dearly, but there was less sympathy between them than there had been between herself and Hatty.

Hatty, in spite of her morbid humours and difficult tendencies, had a refined and cultured mind; her chief source of fretfulness was that she loved the best and failed to reach it. The very loftiness of her standard produced despondency akin to despair.

Hatty's faith was pure but feeble. She hated everything false and mean. She despised the conventionalities of life, while Bessie laughed at them. She and Bessie had their ideals, their simple secrets, their crude girlish notions, that were nevertheless very true and sweet.

Bessie could make allowances for Hatty's sharp speeches, as she watched her daily struggles with her faulty temper. She could rejoice in Hatty's victories all the more that she had borne so patiently with her failures, and there was no abiding sting in her grief now, no remorseful feelings for duties undone and opportu-

nities wasted; but with Christine things were different.

One Sunday afternoon, when Bessie was stealing away for a quiet half-hour in Hatty's room, she was surprised to find Christine following her.

"May I come in too, Bessie?" she said, very humbly, and her eyes were full of tears; "I do so want a little comfort, and I can't talk to mother. I am making myself so miserable about Hatty."

"About our dear Hatty! Oh, Chrissy, what can you mean?" asked Bessie, reproachfully. "We can talk here, and perhaps our poor darling may be listening to us. I do love this room; it seems to breathe of Hatty somehow. There, I will open the window. How sweet the air is! and look, how red the leaves are, though it is only the end of September!" And then she added, softly, "Hatty has been six weeks in her new home."

"Oh, how I envy you, Bessie!" sighed Christine; "you can talk and think happily about dear little Hatty, but with me it is all so different. If I had only been good to her, if she had not made me so impatient! But I cannot help remembering how horrid I used to be." And here one tear after another rolled down Christine's pretty, troubled face.

Bessie's soft heart grew very pitiful. "Dear Chrissy," she said, gently, "there is no need to fret over that now. Hatty was always fond of you, and you of her; she told me that night, when I came home, how kind you had been to her; there was no one but you to do things, and you were such a comfort to her."

"How could I help being kind to her, when she was so ill, and there was the fear of losing her? Somehow, I never thought there was much amiss with Hatty. I could not get it out of my mind that she always made the most of every little ailment, and that it was wrong of you and mother to give in to her. I never thought it would come to this." And Christine sobbed afresh.

"Yes, I know what you mean; but, indeed, Chrissy, dear, you need not distress yourself so. Hatty has forgiven everything long ago; she was never one to bear malice—no, her nature was too sweet for that."

"But I might have made her happier," persisted Christine. "I need not have minded her worrying so over every little trifle, but I was always losing patience, and getting vexed with her. I used to wonder at your bearing with her as you did, and I thought it a mistake to give way to all her humours. I never imagined that she was cross because she was so suffering, but father says all her gloomy fancies and tiresome little ways came from her low health."

"I might have made her happier!" That speech went to Bessie's heart. "Listen to me, darling," she said, eagerly; "I do not want to make you more miserable, but what you have just said reminds me so of a passage I copied only the other day out of one of Tom's

books; it was written by a man who had failed in his own life, but was very gentle and very tolerant of other people. 'Oh, let us not wait,' he says, 'to be just, or pitiful, or demonstrative towards those we love, until they or we are struck down by illness, or threatened with death! Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love, make haste to be kind.' And then in another place he says, and that is so true, too, 'Never to tire, never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart, to hope always like God; to love always—this is duty.'"

Christine made a despairing gesture. "It is a duty in which I have utterly failed," she said, bitterly.

"You think you might have been kinder to Hatty; that is just what Tom said of himself the other day. I am afraid many people have these sort of reproachful thoughts when they lose one they love. Everything seems different," she continued, in a musing tone; "we see with other eyes. Death seems to throw such a strange searching light over one's life; big things are dwarfed, and little things come into pre-eminence; our looks, and words, and actions pass in review before us—we see where we have failed, and our successes do not comfort us."

"But you, at least, are free from these thoughts, Bessie?"

"Not entirely. There were times when I found Hatty trying, when she depressed me, and made me impatient. Indeed, Chrissy, dear, we must remember that we are human and not angels. None of us are free from blame; we have all failed in our turn. You have never been morbid before; try to forget the little every-day frictions, for which Hatty was to blame as well as you, and only remember how good you were to her in her illness—what a comfort to me as well as to her. 'Chrissy has been such a darling,' Hatty said to me one day."

After all, Christine was quite willing to be comforted, and presently she dried her eyes.

"You must let me talk to you sometimes, Bessie," she said; "it will do me good, because you have such a nice clear way of putting things, and you never mind trouble. I know I can't take Hatty's place, but if you will let me do things for you sometimes, and feel that I am a help, for we are sisters as much as you and Hatty were, and I want to get nearer to you somehow."

"And so you shall, dear," replied Bessie, touched by this humility. "You must not think that I do not love you because Hatty was so much to me. There is nothing I would not do for you, Chrissy—oh, you may be sure of that," and Bessie kissed her affectionately. This conversation made Christine happier, for she was a good-hearted girl, and her repentance was very real, and it strengthened Bessie in her resolve to do her best for them all. Sorrow is a great

test of character; it makes the selfish more selfish, and hardens the proud, but Bessie grew softer under its influence. After all, Edna was right in saying that it was harder to suffer through one's own fault. An affliction that comes straight from God's hand (though, in one sense, all trouble is permitted by His providence) wounds, and yet heals at the same time, and Bessie was to learn this by degrees; and, after all, her cross was wreathed with the soft flowers of hope.

One morning early in October Bessie had a most unexpected pleasure. She had just returned from a long walk, and was on her way to the morning-room in search of her mother, when Christine opened the drawing-room door and beckoned to her with a very excited face.

"Do come in, Betty," she said, in a loud whisper that must have been distinctly audible inside the room. "What a time you have been! and there is a friend of yours waiting for you."

Bessie quickened her steps, feeling somewhat mystified by Christine's manner, and the next moment she was face to face with Edna. Bessie turned very pale, and could hardly speak at first for surprise and emotion; but Edna took her in her arms and kissed her.

"My dear Bessie," she said, softly; and then she laughed a little nervously, and it was not the old musical laugh at all—"are you very surprised to see me? Oh, it was a bright idea of mine. I have been visiting those same friends (I had returned from them that day you know, when we were snowed up together). Well, when I saw Sheen Valley, all of a sudden the thought popped into my head that I would stop at Cliffe, and take a later train; so I telegraphed to mamma, who is in London, and now I have a whole hour to spend with you; is not that nice?"

"Very nice indeed. I am so glad to see you, Edna, but you are looking delicate; you have lost your colour."

"What nonsense!" with a touch of her old impatience. "You are as bad as mamma; she is always finding fault with me. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones at their neighbours. You do not look like yourself either, Bessie."

"Oh, that is different," and Bessie's lips trembled a little; "I have gone through so much since we parted. I try to take it properly, and everyone helps me, but I think I miss my Hatty more every day."

"You want a change," returned Edna, kindly, for she was much touched by the alteration in her friend's looks.

Bessie had lost her pretty fresh colour, and looked pale and subdued in her black dress; her grey eyes had a sad look in them, even her voice had lost its old cheery tones, and her very movements were quieter; the bright elasticity that had been her charm was missing now, and yet Edna thought she had never looked so sweet.

"My poor little daisy," she continued, "you have a crushed look. You want country air to revive you. Will you

come to us? Mamma will be delighted; you are such a favourite of hers; and as for myself, I want you more than I can say."

"Not yet; I could not leave mother yet," returned Bessie, but a faint colour stole into her face. No, she could not leave her post, and yet it would have been nice to see the Grange again, and Richard's friendly face; he had been so kind to her; and there was Whitefoot, and the dear dogs, and the lanes were full of hips and haws. "No, not yet; but I should like to come again one day."

"Well, well, I will not tease you; by-and-by I will make another appeal, but if your mother be not well——" She paused, and then something of the old mischief came into her eyes. "You see I am improving, Bessie; I am not always trying to get my own way; my goodness makes mamma quite uneasy. I think she has got it into her head that I shall die young; all good young people die—in books. No, it was wrong of me to joke," as a pained look crossed Bessie's face; "seriously, I am trying to follow your advice; but, oh! it is such hard work."

"Dear Edna, do you think I do not see the difference in you?"

"Am I different?" she asked, eagerly, and a wistful look came into her lovely eyes. "Richard said the other day how much nicer I was; we are quite friends, Ritchie and I, now, and I won't let mamma be so hard on him. He was very kind to me when—when—Neville went away; he tells me about him sometimes, for once or twice he has seen him in London; but just fancy, Bessie, he never even asked after me. 'Are your people well?' That is all he said; but of course he will never forgive me; men are like that."

"He may not think that you want to be forgiven," returned Bessie.

Edna's colour rose.

"He will never know it," she said, proudly; but the next moment her tone changed. "Oh, Bessie, what shall I do? Sometimes I am so miserable that I hardly know how I am to go on living. I never thought I should miss Neville like this, but I do—I do."

"Do not think me unkind if I say that I rejoice to hear it; it proves how deep and real your affection was."

"It was the only real part of me," was the reply. "Now it is too late, I have discovered it for myself. I never would let myself think seriously of my engagement. I liked Neville, and I meant to marry him one day, and that was all I thought about it; but now I see that the real feeling was there all the time, only choked up with rubbish, and I am quite sure that I could never care for anyone else in the same way—never—never."

"Poor Edna, it is very hard, and I am so sorry for you." But as Bessie spoke Christine came back into the room with a small tray of refreshments, and her mother followed, so she and Edna were obliged to break off the conversation.

(To be continued.)



THE COWSLIP.

THE COWSLIP.

BY CLARA THWAITES.

BRING me the earliest cowslip,
Wet with the spring's soft rain,
For the radiant hours of summer
Come to the earth again.

Rooks in the elms are calling,
Lambs in the meadows bleat,
And under my lattice window
The violet's breath is sweet.

Ye of the bright young faces,
Ye are blithe as we were of yore,
When we gathered the yellow cowslip
With the friends that are no more.

Hyacinths in the woodlands
Are blue as the summer skies,
And the stately arums cluster
Where the early primrose dies.

Bring, O rejoicing children,
Flowers from the hill and vale,
From the cuckoo-haunted meadow
Bring me the primrose pale.

THE CHEF.

BY MARY POCKOCK.

WAYS IN WHICH A FRENCH COOK DRESSES BEEF AND MUTTON.

IN the article on soups directions are given for boiled beef, the ordinary "bouilli" that one sees on French dinner-tables. The rump of beef is considered the best piece of beef for boiling; it is boned and tied up; part of the shoulder or the top of the round is also good. A piece of beef weighing seven or eight pounds is boiled thus:—Put it in a stewpan with salt and warm water, let it just come to a boil, skim it, and let it simmer gently for three hours; then put in vegetables, herbs and spices as for stock, and let it simmer an hour and a half; then pull it back and leave it for an hour, where it will keep hot, but not boil; drain the meat, and serve with the vegetables round, or serve with stewed cabbage and browned small onions, or with only watercress.

Beef boiled in this way, or in the stock-pot, is also put on a dish with fresh parsley round it, and sent to table with horseradish sauce.

Beef is interlarded with strips of bacon, that is, the bacon run into the meat with a larding needle (not in and out), and then cooked about four hours in the stock-pot, served surrounded by parsley and with tomato, piquante, or Italian sauce.

Boiled Salt Beef with Spinach.—Take a piece of salted brisket of beef weighing four or five pounds, wash it, and boil it five hours with carrots, turnips, and onions; place it on a dish with parsley round, serve with it a dish of épinard au jus (spinach with gravy). Cold boiled fresh beef is cooked up in various ways, as—

Bœuf au Gratin.—Grease a dish with some fat from poultry or with butter, put a few pale raspings over it, then cut cold beef in nice slices, and arrange them in the dish, one partly over the other; chop two onions, cook them in some butter or dripping without browning them, add a little thick gravy to them, put over the slices of beef, then put chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and raspings over, and bake a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven, and serve in the same dish.

Bœuf aux Fines Herbes.—Butter a dish, sprinkle it with chopped parsley and shalots mixed with a few raspings, put the cold beef cut in thin slices on it, laying very thin slices of fat between the slices of lean, sprinkle with sweet herbs, chopped shalots, parsley, a finely chopped gherkin and some pale raspings; put little pieces of butter over, and cook about fifteen minutes in the oven.

Beef en Miroton.—Cut some onions in slices, cook them in a stewpan in a little butter or dripping until they are nearly done, then add a tablespoonful of flour and let them brown, but not burn; add sufficient broth for gravy, salt,

nutmeg, and pepper. When the onions are done and the gravy is good enough, cut the meat in thin slices and put it in; let it simmer a quarter of an hour. At the time of serving add a few drops of vinegar and some mustard.

Beef en Vinaigrette.—Cut the beef in thin slices, put it in a salad bowl, lay over it fillets of anchovies or of pickled herrings, chopped scallions or spring onions, chervil, gherkins, and parsley; season with pepper, oil and vinegar, and serve.

Bœuf à la Mode.—Take a piece of sirloin, of round, or of any part of beef that is preferred, about five or six pounds; bone it, take a quarter of a pound of fat bacon, cut it into strips, and with a larding needle run them into the beef in the same direction as the fibre runs, leaving just a little piece of the bacon out of the meat; put it in a pan with a marinade of salt, pepper, cloves, sweet herbs, parsley, chervil, a little chopped onion, and a glass of light wine or one or two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar; leave it twenty-four hours, turning it three or four times. Chop two ounces of bacon, put it in a stewpan; drain and wipe the meat; put it in with the bacon for about twenty minutes, then add a lump of sugar and a teacupful of broth, and let it nearly dry up; then put in a slice of raw ham, a calf's foot chopped in two, or a piece of knuckle of veal, four large carrots, a clove of garlic, and the marinade from which you have taken the beef; add broth until the meat is just covered, and a glass of light wine (red or white); cook over a slow fire for five hours, brown twenty small onions in the frying-pan and put them with the meat. Put the meat on a dish, surround it with pieces of the knuckle of veal or the calf's foot (without the bones), with the onions and with the carrots cut in pieces. Skim and strain the gravy, and pour it over the meat. If the meat is only to be eaten cold the gravy is clarified with white of egg, and left in a basin so as to be used on the meat the following day as savoury jelly.

Beef à l'Ecarlate.—Take a piece of beef, remove the bones and lard it (running the bacon into the meat), rub the meat all over with salt and pounded spices and a little brown sugar, then put it in a pan with thyme, juniper-berries, cloves, bay leaf, basil, clove of garlic, and two onions cut in slices; cover the pan with a cloth, and leave it four days; then turn the meat, and leave it four days more; then sew it in a cloth and boil it gently in water, with onions, parsley and sweet herbs. A piece of beef weighing six pounds takes about four hours to cook. Remove the cloth, and serve with sauce espagnole. Beef dressed in this manner is much eaten cold.

Beef à la Portugaise.—Take a square piece

of beef, chop some parsley, thyme, a bay leaf, a clove of garlic, add pepper, salt, and spice; when the whole is well mixed roll some thick strips of bacon in it, with these lard the beef the way of the grain, running them into the meat; put it into a stewpan with some fat from roast poultry or some butter; chop mushrooms, a little garlic, scallions, and parsley together, and put over and round the meat, add a glass of white wine and cover closely; let the meat cook in its own juice until tender; put it on a dish. Strain and skim the liquor from the meat, let it get cold, then put it over the beef. Prepared in this way, the meat is served cold; it is not meant to be eaten hot.

Filet de Bœuf Roti (roast fillet of beef).—Take a small piece of fillet of beef (about two pounds), remove the skin from it, and some of the fat; lard the fillet on one side, then place it in a pan, sprinkle it with chopped onions, sprigs of parsley, sweet herbs, pepper, salt, a bay leaf, and two or three tablespoonfuls of olive oil; leave it from six to twelve hours as convenient, turning it several times; then roast it, basting it with the marinade in which it was laid. Serve with a piquante sauce or its own gravy.

Filet de Bœuf Braisé, aux Olives.—Lard a fillet of beef, place in a stewpan two carrots, two onions, a bunch of sweet herbs, with parsley and a bay leaf, two or three slices of bacon and some bacon rinds, pepper, salt, and a cupful of broth; place the beef on the vegetables, put on the fire, and let the broth nearly dry up; then add more broth and let it boil ten minutes; then draw to the side of the stove, and let it cook very slowly for an hour and a quarter; then drain the fillet and put it on a dish; strain and skim the gravy, thicken it with a little butter and flour. Have ready some olives prepared thus: Remove the stones by passing a knife round the olives so that they look whole, put them in a stewpan of water, give them one boil, drain them, and while they are hot put them in the gravy; pour it into the dish with the fillet. Cooked in this way fillet is also served à la financière, à la jardinière, or mushrooms that have been cooked in a little butter and lemon juice are added to the gravy instead of the olives.

Filet de Bœuf au Restaurant.—Take a small fillet of beef, remove the skin and some of the fat, cut it in two across the grain so as to have two thick steaks, beat these with a steak-beater or rolling-pin, to flatten them a little, then lard them, letting the pieces of bacon go right through them, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg. Put two or three slices of bacon, two thin slices of veal, and some sliced truffles in a stewpan, lay the

beef on them, add half a pint of broth, cover the stewpan, and let the fillets cook very slowly (at the side of the stove) for three hours; take them out, strain and skim the gravy, and serve it over the fillets with the pieces of truffle.

Chateaubriands.—Cut two or three thick fillet steaks, beat them, put pepper, salt, and a little oil over them, and leave three or four hours, then broil for about twenty minutes over a moderate fire, turning them as soon as red gravy appears on the top; when they are a little firm to the touch they are done; put on a very hot dish with a piece of maître d'hôtel butter on each, and surround them with fried potatoes.

Fillet or Rump Steaks with Cucumber.—Put some butter in a sauté-pan (or a shallow stewpan), place the steaks in it, sprinkled with pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg; turn once; when done serve with cucumbers that have been peeled, cut in pieces, and cooked in butter first, then in velouté sauce; or put a little sauce espagnole into the stewpan after taking out the steaks, stir with a wooden spoon to detach the gravy from the bottom, and pour very hot into the dish with the steaks.

Biftecks à la Provençale.—Chop four ounces of raw beef marrow, mix with it salt, cayenne pepper, and finely-chopped shallots, put it in a dish, and let it melt slowly in the oven or on the stove. Broil a steak eight or ten minutes, then put it in a dish with the marrow, turn it so as to have the marrow all over it, and serve.

Civet of Beef.—Cut two pounds of beefsteak in pieces, and six ounces of pickled pork in slices; put the pork in a stewpan with a little fat, turn it, and when cooked take it out with a strainer, so as to leave the melted fat in the stewpan, then put in the meat, and cook it slowly for twenty-five minutes; season with pepper, salt, a bunch of sweet herbs, a bay leaf, and parsley; add two tablespoonfuls of flour, then moisten by degrees with half red wine and half hot water, until the meat is covered; let it boil, then draw to the side of the stove, and cook very gently for two hours; then add the pork, remove the herbs, and serve with small baked onions round. These are prepared so as to be ready by the time the meat is done.

Beef à la Chicorée.—Cut some cold beef in thin slices, put it in a stewpan with a very little broth, just to make it hot; by the time it is quite hot the gravy should be nearly all gone; then put pieces of butter, pepper, and salt on the meat, and serve it on stewed endive or spinach.

Beef with Onions.—Cut some thin slices of cold beef about three inches square. Chop two onions small, put them in a stewpan with some butter or dripping; cook them slowly, so that when done they are light brown; then add the slices of meat and a clove of garlic (not chopped); season with pepper and salt; when the meat is brown sprinkle chopped parsley and a little lemon juice or a few drops of vinegar over it; remove the garlic, and serve at once on a very hot dish.

Langue de Bœuf à l'Ecarlate.—Thoroughly clean a tongue, wipe it dry, then rub it all over with plenty of pounded saltpetre; put it in a pan with cloves, allspice, basil, thyme, bay leaves, peppercorns, and two handfuls of salt; pour just enough boiling water over the whole to cover it, and leave it six days; at the end of that time wash it in fresh water, and boil it in two quarts of water with carrots, thyme, onions, basil, bay leaf, and cloves, for at least three hours; then take it up and skin it, trim the root and serve the tongue on a purée of dried peas, lentils, or haricots. The liquor in which the tongue is boiled serves for soup.

Langue de Bœuf Braisée.—Put a fresh tongue in boiling water, and let it remain ten

minutes; drain it and trim it, put it in a stewpan in which you have previously placed some pieces of bacon, bacon rinds, any uncooked bones, the trimmings from the root of the tongue, sliced onions and carrots, sweet herbs, parsley, bay leaf, two lumps of sugar, pepper, salt, and half a pint of broth; the bottom of the stewpan must be well covered with the vegetables, etc., so that the tongue rests on them; put over the fire, and let the broth dry up; then add half a pint of light white wine and some broth, until the tongue is just covered (not more); cook over a moderate fire (with cinders or charcoal on the lid, if you have a proper brazing pan) for about three hours—a very large tongue will take longer; then take it out and skin it, skim and strain the gravy, reduce it a little by boiling fast, then add a little flour mixed with butter; boil for five minutes, and put the tongue back in the stewpan with the gravy, and let it simmer ten minutes, basting it with the gravy once or twice. Olives or mushrooms prepared as for fillet of beef, are sometimes added to the gravy; or it is served with tomato- or piquante sauce, or on a purée of sorrel.

Fresh Ox Tongues are also simply cooked thus:—First scald the tongue for ten minutes, then put it in the stock-pot and boil until tender; serve with gherkins, with spinach cooked with gravy, with young carrots stewed, or with almost any kind of vegetable. Tongues braised or boiled are frequently served cut in slices, with a sauce or with maître d'hôtel butter, with gherkins and tarragon added to it.

Langue en Hoche-pot.—Cut a braised tongue in slices, put the gravy over it, and surround it with small brown onions.

Langue de Bœuf au Gratin.—Cut the remains of a cold tongue in slices, warm in a little gravy, mince two or three onions, cook them in butter, add a little flour and a little white wine, cook five minutes. Place the slices of tongue on a dish, cover with the chopped onions, add a little chopped parsley and some chopped mushrooms, cover with raspings and some little pieces of butter. Brown in the oven, and serve.

Cervelles de Bœuf (ox brains).—Soak the brains in vinegar, salt, and water, then carefully remove the thin skin that covers them; take care that all the blood is removed, then put them in warm water with a little salt, vinegar, a chopped onion, parsley, clove, and pepper; boil them fifteen to twenty minutes, drain well and put them on a dish; pour piquante sauce over them, or they may be served with a brown gravy. The gravy or sauce must be thick enough to mask the brains, otherwise the dish is ugly. Another way is: After boiling the brains dip them in a frying batter; fry them, and serve garnished with fried parsley only.

Queue en Hoche-pot (ox tail en Hoche-pot).—Soak an ox tail in warm water for half an hour, then dry it and divide it at the joints; put it in a stewpan and brown it a little with butter and flour, then add sliced carrots, herbs, parsley, bay leaf, and onions, pepper, salt, and water or broth, and stew gently for four or five hours (it should be well cooked); then put the tail on a dish, skim and strain the gravy, and serve.

Queue Sauce Tomato.—Cook in the same way, but serve with tomato sauce instead of the gravy.

Queue aux Champignons.—Same cooking, but cook some mushrooms in butter; add the strained gravy to them, boil it fast to reduce it a little, then pour it over the tail.

Ox Kidneys are cooked the same way as calf's or sheep's.

Palais de Bœuf (ox palates).—These are first prepared by being put in boiling water for about half an hour, then plunged in cold water and skinned, and next cut in pieces.

Palais à la Ménagère.—Brown some onions

in butter or dripping, throw in the pieces of palate, leave a minute, add some broth, a bunch of herbs, salt, and some slices of potato, stew, and let the gravy reduce, add a small spoonful of mustard, remove the herbs, and serve.

Palais en Blanquette.—Put the slices of palate in sauce allemande and cook them; before serving add a thickening of yolks of eggs and a little lemon juice; serve with fried sippets.

Gras Double (tripe).—There are many ways of cooking this; space does not allow me to give them, but it may be cooked in the same ways as ox palates. Tongues, tails, palates, and tripe are all cooked a long time.

Mutton.—*Gigot Roti* (roast leg of mutton).—Hang a leg of mutton as long as it will keep, then beat it well all over with a rolling-pin, raise the skin at the knuckle, and slip a clove of garlic in between the muscle; roast it, sprinkle with salt, and baste it well as it cooks, serve with its own gravy and with a dish of vegetables. Hot potato salad is sometimes served with it.

Gigot Mariné Roti.—Cut the knuckle of a leg of mutton short, then put in a pan vinegar, chopped onions, a clove of garlic, slices of lemon, parsley, sweet herbs, bay leaf, pepper, and salt; put the leg of mutton in; leave it two days, turning it and pouring the pickle over it occasionally, then drain and wipe the mutton, rub it all over with oil, and lard it, roast it, sprinkle salt over it, and baste well as it cooks. Make a sauce by boiling down some of the pickle, straining it, and mixing with the gravy from the meat. Serve separately.

Gigot de Mouton au Riz (leg of mutton and rice).—Remove the bone from the thick end of a leg of mutton, and fill the space with a forcemeat of fresh pork, a slice of raw ham, a little bread panade, chopped onion, parsley, and a clove of garlic, pepper, salt, and a whole egg. Sew up the meat to keep the stuffing in. Put a little fat bacon in a stewpan, let it cook, then put the mutton in, and brown it a little all over, then cover it with hot water or broth, add two small onions, and four tomatoes cut in quarters, boil ten minutes, then simmer gently until done; then take the mutton out of the stewpan and keep it hot. Skim and strain the broth, boil it up, and for each pint of broth allow a quarter of a pint of rice, boil twenty minutes, and finish with two handfuls of grated parmesan and a lump of butter. Serve the rice round the leg of mutton.

Selle de Mouton Braisée (braised saddle of mutton).—Take a small saddle of mutton, remove the kidneys and the outside skin, roll the flaps under and tie it up (it is sometimes boned). Put in a stewpan three carrots, four onions, and a piece of celery (all cut up), sweet herbs, parsley, bay leaf, two olives, pepper and salt, and the bones of the meat (if it is boned); also the skin and any trimmings from it; pour a little fat broth on these, leave over the fire a few minutes, put the meat on the vegetables, add a little more fat broth, and let the meat braise gently for about three hours, turning it once or twice; when nearly done take out the vegetables and gravy; strain, and skim the latter and put it back in the stewpan; put on the fire, and glaze the saddle by basting it often with the gravy. Then untie it, place it on a dish, serve the gravy separately, and a purée of chestnuts, petits pois, or other garniture with it. Leg, shoulder, loin or any other part of mutton is dressed in this way.

Gigot à l'Eau.—Bone a leg of mutton, put it in a stewpan with some butter; let it brown a little all over, pour a small quantity of broth in, add two cloves of garlic, three or four large onions, some carrots, salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of flour, and let the whole cook very slowly for six hours. There should be sufficient broth to cover the vegetables. The meat must be turned once or twice as it cooks,

but a fork must not be stuck in it to turn it. Keep the stewpan well covered while cooking. Serve with the vegetables round.

Mouton à la Daube.—Take the meat of a leg of mutton, cut it in thick squares, lard them with pieces of bacon and of raw ham; place them in a pan with pepper, salt, and sweet herbs; pour six tablespoonfuls of vinegar over and leave for twenty-four hours. Chop six ounces of fresh fat pork, let it cook a little in an earthenware stewpan; drain the pieces of mutton, put them in with the pork, let them be over a moderate fire for twenty minutes, turning them so that they are evenly cooked, then add the pickle in which they were with a clove of garlic. Cook for ten minutes, then add half a cabbage, or if very large a quarter, some

little onions, and a piece of celery root cut in pieces. Cover the stewpan with a round of paper, then with a common plate half full of water; put it on the stove, where it will simmer very gently for four or five hours. Skim and serve.

Emincé de Mouton.—Cut some cold mutton in thin slices. Put in a saucepan a piece of butter the size of a nut, and a little flour: cook them a minute or two, add some broth, salt, pepper, a few drops of vinegar, and two finely chopped shallots; boil five minutes, then put in the meat, let it cook without boiling. Instead of vinegar, chopped gherkins can be used; they are added just before serving.

Hachis de Mouton.—Take some cold mutton; chop it very finely. Put in a saucepan a lump of butter, a few sweet herbs, and chopped

parsley, some cooked chestnuts, or two or three boiled potatoes, a tablespoonful of flour, pepper, and salt; stir and let all brown a little, then add some broth, and the chopped meat; let cook slowly for about twenty minutes, then serve with fried sippets or poached eggs.

Another Mince.—Take some cold mutton, remove the skin and fat, and chop it; chop an onion very small, cook it in butter until it is gold colour, shake in a tablespoonful of flour, stir for a minute, add a little stock, stir, and boil five minutes; add the meat, let it get very hot without boiling, season with nutmeg, pepper and salt, and serve with finely-chopped parsley on the top, and quarters of hard-boiled eggs round.

(To be continued.)

A GOSSIP ON PORTFOLIOS—HOW TO MAKE AND ADORN THEM.

By GLEESON WHITE.

To adorn a distinctly useful object and fittingly decorate some common thing of everyday life, has been rightly deemed a worthy aim in all living periods of art. Wherever art has flourished indigenous to the people, and not merely as a costly exotic, bought by the rich and chosen by them more for fashion's sake than love of it, the contrary has usually gained.

A Greek amphora of common earthenware has nevertheless true beauty of its own, while even in savage countries the crude art they knew is at least a flourishing living thing, and betrays the love of ornamental forms in their common domestic implements and clothing; it is the *parvenu* and the real Philistine who but love decoration for display, and prize it only when it is costly and looks worth the price paid for it. Not of this sort were the men who lovingly wrought the carven stones of our cathedrals. There, placed aloft where no human eye has seen it since the worker's hand left it, until some chance accident of scaffolding brings it once again within reach, we see the same patient care, the same infinite finish, that has been used for work in the sight of all men. Akin to this feeling was the desire of the old-country folks to have all their home appointments honest and good; not cotton-backed satin, or imitation oak to make a brave show, but lasting textures and solid furniture, all fit for its use, and therefore more beautiful than many a modern thing elaborately decked with ornament, that weakens and hinders the real purpose of the article which it professes to enrich.

This is an oft-preached lesson, yet to-day it is as needful as at any time, and quite to the point of this gossip, if we crown our drawing-rooms with costly bric-a-brac, and leave the useful adjuncts mean and unlovely. How often at a well-appointed writing-table some gorgeous thing in wood and metal is guileless of a scrap of that blotting-paper it professes to protect; or if the household be a musical one, and some music of a past season is required, have we not all seen the dingy, battered portfolios, with their cargo of untidy dog's-eared music, brought into sight in a room wherein they were a positive eyesore, out of keeping with all the show-splendour of the surroundings? Those who really love decoration for its own sake will not grudge the time or cost to make a portfolio comely as well as capacious; or a blotting-book a good substantial thing in place of an empty sham. This is as sensible as painting flowers on a milking stool, or embroidering an antimacassar, and needs no apology for the suggestion. If, however, display is the sole object of modern fancy art, then it would be a pity to waste time over the method to construct portfolios, for that is a distinctly useful acquisition, and admits orna-

mental work merely as an added thing; as a popular lecturer puts it, "The joy of the workman in his work is so great that, having wrought a thing well, out of sheer love to make it excellent as may be, he adds the final decorative touches."

It is the object of this paper to explain the various stages in the building of a portfolio, then to suggest some ways of ornamenting them. But the lesson will be badly taught if the advice to aim at strength and neatness first is not clearly insisted upon. Then by choice of more beautiful materials, or some extra decoration bestowed upon the finished work, so far as it can be added without prejudice to the regular use of the thing itself, it may be turned to a pretty trifle in appearance, as well as a lasting and serviceable object.

Better far to make half a dozen common but strong folios, and so keep all the music tidy, than to evolve one sumptuous thing, all gold brocade, tied with silken bows, for show alone, employing the unsightly bulging objects to do the real work, while the impostor swaggers with an air of being serviceable, when it is really only an excuse for displaying another piece of dexterous fancy-work, and exists merely for effect.

There are divers degrees of fitness, and for special purposes a thing may be elaborated to be almost mere ornament, and yet escape the reproach. Nobody expects an imperial crown to be peculiarly comfortable or serviceable as a head-covering, so at the other end of the scale, by parallel argument, a portfolio kept on view in an ornate room, to hold merely the last sweet thing in drawing-room songs, or the newest platitude in waltz rhythm, may be of use in its way, although quite unfit to trudge to and fro from school, bearing the well-thumbed studies and daily exercises of sweet sixteen. Finery is not vulgar in the right place, but infinitely so in the wrong one.

The art of making portfolios and blotting-books is not an abstruse one. Bookbinding has become a popular pastime, even in ducal households; hence to highly-skilled amateurs the description in minute detail of the method to make such a simple example of the craft may be as absurd as instructing a pupil fresh from the highest school course of cookery lessons how to make a piece of toast. But home bookbinding, done completely and well, demands not alone a certain amount of technical skill, but a good many important accessories which are not required for this elementary case-making.

Given paste and paper, cardboard and leather, or some texture as its substitute, and anyone may start fully equipped. When a napkin press is not available some substitute will be needed; and although it is a little détour

off our main purpose, it may be as well to suggest one which is handy for many things besides pressing portfolios. It merely consists of a few common bricks packed up in cretonne, just as you would neatly wrap a brown paper parcel, but the cretonne is stitched after being so folded; then a wide tape for the string, leaving a broad loop for handle. A few of these placed upon a board are very useful for any purpose where a press is required. Even one brick so covered, with a pair of boards, covered to match, is handy in a bedroom to put upon gloves, ribbons, or laces, and take out the creases. These bricks can be made into very tasteful objects for inexpensive presents, and find a ready sale at bazaars, where any useful novelty is welcomed with avidity.

But to return to the subject, and enumerate the materials needed. Cardboard in some form, of course, preferably the common mill-board sold in large sheets from twopence to fourpence. This is less easy to cut than ordinary pasteboard, but much better to work upon, as its inherent stiffness is greatly increased by the added paper, and the tendency to warp, a property of all pasteboard, is hardly noticeable in this felt-like material. For the mculage bookbinders' paste is best, but the official paste, or stickpaste sold in bottles, answers equally well. As, however, the former is much the most economical for use in any quantity, it will be best to give the recipe for its preparation. Stir two tablespoonfuls of flour into half a pint of cold water until it forms a thick smooth cream; then add gradually, stirring all the time, boiling water in which a teaspoonful of alum has been previously dissolved; pour the whole back into the saucepan, and boil until it thickens to a paste. This will keep sweet and wholesome for several weeks, especially if a drop or two of oil of cloves has been added to the boiling water.

For the back of the portfolio leather is undoubtedly the best, but to explain its use would be to trespass too closely upon the art of bookbinding, and exact a higher amount of skill and more elaborate touch than this paper aims at demanding. Next to leather, bookbinders' cloth is naturally brought to mind, but personally I dislike it, both to use, and for its appearance after. It professes to imitate a certain material, and fails to do so well enough to deceive a baby; thus it is worse than a crime, it is a blunder. American cloth is clumsy and hideous, but very strong. On the whole nothing I have tried wears better than cretonne, when it is used over the material for the joint itself. For the joint white ticket buckram is far and away the best for amateurs' use. For small cases for dainty purposes the white surface is very pretty, and can be decorated by

etching or other painted device. It is peculiarly easy to manage, it pastes quickly, does not shrink or stretch to any noticeable extent, dries firmly with a good substance, helping to

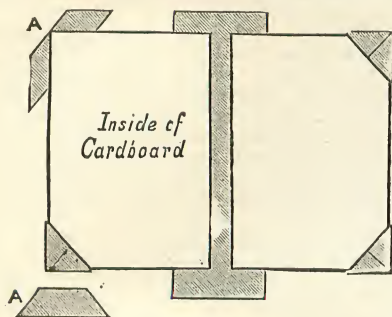


FIG. 1.

keep the shape of the back, and is not costly—eightpence to tenpence a yard, double width.

Deferring for a while the actual manipulation, I wish to speak particularly of the decorative aspect of the finished book, and of a few stuffs not generally employed as covering to portfolios and blotting-books.

Only those who have tried them know how gorgeous an effect the gold tinselled brocades sold at Liberty's, and kindred stuffs, yield when pasted on book-covers. They cost two shillings to five shillings a yard, but a third of a yard suffices for a good-sized blotting-book, and about a half-yard will suffice for a music-folio. If they are rather expensive they repay their cost, and raise the portfolio to the level of a beautiful object, while in no way detracting from its use.

An adequate substitute for these brocades may be found in cretonne and printed cotton fabrics. If a good pattern is chosen, and the strings wherewith it is tied be of a colour that harmonises, the effect is only less good than the brocade.

There is more method than madness in the advice to use these materials. To keep various groups of music sorted, easily at hand for reference when required, the distinctive colour and design of each covered portfolio assists the search far more than a label on the cover, which is only visible when the whole case is uppermost in a pile. Here is a pile near me. Moskowski in red and white, Bach in a sombre green, Schubert in blue and white, modern songs in a pink flowered pattern, gavottes, minuets, and kindred pieces in a red and black cover. These colours are merely named at haphazard. A very soulful person might symbolise the hidden meaning of each tone-poet by an emblematic colour, but as I cannot fathom the esoteric mystery of such transcendental analysis, the hint must suffice.

The Japanese gold leather wall paper, to be purchased in small quantities at Hindley's, Oxford Street, is excellent for this use, being

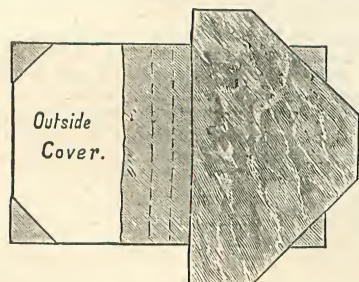


FIG. 2.

sumptuous in its appearance, of good wearing quality, and not very dear—a shilling upwards for a square yard. It is especially good for blotting-book covers, as it does not catch the

dust or show chance ink spots so quickly as a woven texture.

If any of these materials are chosen, and the idea of sorting the music in variously patterned cases is adopted, a question of sizes comes next. We all know there are at least four sizes of ordinary music. First the usual English size; next the size for foreign piano-forte music, which is shorter and broader than the English; then the Peters, Augeners, and Litolf editions in upright quarto, and the piano duet and organ music of the same editions, oblong quarto. Add to these the various series of part songs and anthems, and the need for an assorted series of sizes, as well as coverings, is apparent.

The sizes, too, need sub-dividing. A methodical person likes not to let Bach keep company with Offenbach, or Schumann *lieder* dwell with to-day's ephemeral trivialities. So, too, violin music must be sorted from piano solo; and the possible number of portfolios needful to keep all these groups properly

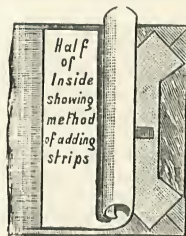


FIG. 3.

sorted is limited only by the quantity of sheet music the owner possesses.

Many of the thin volumes of the German editions are usefully treated if set in a portfolio exactly as blotting is added to its case, the elastic or ribbon of the back allowing the contents to be shifted at will, which is an advantage.

Add to these reasons for an ample supply of folios and their species, the effective presents they make, whether to friends or bazaars, and the special pleading on behalf



FIG. 4.

of an increased popularity of this home industry must be allowed.

Now for practical tuition. Having chosen the size of the case to be made, cut the required pieces from a sheet of millboard in this fashion: Take a T square and mark upon the board to be cut pencil lines at the proper place, at right angles to the edge of the board, hence the use of T square. Take a straight flat ruler, laid close to the pencil line, and pressed there very firmly with the left hand. With a very sharp penknife draw lightly down the line, and then in successive cuts, given smoothly with a firm, sustained pressure, cut until the piece is detached. As surplus cuts are sure to result (not on fingers if care is taken to keep each hand very firm), it is as well to choose someone else's best dining table for the operation; or to place first a good thick piece of board upon one's own.

If the material is to cover the whole surface of the covers, it will be best in most cases to

apply it over the buckram or cloth back, for ease in working and increased strength; so that the half-bound style, as it is called, will be enough to explain here. If corner pieces

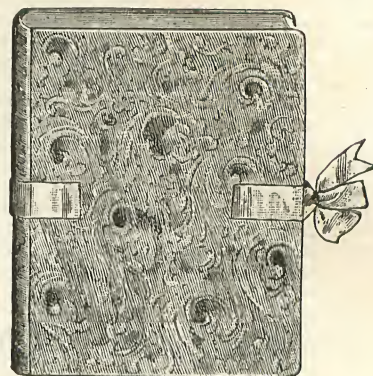


FIG. 5.

are needed, as they are in the *true half binding*, and are not if it is merely a foundation for after clothing, fix them as indicated in fig. 1, the first thing, while the boards are separate. Then cut out the piece of buckram or cloth for the back about an inch and a half wider than the needed thickness of the case each way, and an inch larger. Have ready a similar strip slightly shorter than the case, and not so wide as the other, to line the back. Paste the back piece and lay it on the table; then place the boards (as shown in fig. 1) down upon the back, turning over the top and bottom part, and then lining the back. See that the back piece is smooth before lining it, rubbing it, not directly with a duster, but laying a smooth, stout piece of paper over the pasted material and then rubbing it heavily with a cloth. In adding the lining to the back, see that it fills the depression between the covers, and work in close to the edge of the boards with a bone paper knife, so that it makes a shallow wide groove. Prepare beforehand marble paper, or any material chosen for the sides, cut as in fig. 2. These should be pasted in place, and the strings added as in fig. 3, before the lining paper is pasted on.

To insert the strings, cut a slit through the cover about an inch from its edge; pass the ribbon through, leaving an inch to paste down inside. Then the lining paper, cut a shade smaller than the cover each way, will secure the ties firmly.

These processes should follow each other as soon as practicable to avoid warping; but if the cover is to be of cretonne or other texture, let the back and its lining piece dry before applying the outside covering. The shape for this is indicated by fig. 4, which shows the way to use the material for the whole, without the buckram back piece.

If each of these parts is done well, the whole is well done, and finished in hardly longer time than it takes to write the directions.

For a blotting-book a piece of ribbon or elastic should be sewn in the fold of the case, under which to pass the paper.

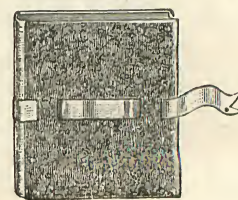


FIG. 6.

A pretty addition to the book is shown in fig. 5, where a wider ribbon passes in and out through two slits in the cover, and ties the whole; this is very effective with brocades,

cretonnes, or the Japanese gold leather papers. The idea is originally, I believe, Japanese, and used in French *éditions de luxe*, but practically unknown in England.

A pleasant variation from the orthodox shape of the blotting-book, made from half sheets folded across, is gained by cutting the whole sheets once across; this yields an oblong page, which is more round than the usual size, and in every way equally serviceable.

A few hints may be added. See that your covers have the corners with their proper part outside before pasting on the back. Remember that the holding powers of the case are determined by the space left at the back between the boards, and measure accordingly. Be careful in using sides of paper to paste it on parallel to the back of the case, and exposing equal parts of each corner. Paste the cloth for the back and corners a minute before use, to allow the adhesive matter to sink into the material, giving a second coat if needed just before application.

Place the case flat under weights as soon as it is finished; if you wish the back to be unwrinkled, lay a narrow slip of cardboard inside the back, otherwise the thicker covers will prevent it obtaining any of the applied pressure.

The Liberty brocades, for some purposes, are improved by a lining of silk. As this material is hard to paste, and impossible to apply to other textures, while the raw edge is unsightly, cut a piece of paper the needed size, stretch the silk over, pasting only the turned-over edge; put it under pressure, and when quite dry mount it inside the covers with a thin line of coaguline or mend-all round the edge.

To add flaps is difficult to describe, unless you think of each flap as merely another case with another back-piece—then the mystery is clear, for having made two covers into one, it is as easy to add any number in the same way.

For small folios, vegetable parchment is a pretty after-covering; as this will not take

paste well, cut it and crease it over, fastening only with the lining paper, and using adhesive matter on the edge of that only, so as to avoid "cockling."

If embroidery is used, the contents of the folio, or initials of its owner, may be worked on the side. But if brocade or cretonne be used, the wide ribbon shown in fig. 5 may be embroidered with letters; in this case make four slits on the top cover, as shown in fig. 6.

Real embroidery or crewel work would give scope for much dainty design, but there is no space left to suggest any details. I mind me of a book in the studio of a certain painter, clad in old ecclesiastical broiery; and this regal specimen offers a splendid reward to those who are brave enough to undertake such coverings; but having named this king of book-covers, no meaner things must be said, but the gossip abruptly ended, with a sincere hope that my explanation is clearly set forth, and that many will reap pleasure from the pursuit here set forth.

A SURREY IDYLL.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER III.

IN an incredibly short time Olive Woodford found herself installed as nurse and house-keeper *pro tempore* at the Manor House. She could hardly tell how it came to pass, but from the first moment of her entrance into the sick room her uncle clung to her. Perhaps his wandering memory recalled the old days when he and his sister were happy children together, and so gave the younger Olive her place in his imagination. Perhaps it was that Olive's gentle ways and nursing skill, acquired at ambulance lectures and by practical experience also, were doubly soothing, because Squire Dale had so long been unused to feminine tendance. At any rate he was as docile as a child in her hands; and though he could at first speak but little, he followed her about with loving gaze wherever her dainty figure in its white apron flitted to and fro.

The coachman's wife, a sensible, practical body, came to divide the night work with Roger, and Olive spent all her days in the sick chamber. The poor Squire had a horror of professional nurses, due chiefly to sheer ignorance of anything but the Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig type as portrayed in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Olive was glad, as his dread was unreasoning, that she could save him from the necessity of having such aid. At one time his life was in danger, but he was at length pronounced convalescent.

"You cannot think what difficulty I had to get proper beef tea," said Olive to Blanche, as the sisters strolled on the Manor House lawn one bright October morning.

"The cook

wanted to put in the beef just as it came from the butcher's, and boil it all up over a smoky fire. I had the greatest difficulty in getting her to cut the meat small and put it in a jar, and she would not believe a little water more or less 'made any odds.'"

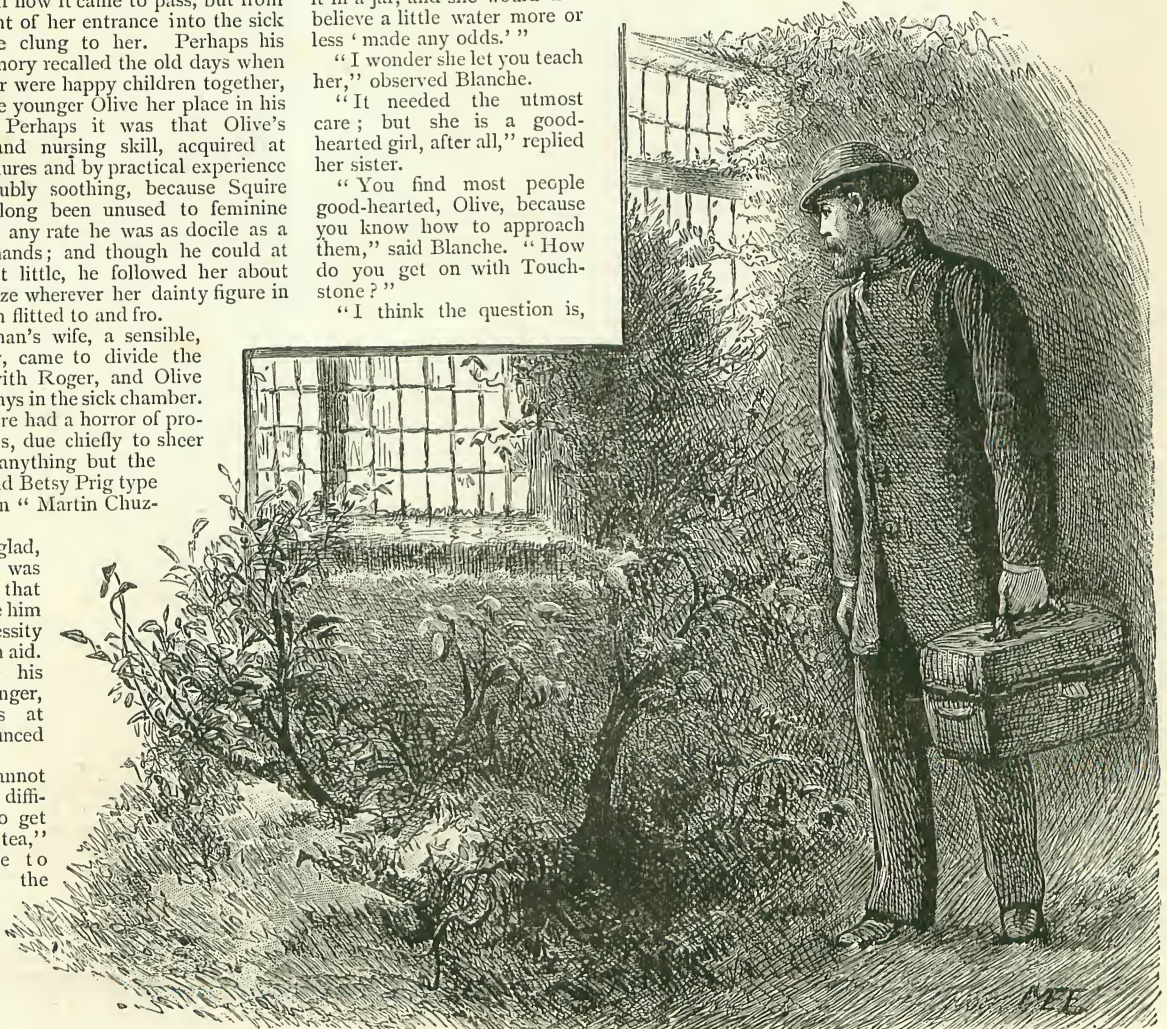
"I wonder she let you teach her," observed Blanche.

"It needed the utmost care; but she is a good-hearted girl, after all," replied her sister.

"You find most people good-hearted, Olive, because you know how to approach them," said Blanche. "How do you get on with Touchstone?"

"I think the question is,

How do you get on with him, Blanche?" said Olive, looking with a smile at her sister's face. "He seems to find it necessary to spend a great deal of time at Miller's."



"A CHEERFUL GLOW BEAMED FORTH INTO THE DARKNESS."

"That is because he and Horace get on so very well," rejoined Blanche, dogmatically. "It is such fun to see Horace discoursing to him by the hour together about his parish, parishioners, and church, while Roger would evidently much rather talk about turnips and mangold wurzels."

"Do you call that 'getting on so very well'?" rejoined Olive. "And, pray, what do you and he talk about?"

"Oh, I tease him most of the time," rejoined Blanche. "I think it is only kind to divert his thoughts while he is worried about his father. And he is, oh! so grateful to you, Olive. He says you are like a good angel; that he never can thank you enough for spending your holiday like this in nursing; that he never saw anyone since his mother died to whom his father showed any affection, and so on, by the hour together."

"There is the doctor's carriage," interrupted Olive. "Roger is with his father, but I must run in and relieve him."

These visits of the doctor—"The idiot from Moorhead," as Squire Dale had first called him—were the most trying episodes of Olive's day. Doctor Dulcimer was the only medical man within convenient distance of the Manor House, was the family attendant, and bore a good reputation; but his bland urbanity of manner was peculiarly irritating to the blunt, downright Squire, who was apt to flash out into positive rudeness. Olive had consulted with Roger on the possibility of suiting the patient's humour better by calling in some other practitioner; but he had replied, truly enough, that Doctor Dulcimer was the cleverest man near, that *he* did not mind Squire Dale's incivility, and that, as he was an old family acquaintance and intended before long to retire from practice on his savings, it would be a pity to offend him just now.

"When he sells his practice we may get someone whom my father will take to better," concluded Roger.

Olive thought that the patient's comfort was to be considered before anything else; but when the Squire was asked if he would like to see another doctor, he declined, to his son's relief.

"Well, and how are we to-day, my dear sir?" inquired the rubicund doctor, softly rubbing his hands together as he entered the sick chamber, brightened, trim, and tidy through Olive's reign.

"I want you to tell me that!" growled the Squire. Then he added, in a very audible undertone, "Little use in having a doctor if he can't tell you how you are!"

"Just so, just so," said the doctor, affecting to laugh, and elaborately drawing a chair to the bedside. "You are always hard upon the faculty, my dear Mr. Dale. Ha, ha, ha! Well, we have our faults; but we try to do our best for our patients, I hope. And now tell me, did we have a better night?"

"We? I don't know anything about 'we'!" snarled the Squire. "You may have had a very good night for all I know; but that sleeping draught you gave me kept me awake half the time, I can tell you that much!"

"Oh, I hope not—I hope not," said the doctor, caressingly, making the mental note that of all his patients Squire Dale was the rudest; and he proceeded to further inquiries, received in the same manner, while Olive hovered anxiously near.

The patient was in reality much better, but sturdily refused to admit the fact.

"Don't send me any more of that sleeping draught!" he called to Doctor Dulcimer, as he was leaving the room, after a most unpropitious interview. "I can assure you it will be labour and physic thrown away, my good sir. Keep it for such of your patients as like to be drugged within an inch of their life!"

The doctor controlled the muscles of his face into a smile till the door had closed behind Olive and himself.

"I am afraid, my dear young lady, you find this a most harassing task," he blandly and sympathetically remarked while they descended the stairs. "Our friend—your uncle, I believe—is displaying the irritability incident to convalescence. I regret you should have so trying a patient."

"I am more sorry on your account, for with me he is always tractable and gentle," replied Olive, truthfully.

"Ah, perhaps he makes my visit a safety valve, so to speak," mused the doctor.

But after he drove away, Blanche, wandering near the porch with Roger, darted to Olive to whisper: "I very nearly asked Doctor Dulcimer a conundrum just now. 'What constellation does your patient most resemble?' Can you guess the answer? It's very easy—'The Great Bear!'"

When Olive returned to the sick room, she had to hear a long dissertation on the imbecility of doctors in general, and of Doctor Dulcimer in particular. Squire Dale was evidently so much better that Olive thought she could venture to amuse him by a little information on her private affairs.

"Why, uncle, do you know that's one of the things one would rather have left unsaid? I'm engaged to be married to a doctor!"

"What—what, my child? And a capital doctor's wife you'll make, too, Olive. But not yet—no, no. Your old uncle wants you yet awhile. He shan't have you yet."

"He won't have me for a very long while, I'm afraid, uncle," said Olive, cheerily, but with downcast eyes.

"Who is the fellow? Tell me all about him," commanded the Squire.

And Olive, nothing loth, began and told all the story of her Scottish lover—his peasant parents, his resolution to make his way, his struggles and self-denial in pinching poverty while he studied at the Edinburgh University, and, finally, his successful but ill-paid work, striving to earn a livelihood and make a home to which he could fetch his Southern bride. It was a brave and creditable story, and Olive was proud in the telling, though it went a little to her heart sometimes.

"How do you ever meet him, then?" inquired the Squire. "Four hundred miles is a pretty good distance for courting."

"I met him first at the house of Edinburgh friends," replied Olive. "But we seldom meet; we cannot. He cannot afford the journey or the time to come and see me."

It would have been against Olive's principles as a good nurse to show any distress or personal emotion in a sick room; but the tiny break in her voice was not lost upon the Squire, who appeared to ponder deeply.

"You're a good girl—a very good girl, my dear," he observed at length. "And I don't doubt this Scotchman—what's his name?—has good stuff in him. There, there! I didn't mean any harm in what I said about the profession. Every doctor, thank Heaven, isn't such an idiot as old Dulcimer, with his bromide of potassium!"

The Squire thought a good deal during the rest of that day and the whole of the next, and had a talk with Roger. On the third morning he requested to see Doctor Dulcimer alone; and to judge from the face of that medical luminary as he left the room, his patient's remarks had been of a more agreeable character than usual. Then the Squire sent for Olive.

"Yes, my dear, he says I shall be up in a day or two; but that isn't the point. He wants to sell his practice at Christmas and retire on his savings, does the old fellow. High time, too! Well, now, my dear, do you know any doctor who would be disposed to buy

Dulcimer's practice? A fine opening, remember. All the town of Moorhead, pretty nigh, and all the county families round. Oh, it's worth a great deal to any competent man!"

Olive wondered for the moment if feverishness had suddenly come back again and her uncle was delirious; but a glance at him dispelled the thought.

"Why, uncle, no. How should I?"

"I thought," said her uncle, looking at her keenly, "you had a friend in the medical profession?"

The girl's heart gave a sudden leap. What could he mean?

"Perhaps your young Northerner wouldn't care to come South?" continued the old man, still bending his bushy eyebrows on his niece.

"He would if he could," replied Olive, trying to control the low voice in which she spoke. "But you know, uncle, Alan is poor—and proud."

Squire Dale suddenly put out his long, thin fingers, and gripped Olive's in his own.

"Too proud to take a present from you, eh? Then I don't think much of him. Now, my child, listen to me. I may be an invalid, but I have a head on my shoulders. You have saved my life. Don't interrupt; you *have*. I did your mother a wrong, many and many a year ago—yes, I did. You're very like her, Olive. I meant to remember you in my will, both to make up for *that* and to reward you; that was only fair and just. But why shouldn't I make you happy while I live? Why should you wait till the old man's dead and gone before having reason to be grateful to him? Now what I propose is this: You shall write to your Alan Graeme, and ask him if he will take a gift from you *now*, instead of waiting a few years to find he has got a wife with a little money. You shall present him with old Dulcimer's practice. We will send for him to come down here on a visit and see into things. He can stop with Roger and me; and in the spring, when the primroses are coming out in the woods, you shall let me give you a wedding breakfast in the old Manor House. Then I shall have you both near me, and abuse him like I abuse old Dulcimer."

Olive clasped her hands and could not speak. The prospect suddenly opened before her seemed too good to be true. She and Alan married, and settled in her beloved Surrey, away from the bleak Northern airs she had of late been fearing for her hard-worked lover! It was like a fairy tale.

"Uncle, I cannot thank you! It's too much—" she tried to ejaculate.

"Don't try, my dear. I owed your mother something, Olive. It is fair and right to pay it to you. And now I am sure it is time for me to have my beef tea."

A fortnight later, the moon was rising high in heaven and pouring a flood of pale radiance upon the wide Surrey landscape. There was the dusky outline of Leith Hill, with the long sweeps of undulating country below lying hushed in utter silence. The road cleaving the dim stretches of field and forest gleamed white and empty, save for one figure—that of a tall man striding rapidly along. The bag he carried proclaimed him to be a traveller. He might well have been weary, for he had been journeying many hours; but his heart was uplifted by a delight that allowed him to feel no touch of fatigue.

As he marched along his mind went over and over again through the wonderful circumstances of the past two weeks—the tidings from Olive, the astonishment on his part at the fairy good fortune thus thrown in his path, the delicate insistence with which she had overcome all scruples, and the wonder of a future thus made plain. There would be work still, but in his

chosen profession; no longer in the wynds of Edinburgh, but in the breezy upland town of Surrey, with the woman he loved by his side!

Alan Graeme's past had been a laborious one. Like many a young Scotchman before him, he had pinched and almost starved himself to win the education he prized. Step by step he had fought for his laurels, and now that happiness was so nearly within his grasp he could scarcely believe his good fortune.

Surely, the farm must be nearly reached! Yes, here was the gate Olive had described. The avenue was traversed, and the moonlit gables of "Miller's" stood out against the sky.

Noiselessly lifting the latch, the happy visitor

stole on tiptoe into the garden. From the latticed window on his right a cheerful glow beamed forth into the darkness like a welcome. Alan could not resist stealing up to look on the scene his heart had often pictured. Yes, there was the cosy interior, with the old-fashioned farmhouse furniture. There sat Blanche, pretty and *espiègle* as ever, on a low stool near a homely, stalwart fellow, whom Alan guessed to be Roger Dale.

Horace was spending the evening at the Manor House to talk over business details with the Squire about his sister's marriage. Any less partial observer than Dr. Graeme would have reflected that there might possibly be a second marriage for the clergyman brother to perform

in the spring! But, after all, the others were only accessories to the central figure of the picture; for there was Olive opposite Roger and her sister, the glow of the fire reflected in her knitting needles as they moved swiftly in her nimble fingers. Her face, in its tranquil content, was fairer than ever her lover had remembered it; for she knew he was coming, though not the hour or the way. And as Alan looked, he felt, with a great throb of happiness—here is Home at last!

Home! What happiness is there that is not embodied in the word? Love, tenderness, hope, and peace—all these dwelt that night under the roof-tree of the sweet Surrey farm.

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

RAFFERLY.—You should obtain Cassell's "Shilling Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices."

A THANKFUL ONE is recommended to procure the manual above-named (for "Rafferly"). You might endeavour to get a situation in the Civil Service. The style of writing to a tradesman in paying a bill, as you have expressed yourself, is very suitable.

BERTIE.—You might apply to the lady principal or secretary of the Mildmay Deaconesses' Institution (founded by the late Rev. W. Pennefather), at Mildmay Park, N. You could also write to the branch home at 15, Effra Road, Brixton, S.W.

A. S. O. E.—Write to Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W., secretary of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East in Zenana, Harem and Schools. This society sends out English missionary teachers, and trains native ones to instruct women and girls of all ages in Asia and Africa. There is a Zenana Medical College at 58, St. George's Road, S.W., hon. sec., Dr. G. de G. Griffith (near Victoria Station). A diploma is granted here after two years' curriculum; fees, £17 10s. a term, for board, residence, and instruction.

TWO SISTERS AND DUAL VERGINES.—In order to enter Girton College you should write to the secretary, Miss Kensington, 22, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, London, W. You should be above 18 years of age. Cost, £105 per annum. Entrance examination in March and June. 2. Your writing is not formed.

L. A. E.—The cost of a course of lessons in cookery at the Training School, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, for "plain cookery," is eight guineas for fourteen weeks. The cost of training for the appointment of "cookery instructor," in all branches of cooking, is twenty-one guineas for the full course of twenty weeks. But there are other schools of cookery in town. Classes are held at the Crystal Palace, and there is a technical training school at 1a, Victoria Square, S.W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUEENIE.—The 18th June, 1850, was a Tuesday. The 18th December, 1870, was a Thursday. You must wash and dry the currants for a cake, and flour them before putting them into it.

ALEXANDER.—The letters of Royal personages are usually opened by their secretaries, however they are addressed. Contributions to the Princess Louise Home are to be sent to the editor of the "G.O.P.," who will acknowledge them in the paper.

TOM-TIT.—You must ask permission of the author, through his publisher, whose name is on the title-page, before you undertake translations of books.

Y. W. C. A.—To people who live in the country, topics such as the habits of birds and animals, and anecdotes respecting them, are interesting. The antiquities of the county, any neighbouring old castles or houses, and some practical topics, such as shoes and boots, hats and bonnets, gloves, and their history, etc.

DOROTHY.—It is for the gentleman to take the initiative, and speak to your father and mother; and of course as he has been courting you so long he has means to live upon, and is his own master, or he would not have been dishonest enough to address you without your parents' consent or even knowledge. In any case they should be told at once; and we fear they will think your conduct both deceitful and silly.

ANCHOR OF HOPE.—We think the lines are taken from a song of Lover's, called "The Shamrock." Your writing is torturing to the eyes, and you had better change it at once.

AN INQUIRER.—We would fain believe that "The Soul's Awakening" represents a girl, but the subject is suitable to either sex, is it not? And so is the poem.

ICE CREAM.—When your pardon is asked you should say, "Not at all; pray don't mention it," or some slight and gracious remark of the sort. Never say "granted," which is in the worst taste, implying that an injury had been done and a pardon was due.

AU DESEPOIR.—The 13th October, 1867, was a Sunday. You made a mistake in not bowing after you had written and spoken, and if opportunity serves you should bow and speak next time.

EVA GRACE.—If you have no plate given you at afternoon tea, you must hold the cup and saucer underneath the cake or bread and butter which you are eating, and the crumbs will drop into them; but you should make no crumbs. If you should be asked in to afternoon tea with "muddy boots," wipe them thoroughly on the door-mat as you enter the house; as indeed you should always do.

ESSY NIARAM L. should give up tea if it makes her nervous, or affects her rest at night. She need not drink milk unless she likes it; water would do instead.

ADMIRER OF KINGSLEY.—Mogadore was named after Sidi Mogodol, a saint whose tomb is on an island off the coast. It is a fortified seaport of Morocco, on the Atlantic. The neighbourhood is a barren waste, but the town has a fine appearance from the sea, and merits its Moorish name of the "Beautiful," or "A picture."

FUTURUS had better cease to walk out with her friend until he makes his intentions clear. She had better see him at home in the midst of her family in future.

MAYFLOWER.—Artemisia was a Queen of Caria. Her husband, Mausolus, was famous for his personal beauty. She erected to his memory a monument, or mausoleum, called one of the seven wonders of the world; the term has from thence been applied to all monuments of great size and splendour. She was inconsolable for her husband's death, and died two years after through grief.

ANGIOLA.—General Prim was a Spanish soldier and politician, born in Catalonia, December 6, 1814. From 1837, when he became colonel in the army of the Christians, he was constantly embroiled in some way with the politics and government of Spain. He was banished, and in 1868 directed from Brussels the insurrection which terminated in the flight of Queen Isabella, and his own triumphal entry into Madrid. He was Minister of War in Serrano's Provisional Government, and then became Marshal, Commander-in-Chief, and President of the Cabinet, 1869. As such he successively offered the Spanish throne to Espartero, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, and Amadeus of Savoy, who accepted it, and on December 27, 1870, he was shot by some unknown assassins in his carriage, and died, aged 56, December 30, the day King Amadeus landed at Cartagena.

ONE IN DISTRESS, MALTA.—"To be, to do, and to suffer," has always appeared to us to be the division of the earthly life of God's children, and He who knows best bestows the lot as He sees fit. "To be" seems, perhaps, the hardest of all, because implying an amount of self-abnegation not always agreeable to our nature. But if this lot be laid upon you, it means you are "to be" a small providence in yourself. Hope, happiness, wisdom, thoughtfulness, kindness, and sunshine must flow from you, and you must cultivate the—

"Heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise."

Remember, "God giveth to all men wisdom," so ask for it very earnestly, and begin at once. At the end of one day we think you will find that the task of Christ's service, of being your best self, is not less difficult than "doing and suffering" for Him.

K. H. (Montrose).—We think, in praying for certain things, you must ask "according to His will" only. "We see through a glass darkly," and the thing we think good to-day a year or two hence we might be thankful had not been granted to our entreaties.

TWO RUSSIAN GIRLS.—We are glad to hear from you again, and we thank you for your congratulations and kind words, as well as for the interesting particulars about the important position that salt holds in Russian ordinary life. Its symbolic use dates from the earliest times, and in the Bible constant reference will be found to it. It was an emblem of perpetuity, and a token of confirmation and fidelity. The Covenant of Salt is read of in Numbers xviii. 19, 2 Chronicles xiii. 5. As a symbol of fidelity you will find a notice in Ezra iv. 14. In the Old Testament we find all offerings were to be offered with salt—Lev. ii. 13, also see Mark ix. 49.

FRENCH READER.—The only way to find pupils would be to put an advertisement in the best English papers. You can purchase English ones in all parts of France, and can find out the addresses from them. The sums paid for English schools of the kind would be from £40 to £80 per annum, according to age. We regret that we cannot help you otherwise.

DOLLY M.—The dress must be re-dyed, for when the colour is quite destroyed, there is no other way of restoring it. The dyer will tell you what colour it will take best, or whether the same colour would do again.

ANTOINETTE M.—"Had I a heart for falsehood framed" is by Sheridan, and will be found in *The Duenna* (1778).

A HUMBLE INQUIRER should address the doctor, when writing to him, as "Philip Smith, Esq., M.D.," not "Dr. Philip Smith."

A DISTRESSED SUFFERER is like Mr. Ready-to-Halt, the pilgrim in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," who journeyed to the Celestial city on crutches. Will she not, like Ready-to-Halt, join Mr. Great-heart's party, and "casting aside every weight, and the sin that most easily besets her," finish her course in great joy and happiness? Perhaps not quite so blessed as Ready-to-Halt, in being carried to heaven in a chariot of fire; but still, like him, using the suffering as the ladder by which to ascend. She should read Bunyan's works; his lessons seem never finished, nor his knowledge exhausted.

PATIENCE.—If not forbidden to correspond with your friend you may continue to do so. But tact will be necessary, and you should avoid thrusting the subject of your friendship, or the name and trouble of your friend, very obtrusively before your parents. You should also endeavour to induce your friend to conciliate them, and make some sort of apology, if possible to do so with self-respect and truthfulness. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and "follow peace with all men, by all means."

VACUNA.—We regret that we can only give you a similar answer to that which we give "Shamrock" as regards the verses, and thank you for a very nice and creditable letter. Perhaps you may compose something pretty when you have studied the art of poetical composition, as much good feeling is evidenced in your letter.

SORBERTON E. C.—Probably you have been depending on your own strength of purpose in resisting temptation. On the contrary, you should pray for the help of the Holy Spirit, and, depending on His grace, you should keep quite out of the way of temptation. May you have grace to triumph!

ELSIE GORDON.—We should think that a course of the Bath or Buxton waters would be the most serviceable to you; but you would have to consult a doctor as to which waters would be proper for your case. Many doctors prohibit the eating of meat entirely in cases of rheumatism, and we hear much of boiled celery for it—the celery to be eaten, and the water in which it is boiled to be drunk.

AMERICAN GRL.—The subscription price to the "G.O.P." would be the same, only the postage would make the difference.

PERPLEXED.—Southport would be a milder residence than Blackpool, we think, as regards climate, but otherwise we cannot say how it would agree with you.



MIMICA SANDYS.—The verses are not original, nor are they correct in metre. We could find no use for them.

M. A.; "M. H."—The depôts of the Flower Mission vary; but information may be obtained of Miss Iwisaday, 13, Eastbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.; or for the Bible Flower Mission, from the Mildmay Home of Industry, 60, Commercial Road, E. They will be very glad of your flowers, we are sure.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER (Dresden).—We should advise you to try and modify or change your diet. Perhaps meat, or wine, or beer have bad effects, and an exclusively milk diet, as it is called, with light puddings, brown bread, macaroni, and rice, might do you much good. We should doubt that climate has much to do with it.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.—See last part of the "Fairy of the Family," called "Spots and Stains." If you wish to make a collection of fossils, you should visit a place like Lyme Regis, Folkestone, or the neighbourhood of the Caves of Banwell, near Weston-super-Mare. Otherwise you should purchase them. In reference to grease spots on a woollen material, you might draw them out by placing a piece of blotting paper upon them (on the wrong side of the stuff), and passing a hot flat-iron over the paper. Otherwise you might scrape a little French chalk over the wrong side, and rub it in with the finger.

SHAMROCK.—We thank you for your nice, creditable letter, and regret that the good sentiments you expressed in rhyme are not written in correct verse. They also lack original ideas.

CARL.—Your father should get a doctor to examine his ears, as there may be water or something else needing removal. It is not necessary to go to an aurist for that.

JULIET.—You should apply at one of the great steamship company's offices for all such information. Their rules vary respectively one from the other.

RETIREMENT.—Amongst the English poets, those who hold a high and lasting place in the literature of their country are called "standard writers"; and so with reference to historians and writers on science, natural history, art, etc. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Byron, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Tennyson, and others were authors of standard works; so also Hume, Gibbon, Agnes Strickland, Mrs. Jameson, Mary Somerville, Locke, Newton, Paley, Lubbock, Buckland, and very many others, were standard writers.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.



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"MY DEAR, ARE YOU VERY TIRED?' SHE ASKED."

CHAPTER XX.

"BESSIE'S SECOND FLITTING."



JUST before Edna left them, Dr. Lambert came into the room. He seemed very pleased to see her, and at once offered to drive her to the station. Bessie was a little disappointed at this, for she had hoped to walk down with her friend; it would have given them time to finish their conversation; but Edna certainly looked tired, so she refrained from a dissenting word.

Edna bade her good-bye very affectionately, and begged her to write to her frequently, and just before they reached the station she said a word or two to Dr. Lambert; would he spare Bessie to them by-and-bye—not now, but a little later—for Oatlands was pleasant, even in the winter?

"Yes, by-and-bye," he returned, hastily; "but her mother cannot spare the girl now; she is not well; her strength has flagged since Hatty's death, and Bessie is her mother's crutch; but later on you shall have her, and indeed she looks pale, and in need of change, and I shall be thankful to let her go." And when he reached home he told them all of Edna's invitation to Bessie, and how he had answered her. Mrs. Lambert looked wistfully at her daughter.

"You would like to go, Bessie; it would do you good, and indeed I am growing stronger every day. I would spare you willingly."

"No, mother, I am not going to leave you just now. Why, you have not been down yet to breakfast. When you are quite well and strong I will think of it." And Bessie looked tenderly at her mother's thin faded face. Perhaps it was not quite so thin as it was, not so pinched and anxious, but there was plenty of room for improvement, and though Mrs. Lambert sighed, she could not conscientiously own that she was well. But when she was alone with her husband, she spoke to him about Bessie's looks.

"She is not like the same girl," she said, sadly. "She feels darling Hatty's loss more than the others. What does it matter about me, Herbert? A mother must think of her children before herself."

"Perhaps so," he replied, rather dryly; "but it is my duty to think first of you, my dear Dora. We both love our children, and would willingly do our best for them. I am not blind to Bessie's looks; but she is really strong, and her health will not suffer."

"No; but the change will do her good," she pleaded.

"I do not doubt it, and I wish you were strong enough to spare her; but Bessie is young enough to wait a little. It is we who are growing old, my dear, and who need to be comforted quickly; the young have their life before them." But though the doctor expressed himself after this stoical fashion, he was very

tender in his manner to Bessie, and though he would not have avowed it to his wife, he watched the girl narrowly, and often took her for drives, or contrived errands for her at the other end of the town. Nay, more, he became extravagant, and brought home books for her and Christine, bidding them improve their minds, and Bessie found herself the possessor of several nice books, not wholly instructive—for "Lorna Doone," and Miss Austin's "Emma," and a "Sister's Story," by Mrs. Craven, were among them. Bessie had other little surprises that pleased her greatly; every week or two a hamper came from Oatlands—new laid eggs and cream, a chicken or two, and often a brace of partridges or a pheasant. Bessie, who was housekeeper, used to rejoice over the contents of these hampers; she knew the game would tempt her mother's sickly appetite. Many of Dr. Lambert's patients remembered that he had an invalid wife, and fruit and flowers and all sorts of delicacies found their way to the doctor's house, for the Lamberts were much respected in Cliffe, and even the poor people would step up with a couple of new laid eggs from the speckled hen, or a pot of blackberry jam, or a bottle of elderberry wine for Mrs. Lambert.

"The world is very full of nice people," observed Bessie one day, when, near Christmas, she looked at the larder shelves fairly laden with good things. One kind friend had sent them a barrel of oysters. Aunt Charlotte's contribution had been a stock of apples that would last them half through the winter. The hamper from Oatlands had been unusually rich, for a turkey and a great fat goose dangled from the ceiling, and Edna had added a rich cake and a packet of bonbons and chocolate for Ella and Katie. But the letter that accompanied it had made Bessie somewhat anxious. Edna had a cold, a severe cold, for she could not shake it off, and her mother had decided to take her to Brighton for a month or two. The doctor had recommended Hastings or Bournemouth as being warmer, but Edna had a fancy for Brighton, so her mother had taken a suite of rooms in the Glenyan Mansions—a big drawing-room overlooking King's Road and the sea, and a small dining-room leading out of it. "And we have four bedrooms," wrote Edna, "for Richard proposes to run down for a night or two now and then, and mamma suggests an invitation to you. Do you think that you could come, Bessie—that your mother could spare you? We are going on the third of January, and want you to join us a few days afterwards. Do try, there's a dear! My cold has made me so weak and miserable, and the cough will not let me sleep properly at night, so, of course, my life is not very pleasant. It will be such a comfort to have you, for I never can talk to mamma; she frets herself into a fuss over everything, and that makes me, oh, so impatient; I should like to jump into the sea! But you are such a patient, reasonable, little creature, Daisy dear, and I am so fond of you. By the bye, Richard has sent you a message. He

was very particular in repeating it more than once. Let me see; oh, this is it: 'Do you not think that you owe some duty to your friends, especially when they need you? That he was sure you could do me good, and that he hoped you would make every effort to come, if only for my sake.' Was that not kind and brotherly of him? But then Richard is very much improved too."

Bessie hardly knew what she was to say in reply. Her mother was better certainly; but she could not propose to leave her. She was much surprised when her father asked her that evening if no letter had accompanied the hamper, and on her replying in the affirmative, he coolly asked to see it.

"Well," he said, interrogatively, as he handed back the letter, "what answer do you propose to give, Bessie?"

"I do not know; at least I have not thought about it," she answered.

Her father looked at her steadily.

"You have never been to Brighton?"

"Never, father."

"So much the better; it will be all new to you. Sit down and write to Miss Edna at once, and tell her that you will be glad to spend a week or two with her and her mother. Let me see, what time did she say? The first week in January; that will fit in well. I am going up to town on the seventh, and we can travel together. That will do famously, will it not, mother?"

"Do you think you can spare me, mother?" asked Bessie, anxiously. And Mrs. Lambert answered without hesitation—

"I certainly can and will spare you, Bessie, and I am very grateful to Mrs. Sefton for her invitation. My dear," as the girl still hesitated, "your father and I have long wished you to have a little holiday, so your mind may be quite at rest." And after this Bessie was satisfied.

But it was with very different feelings that Bessie left her home in the mild-tempered sunshine of that January day, to those when, seven months ago, she paid her first visit to the Grange. Things had been well with her then; no trouble since her brother's death had chequered her bright sunny existence. She had gone in holiday mood to seek fresh interests and new enjoyments; but now how utterly changed were her feelings! She could no longer look out upon the world through the rose-coloured spectacles that youth generally wears. For the second time in her life she had been brought face to face with death, and the great reality had sobered her. A deep sense of responsibility, of the inner meaning of life, seemed to cast a weight of gravity over her. A bond of sympathy seemed to unite her with all those who were in sorrow, so many were unhappy, so many had lost their nearest and dearest. Oh, how she longed to comfort them all!

Bessie was not one to speak of her feelings; the best of her life was out of sight. Only once she said to Christine, as they were walking home from church in the starlight—

"People are very proud when their relatives achieve any worldly honour or attain to any rank, yet no one seems to

feel an added dignity when any dear one has finished his or her earthly conflict most gloriously, and has won a heavenly crown. Why is it, Chrissy? Somehow it seems such an honour to me to feel I have a sister as well as a brother in heaven; it makes one more careful not to do anything unworthy of them."

Bessie's grey eyes had a softer look in them than they had of old; her voice had grown more gentle. Mrs. Sefton, who was at the station, hardly recognised the girl as she came quickly towards her; the black dress and crape bonnet made her look older, but when she smiled it was the same Bessie.

"My dear, are you very tired?" she asked, looking at her kindly. "It is such a cold evening that I dare not let Edna come with me, for her cough is still troublesome. I had some difficulty with her, but at last I got my way. Edna is not nearly so self-willed as she used to be." But here Mrs. Sefton sighed.

"Do you think Edna is really better?" asked Bessie, when the carriage door was closed, and they drove away from the station.

"I do not know," returned Mrs. Sefton, in a troubled voice. "Dr. Milton assures me that there is nothing radically wrong with her health, only want of tone and a severe cold; but I cannot feel comfortable about her; she is losing appetite and flesh, and her spirits are so variable. She is not happy, Bessie, and she cannot always hide her feelings from her mother. Richard says that we can do nothing; but how are we to go on like this?"

Bessie hardly knew what to answer; she was full of sympathy for the anxious mother; she knew Edna was her one thought in life, and that no happiness was possible to her if her child suffered. They were in the King's Road now, and the brightly-lighted shop windows almost dazzled Bessie. On the opposite side she could see a dark line that was evidently the sea; a dull, heavy surging of waves broke on her ear; now and then the splash of the white surf was clearly visible.

"Edna is young," she said, vaguely; but after all there was scant consolation in this truism, for the young suffer very keenly; a sense of impatience, of injustice, aggravates their pain. The old accept their strokes more meekly; their reason comes to their aid. "Man is born to trouble," they say, and the philosophy enables them to endure at least with some show of dignity.

"Yes, she is young; perhaps she may be consoled," replied Mrs. Sefton, with another sigh; and then the carriage stopped. "Our rooms are on the first floor," observed Mrs. Sefton, as they stood in the large, brilliantly-lighted hall, and she conducted Bessie up the staircase and down a narrow corridor, and then into a long, well-furnished drawing-room, where they found Edna.

She was sitting on a low chair, looking at the fire, but she sprang up and welcomed Bessie warmly.

"My dear little Daisy, how delighted I am to see you!" she said, with something

of her old animation. "Mamma, is it not delicious to have her again? Sit down there; you look tired and cold, and I mean to wait on you. Mamma, the tea is all ready, and I am going to pour it out. Take off your warm jacket, Bessie; oh, and your bonnet too; and then you will look more like yourself."

Bessie did as she was bidden, but her eyes followed Edna's graceful figure. How delicate she looked—far, far too pretty! She was almost dazzling to-night. The ruby velvet set off her fair hair and white skin; her face was flushed, and her eyes were too bright; and as she moved about Bessie heard her cough once or twice—a hard, dry cough. But there seemed nothing wrong with Edna's spirits to-night. She was evidently overjoyed to have her friend with her again; she talked and laughed after her old fashion.

"You will be sure to like this place, Bessie," she said. "The shops are delightful, and it is so amusing to see the people; and the sea is magnificent. I have my ponies here, so we can have plenty of drives; and there are some people that we know at the Bedford. We don't intend to mope, mamma and I; we are going to the grand bazaar at the Pavilion, and there are some first-rate concerts. But you shall be as quiet as you like," with a sudden change of tone, as Bessie looked grave; "your only duty will be to talk to me. Now I will show you your room, and you shall unpack and get ready for dinner."

Bessie was not sorry to be left alone in her comfortable room. When she had finished her unpacking, she put on her best cashmere dress, with its soft white frilling, and fastened a few white flowers at her throat. Then she sat down before the fire, and had a quiet quarter of an hour before Edna came in search of her and carried her off.

All the evening Edna was as merry as possible. She played several of her favourite pieces, and even sang a little; only as the evening drew to its close she began to have a white, exhausted look; but she followed Bessie into her room, and sat down on the rug, with the evident intention of having a talk.

"Edna, you must not stay; you look far too tired," remonstrated Bessie; "and we shall have plenty of time for talk to-morrow."

"But I like fireside talks best," replied Edna, wilfully; "and I am not inclined to sleep yet. I do hate the night!" with sudden petulance. "It is so stupid to lie awake and watch the fire go out, and count sheep jumping through a gap in the hedge; anything to cheat oneself into oblivion. Do you sleep well, Bessie?"

"Yes, always; trouble never keeps me awake. I always think of Hatty when I lie down, and wonder what she is doing, and what the angels are teaching her, but I fall asleep in the middle of a thought, and it is morning before I wake."

"Oh, you have a good conscience," replied Edna, bitterly; "you have no

remorseful thoughts to goad you into wakefulness. If one could only have one's life over again, Bessie! I want you to help me, while you are here, to think what I had better do. I cannot go on like this. Is there anything that I can do? Any work? If it were not for mamma, I would go to some hospital and learn nursing; it is too dreadful living like this just to amuse oneself, and try to forget. I must do something, something for the good of myself, if not for my fellow-creatures."

Bessie listened to her with some surprise. Edna's manner was excited; she looked feverish; her voice had a hard ring in it.

"Tell me what I must do," she said, fixing her large eyes on Bessie.

"Dear, you must get well first," replied Bessie, tenderly. "You are far from strong; your mother is right, Edna."

Edna shook her head impatiently.

"It is nothing—a cold; what does it signify? How can one feel well with all these worrying thoughts? It is work that I want, Bessie—work that will take me out of myself and make me forget."

"Are you sure that God wishes you to forget?" asked Bessie, softly. "Oh, my dear," stroking her hand, "you can never say again that I do not know what trouble is, that I cannot feel for you; but I have learnt that we must not run away from our trouble; girls so often talk like that," she went on, "about going into a hospital, but they do not know what they want. Nursing is too sacred a work to be done from such a motive. What good would such a work, undertaken in a selfish, self-seeking spirit, do them? Edna, when God wounds He heals, but it must be in His own time, and in the proper place; and even troubles caused by our own recklessness must come under this head."

"But, Bessie—"

"Wait a minute, dear; I seem to see it so clearly. You have work, only you are throwing it aside and asking for more. 'Thou camest not to thy place by accident; it is the very place God meant for thee.' Don't you remember those lines? Surely, surely an only daughter's place must be with her mother; to make her happy must be no light duty. You are her one thought from morning to night; it breaks her heart to see you unhappy. Edna, if your mother died, and you had not tried to make her happy!"

"Do you mean—oh, I see what you mean, but I am too selfish to find it out for myself. I am only thinking of my own good, not of her at all. I have never been good to her; she gives all, and I just take it."

"Make her your work," whispered Bessie, "and by-and-bye comfort will come to you, as it would not in any hospital, in any self-chosen duty; for where God puts us, He must find us, or we shall have to give an account of why we have erred and strayed," finished Bessie, reverently.

(To be continued.)

ART AND HEART; OR, DECORATION FOR THE POOR.

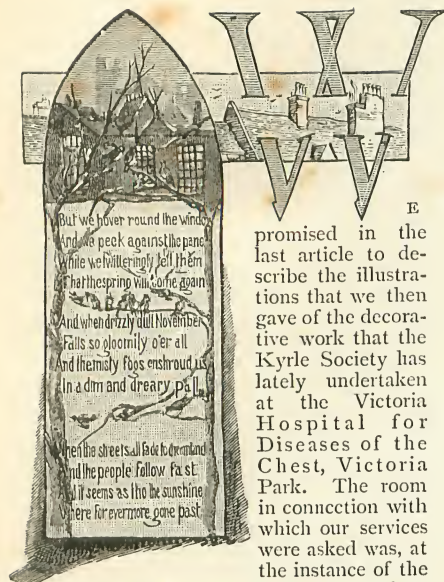
By C. HARRISON TOWNSEND.

The arches that we have mentioned as occurring at either end of the room seemed to offer the point of departure for the decorator's work. These, then, which the reader will remember are about seven feet wide, are filled with semi-circular panels of naturalistic flower subjects, painted in oil on a gold ground.

It has taken us some time and many experiments to arrive at the best gold ground for our decoration work, in which of course it plays a fairly important part. For instance, we have tried in vain to find a gilded American cloth which did not turn black and cloudy after it had been exposed some time to the action of the light. Even varnishing this material does not seem to prevent this occurrence. Japanese leather papers, however, seem to meet the difficulty,

the gold ground was allowed to half assert itself. The flower subjects, painted in bold and firm style, were selected as types of the four seasons, and represented for spring, *Pirus Japonica*; summer, purple clematis; autumn, sunflower; and winter, Christmas roses.

The key elevation of one end of the ward on page 117 and the engraving on the opposite page show the over-mantel, which forms another part of the scheme. It is a cheap and simple design, and, as the reader will see, is adapted—as regards the lower centre panel—to accommodate itself to an existing gas bracket, the position of which the authorities did not wish to alter. It consists of a centre portion, framed by slim pilasters carrying a top shelf, and of two side panels, about a foot wide and two feet high, in which are placed



PANEL, BAKER'S ROW,
WHITECHAPEL.

various wards of the hospital are connected by wide corridors, and out of one of these, and separated from it by a couple of arches some eight or nine feet wide, is the day-room in question. It forms, in fact, a kind of bay in connection with the corridor, and is a spacious room, thirty-one feet long by twenty wide, and about twelve feet high. At either end is a fireplace, with stone jambs and mantel slab. On each side of these chimney-pieces is a recess about seven feet wide, and with a circular or arched head. The room is lighted by two wide windows. The society was fortunately asked to lend its aid just before the periodical repainting of the hospital was undertaken, and they were willingly allowed a voice in deciding the colour treatment of this ward. They were thus able to prepare a scheme of colour *ab initio*.

The dado round the room is painted a warm brown, and the walls above are distempered a warm buff, whilst the mantels, etc., are painted grey green—the tint that decorators understand and describe as “duck’s egg green.” (The best materials, by the way, for arriving at this particular tone are lamp-black, chrome yellow, and white, mixed “to taste,” as cooks say of their recipes.) The ceiling of course remains white

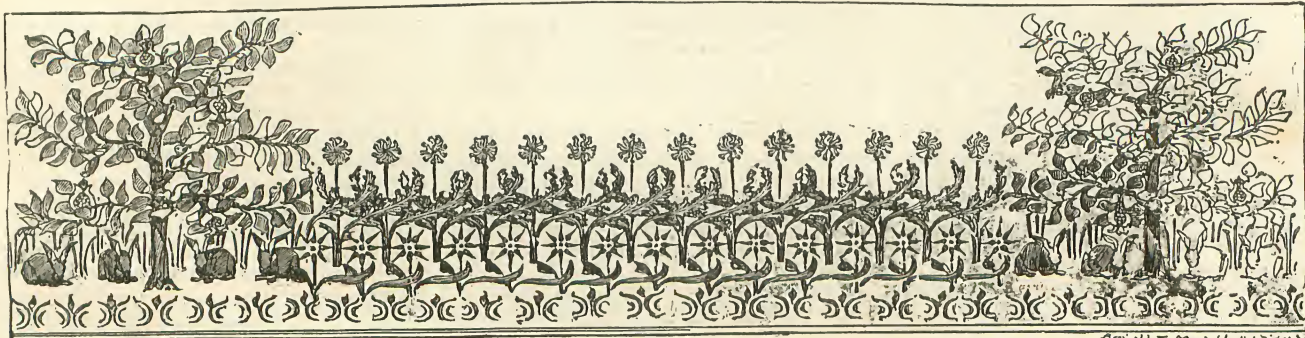
and to give one what is wanted—a gold-faced material, the brilliancy of which is likely to last. As a matter of fact, we may say, in passing, that this merit is due to the fact that the Japanese do not rely upon a cheap—and consequently adulterated—gold for their surface. Their paper is covered in manufacture with “white metal” leaf, and this is protected from the action of the air by being coated with lac or lacquer. The lac is transparent, and of course by mixing with it a transparent yellow medium any desired golden effect may be obtained. Japanese gold paper is principally imported into this country by Messrs. Rottmann, Strome, and Co., St. Mary Axe, and is made in different varieties, either smooth or embossed in pattern, or of morocco leather surface, etc.; and in various tones of gilding. Its price varies from 18s. to 30s. the piece of nearly twelve yards, and it is generally one yard wide.

For the purpose we are now describing we made use of the plain surface, highly varnished, and bright gold ground. A reference to the illustrations in the last article will show that the flower subjects did not cover the whole of the semicircular panels or “lunettes.” A space of about ten inches was left round the circular part of the panel, and this was filled with the conventional wreath or “swag” work shown on the engraving, executed in brown, semi-transparent paint, through which



“ABOVE THE DADO.”

two canvas panels. These oil paintings represent “Work” and “Rest.” The oblong panel above the gas jet contains the motto of the Kyrle Society, “To the Utmost of our Power.” Executed in American bass wood; the cost of this over-mantel, unpainted, was 25s. Both it and the existing stone mantel-piece are painted shades of greyish green, as mentioned above. Detail D, on page 117, shows the stencil pattern which has been executed on the jambs and head of the mantel-piece. It is executed in dark and light greens as regards the leaves, and the blossoms in pale blue and salmon tints. It is, we may say, perfectly easy for the art amateur to prepare his or her own stencil-plates. The design is transferred to the oil-paper that is sold for copying books, and with a sharp knife the part forming the pattern can then be cut out. Care



RABBIT FRIEZE.

ACDGG KNOR

ALBERT DURER'S LETTERING.

must be taken, though, to leave what are called "bridges"; that is to say, spaces of paper are left uncut to prevent too great a space of perforation and the consequent falling to pieces of the stencil-sheet. A better way of repeating the designs to any extent is, however, that which was generally practised by the old decorators. The pattern was cut out as if for stencil-work, and was "pounced" over at the back with powdered chalk. This left an indication of the design, which was then worked over by hand. Thus the hard, mechanical, and print-like effect of the stencil was exchanged for the greater freedom of work resulting from the use of the freehand brush.

Part of the scheme of decoration in the ward we are treating of has not yet been carried out. The walls, as we have said, are in tone a warm buff. Above the dado it was intended to run a six-inch band of conventional foliage design; and further, a frieze, fifteen inches deep, would run round the room, separated from the wall proper by a two-inch wood moulding. Both of these would be a blue design on an ivory ground. An inscription or motto would be carried by the frieze, of which we give an illustration. We do so because, although this part of the work is not at present to be carried out, yet we think the way in which it would be executed offers hints to our readers. The pattern part of the frieze is bought ready made, printed in oil (and hence washable) on canvas. It is a new material that has come into general use in place of wall papers, and is known as the "Patent Sanitary Wall Hanging." As regards cost, the design we illustrate, printed in almost any two colours, is 1s. per yard. The lettering is then worked out (in the present instance in a dark green oil paint) by the volunteer artist, artistic perception being called into play to arrange the letters so as to gain a good effect by interlacing them over and under the sprigs of the design. Their outline should be traced round with a line the colour of the ground, and about an eighth of an inch in thickness. This emphasises the form of the letters. And here we may indulge in another digression; for the reader must please understand that the pieces of decoration of which we write are brought forward more as pegs upon which to hang an account of the Kyrle Society's experiences than as models of decorative work described for their own sake.

We find that the question of lettering, by which we mean the selection of the kind of letters to

form our various inscriptions, mottoes, and texts, is an important one. Common sense and experience both lead us to advocate the use of a simple alphabet, and one more easily "understood of the people" than either the Lombardic, German, or Old English, with which church and schoolroom decorators have made one but too familiar. To be artistic, an alphabet need not be illegible. A letter of Roman type may be a beautiful thing, granted that thought has arranged that its proportions and curves should be the best. So much is this the case that Albert Dürer himself did not disdain to write a book on the subject, and to design alphabets which to the present day stand as models of what letters should be. The illustration we give is an example of some of these. The letters are elegant in themselves, and possess another merit as great as that of their beauty, that is, legibility. The people we cater for have not been educated up to "Gothic" or "Old English" letters, and it is not fair to embarrass them with an inscription that is intricate and hard to read.

Another of our illustrations in this number

shows part of the scheme of decoration at the Girls' Recreation Room, Nelson Square, Southwark. Here a frieze, about two feet deep, has been painted on twilled canvas, the background of the work being the grey tone of the unpainted canvas. The conventional foliage is executed in shades of sage green, with pale lemon blossoms, and is broken at the corners of the room and in the centre of each wall by dwarf pomegranate trees, with rabbits seated under. The walls of the room are coloured terra-cotta. The effect of the frieze—thanks in great measure to the soft and receptive nature of the canvas on which it is painted—is very soft and pleasing.

Apropos of this material we may here digress again so far as to say that in all our hospital work we make it a rule that the decoration that the society presents to such places shall be executed on glazed or varnished surfaces. That every object in a ward shall admit either of being washed or removed and cleaned is, we find, a condition generally imposed on us by the medical authorities. But in such rooms as parish rooms, institute halls, and clubs we allow ourselves more latitude.

As an example of our inexpensive scheme of treatment, let us describe the Working Men's Institute, St. Barnabas, Edgware Road. The grant for this, made by the committee on the basis of the Visiting Members' report, was £4. This defrayed the cost of a band of light-green American cloth, on which are painted flowers somewhat naturalistically executed. Oval panels at intervals are treated as landscape subjects, and between them runs a lower band of autumnal leaves, in dull reds and browns, painted on the same material. The members of the club or institute were proud of the opportunity of putting up their decoration, and thus saved the important item of "Man's time, so much an hour."

At the Girls' Institute, St. Mary's, Hoxton, there has been carried out a still cheaper scheme. The material is bronze-green American cloth, which the manufacturers now pre-



HALL OF ALL HALLOWS' MISSION.

pare with a rougher and less highly glazed surface than the old make. There are three door panels, having as subjects arum-lilies, iris, and clematis, and a long, narrow panel of water-lilies and marsh marigolds for the mantelpiece. On each side of the door is a figure panel, the subjects being Joan of Arc and Grace Darling. Another flower group contains old George Herbert's fine lines:—

"A servant by this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine."

There were given in addition three other flower panels, and a body of volunteer workers painted an Indian-red dado round the room. Exclusive of a mantel-hanging and curtains worked by a member at her own cost, the expense of this decoration did not exceed £2.

The other illustration in this number shows one end of the long room or hall the society has lately decorated for the Sisters in charge of the All Hallows Mission, Southwark. The room is used for all kinds of school and parochial purposes, but more especially for the assembling together of the girls under the charge of the mission. One end of it is occupied by a stepped gallery, and the walls are unplastered, and are distempered cream colour, with the exception of the dado, which is painted dark red. Those forming the two sides of the room have, at intervals, brick pilasters, about 18 inches wide, and twelve in number. The decorative project took advan-

tage of these, and has placed a high panel on each. These contain flower subjects, filling the lower portion of the picture, while tree branches—such as those of the apple-tree and weeping willow—or flights of birds, occupy its upper part. Each panel (executed on a dark red ground) occupies the width of a pilaster, and is framed in a deal moulding stained dull black.

The "Three Virtues" are commemorated in a scroll over the gallery in the form of the words, Humility, Obedience, Charity, one of these words being in each of the three spaces into which the wall is divided by its pilasters. Reference is thus made to the figure subjects (partly shown on our illustration). They are about six feet high by two and a half wide, and represent "St. Christopher bearing the Infant Christ," "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," and "St. John the Baptist surrounded by six Apostles"—the latter after the beautiful Lippo Lippi in the National Gallery. All the figures are painted on a gold Japanese paper, not smooth in surface as that we have just mentioned in connection with the Victoria Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, but with an embossed design, selected as not being too Japanese in pattern to accord with the subject executed on it. Over this bright gold background was passed a sponge containing amber, straight from the tube, and with turpentine—but no oil—as medium. The result is a rich brown tone of gold, and the effect gained is decidedly happy. The border around the Lippo Lippi (see

sketch) is executed in the same method, out in a stronger shade. The frieze around the room contains the quotation from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner":—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all!"

It is painted in light yellow letters on an Indian-red ground, the material being prepared canvas. Above and below this inscription are placed borders of "Lincrusta Walton," a material with which most of our readers will be acquainted. It is one of which the Society's decorators have made considerable use. It is not expensive; the designs are for the most part good; it is easily fixed, and it takes colour well. A four or six inch border forms an effective frame when placed around a wall picture, and treated well in colour.

The initial letter to this article also forms an illustration of a series of panels that the Society placed some years ago in the Baker's Row Playground, "an open space" bought for and dedicated to the use of the Whitechapel poor by some philanthropists. The work is executed in oil, on sheets of zinc, which is a material we consider most suitable for work intended to stand in the open air exposed to the weather. The panels are further protected by a prettily-treated pent-house roof of wood.

(To be continued.)

MITTENWALD. AND ITS VIOLINS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER V.

"Given: a log of wood;—Make: a fiddle."
—Problem.



HAVING watched the pieces of pine and maple, with all their pent up forces, gradually assuming familiar shapes under the hands of skilful workmen, we leave them for a time in order to look about for some agent which

shall not only support and draw together these two graceful tables, but have power to release the sweet sounds which lie within them, and give life to that mysterious something which is to bind them to mankind and enable them to take part in the songs of angels.

If these tables are to tell out their strange and wonderful secret of sympathy and of harmony, they must be brought together by a bond which shall be in harmony with them, sensible of their emotions and capable of reflecting them. It must be willing to convey and mingle the sweet sounds of both one and the other without intruding its own identity, and as a preparation for this solemn work it must be willing to submit itself to the knife, fire, and water.

Is there anything animate or inanimate which would be willing so utterly to sink itself in order to bring out the sweetness of others?

This question was often asked by the old Italian masters in their search for, what seemed, the impossible. They knew well enough that unless they could light on such an agent their aspirations after fame would come to naught and their instruments turn out failures.

Those who had spent so much love and devotion on these tables knew how very fastidious they were, and that though willing enough to give forth their richest and sweetest sounds as long as they were treated with dignity, they could yet scold like angry women if any attempt were made to unite them by means of an unworthy or unsympathetic agent, showing decidedly that "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

This explained the masters' earnestness and perseverance in seeking a proper support for their upper and lower tables, and at length, after making many experiments, they were rewarded by the discovery that ribs or sides of maple, corresponding in character to the lower table, would answer every requirement.

As the Mittenwaldians follow in the steps of the old Italian violin makers, we were not surprised on entering another room of the factory to find a number of workmen engaged on long strips of this particular wood, which they were planing to a thickness of about $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch.

This being done, they were passed on to others who cut them into short lengths, according to a pattern which decided both width and length. Six of these were necessary for one violin.

We now witnessed an interesting process, that of fitting and bending them to the model. I have not spoken of the moulds or models further than to say that they were very good; but in order to make clear what we saw done with these strips of maple, we would mention that there is an inside solid mould round which the instrument is built up, little by little, and an outside frame or mould inside which the building grows.

In order to get the strips to the position they are to occupy in the violin they must be bent to the curves of the upper and lower

tables; this is done by dipping them two or three times in water and compelling them to the required form by means of heated irons, much in the same way and on the same principle as a boat-builder deals with the planks he is going to use for his boat.

This process, to be effectual, must be gradual; the consequence of hurrying it would be either to snap or warp the wood. Supposing it to be done properly, the sides are pressed round the inner mould and joined by means of glue. No nail or metal is ever employed in uniting the various parts of the instrument, and how exquisitely these joins are made one can see by taking up any decent violin.

These six *bouts* (the proper name for the sides), which are to support the two tables, have assistance given them in their arduous task by twelve linings and six blocks, which give, says Otto, to the inside of the violin the appearance of an Italian guitar. All these work harmoniously together for the good of the whole.

As we stood watching the admirable way in which one part after another was bandaged and put in stays, we fancied it not unlike being in a hospital ward looking at a skilful surgeon binding up broken limbs.

There is still something to be done before the box can receive the upper table, which is as important to the well-being of the violin as is the heart or the nervous system to a human being.

The sound-post is to be put in, and in such an exact and exquisite manner as to make it part and parcel of the upper and lower tables, in fact as if it grew from one to the other.

It takes a very skilful workman to adjust this post as well as to form it; it is a little round prop of fine, even-grained pine; it must not be a shade too long or it would force the

back and belly apart; it must not be an atom too short or it would fall when the strings were let down.

So important is this sound-post that the French call it the soul of the violin. It is a tiny thing, but it does a giant's work; for example, it regulates the power and quality of the sound, it performs the functions of the heart with unerring regularity. It communicates to the back the succession* of shocks given to the strings by the bow; it has the same effect upon the upper and lower tables as the bow has upon the strings, and not only so, but it continues the vibrations and keeps them regular with one another. "Through it," says Mr. Haweis, "pass all the heart throbs or vibrations generated between the back and belly."

Having secured the heart, the next thing to do was to provide the nervous system of the violin. This was done by making a bar of fine, soft, even-grained pine, and placing it inside the upper table from end to end, in a slightly oblique direction, under the left foot of the bridge. This is called the bass or sound-bar, and is a curious and deeply interesting part of the instrument, and so very sensitive is it to external touch that it is spoken of as the nervous system of the violin. If it by chance get out of place or out of order, or is made of wrong material, the violin is attacked by a nervous fever known to violinists as wolf-notes. In selecting material of which to make this delicate organ care is taken to get the pine which yields the highest note when struck.

The work allotted to the sound-bar is that of transmitting to the entire belly, or upper plate, the vibrations communicated to it by the left foot of the bridge, and to prevent them from entering into a series of segmental vibrations. Nor is this all: it is its duty to strengthen the belly to bear the heavy pressure of the strings, and to be in perfect harmony with the bridge. But who is to know the exact dimensions of this bar—how thick it is to be, how strong? It takes a lifetime of study, and only the most skilful of the workmen are entrusted with the work.

The sound-bars put in by the old Italian masters have all become too weak for the modern high pitch, and there is scarcely one but has had its sound-bar replaced, otherwise they could not have borne the present increased tightness of the strings.

The bar requires the most delicate handling;

* If any one should care to know how the vibration is communicated by the sound-post from one table to another she can do so by a very simple experiment. Have a saucepan of boiling water on the fireplace, one end of a poker on the lid, the other to the ear or between the teeth, and she will hear the sound of boiling distinctly, the sound being conveyed more readily through the solid iron than through air.

to force or confine it is to harden the sound and change the wood into steel. As a proof of this the following true story is told:—

There lived long ago in Paris a certain amateur, whose collection of violins was most choice and formed all his worldly wealth; every penny he possessed went in the purchase of violins. There were instruments by Amati, by Guarnerius, by Straduarus, and even a real Stainer. He was content, and his ambition satisfied, when suddenly he discovered that the famous violin ordered by a certain marquis of Straduarus had been brought to Paris.

It had lately been rebarred in Italy and badly done, but its beauty was incomparable, it was a perfect picture. For a collector the temptation to possess it was very great, and the amateur of whom we are speaking was not strong enough to resist it; he felt he must have it at any cost. And so he sacrificed several superb violins in order to acquire one whose sounds were decidedly noisy, harsh, intractable and strong, yet without substance.

There was no doubt about its beauty; it was perfect both in form and colour; it had every quality that could attract notice, and a handle and corners whose angles were perfect; such, indeed, as one finds in the models of Straduarus, which have no rival. And so this amateur having made the sacrifice, became the possessor of this squealing, howling thing, and, strange to say, he was not dissatisfied, for taking into consideration the wood, the maker, the model, he felt sure that this vice did not belong to it by nature, but was occasioned in some way by a misunderstanding between the sound-bar and the bridge; and he was right. The violin was untabled, the operation performed, and the substitution of an elastic pine bar for one of wood quite unsuitable, worked wonders. Its singing at once resembled its plumage, and it was difficult to know which most to admire, its beauty or its excellence; at all events the amateur was content, for he was heard to say that an empire could not tempt him to part with his king of violins.

Leaving the bass or sound-bar to be glued on to the inside of the upper table in such a manner as to lead us to believe it had grown there, we must return to the sides or bouts for a few minutes; they are in readiness to be fixed on to the upper table as soon as the bar is dry, and so far all is right. Their office and self-denying work have been explained; but something has been left unsaid concerning them which is of the utmost importance to the violin—viz., that the instrument must breathe, and can no more live without air than we can. The sounds which issue from it owe their sweetness and intensity entirely to the proper measure of air within its body,

and this in its turn depends upon the height of the sides.

If there is want of exactitude in measuring the air, inequality of the sounds will result; they will be slumbering when they should be flying, or launching forth when they should pause, and so, acting with too much haste, would get entangled or broken.

It seems that Amati and Straduarus both made some slight alteration in the depth and curves of the sides, one making them a trifle deeper, while the other extended the curves; but these deviations only occur in a few of their instruments; in every case, however, they were in harmony with the two tables whose servants they are.

This regulating the air is a most difficult point to crop up just as we think we have seen the body completed, for who is to know to a hair the depth of the sides which will enclose a certain volume of air in the box, and who is to know the exact amount of air which is to be enclosed? And yet this is the very essence of violin-making.

Several of Straduarus' violins were tested by Mons. Savart, who found in every case that the sound yielded by the mass of air within each was equal to one hundred and twelve vibrations in a second, and this is what every violin-maker strives for in the disposal of his materials. He must know to a hair what is needful to facilitate the undulation of the air, to make it oscillate within like the pendulum of a clock, and to prevent its jerking or shaking. We shall find as we go on that the regulation and measuring of the air for the violin is quite as indispensable to its life and action as it is for human beings in a hospital ward. We shall see this more clearly when we come to the make and use of the bow.

The upper table now being fixed to the bouts, the box or body is complete, with heart, nerves, and supports all ready for work in the new life about to set in; but it must have an ornament, if in all things it is to be like those of the old masters. This ornament is called purfling, and is a nice finish to the body. "Its only real use," says Ed. Heron Allen, "is that it preserves the edges of the instrument from splintering, by binding the fibres together as with a border.

Purfling is an inlaid border that marks the inner edge of all violins, the double purfling being a sign of the Brescian school. We watched it being fitted round the back and belly, and tapped into its place by a little hammer. This being done, the body is finished in the white, as it is called, and must be laid aside while we see the other parts made ready.

(To be continued.)

USEFUL HINTS.

Grilled Breast of Mutton.—Boil the mutton in the stock-pot; when done drain it, and brush it over with oil; dip it in breadcrumbs mixed with chopped parsley and shalots; broil and serve with piquante sauce.

Epaule à la Sainte-Menchould.—Bone a shoulder of mutton and braise it, take it out and drain it, dip it in breadcrumbs, then stir a little oiled butter into three yolks of eggs, brush this over the breadcrumbs, and then put a second layer of crumbs with a little butter over and put in the oven to brown; when brown serve with the gravy from the braise, strained and reduced. Breasts or necks of mutton are very good dressed in this way; the bones can be removed after they are braised.

Epaule Fourrée (stuffed shoulder of mutton).—Bone a shoulder of mutton, take half a pound of sausage-meat, cook it in a little butter until it is a light brown, add some chopped mushrooms to it, and see that it is rather highly seasoned; put this in the shoulder of mutton, tie it up securely, then braise, and serve with gravy from braise.

Mouton au Persu.—Take a piece of the best end of the neck of mutton; remove the skin and rub the meat with chopped onions, parsley, and oil; leave it two hours. Take some branches of parsley about two inches long, having one leaf at the top of each; with the larding needle run these into the mutton; salt the meat and brush it over with butter,

wrap it in buttered paper, and bake in a hot oven for about twenty-five minutes, basting often; serve with gravy and a dish of haricots.

Haricot de Mouton.—Cut some neck or breast of mutton in pieces; brown them slightly with butter in the stewpan; take them out and make a thickening with butter and flour; cook until a light brown; add some broth, sweet herbs, parsley, salt, pepper, and a clove of garlic; then put in the meat, cover and let it cook. Boil some French beans in water; when the meat is nearly done, drain the beans and add to the meat, and let them simmer. Haricot beans, carrots, or turnips are used when French beans cannot be had.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.



THE "LITTLE LORD FAUNTILEROV" DRESS FOR A BOY.

THE best occasions undoubtedly for the study of the newest ideas in dress are usually the private views of the two great galleries—viz., the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor. To these has now to be added the "New Gallery," the private view of the "Stuart Exhibition" attracting nearly everyone great in rank, literature, and art. This year, in the general remarks I have made on the dress worn, I see that "best dress" (as one would call it), silk or satin, velvet or brocade, has disappeared, and in its place we have the woollen gown, perhaps united with velvet or silk, but oftener not, of daily wear—the kind of gown that one could wear at any hour of the day. I saw fewer tailor-made gowns than at any former private views, though there were several ladies present who wore the stout Irish homespun and rough tweeds, made up without any other admixture of material, but few if any of the gowns bore any decidedly tailor-made stamp. The feeling for the "Directoire style" has very evidently been on the increase, as the "redingote" jacket and bodices, with the well-known *revers*, abounded. But the gowns worn were the ordinary walking gown of the day, and "smart dress" was nowhere. This change has been coming on for a long

time, and has been visible to the prophetic eye, for as the years pass we women are following the example set us by men, and are becoming more simple in daily dress; and what an economy it will be when there are but two styles of gowns to provide for—viz., that of daily life and the gala-dress needful for those who go into society!

The general aspect of everybody is distinguished by long and graceful lines. Nothing is bunched up nor gathered, and steels have vanished from the dresses entirely, while the cushion, if worn, is not obtrusive. The gown is arranged in pleats behind at the waist, and in order to make these stand out they are stuffed with wadding or cotton-wool, and in the newest gowns all the "dress improver" that there is, is made in this manner. But it does not extend to the sides, and it is only at the back of the waist, at the very extreme top, where the "improver" exists at all. The fronts of the skirts are plain, or else they are gathered about two inches down, and there are small folds at the sides. All the fulness is reserved for the back.

The "Directoire redingote," with flat sides, pleated back, square pockets on the hips, loose front, *revers* reaching to the shoulders,



DRESS IN THE PARK.

and the vest and the petticoat of a different material, seems to be more worn than anything else for out of doors. But whatever style is worn, these full but plain skirts are invariable. Wide sashes are used both at the back and sides, being perhaps more usual at the back than at the sides. The sleeves also show a great amount of alteration. They are often made of a different material to the dress, or they are puffed all the way down to the elbow; or, again, they may have a pointed trimming which reaches nearly to the elbow, outside the arm. This trimming is generally of the same *passementerie* as that employed to trim the dress. Sometimes a long strip of an entirely different material is let in from the shoulder to the wrist. Some of the new bodices have one side made quite differently to the other. For instance, one side may be a polonaise, the other side a basqued bodice, and the polonaise side may be trimmed with fur, while the basque side may be plain. The old-fashioned bodice with the point at the back, the same as in front, is also seen, and some of them are corded round, and have the fulness at the back of the skirt gathered in and sewn round it.

At the Grosvenor "private view" there was a great deal of braiding worn, many of the out-of-door jackets being covered entirely with it, and the braid laid on upright sometimes, the idea being a red cloth foundation with black braiding on it. The waistcoat-fronts of many of the dresses were in this style: black braid on a white cloth ground being a generally favoured idea. There is also a very general rage for all kinds of embroidery in gold, black, brown, etc., and they all look handsome and suitable on the cloth dresses so much used, and moreover are not expensive to buy. All kinds of Oriental embroideries are worked in for the gowns made in the "Directoire" style. The trimming is used for the open



THREE NEW JERSEYS.

fronts for the *revers*, the sleeves, and the cuffs.

The tea-gown is as much worn as ever. In fact, it seems to be gladly welcomed this winter weather by people who are afraid of exposure to draughts of air, and who yet have to make some change in their dress in the evening. The new tea-gowns are more open in the front, and have, as a rule, the high "Medici collar," which suits them so well. The fronts are of soft silks, in folds of handsome brocade of lace over coloured satin, or of fine Oriental embroidery, which has a very good effect.

And now I must devote a small space to hats and bonnets. The very large "Directoire bonnet," with wide open fronts, is seen, and so are the large "Directoire hats"; but side by side, and quite as popular, I find the tiny bonnets without strings, which are illustrated

in "Dress in the Park." These require a good deal of hair in the front, of course, as the edge of the bonnet is not at all visible. Black hats and bonnets are a great deal worn; the former covered with black velvet trimmed with bows and feathers to correspond with the gown. But, as a rule, the newest bonnets are made to accord with the cloak or out-of-door garment. There is *certainly* no fear for the success of the home milliner with these small bonnets, for they are most simple in trimming and construction.

Last month I had an illustration of the new veil; there are, however, several new methods of wearing it; and the small scraps of tulle tied over the upper half of the face seem to be doomed to disappear before a larger and more important style, which is, in fact, a revival of the old. The long veil of net tulle, or lace, three yards in length, which goes over



NEW JACKET, WITH A CAPE.



FOR THE EVENINGS AT HOME.

the front of the bonnet, crosses at the back, and is brought to the front, and tied loosely on the chest, is the first of the new styles. Next to this there comes a veil of plain unhemmed tulle, of the whole breadth of the material. White tulle is worn over a black hat or bonnet. The tulle is put on so as entirely to cover the face, and falls below the chin, where, when the ends are crossed at the back,



BODICE WITH REVERS FOR BRAIDING.

and brought round the lower edge, it is caught and kept down by the tulle being tied in a bow below the chin. Then we have the old long square veil, with a string run through the hem; and also the old half-circle, which is bordered all round with lace. Above the lace border a ribbon is passed in and out of the holes in the lace, which draws the veil in, to tie on the bonnet or hat. On the half-circle side a fine elastic is run, which is drawn in just under the chin. Then I see that on the very large-fronted "Directoire" bonnets an old-fashioned lace "fall" is sometimes sewn, quite in the old style. From all this my readers will see that we are returning to very old ideas indeed, at least in the way of veils; and now that people can protect their faces, perhaps we shall have less neuralgia and fewer colds.

The idea of carrying ends to the back of

the hat or bonnet, and then bringing them to the front to tie underneath the chin, is carried out in other things beside veils; for large hats are seen with ribbon strings arranged in this manner, and the feather boas are used to trim hats, and then are brought round the neck as wraps, from the back, producing a very pretty effect.

It seems most probable, from what one observes at present, that the summer will see a revival of the pure "Empire" style of dress; the simple skirt, the wide sash, and the folded bodice are all suitable and pretty to young people in daily life, for tennis, for boating, and also for washing dresses. There was a time when older people wore the same, and as all the tendency of our dress is towards simple lines, no doubt some modification will be found for them.

The long boas are as much used as ever, and those of ostrich feathers are exceedingly elegant and not very expensive. The newest are formed more like collars than boas, and have long ends in front. There is a decided tendency, I observe, to increase the size of the muff. I do not know whether we shall attain to the gigantic proportions of those worn of yore, when the great hats and large boas were also in fashion, and which ladies used as receptacles for carrying their lapdogs. But the tiny creations of lace and velvet worn during the last few years are quite on the wane now.

Two styles of "Directoire" dresses are given in the walkers facing us in the sketch, "Dress in the Park," which may be useful as models for our readers; and I have illustrated the much-worn and talked-of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" costume for boys. The sash should be of red silk, and the stockings black. This is a simple and pretty boy's dress for the evening, and can be easily made up at home in a moderately priced velvet. Two evening bodices which I have selected are both suited to young girls, and the one with folds over the front may be easily made up by altering and arranging an old or half-worn bodice.

The sketch of the "Three New Jerseys" should be a comfort to those who find a difficulty in getting their bodices made, or who wear out the bodice before the skirt, as they can all be purchased in the best shops, and are of good material, cut and fit.

The paper pattern for the month is a bodice with revers and pockets, suitable for braiding. The material used should be a fine cloth, and the braiding could be done on bands, to be afterwards applied to the bodice. The latter is in ten pieces—two sleeve pieces, cuff, collar, pockets, revers, front, back, and two side pieces. About three yards and a half of material would be required for a person

measuring thirty-six inches across the chest. Bands of braiding could be used as trimming for the skirt, to match the braiding on the bodice. This bodice would be a useful one for an ordinary dress, and will be one of those most worn in the spring. The pattern of the "Little Lord Fauntleroy's" dress, for a child aged seven, can also be obtained, price one shilling, as "The Lady Dressmaker" finds it in such demand, and ladies in the country experience a difficulty in procuring it. The little coat and breeches constitute the pattern, which is quite within the power of any mother to make up; and as this pattern will be much used during the next summer season, it will be found most useful for lighter everyday use.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, including the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing-jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress-drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays ("emancipation"), Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress with full back, bodice with revers for braiding.

VARIETIES.

NO EULOGY REQUIRED.—"Woman," says an old bachelor, "requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

TOO FLATTERING A PORTRAIT.—When Anne of Cleves was spoken of for a wife to Henry VIII., Holbein, the celebrated artist, was commissioned by Cromwell to draw her portrait. He brought over to England so favourable a likeness that Henry consented to wed; but when he found her so inferior to the miniature, the storm which should really have been directed on the painter, burst on the minister. Cromwell lost his head because Anne was uncommonly plain-looking, and not a Venus as Holbein had painted her.

TO THE END OF THE WORLD.

"And do you love me so devotedly, dear," he said, "that you will give up home and friends and all that makes your young life bright and happy, to become my wife, and go with me to the uttermost ends of the world if necessary?"

"Yes, George," she whispered, softly; "when I am your wife your thoughts shall be my thoughts, your hopes my hopes; and if you should want me to go to the uttermost ends of the earth with you, I will go, oh, so gladly, George, for I do so love to travel!"

TRUE WISDOM.—The wisest girl is generally she who thinks herself least so.

A MOTTO FOR A LIBRARY.—The following motto will recommend itself to lovers of books, and will be found suitable for every library, large or small:—"Tolle, aperi, recita, ne lēdas, claude, reponē!" which freely translated means "Take me down, open me, read me, don't injure me, shut me up, but put me back!"

THE RIVAL.

Shall I bring you an ice," said he, "while Miss Yellfort is singing? Pray take something."

She was a rival of Miss Yellfort, and she answered, "Thanks, no; if I took anything it would be ether."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

CONFESSIONS.

OUR contributors responded fairly well to our appeal to them in the September monthly part of last year, nevertheless the competition has not been so successful a one as we had anticipated. The number of papers sent in altogether is smaller than it was in the last three competitions, not so much care has been taken over the work, and less literary ability has been shown than we had been given to expect from the excellent results of the two former contests.

Our readers may remember the great praise we lavished on the work done in connection with the heroines from Shakespeare, and we scarcely expected that so high a standpoint of excellence would be maintained, nevertheless the great success of that competition has made the falling off of the present one more noticeable.

We believe the reason of this comparative failure (for after all it is only a comparative failure) to be a want of interest in the subject on the part of our contributors. We thought this was the case after going through the first batch of four hundred, and now, having read the remainder (nearly the same number), we feel sure it is.

In writing thus we exclude the work of girls of the age of eighteen and nineteen, who have sent admirable work, and far outdistanced the others, both from a literary and a critical point of view. The papers sent in since the September notice are a little better than the others, and great improvement has been shown by those girls who have made two attempts, for though none of them have changed their opinions, they have given far better reasons for their choice. Comparatively the worst work has been done by competitors between the ages of twenty and thirty, whereas in the Shakespeare competition they were the most successful. The failure of the older girls has rather surprised us; criticism of all the faculties is the one which gains most from experience; there is also a carelessness in the work done by these girls which was quite absent in their papers on Shakespeare's heroines.

"Your favourite qualities in woman?" has been answered far better than "Your favourite qualities in man?" A few of the girls who have a good idea of woman's duty seem to think that men were only created as machines to make money for them, or as companions to please them. There is not a single frivolous answer to the query, "Your favourite quality in woman?" whereas there are several to the companion one concerning men, girls of sixteen being the greatest offenders in this respect. A competitor whose object in life it is "to work hard in order to help her brothers and sisters," and who has a high opinion of what a Christian woman's life ought to be, prefers men of "nice appearance and plenty of conversation," because they can amuse her at evening parties; while another likes handsome men because their influence in the world is so great, in fact they "rule the world" according to her, and "will continue to do so." This ridiculous answer disfigures an otherwise excellent paper, and it is rather curious that this girl, who says that "beauty is of little account" in her own sex, considers it so important in men.

When asking the question, "Your favourite book?" we meant the Bible excluded, it being obviously impossible for a Christian to prefer the handiwork of man to the inspired Scriptures; nevertheless as we did not specify the exclusion, girls are not to be blamed for choosing it. The greater number of competitors, however, chose another book, with the remark, "the Bible of course excluded."

The favourite hymn is "Rock of Ages," "Lead, Kindly Light," being a good second, nearly half the contributors choosing one or other of these hymns. The little essays on "Your favourite Bible verse?" were very well done; the texts chosen of course varied very much, and they were, with only six exceptions, taken from the New Testament.

The favourite occupation, which in many cases formed a kind of supplement to the first query, "Your object in life?" and was almost identical with "Your favourite study?" betrays a burning anxiety on the part of girls to earn their own livelihood. This is a sign of the times, for be it remarked that not only girls who are in want of money, but also those who have means, wish to be "independent, and not a burden on others." The choice of the profession seems to depend on the money at the disposal of the girls; the poorer ones choosing teaching, and the richer ones the higher professions. Many of the teachers inform us that they have prospered in their career, and we heartily congratulate them. The lady doctors, novelists, and painters do not tell us the result of their endeavours; but one very ambitious girl, aged twenty—a metaphysician by profession—finds it "uphill work."

"Your favourite writer?" brought us very interesting answers, the majority of the contributors choosing a writer of fiction; though Carlyle and Kuskin are the favourites of a great number of girls, especially those over twenty years of age. Girls from ten to fifteen inclusive have given the palm to Miss Yonge; those from fifteen to thirty, Dickens.

We are surprised that Doré is the favourite painter, and still more surprised that he has been chosen "on account of his colouring." To us the fervid imagination of this artist is displayed to far greater advantage in black and white, than in those gigantic canvases which are so popular with girls. Next to Doré, Sir Edwin Landseer has been chosen most often, but the reasons given for their choice by many of the girls are simply ridiculous. For instance: "Because he is an animal painter," "Because I am fond of animals." It is to this query that the worst answer in the whole competition was given, viz., "I like Landseer best because he does animals, and I like those that do animals more than those who do faces or country."

Many girls who were serious when answering the other questions were humorous when writing about their favourite painter, and we quote from a paper sent by a contributor aged sixteen: "Landseer is my favourite painter, because I am greatly interested in animals, and care very little for 'musty,' 'fusty' old saints who I don't believe ever existed, and if they did I don't care!"

We wish girls would visit the National Gallery more often. So many of the London competitors complain that they have never seen any works of the great masters, because they have not travelled, and are evidently unaware that there are splendid examples of the greatest painters in the gallery in Trafalgar Square.

"Your favourite character in history?" brought forward a large group of personages, whereas the favourite characters in fiction were taken from comparatively few books, those of Dickens, Miss Yonge, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe being the most popular.

In conclusion, though our report is not altogether a favourable one, we trust our contributors will not be discouraged, because after all it is they who have led us to expect

such great results from the admirable work they have done on former occasions. If the "Confessions" Competition had taken place before the one on Shakespeare's heroines, and the notable women of the reign of Queen Victoria, we should have been pleased with the result.

The following are all prize-winners (we are sorry that the competition does not warrant more awards), and the volumes will be sent in course of post:—

Ethel Margaret Horsfall, St. Bees.
 Jessie Offin, Loughton.
 Gertrude Chilcott, Leamington.
 H. Mabel White, Gloucestershire.
 Isabel Julia Moxom, Cambridge.
 Annie L. Newman, Luton.
 Susanna Elizabeth Pearson, Leeds.
 Maud Ingleby, Hull.
 Maggie Houston, Elgin.
 Edith Kate Orton, Hastings.
 Jessie Slader, Lewisham.
 Marion Elizabeth Fogg, Maida Vale.
 Ettie M. Botheroyd, Great Grimsby.
 Edith Maud Hunt, Manchester.
 Maggie Learnmouth, Toller-cross.
 Nellie W. Anderson, Elgin.
 Florence Randall, Edgbaston.
 Beatrice Lilian Causdale, Forest Hill.
 Florence Gertrude Procter, Nottingham.
 Alexandrina Allan, Elgin.
 Rose George, Maesycwmmer.
 Annie S. Mackenzie, Elgin.
 Zilla Angell, South Kensington.
 Lily Jones, Maesycwmmer.
 Lizzie Anderson, Elgin.
 Amelia Salmon, Kingston-on-Thames.
 Anna Welton, Holland.
 Lilian Canning, Malvern.
 Margaret Helen Kidney, Manchester.
 Marie Thérèse de Guiller ville, Seine Inférieure.
 Alice Pugh, Holland.
 Frances Caroline Cox, Stourbridge.
 Maud Wiglesworth, Liverpool.
 Christine Augusta Padmore, Moseley.
 Mary Adelaide Carrick, Bampton.
 Susie Ross, Cape Town.
 Mabel Charlotte Saunders, Wantage.
 Anne Mannooch Welch, L.L.A., Cheltenham.
 Lilian Jones-Henry, Brentwood.
 Dora Agnes Greensit, Bedale.
 Clara Collier Hammond, Liverpool.
 Lily E. Elsner, Maida Hill.
 May Adèle Venn, West Kensington Park.
 Janet Mathieson Mackay, Glasgow.
 Ethel Sansom Bawden, Truro.
 Evelyn Carew Hunt, Clapham Common.
 Alice M. Shinkfield, Peckham.
 Amy L. Fowler, Brighton.
 Catherine Collins, Huddersfield.
 Jessie McCa, Walker, Braco.
 Ernestine Lucretia Cambier, Chichester.
 Catherine Ann Drummond, Irvine.
 Alice E. Tucker, Folkestone.
 Catherine E. Compston, Upper Tooting.
 Bertha C. Moore Stevens, Torrington.
 Lottie Webb, Ponder's End.
 Juliette Ada Prazer, Shillong, Assam.
 Helena Beatrice Richenda Saunders, Plumpton.
 St. Maurice.
 Lucy Alice Langdale, Hexham.
 Margaret Mary Dumaresq Ross, Brighton.
 Louisa Mary Flowers, Aylesbury.
 Ella S. Phillips, Carlisle.
 Marian Wassell, Bradford-on-Avon.
 Rachel M. Carter, Rawul Pindee.
 Laura Jane Siggs, Thames Ditton.
 Mary Amy Thornett, Wimbledon.
 Mary F. Anderson, Grantham.
 Nettie White, Newport.
 Edith Ann Smith, Burford.
 Hannah Sankey, Wolverhampton.

POULTRY KEEPING :

A RECREATION AND SOURCE OF INCOME FOR GIRLS.

By THEO.

PART V.

HATCHING AND REARING CHICKENS.

"Now you have come to the interesting part," I think I hear someone saying. "Grown-up fowls are very poor fun, but chickens! Why, everyone likes chickens, from the egg-shell to the supper-table!"

You are right and you are wrong. Chickens are like children: a great pleasure and a great trouble, both of which I hope you will appreciate before coming to the end of this paper.

Many people, when starting poultry-keeping, rear their own stock instead of buying it, and if all goes well this is certainly the cheaper plan, as a broody hen and a setting of eggs cost comparatively little, and so some might be able to start in this way, being able to pay for the weekly food of the chickens, where they could not go to the expense of full-grown birds.

On the other hand, the successful management of chickens requires more care and experience than that of adult birds, and a long time passes before the chickens begin to return any of the money expended upon them.

Chicken rearing is a delightful occupation, but takes up a great deal of time, and no one should attempt to rear chickens unless she can do so apart from the laying hens. Should this advice be neglected, endless trouble and difficulty will be the consequence. The chief reason is this, that as chickens when quite young and when half-grown require constant food, and must never, up to the time of commencing laying, have less than three good meals daily, it will be seen that this sort of feeding would not do at all for the hens, and consequently either the chickens or the hens must suffer. I have tried it over and over again, always with the same result. As soon as I appear with the chicken food, all the hens come flying round from every direction. I drive them away one side, they come round at another. I try to shut the chickens up in a coop, and perhaps succeed in getting three-quarters of the brood inside, but in this case

some chicks almost always get left out, and when the chickens grow almost as large as the laying hens, the same door will equally admit both.

I do not say that it cannot be done, but it takes time out of all proportion to the result effected; the only way at all to manage is to take out an army of brothers and sisters to keep the hens at bay while the precious charges are fed, and though this plan may be arranged during the holidays, at other times it is slightly inconvenient.

Taking everything into consideration, therefore, it may be said, especially where there is limited accommodation, that the space can be more profitably utilised by keeping more laying hens. I therefore take it for granted that there is a place railed off for the reception of the youngsters when they arrive upon the scene.

The first thing then to do is to secure a good mother or broody hen.

A "broody" or "clucking" or "clocking" hen is one that, having laid a certain number of eggs, wishes to sit upon them and hatch out the chicks.

This is a natural instinct, and one which is much stronger in some hens than in others. Birds of the feather-legged tribes usually make good sitters, and common barndoor fowls come broody very often.

You will always know when a hen is broody by the way in which she sticks to the nest at all hours without laying an egg. On going to the hen-house at night you will find that she is still on the nest instead of on the perch, and if touched she will sit all the closer, and fluff up her feathers and utter a sort of growling, scolding sound, which makes you retire rather quickly, especially if you receive a sharp peck for your trouble.

A broody hen in February or March is a great treasure, as these are the best months for hatching out chickens for autumn laying; but broody hens in May, June, and July are nothing but a bother, and should be cured of their desire by the plan advocated in a previous chapter.

Having obtained a fat, fluffy, furious hen, the eggs must

now be thought of, and these must be quite fresh.

Stale eggs will often hatch, but they always come out later than the others, and do not produce such vigorous chicks, and in early spring these little weak ones will often succumb to the cold weather far sooner than chicks hatched from new-laid eggs.

In order to have good eggs from the home stock, it is necessary to have one rooster running with from six to ten hens, according to the breed; and should there be more hens than this kept, and it be inconvenient to separate them, the best-laying hens must be shut up with the rooster for an hour or so every morning. I say the best layers, because eggs must always be set from the best and healthiest hens only. In mating birds the object desired must be kept in mind.

If eggs are wanted, then good layers must be chosen; if for the table, then nice, plump birds, with deep, wide breasts and small bones; and if for show, then birds that have the special characteristics desired.

Be very particular only to breed from good, healthy birds. They must have come of a good laying, table, or show strain, and should be a little smaller than the hens they are with. Choose the mate with a nice, uniform colouring, as the chickens usually come the same colour, and partake of the qualities of the hen, and for this reason it is usually considered best to have a pure-bred bird even where thoroughly cross-bred hens are kept.

A cockerel is a young rooster in its first season, and should not be mated with pullets (hens in their first season), but always with one or two year old hens. Pullets, therefore, must be mated with a rooster more than one year old.

The new-laid eggs chosen should be neither extra large nor small, and should have firm, even shells.

Should there be no eggs suitable at home, then some must of course be bought; and here the beginner cannot be too careful, for nothing is more disappointing than to have all the trouble of carefully tending a hen for three weeks, only to find at the end that the eggs set were the veriest rubbish. It must, therefore, be ascertained where the eggs came from, whether the hens laying the eggs are healthy,



HOUDANS

and whether the other conditions specified above have been adhered to.

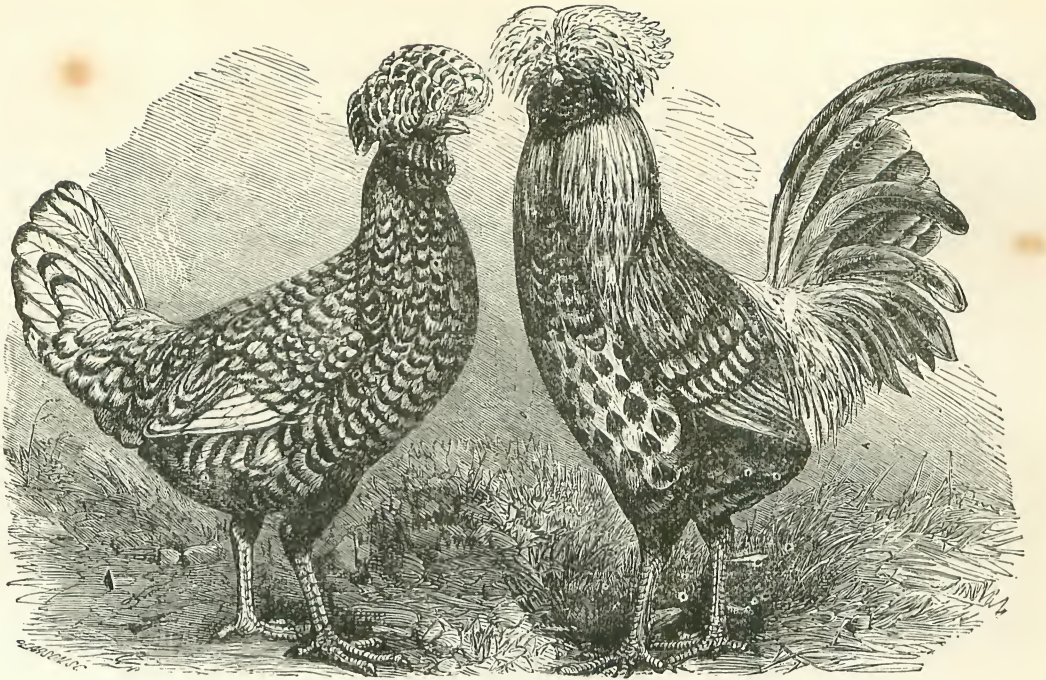
It is best, if possible, to purchase the eggs from someone near at hand, as eggs generally do better that have not travelled. Eggs sent by train, packed in the boxes specially prepared for them, often hatch out well; but they are much more liable to disaster, as all shaking and jarring injures the tiny germ. I had a quantity of eggs sent me in the winter that were so affected by the cold on the journey that the embryo was evidently killed.

There are also a few persons who, from ignorance or dishonesty, advertise eggs which would never hatch were the best hen living to give her whole attention to the matter.

In winter not more than ten or eleven eggs should be set, as the hen cannot keep more properly heated. Later on, however, from twelve to fifteen may be allowed, according to the size of the hen, but thirteen is about the average number.

There are many ways of making nests, and many positions in which they may be placed. When possible, it is best to have the sitting hen away from the other stock in some shed or outhouse, so that she may not be disturbed.

The nest-boxes generally used consist of three sides wood, one foot square, the front having either a movable slide or else being quite open, except for a three-inch piece of wood across from the ground. There is no wooden bottom to the nest; but where rats abound, a wire one is necessary. If the floor of the house is made of earth, then hollow out very slightly a round space capable of holding the number of eggs without allowing them to roll upon each other. The earth must be beaten hard, and covered over with a good bed of hay, and if in winter, with a few feathers also.



SILVER-SPANGLED POLANDS.

Where the floor is formed of wood, tiles, or pavement, a layer of clean earth must be brought in and the hay used as before. Be very careful to fill up the corners of the nest-box well, as if this is not done an egg is very apt to roll away from under the hen, and get completely spoiled.

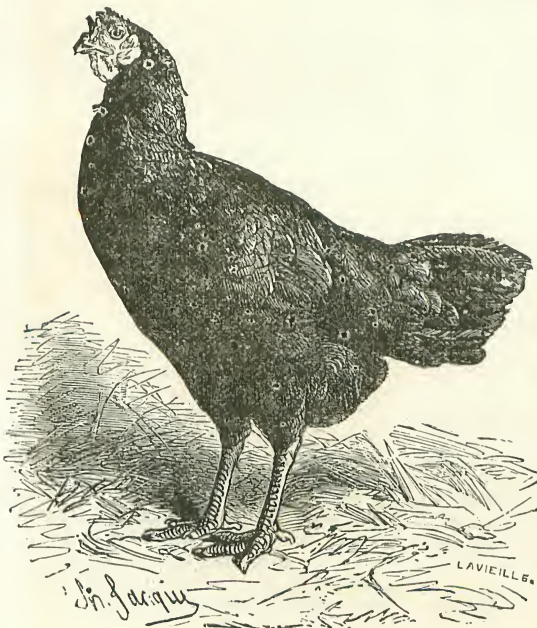
When hens are broody and are left to themselves, it will be found that they always choose quiet and secluded positions, and therefore their wish must be granted them. Either cover the front of the nest with a piece of wrapper, or else turn it with its face about six inches from the wall. Thorough ventilation should be provided, by having some holes on each side or on the top of the box.

If the hens must be set in the ordinary hen-house, they must be entirely shut into their nest, in order that they may not be disturbed, and also that

they may not leave their eggs by accident, and sit on any new-laid ones that may happen to be in the other nests.

A hamper makes a good nest, as the bottom can be filled with earth, hay, etc., and the hen can be shut in; and when taken off for food, she will learn to fly quite gently back again; the only thing to remember in this case is that the chicks must be removed as soon as they find their feet, or else they are apt to get crushed.

The nest full of eggs being now ready, the hen must be taken to them. It is best to do this at night, as then she is not so disturbed. The way to lift a hen is to approach her from the front. Put both hands firmly (not nervously) under her wings, the thumb being



LA FLECHE.

above the wings and the fingers grasping her legs underneath. In this way she cannot flap or kick, and will not be needlessly frightened.

Some hens are very nervous, and need the greatest care, and when put in front of the eggs will go anywhere but on to them. The only way to do in these cases is to leave the hens quite alone in front of the eggs, and, unless most determined, their maternal instinct will be usually too much for them, and they will settle without a murmur.

Always feed a broody hen well before first putting her on the nest, and then shut her in and leave her quite quiet for one day; that is to say, put her on at night, and don't attempt to feed her until another night has passed.

Of course many hens will sit anyway and anyhow, and seem as though they could bear any amount of noise and disturbance; and certainly if any reader wishes to make a study of hen character, let her have a succession of broody hens all through the breeding months; she will afterwards fully realise what a hen is, and what individual characteristics each displays.

Broody hens brought from a distance by train are a mere delusion. They cost, with the carriage, a great deal, and are generally speaking no use whatever, as I can testify from painful experience.

I shall hope to continue my remarks on the mode of treating a sitting hen next month.

Last month we finished the description of most of the so-called sitting breeds, so this month we will turn our attention to the non-sitters. These are, to my mind, more interesting than the others, as though the great, heavy, fluffy Cochins, Brahmas, etc., look exceedingly handsome, and have their uses, yet I don't think they are to be compared with some of the non-sitters. Of course it is quite impossible to fully detail the various points of each particular breed, and for mere domestic poultry keeping I do not think it necessary to know them, as breeding for egg production is more useful than for fancy points; still, should any girl wish to keep pure-bred fowls, so that she may combine beauty and utility, I will endeavour to give a few directions in order that she may not be beguiled into buying feather-legged Leghorns, or red-faced black Spanish, or black-legged white Dorkings!

Houdans.—This is one of the best and most popular French breeds that we possess. They look ragged enough in our illustration, but Houdans have a decided tendency in that direction.

The Houdan is a large, broad-breasted bird, with comparatively small bones and short legs. The feathers are marked black and white, very irregularly as a rule, giving the bird a splashed look. Both cock and hen should have a firm black-and-white topknot, with also a fringe of small feathers round the face. The comb in the hen is very small, but

in the cock is larger, and stands out in two leaf-like wings. The Houdan is a very good table bird, and is also a good layer of white eggs, and would do well in a mild district with a grass run.

La Fleche.—This is another good French table breed, and is suitable for crossing purposes, but should not be kept where eggs are the object.

As the illustration shows, they are black fowls, with curious horn-like combs, and have broad breasts, suggesting abundance of firm, white meat.

Polands.—I always feel sorry for Polish fowls, for they never look as if they could enjoy life with their huge crests, which often effectually prevent their seeing before them. The chief varieties are the gold and silver spangled and the white-crested black.

Polands are a small breed, and are more of a fancier's fowl, though people who keep them say that they hold their own in the egg production line if they have a free, dry range. Polands have no combs, but instead have a fine full crest, which looks exceedingly handsome on a bright day, but very miserable on a wet one.

The colouring in each variety is what the name implies—gold and silver spangled, the white-crested black being a pure black fowl with a pure white crest.

Hamburgs.—For girls living in the south of England, or any warm climate with a free range, no handsomer or better breed of fowls could be kept than these, especially if no objection be made to small eggs.

There is no breed, I suppose, that has been known to have such high egg averages as the Hamburg, though some object to them because the eggs are small and white.

All five varieties are very handsome. They are small elegant birds, and should be in contour compact, and sprightly, and all agree in having a rose comb—that is a low, broad, double comb, tapering to a point behind.

Black Hamburgs are the largest, and next come the gold and silver spangled, and gold and silver pencilled.

A spangled feather is one of any light shade with a dark spot at the tip, while a pencilled feather has more or less regular bars of light and dark all the way up.

Hamburgs, although looking so handsome on a lawn or grass field, should not be kept in confinement, or they will suffer immediately.

Black Spanish.—These birds are splendid layers of large white eggs if kept in a warm district, and sheltered from storm and wind; otherwise they are delicate.

Black Spanish are slenderly built birds of a rich black colour, the cock having a large upright comb, the hen's falling down over one side of the face. The wattles in the cock are red and very long, and in the hen shorter.

On first looking at a black Spanish cock, one naturally thinks that he is very ill; this is owing to his curious white face, which some people admire immensely, but which really is decidedly ugly, having been so unnaturally exaggerated by breeding. The hen has the same feature, but is not quite so unsightly.

Minorcas.—This is another black breed of fowls, but differs from the Spanish in being very much harder and having a brilliant red face. The comb of the cock is large and upright, and in the hen should fall over on one side. The legs are dark and unfeathered.

The Minorca breed of a good laying strain is one of the very best kind to keep. They are quite hardy, and lay well in the winter, though they are not, perhaps, quite so good in this respect as some of the feather-legged varieties.

Minorcas lay on an average the largest eggs known. At the Dairy Show last year the first prize was taken by a set of enormous Minorca eggs.

Minorcas are hardy as chickens, and stand confinement well if properly cared for, and if hatched in March or early in April will make good autumn and winter layers, and as they do not become broody they make splendid summer layers. There is also a white variety, but if white fowls are preferred it would be better to keep white Leghorns, which are very much the same in appearance and are a good deal harder.

Leghorns.—We now come to a very favourite breed. People that keep Leghorns, especially the white variety, cannot speak too highly in their favour.

Leghorns are small birds, but are well-shaped, very active, and hardy. They lay quantities of moderate-sized white eggs, and do well either with a free grass range or in close confinement. In the latter case, perhaps, the brown variety are the best, as far as appearance goes, as they do not show the dirt in the same way as the white.

Where there is a grass field at liberty, the white look very lovely as they chase about looking for worms; and if their house is kept clean, and shelter is given them in summer from the rays of the sun, they will keep up their spotless appearance right through the year.

Leghorns have bright yellow legs and yellow skins, large single combs, upright in the cock, falling over in the hen. The brown variety have feathers of different shades of golden brown and red.

One great advantage in keeping Leghorns is, that though they are a small breed they mature early, and often lay at five months, and the cockerels, if hatched early in February, will make quite nice spring chickens, even though rather small.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER OF THANKS.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Let me beg you to convey to all those generous friends who have sent through you such a rich store of woollen comforts for the snacksmen, the assurance of most cordial appreciation of their sympathy.

Seven years ago a rough fisherman, after telling me some thrilling stories of accident, illness, and death, away upon the fishing grounds, two days' steaming from medical or surgical aid, exclaimed, "Do you suppose, sir, as folks ashore cares anything about it?" I very promptly assured him that "folks

ashore" did not know, and that if they knew they would certainly care very much indeed.

Here then, Mr. Editor, is a case in point. As I glanced down column after column containing the names of those who had so readily and kindly responded to your invitation, I thought at once of my fisherman friend of August, 1881, and wished he could see this very practical answer to his sneering inquiry.

Your readers will all be pleased to learn—and the competitors especially so—that the snacksmen are most thankful for the interest thus shown in their welfare. Indeed, I have

myself heard them again and again exclaim, "God bless those kind ladies ashore who have made these warm wraps for us!" an invocation which I heartily endorse.

If it were not such a Spartan adventure I would invite a select committee of your readers to visit the fishing-grounds before the close of the winter season, and inspect for themselves the conditions under which 12,000 of our fellow-countrymen toil to supply our tables with a necessary article of food. But perhaps it would be better if you, Mr. Editor, were to make the cruise in one of our

mission vessels, and then furnish a detailed report of your voyage, from which your fair friends could draw their own inferences. If you will consent to such an arrangement, I will pledge myself to make you as comfortable as circumstances will permit, and you will have the satisfaction, on your return, of having vicariously performed a pilgrimage to which you would indeed be sorry to consign any of your tenderly nurtured subscribers.

Will you allow me to mention, in case any of those who took part in the recent competition are disposed to offer further help, that sea-boot stockings, stout steering-gloves and guernseys are the articles specially wanted at this season?

May I ask that your readers will one and all remember these poor storm-tossed smacksmen at the throne of heavenly grace, and also pray for the mission which seeks to minister to their necessities—"as well for the body as the soul"?

And in conclusion let me relate one of the many instances in which we have been encouraged to trust implicitly to Divine Providence for the supply of the numerous and urgent needs of this work. Four years ago an invitation reached me to lecture upon the mission, and exhibit dissolving view illustrations to the aged inmates of a metropolitan workhouse. At first I hesitated, for clearly there could be no collection in aid of the funds, but remembering what Holy Scripture says about "the poor in this world, rich in faith," I obeyed the citation of the ladies who had arranged the entertainment. During the evening I mentioned the gift of the *Euston* by the Duchess of Grafton, playfully adding, "of course I don't anticipate a similar gift as a result of to-night's meeting," a remark which the old folks appeared to consider very unnecessary.

That evening spent with the paupers

had quite passed from my memory, when, a few weeks ago, came a cheque for £3,500 to cover the cost of building a cruising hospital mission-ship, coupled with a stipulation that the donor's name should not be divulged.

I was naturally curious to learn what had been the means of arousing the sympathy of this new contributor, and subsequent inquiry led to the interesting discovery that this, the largest donation ever made to the mission, was a direct outcome of the workhouse meeting—the one gathering of all others from which least was expected!

I trust, my dear Mr. Editor, that neither you nor your readers will be bored by my long "yarn," and that both they and you will believe me to be,

Very gratefully yours,

E. J. MATHER.

Bridge House,
181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.



BIRD LIFE IN MARCH.

By A NATURALIST.



BLUSTERING winds of March sweep over our Surrey chalk hills, which are covered with short, velvety turf, affording fine pasture to the flocks of South Down sheep that range there, dotting the landscape in every direction. The South Downs are grand and beautiful; so are the green valleys and the hillsides, broken, and gleaming white in parts where the chalk has been dug and lime manufactured. That trade is still carried on to a great extent.

Jackdaws, hawks, and owls shelter in the cracks and the rents in the old abandoned workings, giving life to those quiet places, which are seldom visited except by the shepherd and his dog. Great fleecy clouds sail over these breezy uplands, throwing huge shadows on the hillsides as they come in a carry of wind from the sea. Light and shade shift and play continually when the clouds are moving overhead, frightening the wheatear that has come again to spend his summer on and about the South Downs. He is a beautiful bird, with his blue-grey back and rich buff breast contrasting with his dark wings and black and white tail, which he flirts out continually in some form or other with every movement. You will hear him "Chack! Chack!" as he flits from hillock to hillock or from stone to stone.

Although very numerous, they do not congregate together. You will see them in

pairs, and when their young are capable of flying, then small families flit hither and thither. The wheatear compels your observation, for his plumage shows out on the rich green turf. A timid creature and gentle, the shadow of a crow's wing thrown on the turf as he passes overhead is enough to make him crouch and run for shelter. The shepherd and his lads know his weakness; when he runs to hide from the cloud-shadows that alarm him, they cut a turf and form a little lean-to shelter, and set a horsehair noose. Into this the wheatear runs. Great quantities are caught so, and sold for the table.

That noble bird, the buzzard, which once roamed in flocks over the South Downs, has become extinct; he is no longer the well known bird he was. Agricultural changes and the increase of population have caused him and his relatives to leave us for good.

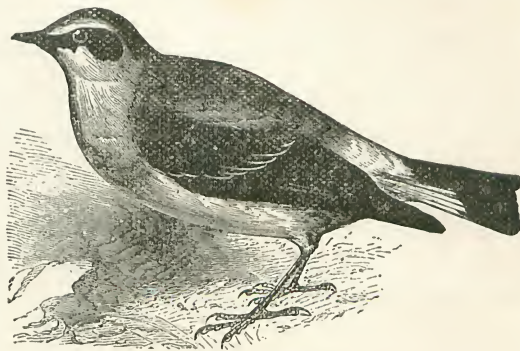
March is not a favourable month to bird life; many of our winter visitors are shifting quarters, or have already done so, and unless the season prove a very warm one, very few of our spring emigrants will have put in an appearance.

The crows, both hooded and common, are on the look out for any lamb that may be so unfortunate as to have anything the matter with it. Happily the watchful and sturdy mothers are on the alert. The great plover or thick knee may be found on the downs and in the cultivated stretches. Those spots at the foot of some great hill where the ground is covered with flints—rustics would tell you these places grew flints all the year round—suit him best, and his plumage falls in with the earth and speckled flints admirably. He is a game-looking bird when you can get a sight of him, and very swift of foot and wing. A wild call note generally betrays his presence long before you catch sight of him.

The lapwings, or pewits, are in full activity, looking out their nesting places. March is the month when Master Pewit sticks his crest up, flaps with his broad wings here and there, and

darts and tumbles about his mate, crying out "Pewit!" as loud as he can call. Now he and his partner alight and run nimbly here and there. Some huntsman's horse has left the print of his hoofs in the soft ground in places during the wet season. Into these slight hollows, now dry enough, fragments of dead fern, grass, and little twigs have blown; they are minutely examined by the full, bright eyes of our pair. Then they spring up to join hundreds of their family that are flapping and wheeling about in all directions on the upland fields and pastures. A pewit sometimes does good service in a garden. One I knew lived, a tame bird, in one for some years, and his master told me he kept the place quite free from insect pests; he was continually on the hunt.

As you travel on the downs or below them, you get many glimpses of birds that are the pioneers of incoming or outgoing migrants. It would be difficult to give any definite time



THE WHEATEAR.

as a rule for the arrival or departure of birds. They are governed by circumstances, such as the forwardness or lateness of the seasons. Some species occur plentifully, too, in some seasons and are few in others, to account for which it is difficult to offer any theory. They almost seem, like people we know who are habitual wanderers, to come and go when least expected.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BANDAI-SAN.—We regret that we cannot do as you request about the stamps. We are glad to hear that in your Japanese home you take so keen an interest in our work at home.

ANNIE'S eyes are evidently affected by her general health, for which she should consult a doctor.

E. H. S.—We can only suggest advertising for a situation as "mother's help" or nursery governess.

E. A. B.—We have read your letter with much interest. There are convalescent homes at both Bournemouth and Torquay. At the former, the Herbert Convalescent Home—address the matron; also St. Mary Convalescent Home, Dean Park—address Mrs. Nugent. At Torquay, Erith House, St. Raphael's Home, and Babbacombe House of Rest. Apply to Miss Skinner for the last-named, at Bayfield, Babbacombe, Torquay, Devon.

ROSIE.—There is no employment to be found for educated women in the Colonies nor in America, save and except so far as they can undertake and are willing to perform the duties of domestic servants. So far as we can hear, this is how the "Women's Emigration" question now stands. Why not try to get the same here in England? Nurses of high class are well paid, and so are parlour-maids and good cooks.

MARIE STUART.—"When I am dead, my dearest," is a song by Christina Rossetti, and will be found at page 110 of "Goblin Market, and other Poems."

SINCERITY'S question is very vaguely put, and she does not say what she wishes to do with "flowers." If it be a garden that she means, and if she be near a town and have the ground, there is certainly a little money to be made out of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, and she may add bees to the list.

NORAH O'HARA.—When you have to get up early, you had better make yourself a cup of tea the first thing. This will prevent the feeling of which you complain. Use a spirit lamp to boil the water quickly. Can you not get one of your brothers to walk with you? If not, the lonely walk may be enlivened by choosing a pleasant and useful subject for thought, or noticing everything you pass in an observant manner, so as to draw thought from it. The idle mind soon grows tired and weary, but not the busy one.

"XXX" deserves our thanks for her nice box of old-fashioned flowers. Her description of the garden in which they were gathered is very charming. We do not quite see what difference it can make to you, dear little "XXX," whether your editor be male or female, so long as you like the "G.O.P."

FORGETFUL.—If you ever come up to town, pay a visit to the South Kensington Museum, and there you will see a very long historical picture, which is chiefly of battle scenes. This is a fac-simile of the original tapestry kept on a wall in the hotel of the Prefecture at Bayeux, Normandy, worked by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and her ladies. It is worked on linen, and is 20 inches broad, and 214 feet long. Harold and his warriors are represented upon it. A curious fact connected with it, which has surprised many embroiderers, is that some of the horses are of unnatural colours, such as green. But this is accounted for by the difficulties then attending the purchase of materials for work, and deficiencies in suitable colours were made up in the use of scraps of any description, which doubtless occasioned much amusement to the clever and industrious ladies engaged. As a reliable historical record of the events of those times, this tapestry has proved invaluable; 530 figures are represented.

JOIET.—As a rule we object to what you are in the habit of doing, as regards the companions of your walks, but "having always a child with you" somewhat alters the case. Still, we must give you much the same counsel which we give under other circumstances, *i.e.*, consult your parents, and be guided by them. You are a minor, and under their protection and rule.

EVA BYRNE.—We should advise you to leave your money safely in the Post Office Savings Bank, and also to replace all the interest on it, so as to save as much as you can. You should try to improve your health, and get a pair of spectacles. Be cheerful and try to throw off needless repining and worry. If you believe in God as a father, you should not give way to anxiety.

ONE OF YOUR OLDEST SUBSCRIBERS.—We are bearing up as well as could be expected under the effects of your letter, and its threat of withdrawing your name from us. The only explanation which would be satisfactory to you, we suppose, would be to know that we did not steal the offending picture. We can honestly assure you that it was paid for, and that all such articles are very ordinary subjects of bargain and sale, though you might have been ignorant of the fact.

LILY'S lines are not very good nor original.

E. IRELAND'S acrostic at least shows religious feeling.

CORELLI'S lines are correct and fairly good.

MARY BAYNE sends us a very long poem with which she has taken great pains, and which must have been a great pleasure to write, even though we find it worthless and watery. Our girls very rarely send us real "poetry."

NEULLY and MARY.—There is a hospital for those suffering from paralysis and epilepsy in Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, and there are some free beds. It is near the St. John's Wood station. Apply for all further information to the secretary, H. Howgrave Graham, Esq. There are five physicians in attendance.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—Yes, the letter "h" should certainly be aspirated in the word hospital, and you should say, "that man is he," not "him," because you are speaking in the nominative, not the accusative case.

UNHAPPY BRIDE.—You have acted most unwisely—nay, worse, in an underhand way—in taking off your wedding ring, and making your employer suppose you to be a single woman. It is not always necessary to confide your family affairs to persons for whom you work; but when you become an inmate of their private home, and are given so confidential a position as that of governess to their children, concealment of your true condition as a married woman would be justly considered as "false pretences." As to "receiving marks of affection from a young gentleman," it is simply shameful to have permitted it, and shows already the difficulties in which your error has placed you.

JUNO.—We can only advise you to find some occupation or study which amuses and interests you, and pursue that. Perhaps your present discipline of silence and dullness is exactly what is good for you at the present moment. Keep a bright and cheery spirit within, and try and show it without, also, to make others happier.

WINSIE.—Take a tepid bath, and rub yourself well with a thick towel, or bath sheet, afterwards. Then do a few gymnastic exercises before dressing yourself. You should try to get a short walk early in the morning at least. Do not drink too much tea, and read the advice of "Medicus" to "working girls."

"HALF HOUR" very kindly writes to tell us that "dock roots"—which may be found in any field or garden—are very good; in fact, a cure for some kinds of skin diseases. They must be gathered and put to stew all night with enough water to cover them. In the morning you should take a cupful for a dose. A little lemon added to them is an improvement, as they are not nice in taste. "Half Hour" has known wonderful cures to result from their use.

A LOVER OF BIRDS must keep her canary out of draughts, which are sure to give cold. Sea-salted sand is not fit for birds at all.

HELEN OF TROY.—The white spots on nails arise from some constitutional delicacy. No application will remove them. Some people cannot hold a full clear note in singing because they are nervous, others affect this quavering style because they think it is expressive and shows emotion. Italians are fond of it, but opinions vary, and we think that any exaggeration of such a trick in singing should, in any case, be carefully guarded against. We have heard singers quaver on every note, which was quite distressing, as well as fatiguing, to hear.

STRAW HAT.—If you could combine your present trade with other work, you would do well; but to give up what you have learnt, and have an opening for already, would be unwise. It is impossible for us to say for what occupation you are suited. You are not a good plain-sewer, nor can you spell correctly. Your height would be in your favour as a parlour-maid or as a hospital nurse, being strong and healthy as well as tall. Perhaps you might like the latter employment. You would have board, lodging, uniform, and a small salary at once; the salary rising after complete training.

NINA.—The lines are very clumsy, and not too original; but if it gave you pleasure to write them, their end was attained, was it not?

DORIS'S poem shows some originality and thought, and with study she may do still better.

PEARL L. B.—There is no sequel to the book, we believe.

W. DORET.—We think you refer to the Westminster Training School for Nurses, founded by the Lady Augusta Stanley, at Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. Apply to the secretary or lady superintendent.

MARAH.—If you have a garden, nothing could be better for you than any out-door occupation to relieve your eyes. You give no address, and our correspondents are often deprived by such an omission of advice we might give them. If fond of botany you might make little expeditions to find specimens, and press and mount them. Fretwork wood-carving might also suit you, as a change. Appliances found at artists' colourman's shop, or you might get them at any good cutler's shop. There is a School of Art Wood-carving at the City and Guilds Technical Institute, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. Your letter unfortunately was mislaid.

IVY and MAY.—The lines are very dreary and not too original.

ELLA.—Persons who undertake to practise "massage" should be strong and healthy to begin with, and should have a practical knowledge of anatomy and physiology, and some acquaintance also with Ling's Swedish gymnastics. Massage lessons may be had at the Hampstead Physical Training College, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W., and it is advisable to start in connection with a medical man, as it requires medical direction.

STUDENT.—Certainly write "care of—" and then the host's address, never "c/o" unless writing in a commercial style.

ELSIE DEANE.—There is a home for invalid ladies of limited means at San Remo, at £1 5s. a week. Here a person who could not live alone might stay respectfully and in comfort. Address the secretary, San Remo, or else write to Miss Macdonald Lockhart, Lee, Lanark, N.B. The climate there would probably suit you.

J. R. F.—We imagine that your cat must have the mange. It is always difficult to treat cats for skin complaints owing to their licking the fur. Take it to a veterinary surgeon, and beware of handling it. If the cat be an old one, it would be charitable to destroy it, as it is not likely to recover, and it might infect other animals.

DAISY.—All grades of cousinly relationship are free to marry. Why do you not consult the table given in the Common Prayer Book? We cannot tell you from what cause your headaches proceed. Your mother is more likely to know than a perfect stranger, as regards your case.

SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.—Write to the secretary at the Central Office of the Y.W.C.A., 17, Old Cavendish Street, W., and so obtain a prospectus of the rules.

WINSIE.—Our blessed Lord draws a comparison between the worldly wise though wicked steward, and his quickness in looking after his pecuniary interests, and the strange apathy and want of effort and common sense exhibited by people—even the apparently good and respectable—in looking after their eternal interests. We might all "take a leaf," as it were, "out of the book" of business folks—even the evil ones—in energy, carefulness, and wisdom in those things which concern the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The passage, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise," is not to be taken altogether literally; but we may learn a lesson from her thriftiness, and if we are half as quick-sighted, as prompt in action, and worldly wise about our holiest interests, as the wicked steward was about his worldly ones, we should do well. "Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

NANETTE.—Your writing and spelling should be improved. Your low stature is against your being eligible for a situation as lady's-maid. Perhaps you might find one as "young lady's maid." Try to learn hair-dressing and to write a good hand and spell better.

CHOLE.—The secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is Mr. John Colan, 105, Jermyn Street, St. James, S.W.

The Editor begs to thank the following readers for their good wishes, and also for the Christmas and New Year's Cards which they have so kindly sent to Medicus and himself:—Agnes Knight; Fidelis (for Medicus); Fidelis (for the Editor); The Lady Hester Stanhope; Emil G. Wigley (for Medicus); Helen Newton (for Medicus); M. J. Russon (for Medicus); Essie Russon (for Medicus); M. J. Russon (for the Editor); Essie Russon (for the Editor); One of the Girls (for Medicus); "Valentine Major"; Alice E. Howes; J. Young; L. A. B.; Cupid; R. C. R.; Lizzie (for Medicus); Lizzie (for the Editor); Jessie (for Medicus); T. H. Hunter; Two Russian Girls; Locksley; Lucy Peake; A. G. H.; Miss Mawdsley; "Good wishes from New South Wales"; "Brightonian." And also for the great number who are continually sending friendly greetings.

TO OUR READERS.

We have had many inquiries respecting the competition in painting, and in reply we must refer our readers again to the instructions given, from which they will see that the original, by Birket Foster, is a painting in water colours, and as such is to be copied, and that the paper on which the outline drawing is printed is the only material on which the copying must be done to make itself available for examination.

* * Our next number will contain the opening chapters of a new story by Lady Margaret Majendie entitled "For the King's Sake."



W. J. L. 1884

A TRYING SUBJECT.



[Vol. X.—No. 479.]

MARCH 2, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FOR THE KING'S SAKE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, Author of "Bessie's Sacrifice," etc.



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"SIR MICHAEL CAME FORWARD AND STOOD BEFORE HER."

CHAPTER I.



AM very tired, Nell; very tired. Look how the yellow leaves begin to flutter to the ground. I should like to drop off like them, and rest, child!"

"You have walked too far, dear father," said his daughter, anxiously, bending her tall young figure yet more tenderly to support his faltering steps. "Come home and rest."

"I have done nothing, Nell. The leaves fall because they lack sap, the old man withers for lack of hope. It all comes to the same thing in the long run."

"Come in, dear father. Aunt Betty is beckoning to us. She is on the steps; she calls you."

Across the stillness of the autumn evening came a shrill, penetrating voice.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! thoughtless child! Have you given no thought to your father's tendency to catarrh? Bring him in, I say. Bring him in."

"Aunt Betty is right, father," said Eleanor, gently. "The dews begin to fall."

The old Squire, while suffering her to lead him up the broad gravel paths towards the house, seemed not to hear her words. He went on, muttering to himself, "Sapless! hopeless! Dropping off the tree. Nothing left to live for; all gone—all gone."

Eleanor bit her lips hard to control their trembling.

Mistress Betty St. Aubyn stood on the steps of the terrace. Behind her the old Manor House glowed red in the setting sun. She came sweeping down upon them, holding back the train of her black brocade gown. She cast a look of reproach at her niece as she took possession promptly of her brother to lead him in.

Eleanor did not follow them. Her breast swelled and her lip quivered as she heard the sad, querulous voice of her father, saying—

"I am tired, Betty; so tired! Nell was always headstrong. She does not understand."

A stone bench stood with its back to the red brick wall of the terrace. Eleanor sat down on that seat, her hands falling listlessly in her lap, her head leaning back, her eyes looking into vacancy, seeing nothing of the quaint beauty of the garden before her.

A grey twilight stole over all, over stiff yew hedges, trim straight paths, a slow dark stream of water which flowed between formal banks, and was spanned here and there by small bridges, each the counterpart of the other. The garden in its quaintness and formality had a harmonious, stately beauty of its own.

The only incongruous element in the scene was the face of the girl seated on the grey stone seat. Eleanor St. Aubyn was but twenty years of age, but the glory and freshness of her youth were already dimmed by care, and there were dark lines round the large eyes. The

eyelids were deeply chiselled by the sculptor pain; the fine haughty face was very colourless. Those eyes were dilated, startled, despairing, like the eyes of a creature at bay. The gesture with which she pushed back the tendrils of hair which shaded her brow was that of one who panted for relief, yet saw none.

The slow step of the old gardener broke the silence; he came up to her heavily.

"Good evening, mistress," he said, as she turned towards him. "I saw you walking with the old Squire. He breaks fast; he breaks fast. He will happen never raise up his head again."

"Never again," said Eleanor, mechanically. Then with a little start, "You are an ill prophet, Abel! Autumn and winter pass; spring comes. We are not always dying."

The old man shook his head slowly. "Who talks of dying, mistress?" he said. "Dying ain't the worst! It takes a long time for a man to die of fretting, a cruel long time."

Eleanor rose to her feet, and stood in front of him; she looked down upon his bowed figure, his wrinkled hands restlessly working about the handle of his rake.

"Abel," she said, "you have known me ever since I was born, and your Rachel—you know what we owe her; she who nursed us both! You know all—all. What do you say? What does Rachel say? Am I to do it?"

The old man was hard on the sorrows of the young. The recollection of their own like experience fades and passes away. Perhaps they learn to take a broad view of life, as a man surveying a wide landscape sees all the wild irregularities of nature toned into one universal blue.

Abel spoke drily. "You know best, Mistress Eleanor," he said. "It ain't for such as me to advise."

"I have so few friends, Abel," cried the girl, passionately, "and you have always loved my brother and me."

"Yes, yes! Loved you! Ain't you the very apple of my eye?"

"What shall I do? Oh, Abel, what shall I do?"

The old man slowly cleared his throat. "You are young," he said, heavily. "You think you know a deal about sorrow, but you don't know nothing. Life is long before you, and time fits the burden to the young one's back. Bah! what's a young maid's fancy to an old man's grief? The Squire's breaking fast, but he won't die. Sorrow keeps you alive. Have you never noted that? Sorrow is very strong. The fretting won't kill him nor me, nor the rest of us; fretting don't kill."

"Abel, if it were only my fancy! But think of it, think of it! Remember Robbie's words before he crossed the seas: 'If you marry Michael Newport you will have seen the last of me!'"

"Ah, young blood! young blood! Did he know then that Sir Michael held the mortgages? I doubt he knew nothing of that."

"But if he had known it, Abel, I doubt not that his words would have been the same. I, a St. Aubyn, fail in truth, loyalty, in everything I owe to my brother, my country, and my King!"

"There, there, lass, let it alone," said old Abel. "What could you do for the King—a penniless maid, with an old father and a helpless old aunt on your hands? Sacrifice yourself and them also if you could do any good to his Majesty, God bless him! but if it won't, why, don't you see, happen the first duty lies at home? Nay, nay; look not so wild, child! You would be a good man's wife, though Whig he be. There are good and true men who serve King James; they know no better. Dear heart, what more can I say?"

Two slow tears rolled down Abel's furrowed cheeks. "If I were a bit younger," he went on, "I would work for you all, but all my bits of savings—You know the old cracked teapot?"

"Yes, Abel; you have them. For that at least I thank God," said Eleanor, in a stifled voice.

"I don't know," said the gardener, stooping to rake out an unsightly weed. "I don't grudge them to the cause; it is not that. Only if I had known how it was with the old master—"

"All gone, Abel?" cried Eleanor, horror-stricken. "Did Robbie—"

"Yes, mistress dear," he answered, looking up; "Master Robbie has taken them over the sea. It is all right; don't fret, dear heart."

"How could he?" cried Eleanor, passionately. "He should not have done it! All! All!"

"Come, there weren't so very much," said Abel, bravely; "and I have strong arms yet; and you see then we did not know, neither Mr. Robbie nor I, but what all was well with the Squire."

"I will do it, Abel!" cried Eleanor, clasping her hands. "Go now; let me be alone. You and Rachel also! Four helpless folks on my helpless hands! I will do it. God forgive me, and God help me!"

"There is Mistress Betty coming down the path," cried Abel, and he quickly shuffled away.

Eleanor seated herself again, striving to banish all trace of emotion from her face. Her aunt came close to her, and bent down.

"Nellie," she said in a sharp whisper, "do not turn round. Listen to me. The moment has come to decide. There can be no further hesitation; it must be yes or no."

She sat down by her niece, bending forward to screen from her view what was already passing in the far perspective of the garden. There were great iron gates; up to them rode two horsemen. The gentleman threw his reins to the groom, and dismounting, slowly entered the garden.

He was a tall, spare man, with hair already sprinkled with grey, his face full of power, grave and rough-hewn, with a square, somewhat protruding jaw; the blue eyes, under overhanging grizzled brows, had some of the cold kindness of the winter sun. He was dressed in black, and wore a felt three-cornered hat.

When he saw the two ladies seated together, he slowly removed his glove, shook the dust from his dress, and drew down the delicate lace of his ruffles, and then crossed the bridge.

The twilight had enveloped all, calm, still, and hushed; the song of birds was gradually ceasing; the last gleams of light flickered out on the many windowed Manor House. In the utter stillness of the outer world, within a multitude of thoughts thronged his brain, so strong, so conflicting that he set his face like a fine mask, that it might not turn traitor.

"Nellie," whispered her aunt, and the sharp whisper seemed like the voice of the tempter, "the time has come. Your father is breaking his heart. He cannot leave his old home. He will die, child, and you might have saved him! I will not speak of myself; whatever happens I can but starve; but even poor old Abel! Rachel was with me but an hour ago to know what you would do. Alas! so many helpless except yourself, and you so unreasonable!"

She stopped, for the step on the gravel approached, and the two ladies rose to their feet to receive the deep bow with dignified curtsies.

"Mistress Eleanor," said Sir Michael Newport, standing before her with uncovered head, "my impatience overrides my courtesy. You asked for a week—but a few days have elapsed, and I am here."

"My small request then met with no consideration at your hands," said Eleanor, hoarsely.

"Surely not," he exclaimed, earnestly. "Your lightest wish would be a law to me, but—"

He darted a look at Mistress Betty, whose alarmed expression betrayed to him that her summons had been secretly sent. He drew back stiffly.

"If I intrude," he said, "I can but ask ten thousand pardons, and leave you at once."

"Oh no," exclaimed Eleanor suddenly. "You mistake me; it was best to curtail the time; I was but taken by surprise."

Sir Michael looked at her earnestly. He loved her with all the fervour of a first love, though more than fifty years had already passed over his head, and he longed with an unspeakable longing to find some response in those magnificent eyes now looking up into his with an expression to which he had no key.

Generally it is to the young only belongs the power of showing without words the powerful emotions of the soul. To men like Sir Michael Newport, naught remained but words to express them, and words are not the best exponents. No one who beheld the stately figure and set face could have guessed at the stormy way his heart was beating under that self-controlled exterior.

"Let us go within," said Mistress Betty, leading the way. "The dews are falling; it is only the young and foolish who can risk the consequences of imprudence."

Sir Michael and Eleanor followed her in silence; neither could find light words to say, the hour was too full of trouble and suspense. Mistress Betty flitted on before them with her quick, frivolous movements, now with a restless hand plucking off a leaf of a shrub as they passed, or tapping the gold-headed cane she carried on the wrought-iron

balustrade of the terrace. She made some light remarks as they went indoors, and she conducted them into a small room on the ground floor.

The room was panelled, painted in two shades of white; it was sweet with the fragrance of potpourri, which filled the many old oriental bowls which adorned it.

"This room has been witness of many a solemn conclave," she said, smiling and drawing forward her chair. "Here King Charles himself—but—"

She paused abruptly, then went on. "In my young days two proposals of marriage took place here; the first of Lady Edmonstone, my sister; of the other we will not speak, as it was received unfavourably."

The light talk jarred on Sir Michael. "Madam," he said, "may I be allowed to ask, as a very great favour, for five minutes' private conversation with your niece?"

"Yes," she answered, hurriedly. "Of course; it is customary. I will leave you."

She crossed the room to the door, as she went out casting a piteous look at her niece.

Eleanor read in that glance devouring anxiety. Poor, frivolous, idle, harmless soul! what would become of her, thrown on a cold world without home, and penniless—a creature who had never in her life done anything more useful than make comfits and potpourri, and work knotting stitch?

There was a pause when the door had closed behind her. Eleanor seated herself on a narrow sofa; Sir Michael came slowly forward and stood before her. All was very still, and the great clock in the corner throbbed loud and heavily like a human heart.

"Eleanor," he said (and at the sound of her name she gave a slight start and shiver), "I have that to say to you for which I claim all your patience and most kind indulgence."

"I am ready to listen," she answered, in a dull, still voice.

He walked once or twice up and down the room, then came quickly up and sat down beside her. "Eleanor," he said, "it is only young men that can talk glibly of their love; mine is too deep, too strong for words; rivers, when they have but lately started from their source, babble and sing and talk, but as they roll on they get deep and still, and the current is more powerful than it has ever been before."

"It is very likely," said Eleanor, gently, "I do not doubt it, sir."

"I would give my life for you, Eleanor," he went on, and now he took her cold hand in both his. "Think not that these are idle words; I would fain prove them to be true, sweetheart. To show you better this all-powerful love, I can even give you back yourself, and not accept that precious gift that your reception of me to-day has told me that you are prepared to give."

He paused; Eleanor had drawn away her hands, and clasped them both together. She was gazing at him with frightened eyes.

"Sweet one," he said, "do not look

at me like that! Hear what I have to say. You, in your infinite generosity, were prepared to give up all the hopes and visions of your youth for your poor father's sake, and marry an old man with no merit but his love for you; but I will not be outdone in sacrifice. Look you, dear; I will give you back all the mortgage-deeds; they shall be but my lover's offering at your feet. They will save your father, and save you too, for I ask for nothing—nothing, child; least of all your thanks."

Eleanor still sat motionless, looking at him wildly; it seemed as if his meaning could scarcely reach her understanding.

He broke the silence at last. "Mistress Eleanor," he said, "do you understand?"

Then the strange look relaxed. She turned to him, putting out both her hands with the gesture of a child; the tears rained down her cheeks.

"I understand," she cried. "But it is too much. God bless you for your kindness, but I could not accept such a gift, nor could my father. It is impossible."

He looked at her searchingly, and there was a certain hardness in his tone.

"Tell me," he said, "on your oath, do you love any other man?"

Her eyes met his fearlessly. "I am ready to say it on my oath," she answered, "I love no one but Robbie and the King."

A dark, troubled look played over his face as he heard her somewhat childish answer.

"We must understand each other very fully," he said. "Let us not make any mistake, on one side or the other. You refuse my offer of restoring all the mortgage claims?"

"I cannot accept," she whispered.

"You will take no favour at my hands? Nay! I presume not to press you further; forgive me for a proposal which I fear has seemed to you unwarrantable. Well, well—"

He paused a moment as if to gather breath and courage to resume.

"Be it so. I understand, then, that though as yet no spark of affection for myself has kindled in your heart, yet that as no living man has awakened such an affection, I have everything to hope, if you will marry me."

Eleanor bowed her head gravely; the tears were still running down her cheeks. Would it never end? she thought. How long were these preliminaries!

He resumed. "But one thing must be clear between us; we are not of the same politics. The man whom you call king" (Eleanor was sitting upright now, and her flashing eyes warned him not to say too much) "I do not recognise. That your twin brother should be so close an adherent of that cause, and in exile, I regret extremely; but it should be understood between us that all intercourse between yourself and your brother, when you shall be my wife, must be of a purely social character, and loyalty to me must make you, if you cannot change, at least conceal your politics."

"You need not be afraid," said Eleanor, haughtily; "I have gauged the full depth of my obligations. Robbie told

me that if I married you I should have seen the last of him."

"It is hard, very hard," said Sir Michael, thoughtfully. "Your twin-brother, so closely tied that you seem to have the same face, the same look."

"And hitherto the same heart and soul," cried Eleanor.

Sir Michael spoke again somewhat stiffly. "You have my offer; take it, and let me leave you; or refuse it again,

and I cast all mistrust to the winds, and deem myself the happiest man on God's earth to-day."

Eleanor stood up before him and stretched out both her hands. "I cannot accept your sacrifice," she said, "so marry me. I will be a good wife; your generosity has made me trust you as I never trusted man before, much less Whig. Be kind to me. I will try that you shall never repent your goodness. I cannot change the politics ingrained in

my blood, but at least this much I can promise you—long adherence to a vanquished cause has taught me how—I will hold my tongue."

Sir Michael bent down and pressed her hands to his lips. He would fain have spoken further of his love, but he forbore, for the colour was coming and going in her cheek, and her lips were quivering; and he judged wisely that she could bear no more.

(To be continued.)



WHAT SHOULD WE AFFORD FOR DRESS?

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

PART II.

THE usual remark on returning to England after an absence from it is, "How very well dressed everyone appears to be." And, in truth, social position seems to make but little difference in this country, where the materials are so cheap. The chief difference really consists in the style of the making-up, the goodness of the materials, and in the way of wearing them. The lady who has one hundred a year for all her needs must look as well as her equal in station who has a husband to supply her wants, and an income of £1,500 or £2,000, and in allotting £8, or £10, or £30, or £40 to clothes per annum, both have the same problem to face, and both must present an equally suitable and good appearance to the world. The case is the same with men, amongst whom the rate of spending on this object seems curiously alike. The only difference is to be found in the quality, and in the style of shops where the things are bought. This fact will, I hope, help us to make a general table, or list, of the needs of everyone, leaving out, of course, the accidents (as they may be called) of life—the extra apparel for fêtes, Court dresses, and for games. In these last, however, nearly every young man and girl of the present day seem to join. Both for the warbrobes of men and women, the articles really needed would be much alike, of course. We all wear gowns and bonnets, and men all wear coats and hats. I have slightly altered a reasonable list of apparel made out by a contemporary, for a young fellow living on an income or a salary of £1 per week.

One overcoat, to last two years, £2	£1	0	0
One umbrella, to last two years, 9s.	0	4	6
Repairs and re-covering, 5s.	0	2	6
Two felt hats at 4s. 6d.	0	9	0
One best coat and vest, to last two years, at £2 2s.	1	1	0

One black serge jacket and vest, for office wear, £1 10s.	£1	10	0
Three pairs trousers, to last two years, 12s. per pair, £1 16s.	0	18	0
Two pairs boots, to last two years, at 10s.	0	10	0
Repairs	0	7	0
Four pair socks, at 1s.	0	4	0
Three flannel shirts, at 5s.	0	15	0
Two pairs pants, at 2s. 6d.	0	5	0
Two under vests, at 1s. 6d.	0	3	0
Nine collars at 4d. each, 3s.	0	3	0
12 handkerchiefs, to last two years, at 6d.	0	3	0
Three neckties at 1s.	0	3	0
Three pairs cuffs, at 8d.	0	2	0
Two pairs gloves, at 1s. 6d.	0	3	0
Two night-shirts, 3s. each	0	6	0
	£8	9	0

Now, this list contains the usual articles required by men in the way of dress; but, of course the list would not be quite the same every year, and the circumstance of a person being a careful wearer of his clothing, or the reverse, would make a very serious difference in the amount that would be left with which to commence another year. The mending and darning would also be a consideration, and a great assistance towards making everything last out the time assigned to it. Exception has been taken to the two pairs of ten shilling boots to wear for two years, as well as to the fact that no every-day suit is allowed for. Of course a change in either item would entail an increase of dress allowance.

The difference between this list of articles for dress and that of a man with more means, must be regulated by the number of extra things required, as he may rise in the ranks of society. He would then need a suit of dress clothes, linen shirts, set of studs, house shoes,

dress shoes, dressing-gown and slippers, cricketing flannels, caps, and belt, tall hat, railway rug and travelling bag, macintosh, etc.

A suit of dress clothes will last from three to five years, and I find that most men consider a great-coat good for four years. The various allowances made for dress by men with incomes varying from £300, £500, £800, to several thousands a-year, ranges from £18, £22, to £30, £35, £45, and one man only, a great traveller and wanderer, gets as high as £70! and doubtless men with such incomes can afford to go to more fashionable and better shops, and to have a great many more things. I find two suits of clothes a-year, two pairs of boots, half-a-dozen silk ties, and half-a-dozen collars very generally given as the usual amount required. As a rule bachelors appear to spend more than married men, and very rich men are generally careful and economical wearers of clothes, and spend but little upon them. The poor man, in fact, and the poor woman are obliged to expend more lavishly in proportion to their income than those who are better off, for they only have their respectable appearance to depend upon. In the case of the poor clerk or governess, shabbiness is one of the unpardonable sins, and would militate against their securing good situations. It seems to me that in this fact alone lies the answer to the many queries as to the propriety and rightness of paying attention to dress and personal appearance. Thus I would have girls and boys carefully taught every duty of the toilet as well as every secret respecting the due expenditure of money on their clothing, so that it shall yield the best results possible in its wearing qualities as well as in its appearance and style.

The great trouble of young people of both sexes appears to be that they usually enter on life and the command of money before they

have had any lessons on its management. Therefore one cannot but wonder that they get on so well, and how few mistakes they appear to make. I trust that my few notes may prove a contribution towards helping them all considerably.

When I turn to the question of the clothing of girls, I find a very universal rule which fixes girls' allowances at £15, £20, to £30 per annum. In families whose incomes range from £800 to £1,500 per annum, the allowance of the wife would be about £50; or if there were three or four little children under ten, £65 would be a good allowance for the apparel of the mother and her children. Several husbands and fathers on being asked whether they had a certain ratio on which they made these allowances, have answered in the negative. They "only did what seemed usual, and what other people around them did." An income of £100 a year is not an uncommon one for women, from fortunes to which it seems to bear an extravagant ratio. But in this case it is intended to include other things, viz., travelling in all ordinary cases, books, stationery, presents, and charities, one far-seeing husband seeking to include all the wedding presents in his spouse's year's allowance. As these form a very great tax in the present day, when the first year came to an end the lady produced an account, which proved, in spite of her artistic needlework which she had lavished, and clever management, the presents had been too numerous for even her £100 to manage them all. So a compromise was arrived at by which she promised to pay half of six presents, or the whole of three; above six, her husband was to pay entirely for both of them.

And now I propose to give one or two lists of clothes which may be suggestive as to the disposition of a dress allowance of £15, leaving a small margin.

	£	s.	d.
Four pairs of black stockings (thread), at 2s. 10d.	0	11	4
Four pairs of woollen stockings, at 3s.	0	12	0
One dozen handkerchiefs	0	5	0
One pair of black stays	0	10	6
Two pairs of house shoes, at 4s.	0	8	0
Two pairs of boots.	1	1	0
One pair of walking shoes	0	8	6
Gloves	0	15	0
Winter dress, 3s. per yard	1	10	0
Nun's cloth dress, 1s. per yard.	0	16	0
Linings, etc.	0	3	6
Washing dress	0	10	0
Bonnet	0	6	0
Summer hat, lace, and muslin	0	3	0
Ulster, £1 1s.; winter jacket, £1 1s.	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Furs, 12s. 6d.; umbrella, 7s. 6d.; undervest, 4s. 6d.	1	4	6
Two flannel petticoats, 10s.	0	10	0
Underlinen	0	10	0
Winter petticoat	0	10	6
Sundries	1	0	0
	£13	6	10

This last I have on careful inquiry found can be reduced, so as to meet the wants of a girl who has only £10 to dress upon, or only £100 a year on which to depend for everything; and it will be seen that the second and third year's lists would be much less than this, as there would be no winter jacket to buy, and no ulster.

	s.	d.
Three pairs cotton stockings at 1s. 6d.	4	6
Three pairs wool stockings at 2s.	6	0
Eight handkerchiefs at 6d.	4	0
One pair of stays	5	0
Two pairs of house shoes	5	9
One pair of boots	10	0
One pair of shoes	5	6
Gloves	7	6
Winter dress (serge) at 1s. per yard	16	0
Nun's cloth (summer dress)	10	8
Linings	2	0
Washing dress	6	0
Bonnet	6	0
Summer hat	3	0
Ulster	15	0
Winter jacket	18	0
Fur boa	7	0
Umbrella	6	0
Under vest	4	6
Two flannel petticoats	4	0
Underlinen	6	0
Winter petticoat	5	0
	£8	11 5

In both these lists I need hardly say that no provision has been made for the services of a dressmaker, though assistance might be got in the house with a workwoman hired by the day.

If in London, the shopping ground must not be Regent Street or New Bond Street, but Edgware Road, Tottenham Court Road, Westbourne Grove, and even as far away as Upper Street, Islington, where very excellent and cheap shops abound. Oxford Street, during the sales, is very cheap, especially in the matter of straw bonnets and hats. I saw quantities of both during the summer sales at sixpence and a shilling each!

When we come to allowances of £30 per annum, we generally find, as in the case of men, an increased expenditure needful, for out-of-door games have to be considered, a more or less appropriate dress for them being requisite. A riding-habit, too, may be needful, and evening dress must be thought of also. So far as my inquiries carry me, I find that people with £30 a year usually have a great deal to do with it, and much judgment is required to make it stretch over all the wants of their circumstances. In the matter of underclothes, while the stock should never be let down, it should never be a large one, four of everything being quite enough. Four good night-gowns, for instance, the work being renewed when necessary, will last nearly six years; and if the strain on them be relieved by the purchase of two new ones, for two years longer.

The clothes purchased must be divided, so that all the expensive outlay should not come into one year. For instance, you would do well to have one year a tailor-made gown, and the next year a good silk, or an evening dress. A mantle one year, and a summer mantle or jacket the next. I am of opinion that the fewer clothes one has, the better; and I think that the practice of buying many dresses of the same sort is a mistaken one. It is never well to be forced into buying things in a hurry, nor for "an occasion," as it is called. Therefore, the old plan of a "best dress" is not an unwise one. Three dresses a year is the utmost anyone should get on any allowance from £15 to £30 per annum.

When we come back to the question with which we started, of "How much should be spent on the dress of the family?" we think the answer, with reference to small incomes, would be about a tenth of the whole. But circumstances alter the case so often, that this is not a guide. Thus dress expenses resemble the rents paid in London, which are usually quite out of proportion to our incomes, so that we must save in other ways for the money which we are compelled to expend in this. We must have one servant less, or omit the luxury of cabs from our calculations. And in the matter of dress, women are more slaves to the world's opinion than men, for they must have suitable mourning for the dead, proper clothes for the marriage festivities, and when it seems right that the family should be fitly represented at the fête or flower show, it is the women who must consider their apparel. Men's clothes now are so changeless in fashion, and so sombre in hue, that the days when they too "walked in silk attire" seem to have passed away for ever.

VARIETIES.

HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

She (blushing deeply): And you wish to pay your addresses to me?

He (enthusiastically): That has been the dream of my existence since I first met you.

She: I scarcely know what to say. I think I must consult mother.

He: Certainly. I should expect you as a dutiful daughter to consult your mother on a matter of so much importance.

She: You have never met mother?

He: I never had the pleasure.

She: You will be delighted to know her. She is a noted woman's rights woman, and president of the Society for Woman's Emancipation.

He (somewhat frigidly): H'm! is that so?

She (proudly): Well, you would think so if you heard her talk. Why, she is just boiling over with fervour on the subject of woman's wrongs.

He (consulting his watch): Well—er—I—I—er—ought to have told you that I—er—couldn't stay but a minute this evening. My—er—uncle is in town, and—er—well, I will call again, when we can renew the subject of this evening's conversation.

ONE, TWO, AND THREE MAKE SIX.

A scholar just returned from the university sat down to supper with his father and mother. Three eggs were served up.

"Why," said the husband to his wife, "your supper is scanty. You should treat your son more liberally."

"Let us be content," observed the son, "since there are six eggs on the table."

"How," asked his father, "do you prove that?"

"Easily enough," he answered. "Do not one, two, and three make six?"

"I will then," rejoined the father, "give one egg to your mother, take two for myself, and you, my boy, may help yourself to the rest."

DOING AND SAYING.

Mark the instructions of your teachers, And trust to them, as able preachers. But, should their lives incur your blame, Their counsel still remains the same. Observe, while thus you pick your way, Not what they *do*, but what they *say*.

THE BETTER LIGHT.

Words by MRS. PAYNE-SMITH.

Music by the REV. W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B.Mus., Lond.

VOICE. *Andantino grazioso e sempre legato.* *poco rit.* *What tempo.*

PIANO. *p*

draws to yon - der world a - far The heart in dreams of peace?..... Why

seeks the eye some glor - ious star, When earth - ly light must

cease,..... must cease,..... When earth - ly light must cease?.....

p *pp* *rall.* *colla voce.* *p tempo.*

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by a melody. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *tempo*. A *poco rit.* (poco ritardando) marking is present over the piano accompaniment.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'tis a ho - ly beam that burns, The bet - ter, pur - er light ;..... Our. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: hearts from earth - sown tears it turns To the heav'n - ly har - vest bright,..... To the. The piano accompaniment continues. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *mf a piacere.* (mezzo-forte ad libitum).

Fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: heav'n - ly har - vest bright..... The piano accompaniment ends with a *rall.* (ritardando) marking. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte).



THE TWIN-HOUSES.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Restitution," etc.

PART I.
AMBITION.

LUCY OLIVER stood contemplative over a

large piece of linen that she was thinking of fashioning into a garment for one of her brothers. Thinking is scarcely the word, for her mind was astray, and her thoughts ran hither and thither like—so many wild animals. We wonder what became of the fugitives, for they were in London one minute and in the country the next, and they fled from one member of her family to another with amazing rapidity. Oh, these thoughts! If we could only regulate them, we should conquer the world, metaphorically speaking. And all this time Lucy kept her eyes on the piece of linen, just as if her meditations were wholly

and solely concentrated upon it.

She was startled by the entrance of her brother Fred, and the words—

"Now shut up, Lucy, and talk to me. Come into the garden and we shall not be interrupted."

She hastily and not-unwillingly folded up her neglected work, and went with her brother into a long, old-fashioned garden at the back of the small house in which they dwelt.

He put his arm round her waist, and danced her down a narrow path between beds and borders of fruit and flowers, to a kind of sloping orchard at the end of this homely garden. Here he lifted her on the low branch of an

aged apple tree, she out of breath and protesting all the while.

"Let us play at see-saw once more before I go to London," he said, seating himself beside her.

"To London!" she exclaimed, almost slipping from her seat.

"Yes, it is all settled. I heard from Bolton to-day, and he says I have only to come up and succeed. With my magnificent voice, as he expresses it, he thinks it a cruel shame that I should be tied all my life to a desk or counter. Mother almost agrees with him."

"But, Fred, it is one thing to be first fiddle in the country, and another to play no fiddle at all in town. Besides, what shall we do without you? My salary won't keep us all, and we can't depend on Martin's small earnings."

"But you don't understand, my dear Lucy. I shall make more in one night than I am doing now in a year. Everybody says so."

"But what if we were to lose you as we have lost Ruth! When she married and went off to Canada, you would have thought that she and William were about to conquer a kingdom, at least; and now, for aught we know, they and their children are starving."

"I hope you don't class me with my unworthy brother-in-law. He was a thorough good-for-nothing."

"So are most men, it seems to me. You think of nothing but yourselves. I beg your pardon, Fred, but the moment you are in a fair way of earning your living you want to go elsewhere."

The apple-tree branch began to move uneasily, for Fred grew angry. He was of an irascible temperament, and that his sister knew. Further conversation was, however, interrupted by a call from a neighbour-orchard—a green and dry ditch alone dividing the hilly, grass-grown, and tree-embowered slopes of these twin apple-gardens.

"Hullo, young people, are you stealing my medlars as you used to?" came from a gruff voice, and an elderly man, with a mat-basket in one hand and a strong cane in the other, stood on the opposite side of the ditch.

"No, we are honest as the day," cried Lucy, jumping off the tree, and slipping down one slope and climbing up the other. "I say,

Mr. Gripson, Fred is going to London," she added, standing by the side of the old gentleman.

Fred, meanwhile, sat on, with his back to the pair, dangling his legs irritably.

"Too fine a spark for business, eh!" bellowed Mr. Gripson into Fred's back. "Wants a profession!"

This word was prolonged till it ended in a kind of provoking whistle, which fairly pierced through Fred, and sent him off the tree.

"Just so, sir. I am anxious for a profession," said Fred, facing Mr. Gripson.

"Like father, like son. Too grand for trade. Going after Will and Ruth, eh?"

Mr. Gripson set down the mat-basket, which was full of apples, and leaned on his cane. He trembled slightly, and Lucy perceiving it, put her hand within his arm. Fred immediately cleared the ditch and stood on the other side of the old man.

"Don't be a fool, Fred," said Gripson, recovering any self-possession that he might have lost. "You must be the mainstay of your mother."

"That is just what I mean to be," rejoined Fred.

"Then come and tell her so," said Gripson, and the trio turned and walked together up the orchard, Lucy carrying the mat-basket.

Old Gripson, as he was familiarly called, was a rich tradesman, who had made a fortune in a small shop which he had neither enlarged nor beautified. As he began life so he was ending it—with this difference, that he had begun it with little or no capital, and he would end it, so far as he could see, a rich man. He had an only son whom he had willed to succeed him, both in shop and fortune; but in this he had been disappointed. William Gripson had, as they say, a soul above the counter, and would not take up his father's business. Old Gripson refused to give him a profession, as he might have done, and so, for want of a little concession on either side, much misery ensued to both.

Hoping to bring his son over to the side of trade, old Gripson gladly consented to his marrying Ruth Oliver, his schoolfellow and next door neighbour; and for a time William Gripson condescended to undertake his father's accounts, with the proviso that he was not to appear in the shop. He soon tired of



"LUCY OLIVER STOOD CONTEMPLATIVE OVER A PIECE OF LINEN."

this, and, before the first year of his married life was spent, made up his mind to emigrate. As old Gripson perceived that his business would soon go to those voracious clear-alls known as "The dogs," he made no objection. Why, by the way, are all the bad bits and bad hits bestowed upon our most faithful friends? Why do we "go to the dogs," when we can go nowhere else? Old Gripson let his son take that doubtful journey without making any great efforts to stop him. "If you choose to leave a good business and good prospects and go off on a fool's errand, you must follow your bent," he said. "I'll give you a start, and that's all I can do. I shall take Martin Oliver as foreman in your place, and he won't be too proud to stand behind the counter."

All this had come to pass, with the usual results. At first glowing letters had been received from the Canadian backwoods; by degrees their colour became more sombre, and at last they ceased to arrive at all. At least nearly twelve months had elapsed since any news reached either of the twin-houses of the son and daughter who had left them. They had been gone over six years. Mrs. Oliver, Lucy, and Martin had written and written, but had received no reply. Old Gripson had maintained a rigid silence, though no one doubted his affection for his son. Martin Oliver had been almost more than that son to him, while Lucy had striven to soften his feelings towards the exiles.

This was the state of affairs, and while the trio walked up the orchard, each was thinking of the past in connection with the present. It was autumn, and a fine crop of ruddy apples dotted the trees and strewed the ground, awaiting the cider mill; for old Gripson was a careful soul, and let neither apples nor time rot. If he was somewhat hard, he was honest, and his well-earned gains were neither hoarded nor wasted.

He and his companions stood a few moments at the top of the orchard to rest after the ascent, and as the sun glinted through the trees and lighted them up, they made a pretty picture. Old Gripson, white-haired and somewhat bent, leaning on his staff; Lucy, dark-haired and erect, glancing through the branches at the sunny sky; and handsome Fred, turning towards the garden and house, as if anxious to be off. If the two orchards were separated by a dry fosse, the gardens were divided by a quickset hedge and redundant fruit trees. The latter grew in the Gripson garden, and an amicable arrangement had been made between the two families that the Olivers should claim all the fruit that grew on their side. A magnificent crop of plums crowned the hedge, and as our trio approached it Lucy said cheerily—

"We have the best of it this year, Mr. Gripson. The biggest plums are on our side."

"Thieves all of you!" said Gripson. "You manage to bend the branches your own way. But you young folk will go your own way, and have no respect for the opinion of your elders. It wasn't so in my day."

"Ah, the good old times!" hummed Fred, proving that he had a fine voice.

"We will go at once to your mother," said old Gripson, and he led the way through a passage into the street. This passage cut his house exactly in two, and had a long and somewhat dark shop on one side, and a small parlour with a kitchen at its back, on the other. One of the four bedrooms had been converted into a sitting-room by his wife, but after her death had been used as a sort of smoking-room by her son, and such companions as his father saw fit to encourage.

Merriton was a small country town, and it chanced to be market day, so the shop was full of customers. Lucy looked into it as she reached the street, and saw her brother Martin busily engaged. It was an unostentatious, unpretentious shop, with a small bow window,

in which there was no display, for Mr. Gripson was wont to say that all the light was wanted inside, and he was too well known to need to be placarded, either by cheap and worthless goods or flashy advertisements. Accordingly, save for the bow window and a counter reaching into it, people could scarcely have recognised it as a shop at all. Uniform with it, but minus the bow, was the Olivers' small abode. A very respectable one it was, such as children of budding genius draw, with a door in the middle, and four windows, two at top and two at bottom. It was scrupulously neat, both without and within, and Lucy loved it dearly. She was gifted with that greatest of mental gifts, a contented mind, and when she and her companions entered the parlour on the right side of the passage, where Mrs. Oliver was seated at work, she thought it was the dearest and cosiest corner in the habitable globe, and wondered why Fred should wish to quit it.

Mrs. Oliver was a round-faced, good-humoured looking woman, who had taken life easily until she lost her husband. He had been dead about five years, and she had had a grievance ever since. The fact was that with him she had lost not only a kind partner, but a livelihood. He had been confidential clerk at the great coal merchant's down by the river, and had a good salary. He had purchased the small house they lived in with his savings, and when he was taken suddenly from his wife and children, this was all he had to leave them. He had procured a clerkship for Fred when he was about eighteen, in his own office, and had given him and Martin a fair education at the grammar school of the town; moreover, he had brought them up in the fear of God.

But as too often happens when the head of the family is removed, all did not turn out exactly as he could have wished, for Ruth, the eldest daughter, married a young man of whom he had not a good opinion, and Fred, his eldest son, kicked against the goads of office life, as so many unfortunately do in these restless days. His younger children were more promising, for Martin cheerfully accepted the proposal of his father's old friend Gripson to take a post in his shop, and Lucy went as daily governess to the children of Mr. Sempold, the principal lawyer of the town. This was the state of affairs when our trio entered Mrs. Oliver's parlour. She had never designated her two small rooms dining and drawing room.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish, Mrs. Oliver," began old Gripson. "Fred's fever time has come, and he can't stop in one place, like the rest o' the maniacs."

"I don't wonder, Mr. Gripson," returned Mrs. Oliver. "His salary is too small for anything. I really can't give him enough to eat. We've a house over our heads, and that's about all; for work as we will we can't get food and clothing. I do all the housework myself; when Lucy has finished with her teaching she slaves over the making and mending; and the poor boys—"

"'Tis Martin's own fault if he hasn't enough to eat," growled old Gripson. "I don't stint him, and he has his meals with me. But does Fred think that food will fall into his mouth every time he opens it, just because he chances to have a voice like a bull, and roars in London. He's more likely to get it filled with pea-soup fog."

"Really, Mr. Gripson!" began Fred and his mother simultaneously, much offended.

"Yes, really—'tis the plain truth," echoed Gripson. "I was apprenticed in London, and saw a little of life. It was pretty fast in my young days, but it's a thousand times faster now. Stage coaches then—railways now. Take my advice, Fred, and stop where you are. Take warning by—" Here the

voice faltered. "Don't leave your mother to go after a jack-o'-lantern. Bide where Providence has placed you, and the Lord will provide for you; but there's no promise for those as go astray."

"I am not going astray, sir, I'm going to use the talent I have."

"Pack o' nonsense. You can use it here at Merriton, and you do use it. When you're singing at the People's Concerts, as you call 'em, one can hear ee a mile off. Old Jack Mitchell said to me the other day, 'Master Fred do zing as if he wur a big bass-viol.'"

"I'm much obliged to him," said Fred, smothering a laugh. "That only proves that I shall fill a concert-room."

"And empty the pockets of everyone belonging to you. What do you say, Lucy? You've the sense of the family."

"I would rather he stopped at home and got on at the wharf."

"Lucy has no ambition either for herself or her brothers," broke in Mrs. Oliver. "She might have gone abroad with Mrs. Maynard, but she declined."

"And what would you have done without her, I wonder? Why, she stopped at home on your account, Mrs. Oliver, which is more than any o' the girls do nowadays. They leave their parents, and brothers and sisters that want 'em, to rush off to sisterhoods, or colleges, or some other societies that don't want 'em. I keep my eyes open, and see many disappear from Merriton whose duty it is to stop here."

"You are so conservative, Mr. Gripson."

"Old ways are good enough for me. But what do you mean to do, Fred?"

Fred put a bold face upon it, and said he was in correspondence with a friend who wished him to go up to London and have his voice tried. This friend had mentioned him to a celebrated professor, who was willing to hear him sing, but everyone believed he had only to appear in public and make a rapid fortune. The truth was that he had a fine but uncultivated voice. He had studied music to some extent, and could accompany himself on the piano. He had, indeed, a smattering of many instruments, and had been taken up by some of the influential people of the town. This it was that had made him discontented with his position, and given him the craze to get out of it.

The little conclave sat some time discussing this matter, but each member of it was of the same opinion when it broke up as when it began. Mr. Gripson took his leave with a very surly "Good afternoon," and Lucy accompanied him to the door.

"No news, I suppose?" he said.

Lucy shook her head. She was his only *confidante*, and knew how much worse his bark was than his bite. He had told her that he would give all he possessed to get his son and daughter-in-law back again, but that she must on no account betray his feelings. He repeated it on the present occasion.

"We must set some sort of an example to the other young folk," he said. "If I were to seem to give in, we should have your boys saying I encouraged them to leave home and to neglect their proper interests. But I'm forgetting mine, and Martin will be wanting me. We must warn him to keep Fred at home."

"I am afraid none of us will succeed in that," said Lucy. "He is tired of Merriton and desk-work, and thinks he is sure to make a fortune if only he can get into his 'proper sphere,' as he calls it."

Old Gripson laughed, and went into his shop, which he found full, for it was Saturday and market day, which accounted for Fred and Lucy's half-holiday comparative idleness. There were, however, plenty of assistants in the shop, and its master had not been missed.

(To be continued.)

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.
ON THE PARADE.

BESSIE had spoken out of the simplicity of her honest heart; but there is a great power in earnestness, and her words were not to fall to the ground. In spite of Edna's faults, many and glaring as they were, she was very susceptible to good influences; her affection for Neville Sinclair proved this, as well as her friendship with Bessie; underneath the leaven of selfishness and self-will engendered by a false education there was a large margin of generosity and truth; if she were quick to sin, she was also quick to repent. Edna did not again allude to the subject of her unhappiness; there were no more fireside confidences with Bessie, but for two or three days she was very quiet and thoughtful, and there were no excited moods of merriment to jar on Bessie. She was gentle and affectionate in her manner to her mother, and this unusual docility seemed to add to Mrs. Sefton's uneasiness. Bessie did not feel comfortable in her mind about Edna, the old spring and elasticity seemed gone for ever; there was manifest effort in everything she did through the day, and yet she never rested willingly. She laid out plans for every hour, she made appointments with her friends; every day there was driving, shopping, tea-drinking, often a concert or recitation to finish off the evening; but now and then, in the midst of a lively conversation, there would be the look of utter exhaustion on her face, and when her friends had left she would throw herself on the couch as though all strength had gone. On these occasions, when she was spent and weary, it was not always easy to control her irritability. Mrs. Sefton was not a judicious woman, and in spite of her devotion to her daughter, she often showed a want of tact and a lack of wisdom that galled Edna's jaded spirits. She was always urging Edna to seek new distractions, or appealing to her sense of vanity.

"Mamma thinks a new dress or ornament can make any girl happy," she said one day, with a curl of her lip; "but she is mistaken, I don't care about them now."

One afternoon Mrs. Sefton had been lunching with a friend, and when she returned she brought Edna a present; it was a pin brooch set with brilliants, a most costly toy, and Edna had admired it in an idle moment; but as she opened the little case there was no pleased expression on her face.

"Oh, mamma, why have you bought this?" she asked in a dissatisfied voice.

"You admired it so much, my darling, and so I thought I would please myself by giving you this surprise."

"It is very pretty," holding it out for Bessie's inspection; "but I have more ornaments than I know how to use now. I am sorry you bought it, mamma; it must have cost so much money."

"Do you think I begrudge you anything?" replied Mrs. Sefton, who was much chagrined by this reception of her gift.

Edna looked up at this moment, and saw the disappointed look on her mother's face. Her better feelings were touched, and she threw her arms round her neck.

"Mother, dear, why will you load me so with things?" she remonstrated. "You give me everything, and I do nothing for you in return; please don't give me anything more for a long time. I am horribly discontented, nothing seems to give me pleasure; even this beautiful pin is wasted on me."

"Don't talk so, Edna," returned her mother, with the tears in her eyes; "if you knew how it troubled me to hear you; there is nothing that I would not do to make you happy, but if you talk in that way you take all the spirit out of me."

"Then I won't talk so any more," replied Edna, repentantly, and she fastened the brilliant pin in some lace she wore, and begged them both to admire it; and she was very affectionate to her mother all that evening, and seemed bent on making her smile. Mrs. Sefton looked almost happy that night; she thought Edna looked better and more like herself, and she had not coughed once, and no one knew that as the girl took off her trinket that night she suddenly hid her face in her hands and wept.

"It is all no use, mother," she sobbed; "no money can buy me content nor make me good and happy; if I were only like Bessie — Bessie is worthy of him, but I never was — I never was."

When Bessie had been with her friends more than a week she began to wonder that there was no news of Richard, and one day she asked Edna if he were all alone at the Grange.

"Yes, I believe so," was the careless answer; "but Richard is a regular old bachelor, and he will not be dull."

"But he comes to see you sometimes?"

"He has not been yet, but that is mamma's fault, and not Ritchie's; he wrote on Wednesday to say he was coming from Saturday to Monday, but mamma said she wanted the room for Miss Shelton, and after all she did not come, so it was a pity Richard should be disappointed; and now Miss Shelton may come next week, and there is no room for him again. Mamma has just written to say that she cannot possibly have him until Saturday week."

Bessie felt a pang of disappointment; she was going home on the Thursday, and would just miss him. What a pity!

he had been so kind and friendly to her during her visit to the Grange, and she would have liked to have seen him. She wondered vaguely if he would be disappointed too when he heard that she had gone. It was thoughtless of Mrs. Sefton to invite Miss Shelton, but most likely she had done it on purpose to keep her stepson away. Edna had told her rather sorrowfully the other day that her mother did not understand Richard any better.

"He is never at his ease with her, and so he never appears to advantage in her presence," she said. "Poor Ritchie! I am afraid he has a dull life at the Grange!"

Bessie was afraid so too, but she dared not say so; she could only appeal to Edna's generosity, and beg her to consider that she owed a duty to her brother. But she could not say much on this point: a girl cannot well enter the lists on a young man's behalf, however sensible and free from nonsense she may be; she is bound by a sense of conventionality; and though in her heart Bessie was very sorry for Richard, very much interested on his behalf, she felt her pity must be kept to herself.

Bessie was not ashamed to own her disappointment, and she was human enough to bear a grudge against the unoffending Miss Shelton, who proved to be an old governess of Edna's, and a most worthy woman.

In consequence of Edna's temporary indisposition, which made her languid in the morning, the family breakfast was unusually late, and was rarely ready before ten. It was Bessie's habit, therefore, to go out after an early cup of cocoa, for an hour's solitary walk; she enjoyed this more than any other part of the day. The Parade was almost deserted at the time, and she met few people. She loved to stroll down to the beach and watch the waves rolling on the shore; the cold, fresh air invigorated her, and her old colour returned. Her mother would have been at rest about her if she could have seen the girl's strong elastic step, or noticed how the sea breezes had brought back her fresh colour. Bessie would return from these morning walks with refreshed spirits and vigorous, youthful appetite that Edna good-naturedly quizzed. "You would be hungry, too, if you had swallowed those delicious sea-breezes," Bessie would answer, nothing daunted by these remarks, and she persevered in these early strolls.

The morning after their little conversation about Richard, Bessie went out as usual. There had been rain during the night, and the seats on the Parade were soaking; but the sun was shining now, and the little pools in the road were sparkling in the warm sunlight, and the sea looked clear and blue.

"What a delicious morning!" thought Bessie, as she walked on briskly. "There is rather a strong wind, though."

Oh, that gentleman has lost his hat!" The gentleman in question had been leaning on the railings, looking down on some boys playing on the shingle; but as his hat took to itself wings, and rolled playfully down the Parade, after the manner of hats, he followed it in quick pursuit. Happily it rolled almost to Bessie's feet, and she captured it.

"Thank you so much," observed the young man, gratefully; but as Bessie held it to him with a smile, they mutually started, and a simultaneous exclamation rose to their lips.

"Mr. Sinclair!"

"Good heavens, Miss Lambert!" and then rather awkwardly they shook hands.

"Who would have thought of seeing you here?" went on Mr. Sinclair, rather nervously, as he brushed the wet from his hat. "But of course one meets everyone at Brighton, so I ought not to be surprised. I only came down last night, and I have already exchanged greetings with half a dozen acquaintances. Have you been here long?"

"About ten days. I am staying with the Seftons, at Glenyan Mansions. Mrs. Sefton and Edna are both here."

"Edna here?" and then he bit his lip, and a dark flush crossed his face. "I hope Miss Sefton is quite well?" he continued, coldly.

"Indeed, she is not," returned Bessie, bluntly. But this sudden encounter had taken her by surprise, and she hardly knew what she was saying. "She is very far from well. Oh, quite ill, I should say; though she will have it that there is nothing the matter. But she is so changed that she is hardly like the same girl. Oh no, she is perfectly different, not like Edna at all, and —"

"What has been the matter with her?" he asked abruptly; but he turned his face away as he put the question. They were both standing by the railings, and now he crossed his arms upon them, leaning heavily against them, so that Bessie could not see his face. There was no one in sight, except the boys playing beneath them, and an old man hobbling on crutches. "What has been the matter with her?" he repeated, as Bessie hesitated.

"She caught cold, and could not shake it off, and so her mother got frightened about her, and brought her here. But it does not seem to do her much good. It is her spirits, I think, for she has lost all her fun, and she is not at all like the old Edna, and it grieves me to see her," stammered Bessie, confused at having said so much, and yet not willing to be silent. "What can I say? What ought I to do for them both?" she thought, in much distress.

"There has never been anything wrong with her spirits before," replied Mr. Sinclair, in rather an incredulous tone. But Bessie had caught sight of his face; it was quite pale now, and he was pulling his moustache nervously, and she was not a bit deceived by his voice. "Do you mean that she is not happy? I hope—that is—I trust nothing has occurred to trouble her."

"Nothing fresh. Oh, Mr. Sinclair!" and here Bessie burst out, regardless of

conventionality, of probable consequences, of everything but her honest heart. "Why do you not understand what it is that ails Edna? If you do not know, no one can—no one—no one," and then, frightened at her own audacity, Bessie coloured up to her forehead and walked on; but Mr. Sinclair was by her side the next moment.

"Don't go, Miss Lambert. Please do not leave me yet. Tell me plainly what it is you mean. You are Edna's friend, and I know you will be true to her. You have a good heart. I see in your eyes that you are sorry for me; do not be afraid to speak out. Why am I not to know what is the matter with Edna?"

"That is a strange question for you to ask; surely you know Edna well enough to be aware how deeply she can repent of her faults!"

"Do you mean—speak plainly, I beseech you; do you—can you mean that Edna repents of her cruel treatment of me?"

"Repents! Of course she has repented. Mr. Sinclair, you were very wrong to leave her. Why did you take her at her word? It was all temper; her pride was piqued because she believed herself distrusted. I know Edna so well; in spite of her faults, she is true and generous. When she loves, she loves once and for ever; if she sent you away, she has been sorry for it afterwards. What must you think of me for telling you this? I am so ignorant of the world, most likely I have acted foolishly, but it seems to me that truth is everything."

"I think that you have acted nobly, Miss Lambert; you have made me your debtor for life, if this be true," and then he stopped, and passed his hand across his forehead, as though the sudden relief had bewildered him. "Oh, thank God!" she heard him say, as though to himself.

"It is true."

"I will believe it, I can trust you; my good angel brought me out this morning. The last seven months have not been the happiest time in my existence. I had my own trouble to bear, and then my mother fell ill. I thought I should have lost her, but I was spared that; still, her life hangs on a thread. I am afraid from your deep mourning that you have been in trouble too, Miss Lambert."

"I have lost a dear sister."

"That is sad; but you have other sisters left to comfort you."

"Yes, three."

"I had no one but my mother and Edna; I should have been lonely indeed. But now I must not keep you standing any longer; the wind is cold, and you are beginning to look tired."

"Yes, and breakfast will be ready; I must not be late."

"Is Sefton with you?" he asked, suddenly.

"No; he is at Oatlands; he is not coming until Saturday week."

"I am sorry to hear it; he would have helped me in a great difficulty. Sefton has always been my friend. Miss Lambert, I confess I don't clearly see my way. I can hardly present myself at

Glenyan Mansions, and yet how am I to see Edna? If we could only meet, as it were, accidentally, it would be better for both of us."

"I see what you mean," returned Bessie, whose ready sympathy made her quick to detect his meaning. "Edna is very proud; you think it would be wiser to leave her in ignorance of this interview. Yes, you are right; there must be some other way," and then after a moment's consideration she added, "There is a fancy bazaar at the Pavilion this afternoon; some friends of the Seftons are stallholders, and we are all going; everyone will be there; why should you not go too?"

"Thank you," was all he said; but his face brightened perceptibly, and then in an eager tone: "What time will you go?"

"Mrs. Sefton said she should order the carriage at half-past three, so I suppose we should be there about a quarter to four. The Crawfords' stall is at the end of the room, and Minnie and Eleanor Crawford are to be dressed in sacques and hoops, with powdered hair, in the fashion of George III.'s time. Edna is very anxious to see their stall in its first glory before there is a rush of buyers."

"You have made me your friend for life," he said, lightly. "I must not go any further, for I see the windows of Glenyan Mansions," and then he shook hands with her, and quietly retraced his steps to his hotel.

"I wonder if mother would be shocked," thought Bessie. "I think I should have been shocked myself under any other circumstances; but when I thought of poor Edna, and saw him looking so pale and grave, I felt I must help them both. Was it very forward of me? Have I betrayed Edna's confidence? But no, I found it all out for myself; surely no one could blame me for speaking the truth. If Mr. Richard were here I would ask him. Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth after all. One cannot be wrong if only one be absolutely true."

Bessie found it very difficult to preserve her ordinary demeanour that morning. The consciousness that she had a secret oppressed her, but neither Mrs. Sefton nor Edna seemed to notice any difference in her manner. Edna looked languid and depressed, and seemed to have lost all interest in the bazaar. She alarmed Bessie in the course of the morning by saying that after all she did not care to mix with such a crowd.

"Oh, Edna, I shall be so disappointed if we do not go," exclaimed Bessie.

"My dear, I was not talking about you," replied Edna, wearily. "Mamma will go, of course, and you can accompany her; but I am sick of bazaars, and the noise and chatter will make my head ache. You may take my purse, Bessie, and buy something of Minnie and Eleanor," and Edna threw down her work, and began looking over the batch of novels that her mother had sent in from the circulating library, leaving Bessie to digest her dismay and disappointment as well as she could.

(To be continued.)

ART NEEDLEWORK.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

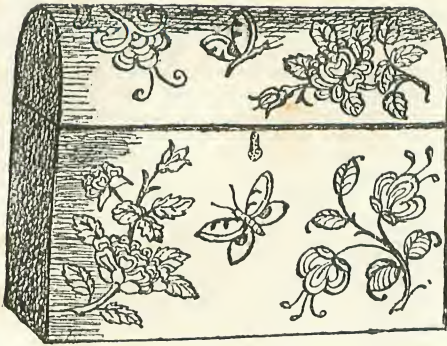


FIG. 1.—CASKET FOR PAPER AND ENVELOPES.

IN this series of papers on Art Needlework, contrary to our usual practice, we give sketches of made-up articles, because so many people complain that they are unable to take in written explanations; and therefore, assuming that many of our girls are already practised workers, such sketches may suggest articles, at once useful and decorative, on which they can lavish their skill to the best advantage.

At the same time experience has taught us how impossible it is to convey accurate ideas by means of black and white, even through so-called "illustrations," so much must necessarily be left to the manual skill and artistic judgment of the workers, who have to enlarge and carry out the suggestions with which we endeavour to supply them.

Fig. 1 is a casket for holding writing paper and envelopes. It is from eight to ten inches long, by from six to eight inches high in proportion. It is one of the few things which we advise should not be made up at home, the inside divisions of the casket having to be considered as well as the actual mounting of the embroidered cover.

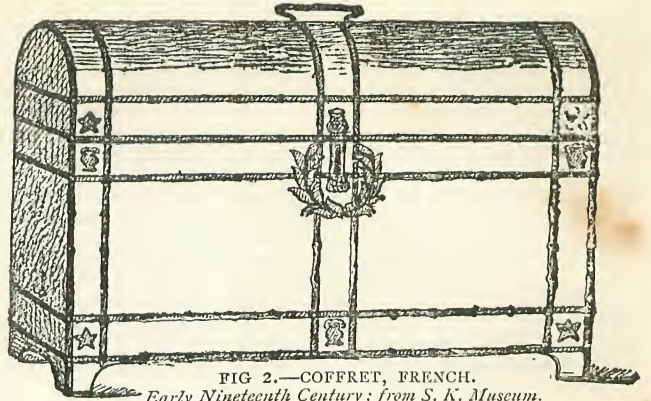
Our sketch shows a casket covered with pale greyish green satin of a shade you may often see in the ground colour of old china plates. Indeed, the entire idea of design and colour was suggested to us by just such a plate. The casket is solidly worked in satin stitch, in a variety of delicate colours and shades of silk, and has an outline of fine Japanese gold thread. This outline is, however,



FIG. 4.—WORK BAG.

optional; it is only introduced to throw the design into clearer relief, and if preferred might be of fine black or dark coloured silk, such as olive green, instead of gold.

A great variety of small articles can be worked in this style of design, sprays being copied from pieces of real china or Indian ware, of which the finest specimens may be found in the museums, and "powdered" over the surface. The colouring of such sprays may also be imitated with advantage, for they are almost invariably in true artistic taste.

FIG. 2.—COFFRET, FRENCH.
Early Nineteenth Century; from S. K. Museum.

together, they are a most suitable and effective ornament to a lady's writing-table, and would make a very handsome present.

The blotter, of which we give a sketch, is of Kirriemuir twill, or strong evenly-woven linen. The design is outlined with dark blue in stem-stitch, and the ground is then filled up by being darned all over with a lighter shade of the same colour; either crewel, silk, or flourishing thread may be used.

All manner of materials will serve for the coverings of blotters—velvet, velveteen, or plush are most used, embroidered in various styles of design; but if the covering be of any linen fabric it can the more easily be taken off for purposes of cleaning. Stout mill-board foundations for blotters can be bought of any size, and we are sure that neat-fingered workers would find no difficulty in making up slip covers. They can be lined, according to taste, with silk, satin, or sateen, and the outside is costly or otherwise, and a case can readily be attached to one or both sides of the lining. In another paper we shall have more to say on the subject of embroidery, as applied to books, but it is too wide and interesting a subject to be dealt with amongst other things.

Fig. 4 is a work bag, well adapted for home manufacture. The stiff lower part is of olive-green plush, on which a spray of

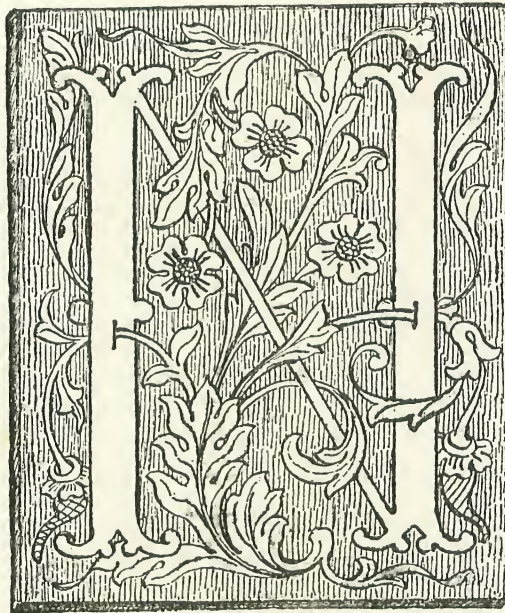


FIG. 3.—BLOTTER.

Such a casket can also be covered with velvet, velveteen, or plush, on which suitable sprays of natural or conventional flowers have been embroidered. In Fig. 2 we give a sketch of a coffret in the South Kensington Museum, which was probably the original *raison d'être* of these pretty caskets. We are doubtful if it can properly be called needlework. It is fourteen or fifteen inches long by about twelve inches high, and is covered with crimson velvet, ornamented with bands of gold braid, which are fastened down at intervals with silver stars; but it is probable that the alternate star and vase-shaped ornaments which fill the squares, formed by the braid, and which are of fine copper wire, are of needlework; also the wreath of leaves round the lock, for it closely resembles some clever German handiwork of sprays of flowers in gold and silver, which we have seen.

Fig. 3 is a blotter, the design of which, forming an initial letter, is suggested by a very beautiful and elaborate illuminated alphabet of the sixteenth century. In most cases it would be best to work a blotter and casket to match, and the style of Fig. 1 might very well be applied also to a blotter. Both

FIG. 5.
PHOTOGRAPH
FRAME.

conventional honeysuckle is embroidered in delicate shades of natural coloured silks. The upper part is of olive-green satin, drawn up with silk cord to match, and the whole is lined with soft silk of a paler shade of green.

A circular piece of mill-board, measuring eight or nine inches across, will serve for the base of such a bag. This may be covered with silk or sateen. The upper side might with advantage have a piece of coarse flannel or a thin sheet of cotton wool inserted under the lining. Two or three sprays of flowers having been embroidered on a strip of velvet, velveteen, or plush, about five inches in width, the back of this is stiffened with embroidery paste, and it is carefully sewn on to a corresponding strip of mill-board, which should be cut an inch narrower than the embroidery, and must fit exactly the circular foundation. The strip is lined in the same manner as the base, and is very neatly sewn together. The upper

part may be of the same material as the lower or stiff division, or of silk or satin of the same colour. The latter plan is the most effective, and this portion will wear better and be less limp if it be also lined. Ribbon or silk cord of the same colour can be used as strings, and it may be drawn up with double cord by means of eyelet holes on each side if desired; the hem should always be between two and three inches wide to look well.

Fig. 5 is a photograph frame of thick cream-coloured silk of a strong and even texture. It is embroidered with sprays of flowers worked with fine natural coloured silks in feather stitch. It must be carefully stretched in a frame, and the inside space of silk should not be removed till the embroidery is completed. The greater variety of delicate shades and colours which can be introduced into the flowers and leaves, the better. If well carried out, the finished work will resemble very closely the dainty specimens which were executed by great ladies

and their attendant maidens at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. The frame from which we sketch is for a cabinet photograph, and the embroidery is from two to two and a half inches wide. Larger photographs would of course require the frames wider in proportion. We have seen them as wide as five or six inches, for frames about eighteen inches long. Such embroidered frames will also serve admirably for small mirrors, and the Japanese style of the casket, Fig. 1, is very suitable for decorating them. It might be used most effectively for the larger sizes, especially if the needlework be outlined with gold thread. We would not advise any attempt at mounting at home, because in the first place the wooden foundation must be convex, and secondly, the smallest inaccuracy or drawing of the work in fastening it to the wood would inevitably ruin the appearance of the whole.

IT'S STRANGE, BUT IT'S TRUE.

By MEDICUS.

"It's strange, but it's true," I said to myself this morning when I sat down to write. My foolscap paper was in position, the bit of blotting paper under my hand; the sheet of paper alongside on which to note fugitive ideas as I work, lest they be for ever forgotten. All ready for my Girl's Own Health Sermon, and my brain as busy as busy could be(e). But, lo! when I popped my pen into the ink bottle not a drop would respond. The violet ink frozen and the red ink as well, though this latter does not so often succumb! And yet it is the month of March, with cock robin singing outside there in the apple tree, though for that matter this little rascal makes a point of singing when he sees me. But the blackbirds are quietly building in the yew hedge, the sparrows are overhauling their last year's nests in the wistaria, in hopes they will do again for this season, and the thrush would sing too if his feet were not so cold. I had a fellow-feeling with that thrush, however, as I had to go all the way up to the house, from my outdoor study, to warm my ink bottle at the kitchen range; a little extra stamping on the orchard path restored my circulation, and put me in excellent spirits. There was a splendid fire in the range, and the temptation to warm my benumbed feet was strong. However, I know better. I never have my feet cooked. It's strange, but it's true, that a great many people are never tired of cooking their feet, to the everlasting detriment of their health and constitutions. A favourite method of feet-cooking is to have them roasted. Whenever you come in from a stroll on a cold day, be sure to go and stick the soles of your pretty little boots as close to the bars of the grate as possible. The best plan is to sink into an easy chair, pick up a book, and forget all about them, till presently you have got to jump and exclaim—"I do believe I've burned my boot!"

But what does a boot signify? It is neither here nor there. A burned sole makes trade for the shoemaker; besides, roasted feet encourage the formation of chilblains, and the growth of soft corns, with rheumatism and bunions in prospective.

Other people prefer stewed feet. The receipt is a very simple one. Cultivate a horror of damp roads, be as careful not to wet the point of your boot toe as if you were puss in boots, and wear goloshes whenever you go out. This renders the stew complete, because then

both the stockings and boots become damp and hot, damp with the most unwholesome form of dampness, that from the perspiration of the body.

Another usual method of cooking feet is by "plotting" them. The word "plotting" is very expressive. It is Scotch, and I use it because I do not think there is any word in English that conveys so much. Scalding will not do, for plotting, although performed by plunging into hot water, hardly goes the length of scalding. Now, some people are always plotting their feet if they have the ghost of an excuse. It is done at bedtime. "I've got a bit of a cold on me," I heard a masculine fogley say one day; "I think I'll draw it down." He made the steward—it was at sea—bring him a bucket of boiling water. Into this he put a huge handful of mustard, then his poor feet. Thus he sat for half-an-hour, reading a book and drinking wine negus. Then he dried his feet with a warm towel, drew on bed socks and turned in. It was time, I thought. But I saw him on deck next forenoon—not morning mind you; people who plot their feet are not early risers—looking cold and blue, pinched and pecked.

Others, again, prefer to broil their feet, by taking a bottle of hot water, or even a hot brick or bag of hot sand, to bed with them.

Now, all these habits are most injurious to the health, for a person who has indulged in them many years loses to a great extent the right use of his or her feet. One becomes, consequently, averse to walking; exercise is neglected; the body gets soft, flabby, and unwholesome, or even adipose; the ankles suffer, and the knees get weak, so that by-and-by dyspepsia sets in. Humpty-dumpty's case is not worse than theirs then.

One day, two weeks ago, I was travelling to London; the snow was whirling past the windows and sifting in through the door chinks and ventilators. At M—— an elderly gentleman came in, and out of respect to his years I pushed the foot-warmer towards him.

"No, thank you," he said, politely. "I don't care to use that. It is not healthy."

"True," I said.

Then we got talking about the weather, and I happened to say it was the coldest day we had had.

"I don't think that," he replied.

"But I have proof positive," I added; "for the first time this year my bath was frozen

hard over this morning, and the sponge was like a lump of flint. It served to break the ice for me."

"Oh!" he said; "then, like me, you are a perpetual bather. I'd sooner want my breakfast than my cold bath. Do you wear flannels?"

"No; these merino businesses," I replied.

"Well," he said, putting up his sleeve a little way, "I have nothing but what you see. I never wore anything but linen. I never caught cold, and I couldn't catch cold after the bath. It's strange, but it's true."

Now, reader, I will tell you one or two other things that are strange, but true.

We are all ready enough to believe that procrastination is the thief of time; but there is another fault and still greater defaulter common to many—to thousands—of my girl readers. What I refer to is far worse in this way; it not only aids procrastination in stealing time, but it purloins from the possessor health itself. Can you guess what it is? You are not good at riddles? Well, I will tell you—irregularity in habits of life. You do not see at once in what way this can injure your health. You have often been told, or have often heard the saying, "A place for everything and everything in its place." You never, I dare say, thought there was very much in it, until you came to be the owner of a room of your own, or proprietor of even a work-box or writing-desk. Then, perhaps, you have had to ask yourself often enough the simple but perplexing question, "I wonder where I put it?"

Now, whatever that little "it" may happen to be, if you had put it in its little place, you would not have had to spend an excited, anxious—perhaps even angry—half-hour looking for it.

Probably it is a book which you ought to have put away when done with, only you were too lazy at the time, or thought you would lay it there just now and put it in its place another time; and of course forgot. So you go wandering about like a knotless thread, looking here, there, and everywhere, and getting in everyone's way, displeasing everyone, and not improving either your own temper or beauty. It may have been a letter, and now you want it, you want it now at once, or sooner if possible; the post goes off in half an hour, and you meant to answer it so prettily, and a deal depends upon that answer. "Oh,

where can it be? I'm sure I put it in my desk. Well, I ought to have done. Is it in my pocket? No, no; I've searched my pockets hopelessly again and again. Did I put it under my pillow? No. Surely I cannot have thrown it down somewhere. Heigho! how careless I am. Let me sit still and think a bit. Oh! now I know—I had my other dress on."

And you find the letter at last, but you have lost the mail, and are fit to cry about it. And no wonder. Losing a mail may mean such a deal.

But it is not any special acts of irregularity that I desire to instance. An accident may happen now and then to any of us. What I wish to condemn *in toto* is the careless habit which tends to irregularities of this kind, because it never fails to end in a kind of mental chaos. The girl who has not been drilled to the habit of regularity in the minutiae of life is utterly unfitted to run the race of life with those who are more exact. To put it in plain but truthful language, she spends at least a third of her time in worrying round looking for things. What is the consequence? She is hardly ever cheerful. She gives herself more work by that one-third than she need do. Existence to her becomes burdensome. She wears out her boots and soils her dresses when she needn't do anything of the sort. She wears out something else—her own patience. Hence she becomes peevish and discontented. Peevishness very soon tells on the constitution; it exhausts the nerves, tries the brain, and weakens the heart itself.

All this may seem strange, but it is undoubtedly true. Mind you, "care killed a cat." I do not know whose cat it was or what the peculiar care was that killed it. But among human beings it is the host of little worries that kill. The care that killed the cat might have been a big stone in a sack and a hoist seawards. That would have sunk her; yes, but a sack full of small stones would have sunk her just the same. It is the constant drop that wears away the stone. Therefore I say, cultivate habits of regularity in life if you would be well and look fresh and bonnie.

Again, it is strange, but it is true, that the possession of the cheerful habit, the habit of looking at everything on the bright side, tends to lengthen life quite as much as habits of indolence, procrastination, and untidiness tend to shorten it. But can such a habit be cultivated? "Yes," I reply, "it can be so in the young." And what is more, it tends to keep one young and fresh and beautiful in body and

in heart as well. But regarding its cultivation, I do not think that cheerfulness is indigenous to the British nation, though, like any other imported plant, it can be grown. I have been in countries in which cheerfulness flourished and grew like a green bay tree, where every countenance I noted in the street was more happy looking than another, and where, although their lot in life did not seem a very exalted one, contentment reigned almost universally. In England we see less of it, but happy and healthful indeed is the possessor of such a virtue.

Well, it is now admitted by all psychologists and physiologists that certain portions of the brain preside over certain sets of not only motives but sentiments. Though I do not believe that this goes the length of erecting phrenological bumps in the skull, still the particular portion of brain most used becomes most easily used till the habit is formed. If you place a boy as apprentice with a blacksmith he will not be able to swing bars and big hammers round at first, but he'll try, and with use his dexterity will increase and his biceps also, till what he did at first painfully and awkwardly becomes no trouble at all, but, on the contrary, a pleasure. Do you see the application? It is the same with the cultivation of cheerfulness. Begin by trying. Remember it will be difficult at first. You will need to exercise self-control, and often you may actually feel that there is no real cheerfulness in your heart. But the habit of looking at the silver lining of every dark cloud will increase, and will really become a second nature. Happiness will follow hand in hand with health.

It is strange, but it is true, that the habit of living out of one's self is a safeguard for the health. It is a blessed habit; like charity, it blesses the giver as well as the recipient. I really cannot conceive of time being better spent than in giving pleasure to others, and helping others, though with sympathy alone. Indeed, a kind word will very often go further than gold. Even the exhibition of an interest in another's welfare does that other good. When a younger man I did not think anything of swimming a mile or more over a deep, dark Highland lake or loch, and I had a rustic companion who used to perform the feat with me. Well, often when ploughing away in the very deepest, darkest part of our journey, I would look round to him, or he would look round to me, and say, "How are

you getting on, lad?" Not much in the words, but we cheered each other thus, and nerved each other's arms. So it is in the race of life. Do not run all for yourself. Think of your neighbours. Some people do not.

Suppose, says a great good man, that we were to live solely for ourselves; suppose that the heart of selfishness were *not stretched* so far in all men as to embrace the offspring of their own bodies; suppose that our parents, our nurses, our teachers, everyone through whose kind administrations we have grown up to be what we are, had lived altogether for themselves? What would have become of us? Should we ever have risen from our cradle? Should we ever have had a cradle to rise from? Surely our first moment would have been our last. We should have been drowned like so many puppies or kittens.

We oftentimes show selfishness and want of feeling in our conversation. Just one example—and I never go far away to fetch my examples—I called only yesterday on a friend I had not seen for two months. I was with him for about two hours. During all that time he talked about nothing but himself, his doings, his hopes, and successes; never once did he ask the simple question, "How do you get on in the world?" I said nothing, but I could not help thinking a word of sympathy would not have cost him much; and brain-workers need that sympathy more, perhaps, than any class of people. But mind you this, my friend is really a good, kind-hearted fellow, only thoughtless.

"What tragedy," says another writer, may be hidden in that little word 'friendless.' None to labour for, none to weep or smile with, none to care whether we lose or win in life's struggle. A kind word or smile coming from such a one unexpectedly, at some such crisis of life, how often has it been like the plank held out to a drowning man, lacking which he must surely have perished!

A higher motive than even health's sake draws us towards religion, but apart from every other feeling, it may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that a mind at rest with heaven has a firmer hold on even this life than a restless, careless being, who is ever on the search for that which we assuredly will never find here below—perfect happiness.

These things are all worth thinking about, whether you be an invalid or in the heyday of health and spirits. We never know what is before us and forewarned is forearmed.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

OUR girls will, we are sure, be glad to learn that one of their oldest friends has taken out a new lease of life. This is mainly due to them. But for their timely aid, and the donation of "C. R. S.," the Princess Louise Home would probably have died a natural, or unnatural (?) death. The latter is, perhaps, the more suitable adjective; for it would have been suicidal to have let it die of starvation after fifty years of honest work.

It has now, however, started afresh, with renewed vigour, and the numerous subscribers to the proposed Convalescent Home would, we think, rejoice to see the young inmates made happy by the transfer of their donations from a prospective Home to one already established, though failing for lack of funds. They will also rejoice to learn that the writer, thanks to their benevolence, has had the privilege of nominating four new girls, who are now within the friendly shelter of Wood-

house, Wanstead. These were in various stages of destitution and danger, but are now, through the mediation of a merciful providence, rescued to be trained for His service.

The said writer has also received a letter this month from one of the girls admitted through the instrumentality of the G. O. P., of whom mention has been made in a previous number. She is now in service, and writes, "I like my place very much, and I am quite happy. My mistress told me that I should go and see Miss Skinner (the matron) in March, and I am longing for it to come." It is a satisfaction to know that our dozen girls are either in service, or remain at the Home as laundry-maids. Also that the laundry succeeds, and bids fair to help to maintain the Home. Our readers will be surprised to find that the G. O. P. girls, as we must call them, have been taught, trained, and placed in respectable situations, since that first appeal in the magazine, such

is the flight of time! We shall hope, soon, to give a full, true, and particular account of the sum handed over to Mr. Gillham, the Secretary. Meanwhile there are some more kind donations to acknowledge. Before doing so, we would transcribe a few lines from a letter written by "C. R. S.," to whom was mainly due the resuscitation of the Home last Christmas.

"I sometimes fear money may take too high a place in our thoughts. I want 'Our Girls' ever to bear in mind, it is 'the blessing of the Lord maketh rich.' He gives it to the pence equally with the pounds, and 'addeth no sorrow with it.'"

Further donations:—Greenwell and Daisy House, two factory girls, 4s.; J. C., 5s.; S. Orme, 1s.; E. A. B., 2s. 6d.; Canopus, 1s.; Lisbet, 3s.; M. E. A., 10s.; S. L. and W., 1s. 6d.; A. Mite, 1s.; Moss and Fern, 5s.; S. C. E., 2s. Sent to the Secretary, A. Gillham, Esq., 32, Sackville Street, W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL.

LIZZIE F.—A probationer can be received into the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C., at the age of twenty-one. You might also apply to the secretary of the St. Alban's Diocesan Institution for Trained Nurses, which has small centres in the larger towns of Essex and Hertford. The head centre is at Witham, and the sister in charge is Miss Smith.

GLADYS.—Apply to Miss Kensington, 22, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, W., for all particulars respecting the examinations for Girton College, Cambridge. The entrance examination takes place in March and June, the expenses amounting to £105 per annum.

A. B. is recommended to apply to Miss Thoys, Sulhamstead, Reading, Berkshire, the secretary of the Sulhamstead Girls' Question Club, which is designed for the use of farmers' daughters and others, or else apply to Miss Ellman, The Rectory, Berwick, Sussex, secretary of the Query and Definition Club.

MARION F. GIBB.—We have pleasure in reminding our girls of the Utopian Reading Society, of which you are the secretary (Glenlyon, the Avenue, Beckenham, Kent). Six hours in the week are to be devoted to instructive

reading, and the annual subscription amounts to 1s. only, a stamped envelope being sent for the rules.

AURORA.—The art of landscape gardening is not one in very much request, and thus, as a means of making a living, we scarcely recommend it. It has been taught at the Crystal Palace School of Science, at a fee of £60 per annum, for a course of eighteen months, and six months for surveying.

EINE JUNGE FRAU.—As you give no address, it is impossible for us to give you the advice and information you desire. If you live in London you might obtain the lessons you want at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street. We do not advertise private teachers. Your letter is very gratifying, and we thank you for your good wishes.

NAN.—A salary of £20 for a morning engagement as teacher of three little girls is very good pay for a beginner. If you can obtain another engagement for the afternoon, you will be able to lay by something.

LADY SALISBURY.—There are many institutions for the teaching of deaf mutes, after the oral system. The secretary of the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Children in the Old Kent Road, Surrey, is Mr. W. H. Warwick—offices, 93, Cannon Street, E.C. Board, food, clothing, and education are provided free of cost, but candidates for admission have to be elected. There are also homes for them at 6, Victoria Park Square, Bethnal Green; at 70, Pentonville Road; at 37, Camberwell Green, S.E.; and at Paddington Green, W. The Rev. W. Stainer is the treasurer.

KITTEN. "EARLY TO RISE," **LUCY SIMPSON, &c.**—Apply to Miss Maxfield, 82, Edith Grove, West Brompton, W., respecting the Early Rising Association, of which she is the secretary. The rules of this society are given free of charge. The members have to rise punctually at 7 a.m. in the summer, and at 7.30 a.m. in the winter. You are not obliged to sit the whole evening next to your chaperon when out at an entertainment. But it is better not to remain long out of her sight, and you should go to her from time to time, so as not to appear to be only making use of her, without desiring her society.

D. E. R. F. L. A.—You might perhaps be a nursery governess to very small children, or a "mother's help." But you should learn to write and to spell better. Elizabeth Fry was a Quaker lady, who was a preacher and philanthropist, and interested herself greatly in British and foreign prisons. Her maiden name was Gurney; she was born on May 21, 1780, and she married Joseph Fry in 1800, and died October 12, 1815. 2. Cleopatra's Needle was a great monument standing before the Temple of On, the great Egyptian seat of learning, where Moses was so highly educated. The true significance of the obelisk called *tekhén* (root "to hide") is said to be obscure, but it was a symbol of the sun, and of the god *Amen* (or Amen), the name signifying "the unrevealed." In very early periods small obelisks were erected by the tombs of kings, recording their histories.

MUSIC.

MIBBIE.—Miss E. Rees, Stafford House, Finchley Road, N.W., is the secretary of the Amateur Musical Club; entrance fee, 1s., and annual subscription the same amount. Books and music to the value of 3s. are given as prizes. The music practised may be selected according to the taste of each member; but this does not include dance music.

CONSTANCE.—Training for singing may be had in the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W. Write for all information to the hon. sec., Charles Morley, Esq. Scholarships are open to both

sexes, tenable for three years. Fifty-three open scholarships, and nine local scholarships. Students' fees, £40 per annum for tuition. Perhaps, however, the Guildhall School of Music might be more within your means, of which the secretary is Mr. Charles P. Smith, Victoria Embankment. The entrance fee, 5s.; fees for a year of three terms—twelve weeks each—from £4 10s. to £33 1s. 6d., according to the subjects and number of lessons given. A number of exhibitions and prizes awarded.

ROY RAYMOND.—You should procure one of Novello's shilling primers. Of course you should at least be acquainted with the grammar of music, if not with harmony (thorough-bass), and with all the signs and Italian words and terms employed in it, if you propose to "teach music."

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. M. A.—We are sorry that you did not give your address, as we could have put you in communication with a purchaser for your papers, if not sold. Send your name and address to this office.

EDIE.—Many thanks for the box of flowers. We think the substance you mention is quite harmless.

CEPHAS G.—The old-fashioned rosemary tea is as good as any modern hair wash, we think. If the back be weak and painful, you should lie down quite flat on the floor for an hour or so in the day. This will help you to stand and sit upright.

THEODORA.—It is usual to invite some of the bridegroom's relations to be bridesmaids; but it is not always possible to have his sisters. Why not consult him? The enclosed poetry is harmless. We are sure it amused you to write it.

MARY A.—Unless your sister is very young or giddy, we should see no objection to her going alone under the circumstances.

JOSEPHINE.—You are too young to think of matrimony, and assuredly a man, six years older than yourself, should know better than to persuade you to meet him clandestinely. No wonder that you are unhappy in deceiving your parents. Prove your repentance.

M. D.—What you describe is a species of gambling, and would not be a wise nor an honest way of making money.

ROVER.—Yes, there is a skating club. The addresses are—Archer's Hall, Regent's Park, and 1, Devonport Street, Hyde Park, established in 1830. The number of ladies admitted is limited to twenty-five, and of men to one hundred and fifty. The entrance fee is three guineas, and the yearly subscription for women is one guinea, and for men two guineas. The object of the club is to practise "figure skating" so that if not a good skater in an ordinary way, you would only waste money in joining. Besides this, we doubt your admission under other circumstances.

KYRIE.—The picture entitled "The last hours of Count Egmont," was probably designed to represent the Prince de Gavre, born 1522. He accompanied the Emperor Charles V. to Algiers in 1544, and

he endeavoured to moderate the tyranny of the Spanish Government in the Low Countries, and incurred the enmity of the Duke of Alba, and was imprisoned by him, A.D. 1567. He was subsequently beheaded, together with Count Horn, June 5th, 1568. Your picture represents these cruelly persecuted and murdered gentlemen just previous to the final catastrophe.

A SUBSCRIBER.—It is not fair to our general readers to answer the same questions over and over again. If the shoulder-blade alone be out, let the child use a simple back and face board for an hour or more a day. Beware of putting on a permanent iron frame, as it is so irksome that she tries to get ease by drawing the body crooked, and so, before aware of it, the spine is drawn aside—a far worse evil than a shoulder-blade out. Perhaps you had better show the child at the National Hospital for the Deformed, 234, Great Portland Street, W. Apply personally on a Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, or Friday at 2 p.m., or else write to the secretary, Mr. Herbert Canning.

INGLESIDE AND MAY.—We have often said in these columns that old stamps are of no value at all, and the fact of their being old Australian stamps does not alter this rule. Little girls in England very generally wear their hair in one plait down the back, tied with a ribbon.

"VOGELENZANG" (Holland).—The value of the four highest stamps in England for postage is 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 20s. Postage stamps are now used instead of adhesive inland revenue stamps of the value respectively of 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., 9d., 1s., 2s. 6d., to denote the duties on receipts, agreements, voting papers, etc. The list is too long for us to give.

"ETIENNES FRIEND."—When it is noon at Adelaide, it is 2hr. 45min. 36sec. a.m. at Greenwich. Of course it would depend on the hours you selected for comparison, but guided by these, you will soon be able to reckon the time at Adelaide for yourself.

JUNBO.—You should not have too heavy dumb-bells at your age, for you need exercise, not fatigue. We should think a pound each heavy enough. The elastic "chest expanders" are also most useful, and untiring to use. You should exercise during ten minutes each morning, while dressing yourself.

"THANKFUL FOR A REPLY."—There is a hospital for epileptic patients at Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, near St. John's Wood Station, London, N.W., where both paying and free patients are received. Apply to H. Howgrave Graham, Esq., the secretary.

NORTH COTSWOLD.—Gordon House, 8, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W., is to be recommended as a home for girls in business, governesses, and others; but if you were to apply to the hon. director, John Shrimpton, Esq., 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., he would be able to suggest perhaps a home nearer to the post office where your daughter may be employed.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LOVE—SERVE

(Shaftesbury Motto).

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE NAME OF MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

PART I.

THE PARENTS AND THE HOME.

THERE are many ways of loving and serving. Milton in one of his grandest sonnets says, "They also serve who only stand and wait." It may also be said that they also greatly serve who use the opportunities of a retired home life to such purpose as the beloved lady whose name heads this little paper, and of whom and of whose works I am asked to write—one who has done so much, and so well, that her example may inspire some of our girls to emulate her in a radiant life of love and steadfastness within the home, even if their vocation does not include a career of brilliant usefulness in more public ways.

Some years since we were at Genoa, in her home, and would fain help you, young readers, to imagine that superb amphitheatre of palaces and churches, climbing higher and higher, rock on rock, the blue sea below and the sky of Italy above, and around and far away the glittering bay of waters, spanned by the Lanterna—that friend to mariners at night, whose light flashes below when the stars shine above to warn and guide the travellers on the ocean.

On one of those ledges of rock, where as the country people say, "Look up and you see a garden, look down and you see a church," has arisen of late years one of those palace villas, Italian in their stateliness and English in their home comfort, where we gathered roses for the breakfast circle in January sunshine, and where the Christmas dinner included, in defiance of all precedent, lamb and sweet peas. In this place of glorious sunsets and fragrant sea-breezes, of gorgeous churches and pictures, and such loving kindness and sympathy as does one good to remember, two young English students were revived amidst the anxious toil of a London career, and introduced to the home life of a family who have made their name a household word wherever music and Shakespeare are loved and honoured—the family of Novello.

The lady of whom we write, Mary Victoria Novello, was the eldest daughter of Vincent and Mary Novello, and began her beloved home life here, in London, far from Italy and its sunshine; here at 240, Oxford Street, then called Oxford Road. Others, perhaps, like herself, eldest daughters of large families, families possibly engaged as hers was in the battle of professional life with limited means—and, parents may add from the depths of their experience, unlimited needs—may like to

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MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

know how, even under these trying conditions, a quiet and unpretending home may be made a brilliant centre of useful and happy work, helpful to others, blessed in themselves.

Her parents, Vincent Novello and Mary Isabel Novello, were remarkable people, not only gifted with great talents, "but endowed with a zeal of self-devotion to their children, which turned every means they possessed to the utmost advantage, and created others.* By frugal self-denial on their own parts, by liberal expenditure on the part of their offspring, by sedulous study of the different individual capacities and special tendencies of each child—boy or girl—did Vincent and Mary Novello foster and develop such talents as their children were endowed with by nature. Books in abundance, selected with care, and always read previously by both parents—good masters (for school instruction was held less eligible than home teaching), frank companionship and intercourse with their elders, encouragement to ask questions and derive information through ever-prompt answers, judicious indulgence and affectionate equality in treatment, were unfailingly forthcoming, and made parents and children feel themselves reciprocal friends."

As Mary Victoria was the eldest, so Clara Anastasia Novello, who with so much dignity long sustained the position of our first and noblest English singer, was the fourth daughter of this family—marrying Count Gigliini, and retiring to an ancient illustrious Italian home; but never lost to the love and admiration of her many English friends. We have said both parents were remarkable persons.

It is scarcely necessary to recall to our readers how Vincent Novello, the father, had enriched the musical world with many valuable compositions of his own, which take classical rank, show his devotion to his art, never wearied in searching for and bringing to light the noblest works of the great masters, who were before his time buried in oblivion. Some only survived in unique copies in ecclesiastical libraries, and the ardour of this explorer, like that of the prince in "The Sleeping Beauty," woke to life and activity a whole world of art treasures long congealed and lost—especially when one of his sons, Alfred Novello, followed up invaluable discoveries by bringing these and other masterpieces within the reach of the humblest musicians.

In time the energy and ability of this son, united to his father's zeal for art, developed the "couple of parlour windows and a glass door" of 67, Frith Street into the great warehouses and printing houses of Berners Street and Dean Street.

The mother exactly fulfilled the duties of helpmeet to her husband. "As aider in his artistic aims, she enabled him to devote his whole mind and thought to them by her active superintendence of his household, his family, and his domestic affairs, while she made his professional efforts doubly and trebly available by the excellent economy with which she appropriated to their mutual benefit the income he earned.

"When immersed in the duties of her house and coming family, she was never too busy or too tired to make home cheerful and happy to him after a long day's teaching, by reading through a whole evening some favourite book of poet or poetical writer, while he, with his extraordinary power of industrious work, would copy music or correct proofs, &c."

In that quiet home, the great gifts of father and mother were employed with the most entire self-devotion to all that could ensure the happiness and welfare of its inmates. The

mother's womanly arts adorned those rooms with elegant embroideries and beautiful colours, while her talents organised a cheerful and liberal hospitality. In this she resembled her great contemporary Mrs. Somerville, who, while she surpassed all other women by the splendour of her scientific achievements, displayed her feminine taste and refinement both by the grace and delicacy of her table and the beauty of her needlework.

Mrs. Novello possessed also a rare and kindly wit, which kept the home circle refreshingly alive, and a genial humour which played around every subject, illuminating, but never hurting those it touched most.

To this day her name is sounded with tender reverence, for with a loving genius she provided for the daily brightness and happiness, as well as for the goodness of all within her home—for the highest and best developments of those young natures so dependent on her influence; while the perfect union of the parents was the root of the family love and strength which has endured so firmly and achieved so much. "Perfectly did Mrs. Novello confirm the assertion that the most intellectual and cultivated women are frequently the most gentle, unassuming and proficient housewives; for few even of her intimate friends were aware that she was an authoress, so perpetually was she found occupied with her husband and children."*

The Prince Consort once remarked how the warm and genial air of sympathy and kindness was needful to bring every artistic excellence to perfection; and it was said of one noble lady, that to know her was a liberal education. With such influences and such friends did these parents surround their children, happy in that they had enough of struggle with a limited income to make them diligent, thoughtful, and self-denying, while they had as many of the beauties and comforts of life as were needed to give a glow of ease and pleasantness to the home. And in higher matters, the best of education which children of the lesser or larger growth can enjoy is the society and friendship of the best and most highly cultivated people of their time.

In the present day children's minds are too often supposed to be formed by lesson books and schoolfellows.

In that home, while the parents did devote their lives to their children, these also in their measure did what they could to share and lessen the burdens of government and the labours of housewifery, and to fill the home with interest for father and mother.

The home-evenings in that house were not to be dull and monotonous with school drudgery, but after the hard and energetic work of the day, they were kept bright with exquisite home music, and the best intellectual and artistic society in London. Thus the home was so happy and bright that the graces and virtues thrived in its warm atmosphere of love and gladness, and the hard-working energies of life were kept up to their best working power, and not allowed to be chilled and choked by the dull fog nowadays so often stifling home pleasures, which are as much needed indoors, as sunshine without, to ripen and strengthen life.

Charles Kingsley says in his "True Words for Brave Men"—"If young people have not sunshine enough, if they are kept down and crushed in youth by sorrow, by anxiety, by fear, by over hard work, by too much study. . . they become more or less stunted, unhealthy, unhappy, slavish, and mean people in after life, because they have not rejoiced in their youth as God intended them to do."

Now for a glance at these children's home—Mary Victoria Novello's home, in whose sunshine she became what we have known her.

I extract from "Life and Labours of Vincent Novello," by M. Cowden-Clarke. "Truly a pleasant sight was that same drawing-room at 240, Oxford Street, where poets, artists, and musicians, friends of the master of the house, met in friendly, lively converse. The walls, simply coloured of a delicate rose tint, and hung with a few choice water-colour drawings by Vorley, Copley-Fielding, Havell, and Cristall (who were also personally known to Vincent Novello); the floor covered with a plain grey drugget, bordered with a tastefully designed garland of vine leaves, drawn and embroidered by Mrs. Novello; towards the centre of the room, a sofa table strewn with books and prints, and at one end a fine-toned chamber organ, on which the host preluded and played to his listening friends when they would have him, 'such delights and spare to interpose them oft,' between the pauses of their animated conversation."

It may be imagined how naturally children brought up to, and accustomed to share in, the happy cheerfulness of such a circle, should have become what they proved to be in after years, for as a great author* says, "Every day's experience shows how much more actively the business of education goes on out of school than in it." And Shakespeare's wisdom praises that mirth and merriment which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life to make us regret that joyfulness should now be so often absent from the home evenings of our children. Would it were not so often true that, weary and worn with the day's schooling, the children study in the evening far from all pleasant rest and recreation, music or art, or society of any kind, to drone over to-morrow's "preparation" in dark rooms, with dull books, with the enlivening prospect of going to bed to dream of nightmare examinations and scholarships, unless, which is not impossible, they have become too tired to sleep at all.

We were driving, not long since, in a lovely country, and heard with sympathetic ears the old coachman discoursing of the beautiful little pony who was trotting brightly along, and was evidently well loved and cared for. "You see, ma'am, if you work anything too hard while it's young, it will have worked out all its strength before it comes to it." It seemed hard that our Welsh ponies should be more generously and wisely treated than our children.

Truly old-fashioned people do rejoice and sing when they remember the glorious music and pleasant society they enjoyed in their young days, society as refreshing to the elders in their sympathy with the keen enjoyments and loving earnestness of youth as to the young people in the wiser experience they gain and culture of manners they acquire. For despite new doctrines, manners still maketh man, and much more woman; and those bright evenings long ago, when parents, children, and friends used to enjoy together literature and art, the last news of the day, and the loving sympathy of the home circle, were much more likely to enlarge the young minds and cheer the young hearts than any amount of rivers in China, or even statics, conic sections, or dynamics.

One may realise the sort of society which the fortunate young people of this family enjoyed by a glance at the "Recollections of Writers," by C. C. Clarke and Mary Cowden-Clarke, which contain sketches of their friends Keats, Charles and Mary Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, Charles Dickens, etc., in the department of literature, and of the most eminent artists of their time, whether musicians or painters. Amongst them John Cramer, Malibran, and Dr. Beriot, and Mendelssohn. "One can imagine the exquisite evenings of Mozartian operatic and chamber music at

* Quoted by permission from the "Life and Labours of Vincent Novello." By Mary Cowden-Clarke.

* Recollections of Writers. By C.C.C. and M.C.C.

* Wm. H. Prescott on Sir Walter Scott.

Vincent Novello's own house, where Leigh Hunt. . . . Keats, and the Lambs' set were invited guests. . . . The brilliant supper parties at the alternate dwellings of the Novellos, the Hunts and the Lambs, who had mutually agreed that bread and cheese, with celery, and Elia's immortalised Lutheran beer were to be the sole cates provided. . . . and the picnics enjoyed together by appointment in the fields which then lay spread in green breadth and luxuriance between the west end of Oxford Street and the western slope of Hampstead Hill, are things never to be forgotten.

"Other times, other customs. But those who love children and young people have many heartaches when they think how full of joy and freshness those young lives might be, and when they see and know too often what they are." To return to the beloved lady of these lines.

After learning in this bright and busy household to love all noble and helpful work, and to take the keenest interest in all that concerned the literature and art of her country, she married at nineteen, and became to her husband what she had ever been in her home—a right hand, and ever a warm and gentle one to help and sympathise—a true helpmeet and partner in all active and restful life.

Will a description of her wedding be interesting to you young people, who may sometimes, perhaps, dream of what a wedding may be? I am allowed to quote from the "Centennial Biographic Sketch of C. C. Clarke," by her whom he made his second son.

"As a striking contrast with the more elaborate weddings of the present day, it may be interesting to record the extreme simplicity of weddings then.

"Her father and mother were the only persons who went early one bright summer morning, 5th July, 1822, with their daughter to St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, where

she married the man of her heart, whom they also entirely loved and esteemed. A couple of milkmaids were sole observers of the small wedding party that went up the flight of steps, whispering 'That's the bride,' as the young girl in a simple white satin cottage bonnet and a white muslin frock, both made by her own hands, passed near.

"On return home, her younger sisters had prepared the wedding breakfast, and on each plate there lay a little gift to each of her brothers and sisters, provided by the kind and thoughtful mother as a remembrance from the bride.

"Arm-in-arm the new-married pair quietly walked from the house, to which the Novello family had removed in Great Queen Street, to the Bell Inn, in Holborn, where they took the stage coach to Edmonton, the wedding dress having been exchanged for a less noticeable straw bonnet and a plainer white frock.

"During the walk, in his usual gay-hearted way, Charles laughingly told his new-made wife a story of a bridegroom whose first speech to his spouse after the ceremony was, 'Hitherto, madam, I have been your slave; now you are mine.' At Edmonton they left the coach, and took their way across the fields between there and Enfield, Charles making his native village the scene of their honeymoon.

"At a modest hostelry called the Greyhound, kept by an old man and his daughter, and boasting two pretty rooms, one of which looked out upon the fine old tree in the centre of Enfield Green, the other, a cottagey white-curtained chamber with a window screened by a green wire, the couple housed happily for some weeks, bringing upon themselves the affectionate, playful rebuke of Charles Lamb, in a letter he wrote to C. C. C., complaining that 'Twas stealing a march before one's face in earnest,' as, though living quite near, at Chase Side, Enfield, the writer and his sister

had not a dream of your propinquity.' They lingered amongst the nooks most associated with John Keats, Charles showing her the row of oaks planted by his father and himself on the skirts of a certain beautiful meadow, rambling over the fields between Enfield and Southgate. . . . and strolling as far as White Webbs, Ponders End, Northaw, Cheshunt, with the huge immemorially old oak, Theobald's Rook, with its historic associations, or wandering over the equally historic Enfield Chase."

A sonnet written fifty-six years after is too beautiful a witness to the lasting glory of the happiness sealed by that simple wedding to be omitted here.

SONNET III. IN MEMORIAL SONNETS.

"How well that marriage-day prefigured all
That followed! O'er our heads the clear
blue sky,
Scarce flecked by lightest cloudlets—true
July!
Beneath our feet, green turf and wild flowers
small;
Beside us, hedgerows, oaks, and beeches
tall;
Between us, happy looks of eye to eye;
Words that said much, though spoken
sparingly,
Of gladness we could now each other call
Our own for ever. Saturday of yore
Then nineteen years of age, now seventy-
five,
I can look back to thee as bringing store
Of life-long perfect wedded love, and strive
To wait with patience for the time, I pray,
May prove one endless blissful marriage-
day."

July 5, 1886.

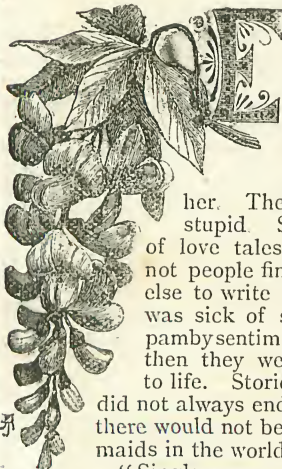
(To be concluded.)

OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

BESSIE BUYS A JAPANESE FAN.



EDNA continued in this unsatisfactory mood until luncheon. Nothing pleased

her. The novels were stupid. She was tired of love tales—why could not people find something else to write about? She was sick of such namby-pamby sentimentality; and then they were so untrue to life. Stories in real life did not always end happily, or there would not be so many old maids in the world.

"Single women, Edna; I like that term ever so much better."

"No; old maids," persisted Edna, obstinately; "cross, cranky old maids."

"Old maids, as you call them (and you are very rude to a lot of good, nice women, Edna), are not necessarily cross and cranky; the unmarried women I know are all busy, cheery creatures, full

of life and energy, and very useful in their generation. Father says he always enjoys a talk with an unmarried lady; so many of them keep their freshness and youth, even though they have wrinkles on their faces. I know some of them get soured and narrow, but perhaps they have had much to try them."

"Bessie, I do believe you will be an old maid yourself some day."

"Your prophecy does not frighten me in the least. If I am to be an old maid I mean to be a very happy one. You know, Edna, how often I have talked to you of my dear Mr. Robertson. Well, he said something on this subject in one of his sermons that pleased me very much. I remember dear Hatty liked it too. I cannot recollect the exact words, but it was to this effect: that much of our happiness depends on the way we look on life; that if we regard it as a complete and finished existence, then no doubt those who fail in their aims are disappointed and discontented. In this the unmarried and childless woman, and the widow who has lost her treasure, will be agreed; but if we regard our present existence as only a prelude to a better—as an education, a training for a high and happier sphere—then the

disappointed may take heart, for they have only come to the beginning of their life, and may surely wait with some degree of patience until a future life expands their happiness. Grown-up people do not want their sugar-plums all at once as children do—don't you see it, Edna?"

"Oh yes, I know what you good people mean." But she spoke with a degree of pettishness. "But I have not climbed as high as you, and I shall be a shrivelled, cantankerous old maid."

"You will be nothing of the kind," replied Bessie, kissing her. "But luncheon is ready, and here comes your mother; pray don't say anything to her about not going to the Pavilion, or she will be so disappointed; she never enjoys anything without you." And to her great relief Edna acquiesced.

Mrs. Sefton talked a great deal about the bazaar during luncheon. The Tozers and Lady Hampton were going, and she had heard that Minnie Crawford's costume was perfect, and suited her admirably.

"I suppose I had better go and get ready," observed Edna, pushing back her chair, "or mamma will never survive the disappointment. The carriage will

be here at half-past three." And she marched out of the room with rather a bored expression on her face.

"Nothing pleases her," complained Mrs. Sefton; "she seems tired of everything. I believe she is only going to the bazaar because she thinks it will give me pleasure; and the crowd and hot room will make her ill. Run after her, Bessie, and beg her not to go. You and I will do very well together, and we can choose something pretty for her off the Crawfords' stall. I would rather she did not go, I would indeed."

"It will do her good," pleaded Bessie; "the room will not be crowded just at first, and it will be such a pretty sight. She would be dull if we left her at home, and the drive will refresh her."

"Do you think so?" returned Mrs. Sefton, doubtfully. "But I am beginning to lose heart; nothing we can do seems to please her. I believe she is getting tired of Brighton; last night she said she wished she were at home; but Oatlands is far too quiet for her. I think I shall take rooms in town for the season, and afterwards we will go abroad. The Crawfords are going to the Engadine, and they are lively young people, and their society will be good for Edna. Perhaps," looking at Bessie wistfully, "your mother might be induced to spare you, and we could take you with us. You have never seen Switzerland, Bessie?"

"No, none of us have ever been abroad. Oh, it would be too delightful!" but as Bessie went off smiling to get ready for the drive, she told herself that any Swiss journey would be very dubious. "That is one of the things one has to long for all one's life," thought Bessie, "one of the denied good things that are to come presently."

Edna came down to the carriage looking quite bright and pretty; she was no longer in a misanthropic mood, the mere exertion of dressing to please her mother had done her a world of good. It was a brilliant afternoon, and already groups of well-dressed people were moving in the direction of the Pavilion.

"There are the Tozers, mamma," she exclaimed, beginning to look interested, "and there is Lady Hampton in that victoria; she has her old bonnet on; what a dear old dowdy she is! I tell you what, Bessie, I mean to dress well, even when I am a cranky old maid; there is a great support in clothes—and—no, it can't be—"

"Well, finish your sentence," observed Bessie. "Have you seen a ghost, Edna?" laughing rather nervously, for Edna had changed colour in a singular manner.

"No, only a likeness, but of course I was mistaken;" but all the same, Bessie knew that Edna had really seen Mr. Sinclair, however much she might doubt the evidence of her eyes. She had caught a glimpse of him too—he was on his way to the Pavilion with the other people.

Edna did not recover herself in a hurry; she looked white and shaken; the likeness must have been a strong one, and brought back the past too vividly. Bessie glanced at her anxiously. Certainly Edna's looks verified her words.

Mr. Sinclair would read the truth for himself.

They had arrived at the Pavilion now, and Mrs. Sefton and Edna were already exchanging greetings with their friends.

"Does it not look like a picture of Vanity Fair?" she whispered, when they at last made their way into the bazaar.

Well, it was a curious sight, certainly; a young man with powdered hair, in a blue velvet coat, offered them programmes of the entertainment; a little Moorish girl, with a necklace of gold coins, showed them her flower-basket; and a stately Queen Elizabeth smiled at Edna across the counter. A harlequin and a cavalier mounted guard over the post office, and a gipsy presided over a fish pond. Mary Stuart and a Greek lady were in charge of the refreshment stall. It was a relief when the band struck up one of Strauss's delicious waltzes, and drowned the din of voices; but as the sad, sweet strains of "Verliebt und Verloren" floated through the room, a pained expression crossed Edna's face.

A moment later Bessie felt her arm grasped, and Edna whispered excitedly—"Look, Bessie; is it my fancy—that gentleman standing by the flower stall—is it—"

"Yes, it is Mr. Sinclair," returned Bessie, calmly. "Oh, he sees us now, he is coming to speak to us. Dear Edna, please don't look so pale over it, you surely do not mind seeing him." But Edna was beyond answering; there was not an atom of colour in her face as Mr. Sinclair came up to them and lifted his hat.

It was very odd that just at that minute Bessie was seized with an uncontrollable longing to become the possessor of a Japanese fan. It was excessively dear and excessively ugly, and the young person in the Catherine de Medicis ruff, who was in charge of that part of the stall, was otherwise engaged; nevertheless Bessie would not give up her point. Mrs. Sefton was on the other side of the room, talking to Lady Hampton; and though it was clearly Bessie's duty to remain with Edna, she was perfectly blind to the fact; she did not even wait to greet Mr. Sinclair, but turned her back on him in the rudest manner, and kept her eyes on the gaudy specimen of Japanese art.

It was ten minutes before the coveted article was in her possession, and even then the stall seemed to fascinate her, and she was just making up her mind that a certain little blue vase would please Christine when Mrs. Sefton touched her arm.

"My dear child, why have you hidden yourself? and what has become of Edna?"

"Edna?" looking round; but there was clearly no vestige of her or of Mr. Sinclair either. It was easy to escape detection in that crowd. "She was here just now. Mr. Sinclair was with her, and —"

"Neville here!" in intense surprise.

"Yes; and Edna seemed rather upset at seeing him, and so I left them."

"You have taken my breath away," exclaimed Mrs. Sefton. "Oh, Bessie, do you think— Come and let me sit down somewhere; my sightseeing is over. What did he say to her? How did they meet? Did he speak first?"

"Don't ask me; I know nothing," replied Bessie, with an odd little laugh. "She pointed him out to me, and asked if it were her fancy; and then he saw us, and Edna looked very white, and he held out his hand and said something; and then there was that Japanese fan, and of course I heard nothing more."

"You left them. That was right; you were very sensible, my dear."

"Let me tell you everything," said Bessie, feeling burdened by her secret. "I have seen Mr. Sinclair before; I met him on the Parade, and it was I who told him to come here." And she related the purport of her conversation with him.

Mrs. Sefton seemed much moved. "It will come right," she said, in an agitated voice. "My poor child will be happy again. Bessie, I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you. I love Neville like a son. It is the wish of my heart to see Edna his wife. He has brilliant prospects. He is a rising man, and immensely clever; and Edna will never care for anyone else."

Bessie forgave this worldly speech on account of the motherly tone in which it was said.

"He must have taken her away; they are certainly not in this room," she said by-and-by. "Perhaps they are in the gardens; they will be quieter there."

"Never mind, we will not look for them. You must amuse yourself, Bessie, until they come of their own accord. Suppose we buy something at the Crawfords' stall. I want you to choose something pretty for each of your sisters. Throw that hideous fan away! it is not worth sixpence. Where did you pick up such an ugly thing?"

"It was the first handy article," replied Bessie. "Throw it away! No, indeed! I shall keep it for ever as a memento of this day." But Mrs. Sefton, in high good-humour, vowed that she should have a prettier remembrance of the day than that. A few minutes afterwards she put a lovely little workcase in Bessie's hands. It was fitted up very tastefully, and was really a most useful present; and then she proceeded to select workbags and pretty knick-knacks for the Lambert girls.

Bessie remonstrated in vain. Mrs. Sefton had come there to spend money, and she lavished one article after another on Bessie.

"This soft white shawl will just suit your mother," she said. "And oh! here is a pocket-book for Dr. Lambert. Your father will find that useful. Does your brother smoke? No? Well, we will buy that letter-case for him, and now I think we have finished."

But it was quite half an hour afterwards before the truants returned.

"Here they come!" exclaimed Bessie, as Mrs. Sefton began to get restless.

"Oh, mamma dear, I hope we have not kept you," said Edna, penitently;

but she blushed very prettily as she spoke, and there was no mistaking the happy look in her eyes.

"You must blame me, Mrs. Sefton," interrupted Mr. Sinclair, who also looked radiant. "There was such a crowd that I took Edna into the gardens, and we have been sitting quietly under the trees. I hope we have not really inconvenienced you and Miss Lambert."

"Not a bit," replied Mrs. Sefton, cheerfully. "But we may as well go home now, as Bessie and I have made all our purchases. Will you see if the carriage be there, Neville?"

"Neville is coming back with us, mamma," observed Edna, in her old bright manner; and then Mrs. Sefton looked at her meaningly. Just then the band struck up with a military march, and Bessie lost Edna's low answer.

There was nothing particular said during the drive home. Mr. Sinclair observed he must go to his hotel to dress, and Edna questioned Bessie about her purchases. When they reached Glenyan Mansions, Edna shut herself up with her mother, and Bessie went off to her own room and inspected her treasures, and then she dressed herself and sat down to read. By-and-by there was a knock at the door, and Edna came in; she looked perfectly lovely with that soft look of happiness on her face.

"May I come in, Bessie? Mamma is talking to Neville in the drawing-room, and I can spare you a few minutes. Neville has told me everything. He says it is you who smoothed the way for our meeting and reconciliation. Bessie, darling, how am I to thank you?" and Edna wrapped her arms round her and kissed her fondly.

"It is all right then?"

"It was all right the moment I saw him; he just looked at me and said, 'I wonder if you are glad or sorry to see me, Edna?' and I managed to gasp out the word 'glad!' And then he took my hand and asked me to come out of the crowd, and let him talk to me quietly. It seemed to me we understood each other at once."

"Dear Edna, I congratulate you from my heart!"

"Yes, and it is all owing to you; we

shall neither of us forget that. Bessie, you don't half know how good Neville is, how gentle and generous he has been. He would not let me humble myself, or ask for his forgiveness. But oh, he has been so unhappy! His mother has been nearly dying, poor fellow, and I never knew it; and even now her health is in a critical state. It is so sad for him, for he dotes on her, and they are everything to each other. He says, if it had happened, and he had not had me to comfort him, it would almost have broken his heart."

"But he will have you now."

"Yes, and it must be my one thought to make up to him for these wretched seven months. Do you know, Bessie, he seems more distressed about me than about himself. He says I am quite altered, so thin and pale. He said it so gravely that I asked him if I had grown too plain for his taste; but there—I don't mean to repeat his answer."

"He will soon find out that you are as vain as ever."

"I actually told him so, for he was so depressed at my changed appearance that I had to make one or two mischievous speeches just to rouse him, and that did him good; he punished me though by pointing out some of his grey hairs; but he has really grown handsomer, Bessie. Mamma said so too, though Neville was never really handsome. Poor mamma! she is so happy she has been crying for joy."

The dinner bell rang at that moment, and they were obliged to break off their talk. Mr. Sinclair had evidently found Edna's absence irksome, for he met her with a reproach at her delay, but she answered him so sweetly that he was mollified in a moment.

It was the happiest evening Bessie had had since Hatty's death; it was such a relief to see Edna's face bright with smiles, and to hear the satisfied tones of her voice, and to meet the quiet look of content on Mr. Sinclair's face. He was not a demonstrative man, and a stranger would hardly have thought his manner lover-like, but it was evident that he and Edna understood each other perfectly. After dinner he asked her to

sing for him, and she went to the piano at once.

"This is your favourite song, Neville," she said, looking at him quietly, and a flush of pleasure crossed his face. If he had ever doubted the reality of her affection for him, he could not have doubted it to-night, when every moment her gentleness and soft appealing manner seemed to plead for forgetfulness of the past, and to hold out a safer promise for the future.

"I must come and see your mother," Bessie heard her say later on. "Mamma thinks of taking rooms for the season, and then I shall see her often; shall you like that, Neville?"

"There is only one thing I should like better," he replied, and there was a smile on his face as he got up and wished them good-night; and then he said something in a low voice to Edna.

"Very well," she answered, with a bend of her graceful head, and she rose from her seat and walked to the door.

Mrs. Sefton looked after them with an indulgent smile.

"He wants a word with her alone; Edna won't refuse him anything to-night. How happy they are, Bessie! Dear Neville is so satisfied; he told me that he was struck with the improvement in Edna; he thinks her so much more womanly and so gentle, but he is troubled about her delicacy; but she will get better now all this worry is at an end." And Bessie acquiesced in this.

When Edna came back, a little while afterwards, she went straight to her mother and knelt down by her chair.

"Mother, dear," she said, tenderly, "Neville has forgiven me, and you must forgive me too."

"I forgive you, my darling!" in a startled tone.

"Yes, for being such a bad daughter; but I will be good, indeed I will be good now," and worn out with the emotions of the day, Edna laid her head on her mother's lap and burst into tears. Bessie, touched to the heart by this little display of feeling, went softly out of the room, and left the mother and child together.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

COMPENSATION FOR GOOD LOOKS.

A shrewd observer was once asked, "Where are pretty women as a rule less sensible and accomplished than plain ones?"

"The latter," he replied, "seek company which may instruct them, and the former show generally an aversion to such kind of society; so that those women who have no beauty receive from nature propensities that compensate to them for the want of personal charms."

THE REAL REWARD.

What men most covet—wealth, distinction, power—

Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve To rouse us up, as children in the schools Are roused up to exertion. The reward Is in the race we run, not in the prize.

—Rogers.

HARD UP.—Horace Walpole tells that when the Countess of Suffolk married Mr. Howard they were both so poor that they resolved to go to Hanover before the death of Queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future Royal family. Having some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a remittance, she was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion, and the countess's hair being fine, long, and fair, produced twenty pounds.

MUCH HE KNEW ABOUT IT.—A newly-married man was recently asked by his wife to order some yeast, and not having a very well-defined idea of the article, he told the baker to send up ten shillings' worth. At nine o'clock next morning three men might have been seen tugging a cask of yeast up the front steps of that man's house.

HOW A MAN OBEYED HIS WIFE.

During the reign of the feudal system amongst the Highlanders, the Laird of Grant had condemned one of his vassals to be hanged.

When Donald came to the gallows, accompanied by Janet, his faithful wife, he seemed very reluctant to mount the ladder, and stood a long time below the fatal tree shrugging his shoulders.

"Hoot awa', Donald," said Janet, clapping him on the back, "gang up like a man and please the laird!"

Donald could not resist such a powerful motive to obedience; he mounted, and was turned off in a minute.

WHAT IS TIME?—Someone asked St. Augustine "What is time?" "I know," he answered, "when you do not ask me."

POULTRY KEEPING :

A RECREATION AND SOURCE OF INCOME FOR GIRLS.

By THEO.

PART VI.

AFTER the sitting hen has been once settled, she must be regularly fed every day. The best time to do this is in the morning, after the other hens have been fed. Her food must consist of hard corn, and plenty of water. Many people place food and water near the hen, and then leave her to her own devices, and never disturb her at all; but although with some hens this may be the best, yet as a rule it is not a good plan, especially where more than one hen is in the sitting-house.

Most hens rise up, after the first morning or so, when the feeder enters; otherwise each hen must be taken off separately and given as much hard corn as she will eat. Any of the grains will do, even Indian corn in small quantities.

A dust bath must be provided, as sitting hens suffer very much from vermin during the period of incubation; and if the hen be very restless this is often found to be the cause, and some flowers of sulphur may be put into the dust-bath and into the nest with advantage.

While the hen is feeding, a glance should always be given to the nest to see that all is right there, that no egg has rolled away, and that none are broken or missing. Always mark each egg right round with pencil, so that should the hen lay others they may be removed. All broken eggs must be taken away; and should the others be soiled with the broken egg, the whole of them must be removed, and gently sponged with warm water, of 105 degrees, taking care, however, that they do not get chilled, but are put under the hen again immediately. All dirty straw or hay must be replaced, and the hen's breast cleaned if necessary.

Sometimes eggs seem to disappear very mysteriously, in which case either the hen eats them or rats may be suspected.

If a hen will not eat, after a few days she must be tempted with some soft food.

Eggs take from eighteen to twenty-one days to hatch; usually the latter period, and they have been known to hatch out after a much longer time; so that it is advisable to give a generous allowance of time before giving up hope. At the end of seven days the eggs may be tested to see if they will contain chicks. This is done by going to a dark room, and

holding the egg in an upright position in front of a candle, shielding the light from the eye all round as much as possible with the hand, the object being to look at the candle through the egg. If the egg appears to be quite clear like a new-laid one, it may be put aside as of no use except for hen food; but if towards the centre of the egg a dark shadow is visible, then all is going well. The fertility of eggs can be told by experts at a much earlier date, but for novices it is better to wait even as long as ten days before testing. Unfertilized eggs should always be removed, as it gives the others a better chance.

During winter weather the hen must not be away from her nest more than ten minutes, and even then the eggs must be covered with flannel during her absence. In fact, they cannot be kept too warm and dry, but as they need moisture towards the end of the period the eggs must be dipped in hot water of 105 degrees every day for the last few days, always putting them back immediately under the hen.

During warm weather a hen may be absent from twenty to forty minutes without doing serious harm, especially during the later stages, and in fact during hot summer weather eggs should never be given up, even though quite cold. Last Jubilee Day I forgot to put back a hen, and on returning five hours afterwards found the eggs (duck) quite cold; but the hen went back to them and several hatched. Moisture is very necessary during dry weather, and this must be supplied by pouring hot water round the nest, or by sprinkling a little on the eggs, always replacing the hen immediately afterwards. No definite rule can be given on this use of moisture, but each poultry keeper must be guided by her common sense, and the cold, warmth, or dryness of the atmosphere. During a mild, damp spring hardly any is required.

I remember soaking some eggs during a sharp frost, with the result that none hatched; while, on the other hand, I knew a man who lost his temper over a hen that would not allow him to take her off to sprinkle the eggs, so he threw the whole bucket of water over her and the nest and the eggs, and every one hatched; but then it was hot, dry weather.

If a hen is very furious and it is necessary to handle her, a cloth should be thrown over her head, and then she may be lifted in the manner described.

During the last day or two of incubation the hen usually refuses to leave her nest, and now she may be allowed to do as she likes, food and water being left near her. It is a very exciting time for the poultry keeper when the chicks are really due, and she must exercise all her self-control to keep from being too curious about the doings in the nest.

She must not molest the hen now, but must be content to listen outside the nest, when the faint "peep, peep," can usually be heard. If this be so, then last thing at night the nest may be examined and the hen lifted carefully off, as eggs are often secreted under her wings. All egg-shells must be removed.

A half-hatched nest is an inte-

resting sight. The broken egg-shells neatly placed one into the other, the elder chicks struggling to get out of the nest, the younger helplessly scrambling over the rest of the eggs from which the little prisoners are calling loudly for release. The mother is now very excited, and if frightened will crush her little ones ruthlessly; so after seeing that all is right she must be left to herself.

If at the end of twenty-one days there are no signs of breaking shells, the eggs must be put into hot water of 105 degrees, and those that have live chicks in them will after a few minutes bob about in a very funny fashion, and the dead ones will sink to the bottom of the bowl. If, a few hours later still, no start has been made and loud chirps are heard, the shell may be gently cracked with a penknife round the middle until the little beak is found, when if put back under the mother the chick will do the rest.

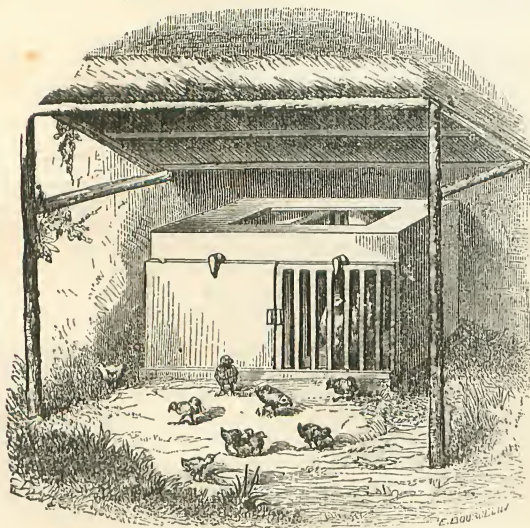
Chickens can be helped out by keeping the egg in hot water and gently loosening the tough skin that is round them; but I greatly believe in leaving them alone, as, for one saved, many may be lost in inexperienced hands.

After the chicks are all hatched, the hen must have a thoroughly good meal, as she has probably been without one for some time. *Apocryphos* of this, let me tell you one little story. An inexperienced lady having set two hens together, wished to put all the chickens under one hen, so as soon as all were hatched she took one poor rejoicing mother away from her little ones, and shut her up all night in a barn without food or water, and when next she visited her she was surprised to find her quite dead, of hunger, thirst, and a broken heart.

Chickens do not need anything to eat for twenty-four hours after hatching, so if all be hatched before night, they may be safely left until next morning with the mother on the nest. After the hens are all fed then it is time to visit the brood, which will probably be found scrambling about as lively as possible. If the weather is bright and fine the mother and chicks may be cooped out at once, but should it be wet and damp, they must be kept in.

Damp is the great enemy to chickens. They can usually bear any amount of dry cold, but if they are wet and damp they will always suffer. The best way of ensuring dryness is to have a shed something like the illustration, under which the coops may be placed. In this the ground, if well covered with ashes, will be nice and dry for the chickens to run on; for coops should never have wooden bottoms, but should be put right on the ground. Chickens brought up on wood, tiles, or pavements are very subject to cramp, and do not grow up into such healthy birds. The coops, however, although placed under the shed in wet weather, must always be put outside on to the grass every fine day, so that the chicks may have plenty of sun and grass.

The coops must be made of tarred or painted match-boarding (boards with grooves that fit together), thirty inches long, by twenty-two broad, twenty-two inches high in front, sloping to fourteen inches behind. The front should be boarded up four inches at the top and bottom, with two and a half inch bars placed at intervals between. The middle bar should be movable, so that the hen may be let out when needful. This simple coop may be made very easily from old packing cases, etc., and it may be further improved by providing shutters,



COOP FOR NEWLY-HATCHED CHICKENS.

fastened with hinges from the top, which can be opened horizontally for a shelter during the day, or can be hung down perpendicularly at night. The coop may also be closed by means of a simple slide. There are very many forms of coops to be seen in catalogues, with all kinds of useful devices, which if well studied by the amateur will give good hints for the home-made article.

The chief things to remember are that the hen and chickens require ventilation (not draughts), warmth, dryness, shelter, and protection. In ordinary weather enough warmth is secured by a waterproof house. All artificial heating is bad, except in the depth of winter, and even then it must be used with the greatest care. A glass-covered, unwarmed run may be used for delicate breeds.

Besides the coop a run will be needed. The usual size of a run is about four feet long by the width of the coop to which it is fastened; but as chickens when they grow older require more room, the most economical way is to have a number of light wooden or thin bar-iron frames made three feet square, and covered with wire netting. These frames can then be easily fastened together to make a long or short run as required, and the advantage of having them three feet square is that then the entire coop can be placed inside the run, and thus be absolutely protected from the raids of cats or rats.

Do protect your chickens. The mortification and distress of finding your charges disappear night after night, or even during the daytime, is very great, especially as it can be so often prevented by taking precautions.

In some districts the cat pest makes it almost impossible to rear chickens, as after they are two months old they must be allowed more liberty than a coop affords, and cats will attack quite big chickens. It makes a great difference as to whether the cats in the neighbourhood are used to chickens or not. I have lost dozens of chickens, while my sister, who allows hers to run about without the slightest protection in a district where cats are about on every wall and tree, has not lost one.

But to go back to our hen brood. Let us suppose that it is a bright sunny April morning, and that the coop is out on the grass with the wire run in front of it. The hen must be shut into the coop so that the chicks get more shelter, and she has not the chance of gobbling up all the delicate food. The coop and run must be moved every day into fresh grass, and should it be impossible to provide a shed in wet weather, the top and two sides of the run must be covered. Chickens should be fed for the first two days on hard boiled egg, chopped up small and mixed with breadcrumbs moistened with a little milk, and after the first day they will eat chopped groats quite readily.

The egg may be allowed for one week, mixed with coarse oatmeal; rice pudding, with groats at night. Food must be given every hour from early in the morning to late at night, for candle-light feeding is very essential for early broods, and in the summer time, when the chicks are up so early, some groats should be left in the run over night, so that they may not have to endure such a long fast before they are attended to.

After a fortnight old the food must be given every two hours, until about six weeks or two months old, when four good meals daily with some early morning corn will be plenty. The food after the first fortnight must consist of any meal mixture; plain oatmeal is very good if it can be afforded.

The soft food, like that of the hens, should be mixed hot and dry. The chickens should be allowed to eat as much as ever they will at one meal, but none must be left about afterwards. The groats may be changed for any grain after the first fortnight, Indian corn excepted; buckwheat and dari being specially good. A spoonful of bone meal put into the soft food helps them very much, as also a little sulphur in bright weather when the feathers are growing.

When there are chickens, all the dainty house-scrap should be kept for them, such as porridge, rice pudding, potatoes, scraps of underdone meat, suet pudding, etc. These things will be eagerly devoured, and will help on considerably.

Remember to give plenty of clean water in a flat flowerpot-saucer; skimmed milk may be used with great advantage up to two months old. Sometimes the chicks seem to mope about, not eating and being troubled with diarrhoea; this will probably be because they are short of grit. Grit is very necessary, and must be provided in the form of sharp sand, etc., from the very earliest day, or death and disease will be the result.

Where there is no fear of marauders, in the way of cats, rats, foxes, etc., the hen may be allowed to roam about with the chicks at large after the first fortnight. She will find grit and insects in abundance, and more than that will give her little ones their first lesson in cleanliness, for hen and chicks must have a dust bath every day or they will be devoured with small vermin of different kinds; and the hen knows this so well that should she and her brood be left in the tidiest garden imaginable, she will be found ere long to have scratched a terrible grave, in which the whole family will be found happily buried. So even during the first fortnight a dry dust bath must be provided, even though the poultry keeper has to watch over the brood all the time.

When the chickens are from six to eight weeks old the hen will want to leave them, and this is rather a critical time. A new house must be provided, though of the simplest kind. Some people allow their chickens to roost in an open shed, and find that answers very well, or any simple house made after the pattern of a coop, only larger, is good. The houses must not be too large, unless they can be divided into compartments, as chickens thrive best where there are not too many together.

There is no need for perches until the chicks are at least four and a half months old, as early perching makes crooked breasts. When the chickens are from ten to twelve weeks old the cockerels and pullets must be separated. This shows the necessity of having a few small houses rather than one big one. The cockerels can be told from the pullets by their combs, which are larger, and by their tall growth and pointed tails. The pullets are shorter and more compact, and have squarer tails. Some cockerels crow at a very early age, and then there is no mistaking them.

A cockerel's first attempt at crowing is a sound never to be forgotten! When chickens are merely reared to replenish the home stock, all the cockerels may be put into a house and run of their own, and fed up and killed as fast as possible, for an early cockerel will fetch nearly as much at four or five months before his first moult as he will at seven. At any rate it pays better to kill him off young. Of course if cockerels are kept for breeding or for prize birds the case is different, and room must be given them accordingly. But as a

rule it is the pullets that need most attention and room, as they must be brought forward so as to begin laying as soon as possible.

They want plenty of grass, good shelter, and liberty; then they will mature steadily and healthily without unnatural forcing. When a number of chickens are reared, an ideal arrangement, no doubt, would be to have one long, low house, divided into compartments, each having its own run; or a number of small houses, each with a gravel run and shelter arranged round a large piece of grass, into which each set of big pullets, small pullets, cockerels, etc., could be allowed in turn. The grass in this case must be kept well grown during the summer, or it will run to seed and lose its value.

Where there is an unlimited grass range, movable chicken-houses on wheels are most convenient, as they can be moved about from one part of the field to another, in order that the chickens may find plenty of fresh grass, and so that no one particular part of the grass may become spoiled for other live stock. They are often made raised from the ground about two feet, the space underneath being boarded up round three sides, and thus forming a most successful shelter. The floor of the house will in this case be made of wood, so should be well covered with ashes or peat-moss, and be kept very clean. When the chicks are old enough, perches can be put in the house, and a board placed underneath, as in the hen-house, for cleaning purposes. Feed the growing up chickens very regularly, especially as they grow older. So often they get neglected when they reach the uninteresting stage, when neither pretty chicks nor laying hens.

Cockerels, if fed regularly and sufficiently up to about sixteen weeks old, ought to require no special feeding before killing for the home table, and unless for market purposes it is very unwise to coop them up, as they lose flesh in inexperienced hands. Girls who live near London or other large towns will have a ready market for a well-fed young cockerel, and will find the price obtained thoroughly pays for the trouble expended.

June and July hatched chickens are seldom worth hatching; they thrive well, but the prices obtained for early ones are so much better, while there is always a ready market for March hatched pullets in autumn. July birds, that only begin laying in February, thus missing the dear season, are comparatively useless. About the only birds worth hatching late are Leghorns or Houdan-Leghorns, as these are very precocious, and if hatched in early July will sometimes lay by Christmas.

The principle to go upon in order to make poultry pay is never to keep a bird a single day longer than is necessary before it yields a return; and as food is the same price all the year round, it stands to reason that a pullet which lays at six months old pays better than one that waits eight months, before beginning; and unless pullets are well forward in the autumn, and begin laying before the very cold weather commences, they often wait right through winter before giving a single egg. The autumn, therefore, is the time for looking over the stock, killing the old birds before they begin moulting, and deciding what pullets to keep. These latter may be removed to the hen-house as soon as they show signs of wanting to lay. This can be told by the "reddening up," which begins with the wattles and spreads over the face and comb, until the little pullet becomes flaming red, and rejoices the heart of her owner by leaving her a small egg one fine morning.



"COME UNTO ME."

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "Ripples and Breakers."

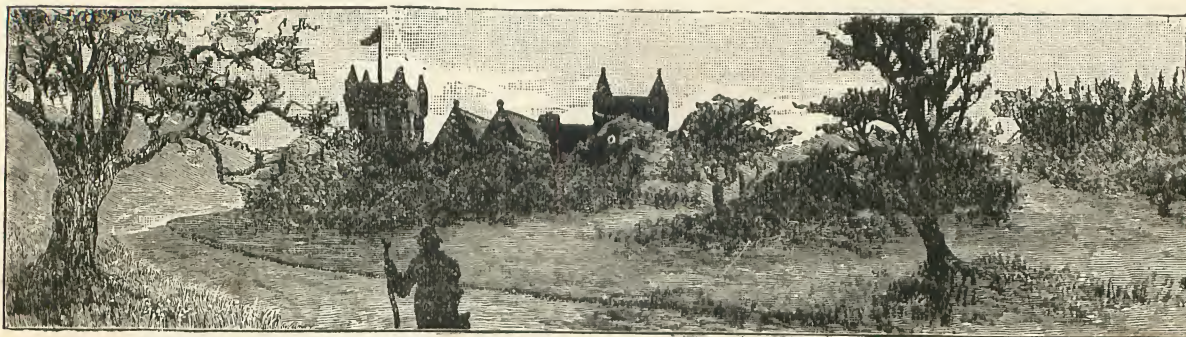
SOLEMN, sublime, and grand, the anthem swells
To the groined roof, and down the pillared aisle,
As sweet and clear as chime of silver bells;
And flying seraphs from the sacred pile
Waft the young echoes over land and sea,
"Come, oh, ye weary, come for rest to Me."

Open the windows wide; sing, sisters, sing:
Still let the anthem peal o'er cliff and plain
Its gracious message from our Lord, the King,
To all who labour, sick with grief or pain;
Your song may solace hearts ye cannot see—
"Come, oh, ye weary, come for rest to Me."

Bid ivory keys release imprisoned sound;
Let the whole choir, as with one vocal throat,
Waken with trumpet-blast the sleepers round;
But sing with softest, most melodious note
The loving call of Christ to bond and free,
"Come, oh, ye weary, come for rest to Me."

A stricken exile, sorrowful and worn,
Closing the gate on her lost childhood's home,
Lingers, and listening, cries, no more forlorn,
"Why seek I rest beyond the salt sea's foam?
Rest for the weary, only is with Him
Before whose glory stars and suns grow dim."

One soul has heard, one soul has chosen rest
Under the shadow of the shelt'ring Rock.
Some other soul may hear, and join the blest,
If ninety-nine are deaf—or, hearing, mock,
Rejoice o'er one, and hymn out, far and free,
"Come, oh, ye weary, come for rest to Me."



THE TWIN-HOUSES.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Restitution," etc.

PART II.

A START FOR LONDON.

FRED was popular and had many kind friends. A man who can sing a good song and sing it well is always a welcome guest at parties, and his voice took him where he certainly would never have gone without it. He had besides pleasant manners and was good-looking; so all these gifts combined were as great temptations to him as remarkable beauty is to a woman; temptations and a snare, as Scripture puts it. In Fred's case his acquirements, or talents, as people were pleased to call them, led him much into society, and induced the ambition which was overmastering his reason. His so-called friends and companions fostered this spurious ambition, and when they found that he had resolved to rush into a new career, determined to help him. Kind-hearted people often put their hands in their pockets when, perhaps, they would be as well kept out of them, and thoughtlessly give money where judicious and restraining advice would be best. Not that advice would have availed with Fred; it seldom does with headstrong, conceited youth. Friends, as we have said, were kind to him according to their lights. They clubbed together and collected a sum of money that would defray the expenses of his journey and maintain him for a time in London. We need

scarcely say that Mr. Gripson declined to contribute to this fund. But it was a proud day for Fred and his mother when he brought home a purse containing twenty-five golden sovereigns, presented by the admirers of his vocal and other gifts.

Lucy sighed, and wondered whether a Divine hand was leading her brother. She feared because it seemed to her to be self-will on his part, just as it had been self-will that had been the ruin of William Gripson. However, it was useless for her to remonstrate, for the die was cast, and Fred resigned his clerkship, and wrote to his friend to fix the day for his arrival in town. Of course all the work fell on Lucy. She had to make and mend his clothes, to pack his portmanteau, and to arrange his plans, for your geniuses are generally impractical.

On the eve of his departure his fellow-clerks and other companions gave a sort of banquet in his honour, which greatly annoyed his mother.

"They might have arranged it for another day," she said to Lucy, as they sat working at his wardrobe. "But I'm glad Martin went. It would have been very disrespectful if he had refused."

"I wonder how long twenty-five pounds will last in London," mused Lucy. "It would

keep us nearly three months in the country, and we are three, while Fred is only one. Arithmetically, it ought to maintain him six months at least."

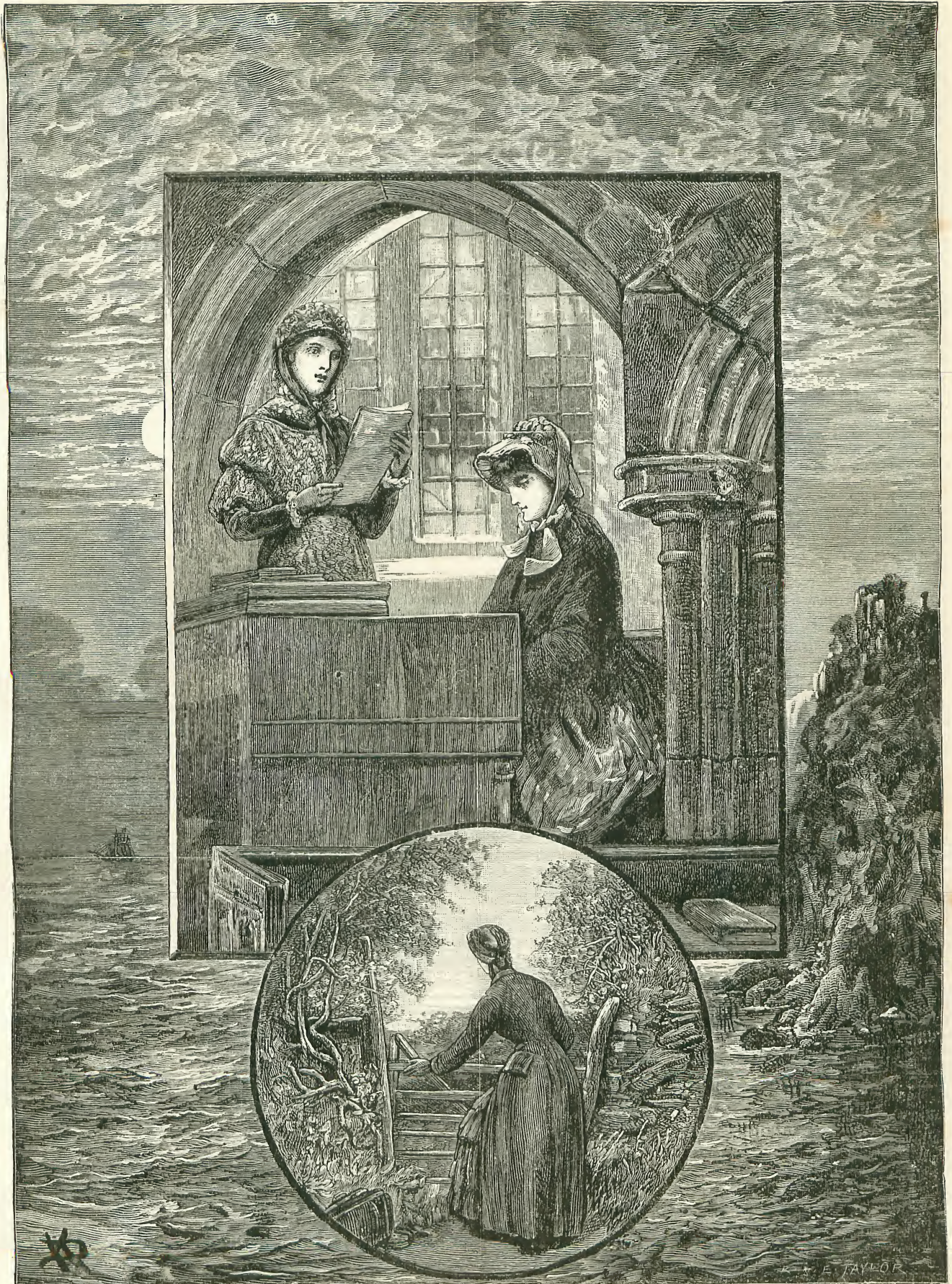
"My dear child, he will soon be earning his fifty pounds a night. I wish you were more hopeful. But you are just like your father, who would neither speculate nor venture, and so we are as poor as need be."

"We live in our very own house," said Lucy, "and he bought it with his savings, and everybody respected him. I would rather be his than the daughter of a millionaire who had gained his riches by fraud or speculation."

"Of course, my dear, I understand you perfectly; but money is—money, after all."

The brothers came home in the midst of this conversation, and soon cheered Mrs. Oliver by their account of the evening. Even Martin seemed to think that Fred was a very popular individual, and must make a fortune if the prognostics of his friends were good for anything.

Martin was a quiet, steady fellow, who, though the youngest of the family, had more common sense than most people. He was neither specially handsome nor particularly accomplished, but he employed his time systematically, in a way that his brother called dull. He belonged to the branch of



"WAPT THE YOUNG ECHOES OVER LAND AND SEA,
"COME, OH, YE WEARY, COME FOR REST TO ME."

the Young Men's Christian Association established at Merriton, and when his shop work was done, studied modern languages, and tried to carry on the education he had received at the grammar school. He found scope for his ambition in his native town, and desired no greater honour than the "Well done" promised to those who serve God and help their fellow-creatures.

Mrs. Oliver had waited for her sons for the family prayers that always closed their day. Fred was often an absentee, but this night he felt solemnised by the words of Holy Scripture read by his mother, and the supplications offered for the temporal and spiritual good, not only of their own little circle, but the wider circle of the world, of which, as yet, he did not know much experimentally. He had never before felt, as he mentally expressed it, so religious, and had never embraced his mother and sister so fervently as on that eve of his departure for the great world which he had been paxing to enter. At the moment, and for the first time, he wondered if he were wise to throw up a certainty for an uncertainty, and if he were showing filial love to leave a widowed mother, and deprive her of such help as his small earnings afforded her. But this mood did not last long.

During breakfast the next morning old Gripson appeared.

"I'll see to the shop," he said to Martin, "while you go and start the family genius. Now, Fred, I want a word with you. When you're at the lowest ebb of what you call fortune, and want a berth, you can come back to Merriton, and I'll give you a start behind the counter. I said the same to Will; but he hasn't arrived at that point yet. I owe your mother compensation for the loss of Ruth, whose only fault was having a husband who didn't know when he was well off. Three gone and only two left. But we're sure of Martin and Lucy, eh, Mrs. Oliver? They won't leave us."

Mrs. Oliver shook her head mournfully, for she, woman-like, was already thinking of possible matrimonial complications. Fred, however, bristled a little, as he always did under Mr. Gripson's attacks.

"Thank you, sir; you're very considerate," he said. "I hope to have made a good start elsewhere when I see you next."

"Hope won't put guineas into anybody's pocket," returned Gripson. "'Tis work that does that. 'In the sweat of your brow' was the curse, but the blessing follows. If you want to be happy and respectable, work."

"That's just what I mean to do, Mr. Gripson."

"Call your pro-fes-sion work!" began Gripson. But Lucy stayed the impending storm, by rising and beginning to clear the table.

Simultaneously there was a knock at the door, and she answered it. A truck stood there, brought by one of Fred's wharfside boatmen for his luggage. The little party was soon in the passage, and while the young men were bringing down the modest port-manteau and box, Lucy brought the man a cup of tea and a good slice of bread and butter, which he consumed, sitting on the edge of his barrow.

"I told Measter Fred I'd come, miss. Why should he be gwine off to Lunnon? Better a' stayed at whoom."

"I wish he had," sighed Lucy.

"Lucy, I want you," shouted Fred from the back of the stairs.

She found him counting his sovereigns on the sill of the passage window.

"You must take the odd five, Lucy," he said. "They are for mother, you know. I'll send a lot more soon. Fifty pounds a night will keep her in clover."

He thrust the sum he named into his sister's hand, and, after a brief reflection, she took it. She thought that she would keep it for him, in case of need. They stood a moment, side by side, gazing silently out of the window. It was open, and the sound of bells floated across the broad meadows that stretched between the bottom of their hilly garden and a village two miles off. The church tower was visible in the morning sunlight, and fields and river gleamed with a golden glow.

"There must have been a wedding," cried volatile Fred, putting his arm round his sister's waist. "Perhaps yours will be the next."

"And what would become of mother?" asked Lucy.

"I'll support her. Fifty pounds a night! Only think of that!"

"Fred! Lucy!" sounded from the bottom of the stairs, and the brother and sister hurried down.

The family party were soon on the way to the station, Mrs. Oliver leaning on Fred's arm, and both eagerly discussing his brilliant future. Neither had the least doubt of his success. He had only to be heard, and to begin the fortune sure to follow. The others, less sanguine, walked on in silence.

When they reached the station they were greeted by a number of Fred's friends and admirers, who had come to see him off. He was the hero of the hour, and Mrs. Oliver was overwhelmed with congratulations on the future of her son. Everyone was sure that his magnificent tenor voice had only to be heard in order to be appreciated, and everybody knew that a tenor was wanted at the moment. And so, amid the hearty good wishes of friends and fellow-townsmen, and followed by the tears and prayers of his mother and Lucy, Fred steamed off for the great Babel called London: one more aspirant for the empty honours vainly sought by tens of thousands of people, discontented with their lot in life.

Lucy did not return home. Her mother and brother left her at the door of a handsome house in the centre of the town, where dwelt Lawyer Sempold and his family. Here she was engaged to teach and manage as best she could four riotous children, whom she found awaiting her in the hall. She was rather late, and they had taken advantage of this, according to the time-honoured custom of youngsters. She was greeted by a vociferous cry of "Is he gone? Did you see him off, Miss Oliver?" And she had some difficulty in quelling the tumult, and chasing her pupils into their schoolroom at the back of the house. No sooner were they there than Mrs. Sempold came to hear the news, and to inquire if Fred were actually started. She was a kindly woman, but not superior to country-town gossip, and Fred's prospects had been much discussed by all classes, for the Olivers were greatly respected in their native place. Seeing Lucy's tearful eyes, she sought to reassure her.

"He is certain to get engagements, Lucy," she said. "When I was in London a few years back I went to several concerts, and I declare I heard no one with so fine a voice as Fred's. The great tenor is losing his, and we all expect that your brother will take his place."

"I hope he will get on, Mrs. Sempold. Everybody has been so kind that—" Here Lucy paused and burst into tears.

Upon this the children swarmed round her, climbed up on her lap, put their arms about her, and almost cried for company.

"How foolish I am! But we were never parted before," she said, embracing all the children at once, while Mrs. Sempold rushed off to get her a cup of hot coffee, muttering, "Poor girl! I daresay she has had no breakfast."

There were very kind hearts in Merriton,

where everybody knew everybody, and where there were not too many inhabitants for the rich to have a care for the poor. District visiting there was a much easier matter than it is in the great cities, where, instead of a family tenantry a tidy cottage, one close room must suffice to hold them, be they few or many. It is marvellous infatuation and love of change that induce the dwellers in country districts to throng to the big towns. Still, migrate they will, and preaching is vain.

Kind Mrs. Sempold proposed to give Lucy a half-holiday, saying she was sure her mother would want her, upon which the children, contrary to custom, declared their intention of being quite good, and their desire that she should remain. She dried her eyes, thanked Mrs. Sempold, and did remain, seeing that the children had frequent half-holidays, and feeling that she had displayed more weakness than was necessary. She taught them energetically, dined and walked with them, and went home to tea as usual.

She found her mother in good spirits, and the evening passed quickly in work and talk about Fred. Sanguine Mrs. Oliver was as sure as Fred himself of his ultimate success, and less hopeful Lucy would not damp her spirits by the typical wet blanket.

Fred announced his arrival in London by a hasty post-card. His mother knew that writing letters was distasteful to him, and did not expect sheets of well-covered paper; but during the course of the week a letter arrived which gladdened her heart, though it slightly saddened Lucy's. Fred's musical friend had introduced him to the celebrated master he had named, who had tried his voice, and expressed himself well satisfied with it. He did not, however, apparently promise him at once the anticipated fifty pounds a night, for Fred did not name the subject of money. The voice was all that could be desired, and everything was most promising, so he said. It evolved, however, in a subsequent letter, that certain hard study was necessary to educate the said voice for the public, and Fred had placed himself under the tuition of Herr Franz, to whom he had been introduced. Meanwhile he intended to sing at private assemblies and parties, and even at amateur concerts, to make himself known. "A name is everything," he said, "and I shall soon make that. I can get a guinea a night, and Herr Franz thinks me a most promising pupil."

"How will he live?" asked Lucy of Martin. "The collection won't last long, and we can't supply him."

"What's become of the fifty pounds a night?" queried old Gripson, grimly. "He hasn't appeared in the papers yet as 'The new and magnificent tenor.'"

"He must have time. He is sure to get on," responded poor Mrs. Oliver.

Time went on, however, and her hopes were not fulfilled as literally as she expected. He sent flourishing accounts of his public appearances, which were not chronicled in the papers, and when Lucy ran them to ground, she found that they must have occurred in inferior places of amusement, where he must have sung for bare subsistence. She wrote and wrote to him, but his letters became fewer, and before the year was out nearly ceased. His mother and brother also wrote, but when he replied it was irritably, and to the effect that they must have patience with a fellow. He was getting on. Rome wasn't built in a day. He was to sing shortly at the Crystal Palace and the Albert Hall; but it was no good hurrying people in London.

His patrons and friends at Merriton were as much disappointed as his family at his long probation, but none of them quite understood the labour and anxiety of a public career.

(To be continued.)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By RUTH LAMB.

LORD RANDOLPH AND TIM.

"So you have adopted a new pet. I am surprised at your taste. I hate pugs; they are such thorough shams. They look fierce and bulldog-like, but ugliness is the only thing the two kinds have in common. The pug has neither the courage nor the sense of his probable kinsman. He is hopelessly stupid."

Thus ran on a lively girl friend as she surveyed our latest pet, "Lord Randolph," otherwise Randy, surely the most perfect of pugs—not a point wanting, and a great pet of our family and of the cats!

I bristled up instantly, and sternly answered—"There is no such animal as a stupid dog, unless he has been condemned to live with stupid people. Constant companionship with such may have a debasing influence on four-legged intelligence represented by a dog. It is the fault of his surroundings if he become stupid, not of his nature."

I glance at our pug aforementioned, and note an expression of satisfaction on his sooty muzzle. He understands the situation, that my friend is no friend of his, but knows that his cause is in safe hands.

He came to us a dejected youngster, but the most beautiful of six months old pugs, with the word "Punch" attached to his collar. But he never would answer to that name. He might have been stone deaf for any notice he took of the plebeian appellation. The instant he was addressed as "Lord Randolph" he frisked cheerfully forward, and has since condescended to "Randy" for shortness.

When the dog arrived after a long railway journey in a dingy box over the engine wheel, and after parting with all his friends, he was naturally out of spirits, and human attentions failed to console him, so "Tim" took him in hand.

Tim was a beautiful young cat, just Randy's age, and a perfect pet. He looked pityingly at the new arrival, and constituted himself his guide and guardian. He coaxed him to go up and down the house—in fact, showed him all the ins and outs; capered about him, and invited him to a game of romps; and though Randy was at first slow to respond, the cheerful little cat conquered his shyness and dulness, and they became fast friends. If Randy and I were strolling up and down the drive, Tim was sure to accompany us, and the gambols of this curious pair of companions amused many a looker-on, especially as Tim's mother often made a third in the game.

One evening I was going out with Randy, and Tim, as usual, went with us, until we neared the main road. We were twenty minutes absent, and rain was falling heavily as we turned into the drive. Behind a stump near the entrance, Tim had waited for us, heedless of rain, and as Randy approached he darted out to startle him, just as a child often does with a companion. Then the two frolicked away together like a couple of children. But Tim always exercised a certain authority over Randy. One morning a thaw had set in, and the ground was sloppy with half-melted snow. Randy was paddling about in it, and, though often called, declined to come in. Tim was waiting for him in the hall doorway, and at length, waxing impatient, the cat marched towards the offender, lifted his right paw and gave him a cuff on one side of the head, then with the left paw bestowed a second, and literally drove him into the house, to the amusement of three lookers-on.

Alas! we lost Tim. We never knew how it happened, only our beautiful wise-like pet

was not. I saw a paragraph then-abouts, stating that there was a great demand for fine cat-skins, and that an unusually large number had been sent to market. Tim's was the finest, silkiest fur I ever saw, and that paragraph suggested a dread which I cannot bear to put into words!

Randy missed Tim. Everybody missed him, and we talk of our lost pet with lasting regret. Our doggie has proved that he is no stupid pug. He has plenty of funny ways. For instance, when his water-bowl is empty, he first does his best to attract attention thereto by charms and blandishments. These failing, he seizes the bowl between his paws and trundles it up and down the passage leading to the kitchen, until it is refilled by somebody.

He plays a game at "hide and seek" with my daughter, his real mistress; comes to have his eyes covered, then prances off in search of her, and goes in turn to every place she has ever used for purpose of concealment. When he has found her, he comes again to have his face-covered whilst she hides a second time, and he will continue the game till she is tired.

When giving out articles from the store-room one day, I bestowed a pinch of raw sugar on Randy. Since then he has demanded a dollop daily. If I forget, Randy does not, but plants himself at the door and scratches at it until his request for sugar is complied with.

The same at the butcher's. The doggie had a scrap of raw meat bestowed on him the first time he called there with me when I paid the weekly bill. He subsequently called many times, and could only be dragged out of the shop if the master forgot to repeat his gift. Randy was sure of his scrap in the long run, for the fuss he made served as a reminder, and the bit of lean meat rewarded the pertinacious beggar.

Randy is by no means the only beggar at that shop. On one occasion the master told me there was quite a commotion opposite his door. It was caused by a large black retriever, which belonged to a blind man. The latter was on his way to his daily post, but his dog could not be got past the butcher's door. Dragging, coaxing, even blows failed to stir him, for he was a powerful animal, and showed two rows of gleaming teeth when meddled with.

"I was not in the shop at first," said the butcher, "but when I came I remembered that on the previous morning I had given the animal a bit of meat. I did the same again, and he went cheerfully on his way; but ever since then he has stopped for his portion. Do not begin to give to a dog unless you mean to go on. He will never forget."

Randy is kind to all cats. His doubly curled tail is always the kitten's first plaything, and when the mother is absent, the survivor of each litter finds a warm resting-place cuddled up between the doggie's paws. They sleep on the same rug, and if any animal is put upon, Randy is the one. Flossie, our present mother-cat, sometimes acts like a boy of whom I have heard, and who, as his brother complained, always took his half of the bed in the middle, and compelled the junior to take his moiety out of both sides.

Flossie did this until we enlarged the accommodation, and rendered it impossible for Randy, patient beast, to be served in a like manner.

Randy has musical tastes, too. He will listen to singing, or the piano, for any length of time. But run up a chromatic scale or

indulge in discords, and he howls himself hoarse to such an accompaniment; though he will not leave the piano.

A pug has been well described as a nursery dog. He makes himself such a safe playmate for children, and he will stand any amount of infantile mauling without resentment.

I know of a fine house, in the drawing-room of which is a stuffed pug. It is so lifelike that strangers take it for a living animal, whilst the mistress sometimes half apologises for its presence by saying: "It was the friend of my little ones for years."

My Randy is as sympathetic as any human friend if anybody whom he loves is in trouble. He does everything but speak, and—well, the exception at such times is an advantage!

SNOW.

I made Snow's acquaintance one day whilst waiting for his mistress. He is a beautiful Pomeranian, and spotless as his name. His present owners met with him during a summer outing, and with difficulty purchased him from a poor but dog-loving master, who did not sell him for the money's sake, but to secure his pet a better home than he could give him.

Snow's comfort is considered now in such a manner, that one cannot see him without wishing that all children were as fortunate. He gets his meals—proper food—to the minute. His bath, his daily walks, his times of going to bed and getting up, are all arranged with the greatest precision. He has his own chair—chintz-covered and cushioned—placed near the window, so that he can note what is passing, and be free from the temptation to invade the satin damask on the other furniture.

His mistress, finding that I was a great observer of animal character, told me some stories about Snow, amongst which was the following:—

The day after he first came to the house the servants assembled as usual for family prayers. Snow had not been used to such an arrangement, and he pranced and frisked about to the disturbance of everybody. Of course, he was turned out, and for the rest of the time lay quietly on the door-mat.

He required no second warning, but when prayer-time came again, and the books were placed before the master, Snow marched out of the room and located himself on the mat till the reappearance of the servants showed that the reading was over. This habit he continued ever after, the sight of the books being the invariable signal for his departure from the room.

Both young and old might learn something from Snow. Few of us are cured of a fault by a single lesson.

PENSIONER CATS.

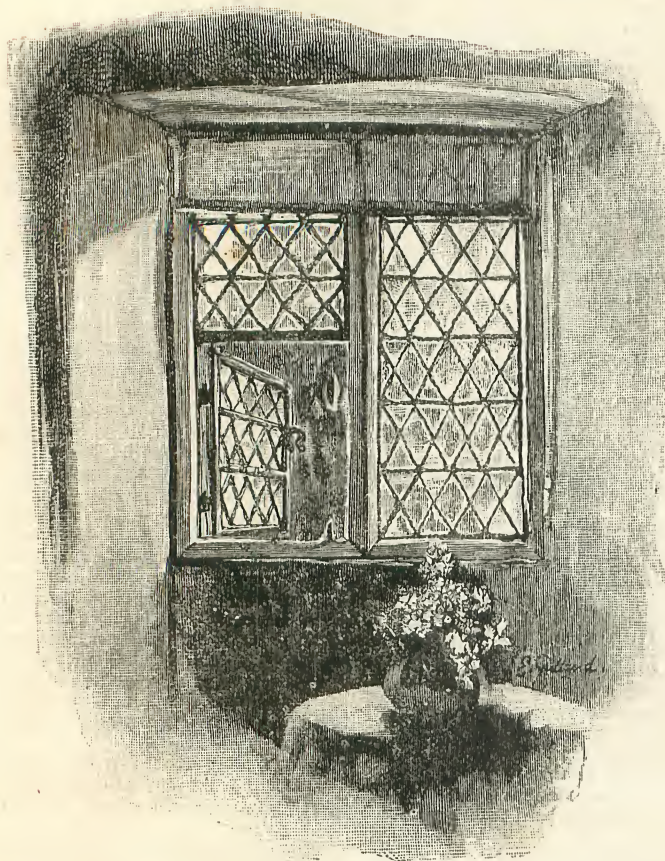
In a large town people are sure to be haunted by homeless animals, and dog and cat lovers are stirred to pity and relieve them, or to put a merciful end to sufferings which they cannot remedy.

One of my pensioners was a black and white tom cat of immense size and extremely tame. He was affectionate and grateful, but, like most animals, very jealous. He often joined me when I was out with my indoor pets in the garden and elsewhere, frolicked and played with them, and insisted on having from me a full share of notice. He was the best of friends with Randy, so long as I did not pet him, but let me say a few kind words to the pug, or caress him, and Tom immediately flew at the dog, and gave him a revengeful claw as if to equalise matters.

FOR THE KING'S SAKE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, Author of "Bessie's Sacrifice."



CHAPTER II.

SIR MICHAEL NEWPORT had scarcely left the room before Mistress Betty had rushed to her niece's side. She found her leaning back, her eyes closed, her hands pressed together, half fainting.

The poor lady looked at her wistfully, with a great longing to know what had passed, but a dread of breaking that trance of pain. A few minutes passed, during which Eleanor did not seem to be aware of her presence, and then she opened her eyes. As they fell on the frightened, anxious face of her aunt, she smiled gently, and held out her hand.

"Do not look so frightened, Aunt Betty," she said. "It is all right; it is to be as you wish."

"Oh, Nell!"

"Yes; I will marry him. He is a good man, and a very generous one."

"You will not always be unhappy, Nell," said Mistress Betty, her weak face quivering. "Promise me you will not."

"I should like to tell you what he said to me," said Eleanor, speaking slowly, almost dreamily. "Whatever the future may bring forth of sorrow and weary care, I shall always feel for him the most warm and tender gratitude."

"That is not a bad beginning," said Mistress Betty, eagerly.

Betty," she said, "you are far more impetuous than I am; be content. I am satisfied of his most generous, most perfect consideration. He offered me the gift as another man might offer a lover's gift of rich jewels. Well, well; think no more of it. I could not accept; I must pay the price, and I am pledged to be his wife."

"I do not know," exclaimed Mistress Betty. "Had we not better reconsider it? It changes my opinion that he should have thus presumed. Does he look down upon us, this mushroom Squire, whose ancestors owned no foot of soil in Bartonshire?"

Eleanor laid her hand on the agitated fingers. "Be satisfied," she said. "I told you that you might see that he is greater than we thought him; do not think of it again. But I cannot help grieving when I think how marred and jangled both our lives must be. I can give him nothing for what he gives to me; he is worthy of so good a wife. I cannot make him happy, lacking love, and his gifts to me are living pain."

"I will strive to forget it," said Mistress Betty. A sudden recollection flashed across her of the importance of the position. This marriage was life or death to the family; should she risk it

"He told me that having seen my disinclination to be his wife, he loved me well enough to take no advantage of my self-sacrifice; and, Aunt Betty, what will you say? He offered me a gift of all the mortgage deeds, to clear the estate, and set my father free."

Mistress Betty drew herself up, the colour flushed crimson into her face, her fingers trembled nervously.

"I thought he had been a gentleman," she said.

"It was most courteously, most delicately done," said Eleanor. "Of course it was impossible."

"How did he dare thus to presume?"

A gentle, pathetic smile stole over Eleanor's pale lips. "Dear Aunt

by betraying how bitterly her pride had been hurt?

"Yes, you will soon forget it," said Eleanor, wearily. "Shall we tell my father now?"

"Wait for a moment yet, Nelly. I—I should like to talk to you. It is then quite settled?"

"Quite settled."

"We women are made for self-sacrifice, and we have this faculty—we can learn to fit the burden to our shoulders. Nell, dear."

"Yes, Aunt Betty."

"Have you sometimes thought sorrowfully that I was more to your father than yourself?"

"It was natural," said Eleanor, in a stifled voice. It had indeed been a constant trial to her. Her mother had died in her early childhood, and Mistress Betty had ever since ruled the house; that she should do so would have been nothing to Eleanor had she allowed her the proper share of her father's love and confidence, but, like all weak natures, Betty was of a very jealous disposition; she monopolised her brother, and treated her niece as a child and intruder long after years and discretion warranted her admission to the full privileges of the family circle. Eleanor found all her consolation, all her happiness, in her passionate devotion to her twin-brother; in his love, and in the absorbing interest of his adventurous life, she contrived to hide from herself her own anomalous position in her father's home.

Now emotion was working in Mistress Betty's heart which elevated it above its usual frivolity; she spoke with tears in her eyes—

"I have been selfish perhaps, Nell," she said; "but you have never complained. Once Robbie said something about it, but it was no affair of his, and I would not listen; but now that you are going to leave us, I should like to tell you something."

"Sit down, Aunt Betty," said Eleanor. The fidgety, restless figure flitting from side to side jarred on her nerves.

"No, no; I like to stand. I always have been used to standing. I must go back to the time when I was younger than yourself, much younger; almost a child. People said I was very handsome; your father thought so, and Lord Langley thought so also. It was a quarrel we had, a very silly quarrel. Never give way to temper, Nell; remember that! He broke off his engagement, and went away. I cannot think that I was in the wrong now," she added, with a sudden drawing up of her head.

Eleanor was listening with a look of new comprehension on her face.

"Lord Langley?" she said. "Do I not remember him?"

"Yes; he came back at last. I had other suitors; more than you have had, or can have with our broken fortunes,

but——” She paused, and laughed a little affectedly. “Tell me, Nell, is this patch well placed?—here on my cheek, or should it be a trifle higher?”

She went to the mirror, and stood before it adjusting the patch, and continued speaking from thence with her back to her niece.

“Somehow no one but my Lord Langley would have suited me. I could afford to be capricious then, which you cannot. He came back at last—your father always said he would come back—things were changed. Your mother had been long dead; you were growing tall (people thought you were my younger sister), and the troubles had begun. You know how it was; how all the money went—mine went first, it was more easily laid hands upon; and the Restoration, to which we all looked forward with confidence, seemed further off than ever.

Your father got into trouble, and we had to fly the country. Do you remember, Nell? I had but one gown, and you scarce that. It is all over now. Lord Langley came back when we were on the eve of departure.”

“Dear Aunt Betty!” said Eleanor, rising and putting her arm round the shaking figure.

“I tell you, Nell, women are only born for self-sacrifice; the money was all gone, your father had lost his health as well, so we agreed that it was useless to think of it. He behaved like the true gentleman he was. He kissed my hand—nobody kissed a hand with such grace as he—and we said good-bye, and we crossed the sea. It was his doing that my brother obtained leave to return, and escaped confiscation of this estate. That sort of service a lady may accept, no other.”

“And then?” said Eleanor, gently.

“He married one of the Fleetwoods of Gilbert Hall; their mother was a Murray. I hear they have several children, all very plain indeed. Mistress Mary Fleetwood was a very ugly woman, so it might have been expected. I have a cold in my eyes, Nell; the wind to-day has been very trying; I will go and bathe them with rosewater. Nay, do not kiss me, and do not cry; it spoils the complexion, and—and——”

Poor Mistress Betty broke into tears in spite of all her efforts.

Eleanor knew her aunt well; she knew that it was the actual relief from the most wearing anxiety that had unsealed her lips, and made her tell her little story; and she grieved not to have known it before, thinking that the knowledge might have made her more tender to this aunt, who was at once so frivolous and so brave.

(To be continued.)

WHY PERSONAL REMARKS ARE TO BE AVOIDED.



THE fact that we can all of us recall innumerable instances where personal remarks may be made without any breach of the laws of courtesy, and without entailing any results that are undesirable, by no means entitle us to question the value of the various considerations which issue in the injunction—never to make a personal remark.

When, for instance, in one of George Eliot's novels, the Radical hero breaks a long silence by suddenly saying to Esther Lyon, “You are very beautiful!” the remark is certainly a personal one, but it is raised out of the sphere of the ordinary personal remark by the relations between Esther and Felix, and by the train of thought in the latter's mind.

For, the next moment, Felix Holt falls to wondering whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring “the force there would be in one beautiful woman, whose mind was as noble as her face was beautiful—who made a man's passion run in one current with all the great aims of his life.”

The intention at the back of the personal remark here justifies it, for Felix does not wish to flatter, or ingratiate himself with Esther, he only wants to keep her from being one of those women “who hinder

men's lives from having any nobleness in them.”

Clearly the condemnation of personal remarks does not extend to such cases as these; but then, we must remember, such cases are exceptional. Those which most frequently present themselves are of the kind where the provocation to the remark has its root in some trivial impulse or petty interest. Now directions for our guidance in social matters have to be more or less generalised—that is to say, they have to overlook the many occasions when the directions can safely be disregarded. Rules of conduct, in short, have to be laid down on the lines of universality, and the necessary modifications have to be made as one's experience widens, just in the same way as in enlightened methods of teaching languages, rules have to be taught first, and the exceptions have to be left to be gleaned later on by the intelligence of the student acting on what comes before him.

Why personal remarks must for the most part be deprecated, we can very easily see. Personal remarks of the objectionable kind fall into three classes:

1. The Offensive, or those which unduly disparage the person addressed. Ignorance of all that constitutes individual merit, and petty envy and spite are generally at the bottom of this kind of remark.

2. The Fulsome, or those which unduly flatter the person addressed. Desire to stand well with one's fellows, no matter at what cost, and a general lack of conscientiousness in social intercourse engender these.

3. The Embarrassing, or those which cause a feeling of awkwardness to spring up in the assembled company, as when, by complimenting one lady on the exquisite clearness of her complexion, attention gets painfully, albeit unwittingly, drawn to the sallowness of the lady sitting next her. Obtuse sensibilities are clearly responsible for these.

On the other hand, the qualities which issue in the acceptable kind of personal remarks—in those we may exhaustively classify as the Kindly Appreciative, the Instructively Critical, and the Pleasantly Introductory—such qualities plainly are high in character and rare in occurrence.

Criticism and appreciation demand generosity and insight, as well as a kindly interest in humanity; while it is tact alone which will

enable one to make such judicious personal remarks as shall put people at their ease under circumstances of difficulty. It is obvious, then, that personal remarks which are the outcome of such qualities as these—qualities not possessed by the majority of men and women—will much less frequently be heard than that other kind, which springs out of prevalent petty failings.

Hence, in order to guard against this last sort, it becomes expedient, in the first instance, to lay an embargo on all personal remarks whatsoever.

Thoughtless egotists who, thinking only of the gratification of being popular, pay exaggerated compliments to every person with whom they come in contact, do much more harm than they ever realise. More especially do they inflict a serious injury on young and impressionable girls. To these, in their youthful inexperience, the false coin of current flattery must always seem to ring true. Assure the average young girl that she has a lovely voice, that she looks charming, and that her conversational inanities are flavoured with wit and seasoned with vivacity, she unhesitatingly accepts what she takes to be an involuntary tribute to her perfections, and straightway tends to become self-sufficient and arrogant. The inevitable result then is not long in showing itself. Supremely satisfied with herself and her small achievements, she relaxes all further efforts towards self-improvement, and so loses every chance of ultimately becoming what her flatterers have assured her she already is.

It is not that praise itself is harmful—the harm arises out of the reckless, unthinking way in which the praise is administered. People who say glibly to a young girl, radiant in all the freshness of sixteen years and a summer toilette, “How nice you look!” do not pause to inquire if hers is a temperament which will derive benefit from such remarks as these. If she be of a shy and retiring disposition, apt to take an unduly low estimate of her personal attractions, and so, to be brusque and curt in society, the stimulating effect of these complimentary words may be entirely good. She may be induced by them to lay aside that excessive diffidence which so often is scarcely distinguishable from stiffness and an unamiable temper, and may exert herself to be genial and pleasant to those around her. On the other hand, let her be a girl with a weak and foolish

nature, and this very same remark may send her to study airs and graces in front of the looking-glass, and may make her imagine that her share in this world's work is to be limited to displaying her pretty face to the utmost advantage.

But to both these most opposite contingencies the person who makes the personal remark is thoroughly indifferent. She says what she does, either because it is the first thing that comes into her head, or worse still, because she likes to be liked, and is careless what means she adopts to ensure being so.

She makes the complimentary speeches for her own ends, and not with any view to the pleasure or welfare of those to whom she speaks. Hence she works evil both to herself

and others, lowering her own character and injuriously affecting theirs.

But it must not be supposed that an almost equal measure of harm is not done by the personal remarks issuing from that very large class of persons who "like to speak their minds," and who deem an offensive rudeness justified the instant they can aver "It's perfectly true."

Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire, and obvious as it may be, for instance, that a young woman of thirty is no longer a girl, she will scarcely enjoy being told, when some plan is under discussion, that "she is quite old enough to be able to decide for herself," or being assured that she need not trouble about her bonnet being shabby, as "no one is likely to notice her."

The harm involved in personal remarks of this kind is just the harm of causing pain, a result we have no right to produce, unless we can plead specific good aimed at as our excuse.

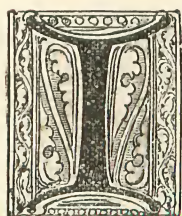
And I venture to think, fewer outspoken speeches of this unkind character would be heard in daily life if people only realised a little more fully that "a small unkindness is a great offence," and if, in their professed reverence for truth, they took care to appreciate the vital truth contained in Hannah More's homely couplet:

"To spread large bounties, though we seek in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain."

ADA HEATHER-BIGG.

THE SERVICE OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY VERSUS UGLINESS.



In the old fairy tales there is such a fund of true poetic insight, and their strange guesses at truth, so much which our latest knowledge cannot contradict, that we seem never to outgrow the charm they had for us as children. Their suggestiveness grows with

our understanding, and to the end we may find in these life-parables a mysterious undercurrent of meaning.

~Such a fairy tale is "Beauty and the Beast." Besides its mythological meaning, besides the literal acceptance of it as it sank into our childish minds, receptive and unquestioning, we may trace in the dear old story a deep, significant truth. Beauty does not reach her completion while she remains absorbed in herself. Not until she foregoes all else to give herself away in pure devotion, does she gain supreme happiness. Beauty gives herself to redeem her father's promise to the Beast, and then again, by her self-surrender to him, transforms the Beast into a higher nature. And this old, old story is still being played at, if we have eyes to see it. We have preached beauty in all her excellence, as worthy of our service; but we must not close without pointing out how that excellence is best attained. We must not persuade our readers to dwell in the House Beautiful, without warning them of the danger of remaining there wrapped in lonely contemplation. It must be used as a point of vantage whence we may sally to attack ugliness, in the war which is the chief service beauty imposes on us. We have, indeed, no right to stay in our soul's quiet retreat of loveliness, until we have redeemed our Father's promise to that beast of want and ignorance and disease, which is still in our midst; a living contradiction to all we hold dear in the world of imagination, to all the beauty that should be "in man and the earth he dwells on." We are no true lovers of beauty if we selfishly stay behind, shutting our eyes to all necessity of action, while this beast in vain demands our self-surrender. Our devotion alone can transform him. The poor Beast in the story was under an evil spell, and his coarse exterior hid a noble nature. Let us have faith in our wretched fellow-creatures, and we shall find how to break the spell of degradation by the enthusiasm of our love.

If our natures were rightly tuned, it should indeed be impossible for us to find any harmony of beauty in the midst of the terrible discords about us. But we are all imperfect instruments;

we lack imagination. If our susceptibilities were as keen really as we sometimes imagine, there would be no rest, no comfort for us, while such hideous degradation and dreary ugliness were spread around, even to the very doors of our homes. It is to be feared that many are content with a fool's paradise, and willingly guard their tender susceptibilities from the rude truths of reality. But, however we may fence these off, we cannot cheat that law of our nature by which indifference to the claims of others affects our sensibility throughout. We can never open our eyes fully to the sweet teachings of the book of nature while our hearts are dead to the needs of our fellows, who lie as it were in dungeons far from her sunshine and purity. We shall never enjoy to perfection our pictures and our poems, till we have tasted the pleasure of awakening in another soul a kindred joy of appreciation. We shall never be truly thankful for the peace and grace and harmony of our homes, until we have watched the effect they have wrought on those to whom tumult and disgrace and discord have been like a natural element. We shall never take proper pride in our own dress and manners till we have brought at least decency into those of our poor sisters.

No doubt the finer our perception of beauty, the more exquisite will be our pain in coming into contact with these manifestations of the "Beast," but the pain is soon lost in the pure pleasure of winning, of even striving to win, something over to the evidence of God's beauty and truth in the world.

Many men and women, thank God, are waking to recognise this imperative call, and feeling the cheering reward of acting up to it, in spite of all the discouragements and disappointments which attend such efforts. Noble examples need not long be sought: there are enough to inspire us all of those who have found this "spell to make life beautiful, of loftiest thought to lowliest service bowed."

Mary Carpenter, Octavia Hill, Sister Dora, and a host of others have furnished us with fine ideals of a womanhood which can countercharm the "Beast." It is not given to us all to set on foot great movements, or to work far-reaching social reforms, or to devote our whole lives to the care of the sick, the sad or the sinful. But something we can all do, and it is at our peril we leave it undone. We can each have at least one friend among those to whom life wears an aspect hard and dreary compared to our own, and we can brighten and comfort that sadder lot with many a quiet but effectual touch.

It would not indeed be well for young girls to set about reforming or directing those older and often far wiser in the practical side of life than themselves, simply because they are richer

and better educated. Ruskin in his "Letter to Young Girls," which I wish they would all learn by heart, says:—"Serve the poor, but, for your lives, you little monkeys, don't preach to them! They are probably, without in the least knowing it, fifty times better Christians than you, and if anybody is to preach, let them. Make friends of them when they are nice, as you do of nice rich people; feel with them, work with them, and if you are not at last sure that it is a pleasure to you both to see each other, keep out of their way. For material charity, let older and wiser people see to it; and be content, like Athenian maids in the procession of their Name-goddess, with the honour of carrying the basket."

That is wise advice: to leave the material part of charity to older-heads to organise. But mark how Ruskin makes the essential part of a girl's service of the poor, sympathy-feeling with them, weeping with those that weep, and rejoicing with them that do rejoice—through her imagination, putting herself in another's place. Now there is in a sweet girlish nature such tact or keen "touch-faculty" in approaching other natures, and in youth altogether such plasticity, as eminently fit a young girl for this kind of service. If such a girl is endowed also with a true perception of beauty and sensitive taste, by this sympathy her poor friend's ugly and dreary and dirty life will become simply intolerable to her, and she will never rest until she has brought into it some sense of order, some ray of beauty, some touch of grace. It has been said that he is a benefactor of mankind who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before. What shall we say of her who quickens the little seed of beauty, which lies dormant in every nature however hard and coarse, and causes it to bear fruit fair and sweet, in hearts and homes? It is just this sort of quiet, almost invisible work which a young girl can do without altering the even tenor of her life, or in any way making herself conspicuous—showing her pleasure in a room cleaned out of deference to her presence, bringing window-gardening into fashion by her influence, teaching and helping to make suitable and pretty clothing, using her sweet voice for singing or reading, to bring within reach of the dull and dreary, songs and stories and poems. There are a thousand and one ways by which each individually may seek and find her best service.

I wonder how many of my young readers have heard of the Kyrle Society and the noble work it is doing. Its object is "to bring beauty home to the people," and its motto: "To the utmost of our power." Its chief agencies are the decoration of clubs, hospitals, meeting-rooms, or any such places used by the poor in London; the securing and planting of

open spaces, and the distribution of plants and flowers among the poor; the organizing of free performances of the oratorios in districts where good music could hardly otherwise be heard; and the distribution of literature to hospitals, clubs, libraries, etc. All this work is purely voluntary, professionals as well as amateurs often contributing their help in the artistic and musical branches. I wish every girl would see the benefit to others, and the privilege to herself, of helping in some one of the many ways here pointed out "to bring beauty home to the people." Everyone has something to offer if she will.

There is no lack of choice in the methods which have been tried and proved useful by good and true leaders, if we wish to find the one best suited to us, and to enroll ourselves under beauty's banner, in the crusade against ugliness. Any possession, any talent, any grace, may be utilised, especially those graces and talents which adorn our English girlhood.

If my readers love beauty, as I believe all good girls instinctively do, I would beseech them to love it wisely and well; to drink in all they can of it from nature, to bathe their spirits in its pure perfection in art and literature; to show their allegiance to it in the

appearance of their homes and themselves; but not to rest content in this; to remember that as we eat to live, not live to eat, so our minds and spirits do not possess the power of absorbing beauty for their own gratification, but that they may assimilate it to live it out in sweet influences around them. If this consecration of our service be wanting, we may be persons of fine taste, and capable of such enjoyment as is open to the selfish, but we shall never penetrate to the inner sanctuary and see the invisible glories and hear the silent harmony of the beautiful, the true, and the good.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SISTER.—We should think that black, dark red, and dark shades of green would suit your complexion and take off the sallow look.

A BATH READER.—We can only suggest that the cage has been hung in a draughty place, and that the bird has got a chill.

CLARENCE.—We should think your general symptoms point to failure in your health, and we advise you to consult a doctor. You should not drink hot drinks, nor walk directly after eating. Both mind and body should be rested for at least a quarter of an hour.

LOVER OF "G.O.P."—Lucius Junius Brutus, the father and founder of the Roman Republic, was created consul, B.C. 505, on the fall of the House of Tarquin and the regal power. He fell in battle with the Tarquins, B.C. 509. Marcus Junius Brutus, born B.C. 85, served under Pompey, B.C. 49; pardoned and favoured by Caesar, B.C. 48. He was his chief assassin, March 15, B.C. 44; raised an army, and assumed the title of "Imperator," B.C. 43; defeated at the second battle of Philippi, and killed himself, October, B.C. 42. Marc Antony was nephew of Julius Caesar, born B.C. 83—was present at Caesar's murder—created a triumvir—gained the battle of Philippi—married Octavia—fell in love with Cleopatra—divorced Octavia, and Octavius made war on him in consequence—defeated at Actium—committed suicide by poison, B.C. 30.

W. LEWIS WILLIAMS.—There is a kind of loosely-shaped dress called a "tea gown," drawing in slightly with a ribbon or long cord, which may be worn at any time, in the house, before late dinner. But you are perfectly right in saying that it is not correct to appear in any sitting-room in the "ordinary dressing-gown" employed in a bedroom. The dressing of the hair takes place when wearing this garment, and for obvious reasons it is not desirable to wear it in the breakfast-room.

PORTIA.—The quotation is from *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet."

The lines you send are only very stiff prose, they are not blank verse, although they have no rhymes. The lines of blank verse are in length "heroic," but the breaks must be diversified, and fall in special places, not to speak of the grand, original, and beautiful ideas and similes with which it should abound.

Q. V. X. will find all she desires to know respecting the flowering broom, or *planta genista*, in the new series of articles now in course of publication in our magazine, entitled "Historical Flowers."

MARJORIE M.—The verse obliterated in your copy of Horace Smith's "Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition" is as follows:—

"Why should this worthless tegument endure,

If its undying guest be lost for ever?

Oh, yet we keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when but must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom."

We sympathise much with you in reference to your eyes. You should avoid using them at night.

A PATIENT.—You express yourself very strangely. We never heard of "flesh meat repeating on any one." But if you find meat difficult of digestion, dine early, masticate more effectually, and eat less of it, taking care to make up for any loss by substituting very nutritive things.

"ESSIE MONTROSIE."—Of course, anyone may wear mittens as an economy at an evening entertainment, but gloves are more usually seen.

HESTER GRAHAM.—You should apply to the secretary of the Girls' Friendly Society, 3, Victoria Mansions, Westminster, S.W., which has homes and clubs. There is also the Girls' Club Union, 59, Greek Street, Soho Square, W.; secretary, the Hon. Maud Stanley, 40, Dover Street, W.

E. C. CHUBB.—Miss Maxfield is the hon. secretary of an Early Rising Association, 82, Edith Grove, West Brompton, W. The hours for rising are: 7 during two of the terms, and 7.30 during the others. Enclose a stamped envelope for the rules.

"THE BELLE OF BELLE."—The final "s" is mute in the French phrase *à propos* (used to signify "to the purpose," with reference to the point in question"), and *mal à propos* means "ill-timed." The words *ma chère* are likewise French, and should be pronounced as if spelt (in English) "share." The word *fiancé* is masculine and *fiancée* feminine. Apply the ink to the hat first of all, and then the gum as a varnish.

LALLAH.—The surnames of the aristocracy, titled and untitled, were originally acquired from their lands, for the most part. In all European countries it was so, and this is demonstrated by the prefix *von* in the Austrian and German empires, and the *de* in France, answering to the English "of," which has not been (at least in later times) considered a necessary adjunct. Their names were also descriptive epithets in certain instances. The rest of the world, people well-to-do and respectable in position, though not of the highest classes of the nobility (for it was not necessary to have a title to be of that highest class), were without any surnames until long afterwards, and then their names usually indicated their trade or other occupation, or were taken by choice from the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds, from articles, attributes, colours, etc. The surnames of the aristocracy did not become regularly settled and hereditary much before the Conquest.

DOLLIE says she is "suffering most horribly with swollen faces." How many has she got? Whoever may be the possessor of such a "Dollie" is fortunate in its having more than one face, as they soon suffer from an eye out, and a flattened nose, not to say a "swollen face." The latter should be covered and kept warm, and the teeth should be examined, as the cause may be found amongst them. As to the "faces" being "too fat," Dollie need not feel alarmed, as it is a good fault, if such at all. She may get thin, lose the roundness of youth, and so age in her looks only too soon. Do not take anything to reduce your cheeks, or you will grow to look like a wizened apple, creased and wrinkled in the skin.

PATIENCE.—The disposal of "fancy work" is not any easy undertaking. To do it satisfactorily it ought to be on a business basis; that is, you should engage to work "to order" for some firm. There are shops in Oxford and Regent Streets, where you should take specimens of your work, and obtain orders. You might perhaps effect a sale of what you have done, either direct to the firm, or by giving them a commission on the sale and leaving them on view at the shop for that purpose.

MRS. EMILY MACLAINE (Tasmania).—We thank you for your very gratifying as well as interesting letter, and the pretty seed specimens. We are also obliged to you for your kind offer of sending us shells and shell necklaces. We regret that we are unable to enter into a plan for negotiations with a firm for millinery and dressmaking on your account. The little feathered seeds enclosed in your letter are very pretty. We agree with you that a poor lady might do well in going out to Clarke Island, Bass's Straits, Tasmania; and more especially if, with her vocation as an instructress to gentlemen settlers' children, she could work as an artist and dispose of her paintings. If you required such a person, you should advertise.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—Our indexes will show you that we have many times given directions for cleaning ivory. Rub it with slightly moistened whiteness. Oatmeal in water is "good for the skin," because it softens the water.

POLLY.—You should refer to "Whitaker's Almanack" for each year successively for all information respecting the hoods distinguishing graduates, and all holders of higher degrees in the several universities.

OUR BESSIE.—We have answered your question so very often, that we cannot inflict a lengthy repetition on other readers, but refer you to our Lord's own explanation: see St. Mark iii. 30. There were some who attributed the miracles wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost to that of devils, with which they accused our blessed Lord with being possessed. You do not believe that: therefore you are not guilty of that blasphemy.

"JOHN."—Your verses have some merit, but we doubt their proving of any value to you as saleable. You write a very good hand, and we regret that we cannot encourage the hopes you have formed.

ERICA.—The term "genius" denotes original intuitive perceptions and creative powers of mind, whereas great "talent" may be exhibited in comprehending and then adapting such discoveries and such creations of greater and more original intellects for personal use. Talent may build a splendid structure on the foundation laid by genius, without which such a structure could not have been raised. The man who composes an opera, for instance, shows genius (more or less great), while the man who assists in "rendering it" may show much talent, as, likewise, the painter of a fine historical picture may show the faculty of genius, while the copyist may exhibit great talent in its reproduction.

IN DIX MALO.—We do not believe that all "Marriages are made in heaven," as many of those who believe in Christian doctrines are "unequally yoked together with unbelievers," contrary to the Divine Will.

LILY.—We have already given directions for preserving the colour of pressed flowers. See vol. ix., page 799.

"NERVOUS GIRL." is thanked for her letter and little paper on the subject of the love of God. It is a subject on which we cannot reflect too much, and one of which, when trials come, we are apt to lose sight.

STUDENT OF DEAF MUTE HISTORY.—We think you would do well to extend your studies to that of Dr. Richardson's "Diseases of Modern Life," which demonstrates that notwithstanding the necessity for close intermarriages and its frequently experienced ill effects, "The average duration of the life of the Jew is 48 years and nine months, and of the Christian 36 years and eleven months." You had better read from pages 19 to 25 inclusive. We regret to hear that so many cases of deafness exist amongst them.

L. L. D.—The lines you send for criticism are not poetry; they are neither "blank verse" nor metrical rhymed verses. It is a sad case when the occupants or visitors of "a drawing-room" are not "women of education;" when educated they are, nevertheless, fitted for any place or position.

TULIP.—The injunction given by St. James can be followed in the obvious sense of it, without always doing so to the letter. We must never speak positively in reference to the future, for the present moment alone is ours. You may say "We hope to do so and so," or "God willing," ever bearing in mind that our heavenly Father's good providence must order all the events of our lives, however trifling they may seem, and we must let others see that we do so.

FIDDLER.—The catgut harpstrings we have always kept well oiled, and shut up in a tin box made for the purpose. They should not be kept in a very hot, dry place. We advise you to consult a violin-maker as to the care of your own, and of the strings.

SENTIMENTAL SEVENTEEN.—We have ceased to give any further advice respecting the complexion, or any matters connected with the toilet. See the articles by "Medicus" on these questions. Spots on the face are results arising from respectively different causes, viz., indigestion, poor blood, improper diet, indulgence in many sweet things producing acidity. Consult your own doctor; no stranger who had never seen you could prescribe for you, nor pronounce an opinion on your case.

A GIRL AND AN ORCHARD The Four Seasons.

'Twas morn & Spring time when I stood
And gazed upon an Orchard fair,
A girl ran through the blossom'd wood
Ran laughing, & without a care;
All lovely, and as white and red.
As the sweet blossoms overhead.

The years like days have dawned, died.
One summer noon I lay at rest
Within that orchard's shade, beside
A woman whose sweet care had blest
And comforted a wounded life;
My tender, patient, loving wife.

Time passeth. In mine orchard, graced
With comely fruit its boughs upon,
One autumn afternoon there paced
A mother counselling her son;
With finger raised she taught the lad
And all in sober garments clad.

But hush! 'Tis wintry evening now
And loving years have laid their snows
Upon that woman's peaceful brow.
Through the white orchard, see, she goes;
She hears a cry of welcome "Come!"
Where is she going? Going home.

O girls, who grow to women! learn
A lesson from my orchard trees,
The blossoms into fruits must turn,
Love, Duty, tender patience these.
Then shall your winter snows show fair
As the white blossoms now ye wear.

S. Ruth Canton.





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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE TWIN-HOUSES.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Restitution," &c.

PART III.

FRUIT OF DISCONTENT.

LUCY was wondering how she should spend her Christmas holidays—how best utilise them for the good of her mother and the poor—when a sharp knock at the door announced the postman. There were only two deliveries of letters at Merriton, one at 8 a.m. and the other at 8 p.m., and this was the evening post. She answered the imperative summons, and "A letter for you, miss," greeted her from the postman, whom she knew well. With a "Thank you, Burford," she carried the letter to the sitting-room, where her mother sat expectant, hoping for news of her boy.

"Is it from Fred?" she exclaimed, breathless.

"No, mother. I don't know the hand; but it is from London," replied Lucy.

She opened the envelope and glanced through the short letter it contained. It was from a stranger, and dated from a London hospital. It ran as follows:—

"Your brother is dangerously ill. He is in this hospital, and wishes to see you. Come at once if possible. I am one of the medical staff.

"Yours truly,

"JAMES PEARSON."

Lucy tried to conceal this from her mother for a few moments, but Mrs. Oliver, seeing that she turned pale, snatched the letter from her hand.

"My poor Fred! My darling boy!" cried the mother, with a sudden movement of terror. "Perhaps he is dying!"

"The doctor only says 'dangerously ill,' mother," returned Lucy, restraining her own agitation. "I will go by the first train to-morrow morning. There is none to-night. You must try to keep up, dear mother. God has never yet forsaken us, and He never will."

Mrs. Oliver had seen too much sorrow in her time to give way, and nerved herself to send Lucy off at once for Martin. He was just closing the shop, and came at once, followed soon after by old Gripson. There was grief and consternation amongst them, but no uncertainty. Lucy must go. Martin wished to accompany her, but she negatived this. There was no money to spare, and although Gripson offered to help, the independent spirit of the Olivers rejected his liberality.

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"HAIL, SLEET, WIND, RAIN WERE SWEEPING THE STREETS."

"Thank you a thousand times, Mr. Gripson," said Lucy. "When poor Fred went away he put five pounds into my hands for mother. I kept them for him, feeling that the time would come when he would want them. It has come, and I will use the gift for travelling expenses, and perhaps for bringing him home."

"You'll want more than five pounds, Lucy," said old Gripson.

"Then I'll write and ask you, Mr. Gripson. Martin must stop at home with mother. I'll summon him if necessary."

"You've never been in London in your life, child," said old Gripson.

"But I always longed to go," returned Lucy, forcing a smile.

"We must pack up at once," said Mrs. Oliver, rising: she was always equal to an emergency.

"I mean to go with her," said old Gripson, decidedly. "I must look after the spring fashions, though 'tis rather early, and I have business to transact. We don't want to lose another child, and send good money after bad, and we won't if I can help it. Good-night; I'll be ready for the train."

This astonishing proposal overcame the family trio, who scarcely knew what to think of it. Lucy doubted whether Mr. Gripson's company would be either pleasant or advantageous, but her mother and Martin were thankful that she should have a protector. They had no time to discuss it, for the preparations for the journey had to be made.

"The carpet bag will hold all I shall want," said Lucy. "I shall not need two dresses, and I can carry most of my wardrobe on my back."

Very fervent were the prayers offered for Fred that night, and there was little sleep in the small house on the hill.

Gripson did not change his mind, but met Lucy at the station the following morning. It was a frosty day, and under better circumstances Lucy would greatly have rejoiced in a trip to London. But as it was, she thought the journey would never come to an end. Her companion was very kind, and did his best to enliven her; but old Gripson was rather caustic than amusing, and she was disinclined for his accustomed criticisms on the world and its inhabitants. She was unhappy and very cold when they reached Paddington about three o'clock, and had soon reason to be thankful that she had a protector. What could she have done, she thought, amid that bewildering crowd of people and cabs that filled platform and outer space? She had scarcely time to wonder at the huge glass dome surmounting the station, before Gripson hurried her into a cab, and took her to a lodging and boarding house at some distance, where he was accustomed to stay when he visited London.

"Let me go at once to the hospital," was all she could say, but he insisted on her "eating and getting warm first." She did her best to please him, and then, at her earnest entreaty, he walked with her to the hospital, which was in the West-end, and not very far from the lodging.

She was awestruck at the out-patients in waiting in the large hall, and overwhelmed when told that it was after hours and not visiting day, and that she could not see her brother. Old Gripson asked for Dr. Pearson, and showed his letter to the secretary. He despatched a messenger, and bade them be seated. At any other time sympathetic Lucy would have been sadly pained by the women and children, biding their turn, in the hall; but at the moment she could think of nothing but Fred. The interval before the messenger returned seemed to her interminable, but in something less than half an hour she noticed a gentleman speaking to the secretary, who

pointed at her and Gripson. It was Dr. Pearson. He went to Lucy and asked if she were Miss Oliver. On receiving her answer he said he would take her at once to her brother.

"Don't mention me, Lucy. Take a cab and come straight back to the lodging. You have the address," said Gripson.

Lucy followed Dr. Pearson up several flights of stone stairs to a long ward full of beds, tenanted by male patients. He answered her breathless inquiries as they mounted, and preceding her to one of the beds, said in a whisper to the patient, "Here she is," and left her at the side of her brother.

Was this Fred? Could it be the young man from whom she parted about nine months ago, and who was then in the plenitude of health, spirits, and hope? He was so wan and thin that she almost failed to recognise him.

"Lucy! dear Lucy!" he murmured, and burst into tears.

She restrained herself with difficulty, bent over him, kissed him tenderly, and then sat down and took his hand.

"The doctor says you are better, and will get well—if—if—you can forget the last few months. You will, now I am here, dear. Mother sends her love, and so does Martin, and everybody," she breathed.

"I will try, but it is all a—a—failure," he said, hoarsely.

"Never mind. What does it matter, since you are better, and will soon be well, please God?" she returned, as cheerfully as she could.

Would he, could he get better? she asked herself as she held his emaciated hand, and looked at his hollow face. The doctor had told her not to excite him, and to say everything that was hopeful in as short a space as possible, since she must not remain long.

"I may come again to-morrow and stay some time," she said, as a nurse brought a cup of beef tea, which he drank.

"That is well!" ejaculated the nurse. "He has not swallowed so much at a time before, and nourishment is what he most needs now."

He smiled faintly and muttered the words, "Lucy—hope."

Lucy had indeed brought hope with her. He had lost that angel visitant in an attack of brain fever, consequent on disappointment and distress, and he was about to grasp her again. The doctor had timed Lucy's stay, and the short half-hour was over all too soon. She perceived that he could not bear conversation, and that he closed his eyes as if about to sleep, but the slight pressure of his hand assured her that he was conscious of her presence. When, at a sign from the nurse, she rose to go, he entreated her to stay, and the look of intense pain that followed her when she left him haunted her all that night.

Outside the ward she gave vent to her restrained feelings, and began to sob.

A hand was laid on her arm, and a kind voice asked what was the matter. She turned and saw a sweet face, and met the gentle eyes of a lady who was about to enter the ward she had left.

"My brother, my poor brother!" she sobbed.

"What is his name?" asked the lady.

"Fred Oliver. I think he is dying," she replied.

"I know him. The worst is over. I have a friend in the ward, and while visiting him have spoken to your brother," said the lady, hurrying on.

Lucy descended the stairs, comforted by this encounter, and on her way was met by Dr. Pearson, who told her to come again on the morrow. Seeing her sad and perplexed look, he accompanied her to the hall, hailed

a cab for her, and told the man where to drive her. Shaking hands kindly with her, he bade her be of good cheer, since he hoped for the best.

She found Mr. Gripson anxiously awaiting her. He had engaged a small private sitting-room, and had ordered tea and "something hot," as he expressed it.

"I daresay this illness will bring Fred to his senses," he said. "Nothing like a sick bed to think over one's sins. I've had a turn or two, and speak from experience."

He was not a comforting companion, and poor Lucy was glad to go to bed and think over the rapid events of the day.

The following morning she was punctual to the moment at the hospital. Fred had had a relapse during the night, and was very weak, and his mind wandering when she went to him. He did not recognise her at first, and when he did he became much excited. She succeeded in calming him, and he poured forth a strange medley of questions and self-reproaches, which she knew not how to stem. The one concerned his friends at Merriton, the other his life in London. She gathered from the latter that he had not been much more persevering in his efforts after a livelihood in town than he had been in the country, and had soon intermitted the labours needed to cultivate his voice, because he got no immediate return. He had managed to exist by singing at music-halls and inferior places, not believing that a long probation is needed for public success, whatever the goal to be reached.

When Lucy left the hospital a storm was raging without. Hail, sleet, wind, rain were sweeping the streets. It had been fine when she left the lodging, and she brought no umbrella. Half blinded, she managed to reach the lamp-stand in the centre of the cross streets, and not knowing what else to do, resolved to turn back and remain in the hospital till the violence of the storm was over. She turned back in effect, and saw a lady struggling with the tempest much as she was. It was the same, she believed, that had spoken to her on the hospital stairs. Both of them made for the door; Lucy reached the pavement first, and encountered a woman who was struggling along beneath an umbrella. She was insufficiently clad, and looked so feeble that, despite the sleet and the wind, Lucy instinctively paused as if to assist her. She was, in short, almost blown away, and the old umbrella in danger of being turned inside out. Lucy helped her to right it, and in doing so the poor, feeble soul laid her hand on Lucy's arm for support. The girl looked more narrowly at the stranger, and the glance was returned. Fresh, rosy, healthy Lucy was a great contrast to the pale, thin, ill-clad woman; but they were suddenly attracted to one another so forcibly that neither wind nor hail sufficed to unbind the sudden spell.

"Is it—is it—Lucy?" at length stammered the woman, and sank exhausted near the hospital door.

"Ruth!" almost shrieked Lucy, as she tried to raise her.

A third woman came up. It was the lady whom Lucy had seen struggling with the storm. They managed to get the fainting form within the hospital; then aid was instantaneous.

"Is it—is it Lucy?" stammered the seeming stranger, when she came to herself, on a couch in a neighbouring room.

"Are you my sister Ruth?" asked Lucy, kneeling at her side.

"I am," was the reply, and a scene ensued which melted the heart of the lady and the attendants who stood by.

Surely God was in that tempest. But for it and the forced return of Lucy to the hospital, the sisters had not met. "Man's necessity is God's opportunity."

"You must come with me, Ruth; it is not far," said Lucy.

"Let me drive you. My carriage is close by," said the lady, and without waiting for permission, faced the storm again, and hailed a coachman well enveloped in a warm rug.

Ruth made no opposition, and in a few minutes the sisters were side by side in a roomy brougham, their benefactress opposite them. She explained that she was one of the hospital visitors, and on the ladies' committee. They were at the lodging in less than a quarter of an hour. Lucy thanked the lady, whose name was Everard, very gratefully, and took Ruth to her wee parlour. Mr. Gripson was out, but Lucy ministered to her sister.

"Why did you not write home, Ruth?"

she asked, when that sister revived somewhat.

"William would not let me, because we were so unfortunate. We have not been long in England, and he is looking for employment. He said I should write home as soon as he gets something to do. He could not face his father after what had passed, until he was earning something. Mr. Gripson is so severe, and was so angry at his leaving home."

The sitting-room door had opened during this conversation, and Mr. Gripson had entered unperceived.

"That is how you talk of me behind my back," he said in an aggrieved tone, for the voices of the sisters were alike, and he thought Lucy was speaking.

"Mr. Gripson, I have found Ruth," she said, going to meet him.

"Ruth! Then where is William?" cried the old man, staggering towards his daughter-in-law.

"He and the children are in London," said Ruth, timidly.

"Then why didn't you let me know?" he exclaimed, his voice trembling and his hands shaking, as he kissed her, and sank down on the couch at her side. "Let us go to him at once. No time to lose. Is he as starved as you? Are the children famished? Come along, both of you. We haven't come to London in vain, Lucy."

He hurried downstairs, went for a cab, and they were soon braving the storm again.

(To be concluded.)

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



VIRGIN ENTHRONED WITH INFANT AND SAINTS,
A.D. 1461.

THE NEW ROOMS—FLORENTINE SCHOOL.

OUT of the bustle of omnibuses and cabs, out of the glare of shops, and the pressure of the crowds of busy people who push past as if every one of them was hurrying to catch the last train for somewhere; out of all this noise, and bustle, and confusion, we ascend the steps in Trafalgar Square, and turn into the building which now indeed deserves the name of the English National Gallery.

The new rooms were completed and thrown open to the public about a year ago. The entrance is all newly arranged, and is simple and imposing. As the doors close behind us we ascend the handsome central staircase between marble columns, the lovely faint green, known as cipollino, alternating with the full rich red of the African marble. The floor under our feet is a delicate mosaic tessellated pavement.

On our right hand, and on our left, we pass the ascent to the English school, the Early on the one side, and the contemporaneous on the other. But we turn not to the right hand or the left, for those rooms we know of old.

Over the central doorway which now faces us, and which leads into the ancient Italian schools, are mottoes and bronze medallion portraits of the "Majores" (the "Great Ones") who have gone before; Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Correggio on the outer side; Rubens, Titian, and Rembrandt within.

We enter through this central door, and find ourselves at once in the first of the five new

rooms. Out of the busy life of this nineteenth century of to-day we have plunged into the life of Florence of the fifteenth century. The feeling at the first moment is as if we had entered a church. The contrast between the perfect silence after the roar of sound without, and the company of saints and angels that surround us on all sides within; the solemn colours, the grave and devotional expression on the pictured faces, you involuntarily catch your breath, and say, "Where am I?" feeling like the old monk Lippo Lippi, in Browning's poem, as if you were caught up unexpectedly in your everyday clothes into a higher region, "into a pure company, a celestial presence."

The pictures are now carefully arranged into schools and centuries, but from the centre of the first of the new rooms you can give a glance at the "progress of the ages," and standing in the centre of the first room, the room that represents the zenith of the great Florentine school, you can see facing you, in the far distance, that lovely altarpiece painted in Florence by the young Raphael, the one known as the "Ansidei Madonna"; you can see also, through the vista of rooms on your right, the latest development of art, that of portraiture, represented by the noble portrait of Charles I. on horseback, painted by Vandyke; while on your left, the quaint and curious figures that meet your gaze represent the stiff Early Italian schools, the cradle out of which arose the Renaissance, or re-birth, of art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Thus, in each room as you enter it, you find a central picture which may be said to give the keynote to the room.

"Two London Bachelors" in these very pages not long ago, when on their travels in Northern Italy, made the apt observation that it really is a question whether "a picture gallery is not altogether an artistic monstrosity," and a thing which had no existence when art was in its most healthy condition.

This strikes one here as most true. A picture gallery, where these sacred subjects predominate, is from a moral point of view evidently "an artistic monstrosity." The pictures do not owe their existence to love of art, but primarily to religion, and only secondarily to art.

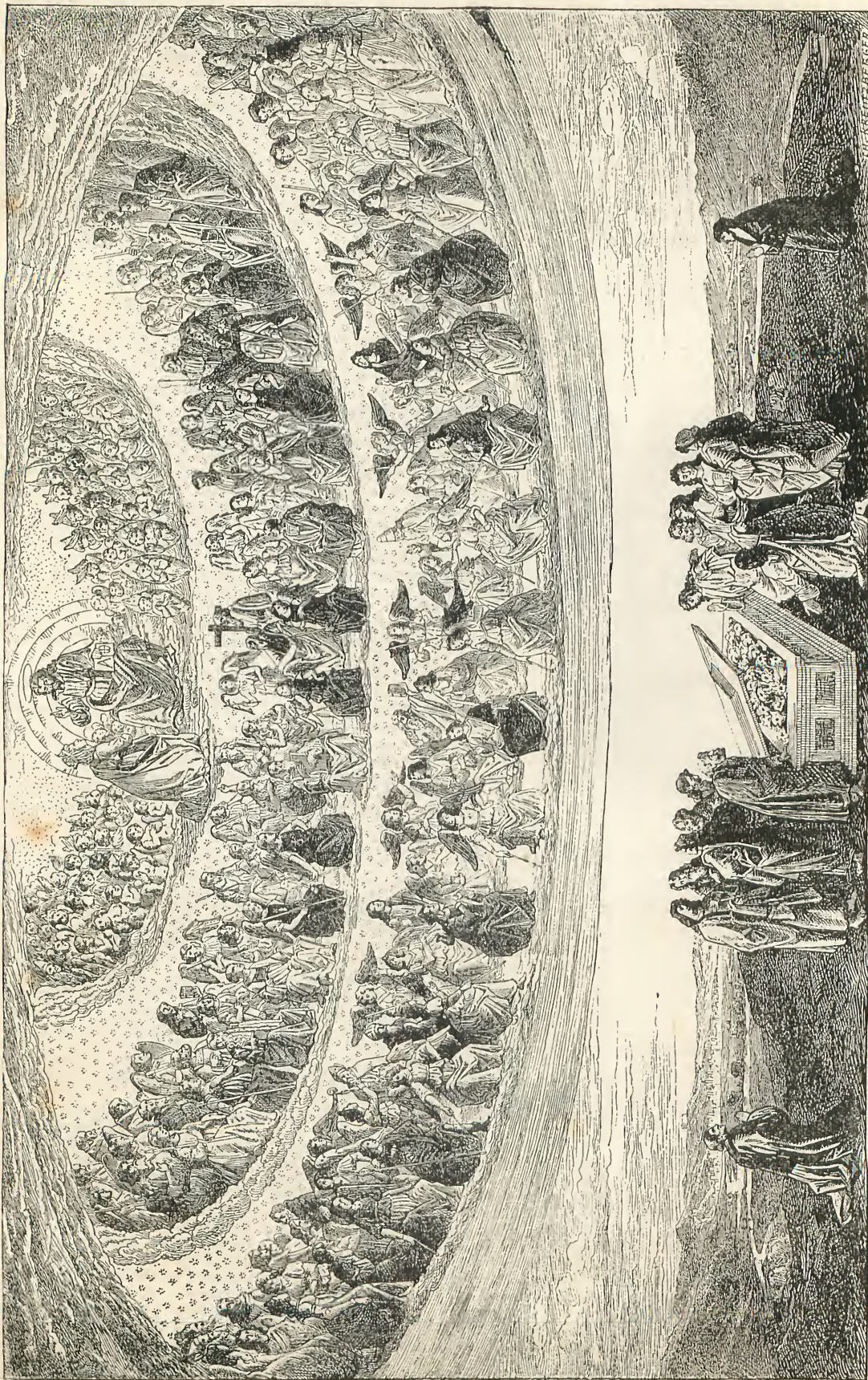
Early Italian art as here represented consists of small pictures, painted for the most part in *tempera*, not oil colours, and intended

either as altarpieces or at least to decorate some part of a church. They are always devotional, always intended for churches or for private chapels; if for the central altar of an important church, necessarily representing some chief article of faith; if for a private chapel, some legend, with various favourite patron saints added; and often some member of the donor's family is honoured by being included in the celestial company.

No. 727. Here, on our left as we enter, is a grand piece of solemn colour—the first picture that arrests our attention, "A Trinità," by Francesco di Pesello, a Florentine, his date 1422 to 1457; a very text to preach from, and to explain visibly to the most ignorant of worshippers the doctrine of the Trinity. It represents God the Father as a grand and dignified old man, magnificently robed in black and crimson, the pope's tiara on His head; He is seated on clouds in mid air, a stern, nay severe, expression on His features; He represents the stern Judge rather than the loving Father of mankind. He supports the crucified Saviour on His cross for the world's adoration. Rays of golden light appear to emanate from the head of the Almighty Father, while the Dove of the Holy Spirit hovers over the crucified Son. Cherubim and seraphim surround the throne, winged heads, painted, some entirely red, some entirely black. The cherubim—the angels who love—are red; the seraphim—the angels of knowledge—are black. Presumably they were blue when originally painted, for blue is the typical colour of knowledge, as red is of love; and the blue may have changed with time into black. The base of the crucifix rests firmly on the gloomy, dark brown earth. The picture was evidently intended for a high altar, and doors must have closed over it, the doors doubtless painted with some subject of inferior importance of an illustrative kind.

This picture is most grand and impressive. How many worshippers in those early days it may have strengthened in faith and confirmed in doctrine! Yet were such a subject to be attempted in our own time by a modern artist, we should surely deem it a profane attempt to paint the unpaintable. It is a curious fact that, in the revival of art in Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, no subject was considered too grand, or too solemn, for representation on the walls of the churches. The horrors of hell, the awful terrors of the Last Judgment were constantly depicted, presumably in the hope of terrifying sinners into repentance and the paths of righteousness.

Passing a "Virgin and Child" (No. 593), by Lorenzo de Credi, and "The Procession to Calvary" (No. 1143), by Ghirlandajo, a later painter, we turn on the left into the small side



THE HERETIC PICTURE. By Botticelli.

room devoted to the infant efforts of the Early Florentine and its cotemporary, the Early Sieneſe ſchool.

ROOM II.—EARLY FLORENTINE AND SIENESE SCHOOLS.

The firſt thing that ſtrikes us in this room is the very dazzling appearance produced by the gold backgrounds which predominate. While the ſecond is, how painfully crude and ugly are moſt of the forms painted on the gold. The gold background is always a mark of very early art, as it was the firſt and ſimpleſt way of obtaining effect.

This is not the earlieſt room in point of date in the Gallery. The very earlieſt—that one containing the Margheritone and Cimabue and others of the thirteenth century—is not one of the new rooms; we will therefore willingly content ourſelves with beginning at the ſecond ſtage of the revival of painting, inſtead of the firſt.*

Duccio of Buoninſegna, of Sienna (born 1260), was of about the ſame date as Cimabue (born 1240) of Florence, called by Vaſari, “the father of modern painting.” Duccio was to the ſchool of Sienna what Cimabue was to the ſchool of Florence. Like him, Duccio painted a picture which was carried in public proceſſion with muſic and rejoicing to its deſtination. There, in the cathedral of Sienna, it is ſtill preſerved with other of his works.

Like Cimabue’s picture, it represents that moſt popular of all ſubjects, the Virgin and Child. On it is a devout inſcription in Latin, a prayer for “reſt for Siena” and “life for Duccio” himſelf.

There are two ſpecimens of his powers in this room, beſides one in the earlier room, where we can compare the two maſters. In juſtice to Duccio, I muſt mention that the unpleasant green hue in the fleſh is not the colour that the artiſt left, but the reſult of over cleaning, which has deſtroyed the final glazings.

It is a pity that catalogues of galleries of early maſters do not tell us the name of the church or chapel where the picture originally hung, to what ſaint it was dedicated, and to what monaſtic order the church belonged; for there was always ſome ſpecial meaning attached to the arrangement of the various figures; a ſaint might occupy the principal poſition in one picture, and take a ſecondary one in another. A whole hiſtory would be implied in the ſelection of the different ſaints, and the poſition they relatively occupied. Fra Lippo Lippi—in a poem by Robert Browning, which well illuſtrates my meaning—is ſuppoſed thus to deſcribe a picture he intends painting for the nuns of the Convent St. Ambroſe. The painter is made to ſay:—

“I ſhall paint
God in the miſt, Ma-
donna and her Babe,
Ringed by a bowery,
flowery angel-brood,
Lilies and veſtments and
white faces. . . .
And then in front, of
courſe, a ſaint or two—
Saint John, becauſe he
ſaves the Florentines;
Saint Ambroſe, who puts
down in black and
white

The convent’s friends and gives them a long
day;

And Job, I muſt have him there paſt
miſtake,

The man of Uz (and Us without the z,
Painters, who need his patience).”

No. 283. We give a ſmall copy of a picture very much in this ſtyle by Benozzo Gozzoli, quite a typical ſpecimen. It is one of the very few in this room of early painters in which the background is not entirely gilt. As, however, not only the Virgin and Child, but all the angels and ſaints by whom ſhe is ſurrounded, have large gilt aureoles behind their heads, the picture has a very bright and gay appearance. St. John the Baptist ſtands next to the Virgin on her right, therefore we ſhould conclude that the picture muſt be for ſome church in Florence—even if we did not know the fact—as St. John the Baptist is the patron ſaint of Florence, an honour which St. Zenobius, who ſtands beſide him, ſhares. We infer that the church belonged to the Franciſcan monks from the poſition of St. Francis himſelf in the foreground, (his name is inſcribed on his aureole); ſome birds near him refer to his ſermons and loving addreſſes to “his fellow-creatures, the birds.” St. Jerome occupies the other place of honour in the foreground. He is identified by the cardinal’s hat, which lies on the ground beſide him.* St. Francis and St. Jerome are aſſociated together as being the two chief patron ſaints of penitents.

St. Peter holds the Gospels, and ſupports the Virgin on her left, as the Baptist does on her right; while St. Dominic, who invented the roſary in honour of the Virgin, is the companion figure to St. Zenobius on the ſecond plane of importance. The angels ſtand in pairs behind the Virgin and Child. Even the trees in the landscape, behind, ſtand in two pairs behind the two angels.

The contract for this picture is ſtill in exiſtence—dated October 23rd, 1461. It ſtipulates, among other things, that the Virgin ſhall be made ſimilarly in mode, form, and ornaments to the Virgin in Fra Angelico’s picture of the Virgin,

* The cardinal’s hat is one of the conventional attributes by which we recognise St. Jerome in pictures. As cardinal prieſts were not ordained for three centuries after the death of St. Jerome (in 420), this is a diſtinct anachroniſm.

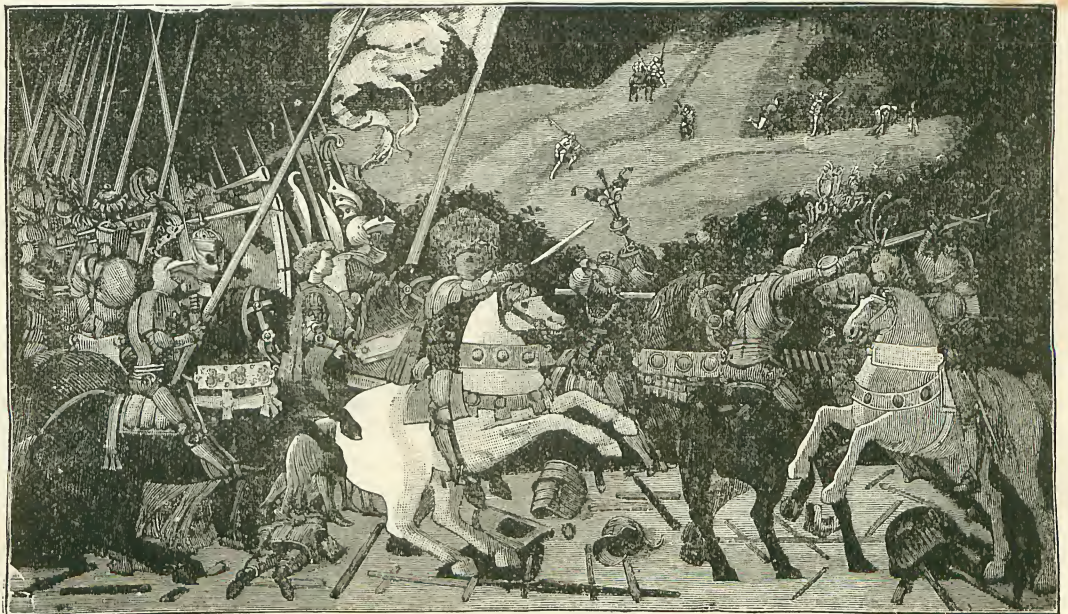
enthroned over the high altar of San Mark, Florence.

All this tends to ſhow how completely the artiſt was at this date working in fetters, and that a picture was looked upon by the church, not as a work of art, but ſimply as a means of inſtruction in doctrine and tradition for the unlearned populace, for whom pictures in thoſe days took the place of books. Immediately below is a picture of the Reſurrection, by that ſaintly and loving man, Fra Angelico, as an artiſt, perhaps, ſomewhat over-eſtimated.

No. 663. “Chriſt ſurrounded by angels in the miſt of the bleſſed. The patriarchs, the prophets, the ſaints, and the martyrs, etc.” Upwards of two hundred and fifty ſmall figures, all finiſhed like the moſt exquisite miniatures. This work was painted for an altarpiece for the Church of St. Dominic at Fieſole. We know at once by the prominence given to the black and white dreſs of the Dominican monks that the church for which it was deſtined belonged to that order. Indeed, there are apparently no other monks in Angelico’s heaven excepting Dominicans. Fra Angelico had entered that order himſelf in the year 1407, at the age of twenty, full of religious enthuſiaſm. His pictures are deeply imbued with that ſpirit; but it muſt be confeſſed that in power of drawing and artiſtic arrangement he was nearly a generation behind his time.

No. 1,155. A picture by another early Sieneſe artiſt, Matteo di Giovanni, “The Aſſumption of the Virgin,” tells its own ſtory to anyone who has ever heard the legend. The painting is dry and hard, but the figures of the angels who dance and ſing are full of delightful movement. “At the lower part of the picture is represented St. Thomas by the empty tomb of the Virgin. According to the legend, Chriſt removed to heaven the body of His Mother, and Thomas alone of the apoſtles reſuſed to believe. In pity for his want of faith the Virgin let fall her girdle as ſhe aſcended into heaven. This legend was a frequent ſubject with the old painters.”

No. 909. The Gallery contains a fine example by a diſtinguiſhed fellow-townſman of the latter, namely, Benvenuto of Siena. In the compartments on either ſide are figures of St. Peter and St. Nicholas of Bari. The latter ſeems to have been an extremely popular ſaint in this part of Italy.



* See ante, “National Gallery,” vol. v., p. 557.

I think, in order to really enjoy these early pictures, one of two things is necessary: either an especial interest in the progress and development of the art of painting, or else a familiarity with the legends and histories of the saints and martyrs of the early Christian Church.

At the time that these pictures were painted these stories were made really popular by the monks, and thus people, both high and low, were thoroughly familiar with them. But with most of us now it is not so. Consequently many of the pictures require long elaborate explanations, to be either interesting or even intelligible. They are to us like words in a dictionary instead of the familiar ideas of everyday life. But how different is our feeling from that of the spectators in any churches where they were originally placed! Let us fancy ourselves standing before this very picture, and questioning a peasant of Siena of the fifteenth century about it.

"Yes," he would say, "there is our Lord and His blessed Mother in glory. There is St. Peter, with the keys that unlock the gates of heaven and hell on their right."

And the bishop on their left, who is he? "St. Nicholas of Bari," we ask as we read his name. And the peasant would exclaim at our ignorance—"What, not know St. Nicholas of Bari? The good bishop who protects our sailors at sea, who helps all peaceable citizens and poor, hard-working men." "Not know kind St. Nicholas!" would echo all the little children; "why, it is he who fills our caps and stockings full of nice things on his day, if we be good, and learn our lessons well." "Not know our good St. Nicholas!" the girls would add; "why, it is he who helps to find us husbands! See, there are the three golden balls with which he dowered the three poor destitute maidens! They are embroidered on his robe and repeated at the top of his crozier, and other decorations tell also of his various charitable actions."

Great as is the contrast between the busy life of commerce outside the National Gallery and the subdued religious aspect of these pictures of sacred subjects inside, the noise without, and the quiet as of another world within, it is as nothing compared to the contrast presented to the citizens between these pictures, in their original sacred shrines, and the scenes of riot and bloodshed so often witnessed in the streets or their cities.

"The prevailing note of Siena and the Sienese," says Professor Symonds,* "seems to be a soft and tranquil grace; yet this people had one of the stormiest and maddest of Italian histories. They were passionate in love and hate, vehement in their popular amusements, almost frantic in their political conduct of affairs. The luxury for which Dante blamed them, the levity De Comines noticed in their government, found counterpoise in more than usual piety and fervour. St. Bernardino, the great preacher and peacemaker of the Middle Ages; St. Catherine, the worthiest of all women to be canonised; the blessed Colombini, who founded the order of the Brothers of the Poor in Christ; the blessed Bernardo, who founded that of Monte Oliveto—were all Sienese. Few cities have given four such saints to modern Christendom." Accordingly we find that the Sienese generally introduce one or other of these their national saints (so to speak) into their pictures.

We leave the Sienese Room and cross over to the corresponding room on the opposite side.

ROOM III.

Here we come upon the unexpected sight of a spirited battlepiece. It is the earliest picture in the Gallery not of a religious subject, and, of course, not intended to be placed in a

church. No. 583. "The Battle of Sant' Egidio," 1416, by Paul Uccello (born 1396).

For a moment we get a glimpse of the life of the Italian cities outside of the religious life. The incessant fighting that went on—fighting in the streets, fighting in the gardens; fighting between one city and another; fighting between the nobles and the people, fighting for supremacy between one family of nobles with another, till many a one had bitter cause to say with Mercutio, in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*—

"A plague on both your houses!"

The catalogue informs us that at this battle "Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, and his nephew, Galeazzo, were taken prisoners by Braccio di Montone, Lord of Perugia." We learn also from Vasari, that "in Gualfonda, on a terrace of the garden which formerly belonged to the Bartolini family, are four battlepieces (painted) on wood by Uccello's hand. The horses and armed men in splendid vestments of the fashion of that day are very beautiful, and among the figures are portraits of Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini," and many others, all great captains of those times.

A doubt has been thrown by a French critic as to whether the picture represents that particular battle, from the fact that the banner is not that of the Malatesta family. Anyhow we have before us the representation of such a fight as constantly went on in Siena, or Perugia, or any of the towns of North and Central Italy in those feverish and excitable times.

The scene is laid in a garden or shrubbery, with rose trees and pomegranates in the background. The nobles fight on horseback, their vizors down; their followers—in the distance—fight on foot. Of those on horseback, only two faces are uncovered. One is that of a stalwart man in middle life, wearing a gorgeous turban on his head; the other belongs to a fair and comely lad, with a shock of yellow hair, of perhaps fourteen years of age. Both are evidently portraits of persons belonging to some distinguished family. One point of interest to be noted in this picture is the introduction of horses; the first time that such a thing was attempted in Italian art, and in very spirited action too. Another is the endeavour, then new to art also, to represent figures and objects in perspective. Staves and weapons lie about on the ground, and even the figure of a dead knight is violently foreshortened into the picture, with his heels towards us.

It is all rather odd, but we are bound to consider that this Paul Uccello must have been a man of great originality and daring to have attacked so many difficulties that no artist had even thought of attempting before; nay, even to have represented a kind of subject until now considered not suitable for painting.

No. 916. Another picture not painted for church requirements hangs immediately above Uccello's battlepiece. It is by Sandro Botticelli (circa 1446 to 1510), "Venus pelted with roses by Cupids"; also probably a first and daring attempt to carry art into another field. But this artist lived fifty years later than Uccello. A very stiff and pudding-faced lady, with frigid little corkscrew curls, and a tight, white muslin dress, which seems to stick to her thin, lank person, does not appear to us to realise

"Italian Aphrodite, beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new bathed in Paphian wells."

But stiffness and ugliness had not been hitherto counted as drawbacks in painting the saints, whether male or female. And this subject, old in classic art, was a quite new subject to Christian artists. They had yet to learn something from the old Greeks, for as

Mr. Ruskin wisely puts it, "The one studied the spirit, the other the flesh, and the best art must study both." Those great patrons of culture—the Medici of Florence—had done much for the progress of art, not only by the splendid collections they had made of ancient statues and works of art, but also by throwing them freely open to public inspection. "Lorenzo de' Medici had even appropriated the gardens of his palace to the establishment of a school or academy for the study of the antique, and furnished the different buildings and avenues with statues, busts, and other pieces of ancient workmanship."*

Leonardo da Vinci, Torregiano, Michael Angelo, and a host of later men owe their artistic education to this garden of the Medici, and to the sight of these treasures Botticelli must have owed the idea of conceiving such a subject as that to which I have just referred, as well as that other more celebrated picture of his, "The Birth of Venus," in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence.

The so-called "Venus de' Medici" he could not have seen, for that noted statue was not yet recovered from the dust under which it had lain buried so many centuries.†

No. 1126. Another picture by Botticelli demands our attention, for to it attaches a most curious history. It has been called "The Heretic Picture," a name it scarcely deserves, as it was painted to illustrate a poem rather than to teach a doctrine. The subject is the "Assumption of the Virgin." Heaven is open before us, the Saviour sits enthroned above. He receives the risen soul of the Madonna who kneels before Him, while He raises His hand in benediction. The redeemed are gathered round the throne in three circles.

"In orbs

Of circuit inexpressible they stood,

Orb within orb."

There are the blessed spirits—denizens of heaven—the great multitude whom no man can number, forming the mystic "Rose of Dawn" which Dante saw in his vision revolving in radiant rings round the throne of God.

"Vidi nostra Citto quanto la gira."

"In that white-robed company angels bear a leading part—angels with fair human faces and tender human love in their eyes—who mingle with the rescued souls and tune their golden lyres, or look up to God in the rapture of heavenly beatitude." These three circles fill the upper, the celestial, part of the picture. In the first circle below the throne are angels, saints, and martyrs, secure of their heavenly crown, while in the lowest circle, mingled with the angels, are many who seem rather to be anxious candidates for their place above.

Below, on earth, the twelve Apostles look into the deserted grave to find—with astonishment—that it is filled with white, sweet-scented lilies. The town of Florence and the hills of Fiesole, as they looked when Botticelli saw them, appear in the distance, and the donor of the picture and his wife kneel on either side in reverent contemplation of the scene.

I think I ought to tell the story of how this picture came to be painted. A certain Professor Palmieri, a scholar and an official of high rank in Florence, desired his friend, Sandro Botticelli, the artist, to illustrate a poem which he had written (in emulation of Dante) called "La Citta di Vita"—the City of Life—in other words, Heaven. Palmieri destined this picture for the altarpiece of his family chapel.

Thus runs the story: "While Palmieri was living at Pescia, as governor of the Val di Nievole, in the year of grace 1451, on the 1st

* See Roscoe's "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent."

† The Medici Venus, found at Rome in the sixteenth century, and brought to Florence in 1680.

* "Italian Byways."

of August he dreamed a dream. His dead friend, Cipriano Rucellai, appeared to him and invited him to the yearly festival celebrated on that day in a monastery called Il Paradiso, near Florence. In his dream, Cipriano conversed with him about the state of spirits after death, where they dwell, and how they are permitted to revisit their living friends. Cipriano, moreover, in this dream, revealed to him weighty matters concerning the human soul. He told him how God first made angels in innumerable hosts. These angels separated into three companies: the one band followed Lucifer when he rebelled; the second held with Michael, and abode firm in their allegiance; the third decided neither for God nor for the devil. After Lucifer's defeat those angels of the third class were relegated to the Elysian fields, which extend to all points over the extreme periphery of the highest sphere, and God, wishing to give them a final chance of determining for good or evil, ordained that they should, one by one, be sent to dwell in human bodies. There, attended by a good and a bad spirit, they had the choice of lives, and after their death in the body, were to be

drafted into the trains of Lucifer or Michael, according to their conduct."

Having communicated this extraordinary doctrine, Cipriano vanished from his friend's sight with these words upon his lips:—

"Misero ad noi quanto mal segno

Rizaron quelli che si fer ribelli,

Per porre in aquilon loco piu degno."

This quaint old Italian rhyme apparently intends to denounce "woe on those who, when with better opportunity but badly led, again rank themselves with the rebels."

Following the example of Dante, who chose Virgil for his guide upon the beginning of his visionary journey, Palmieri took the Sibyl on his, and in other ways followed generally the manner and the plan of Dante's great work, the "Divina Commedia."

The picture, as a painting, is a splendid piece of colour, with the brown landscape at base, the rich garments, purple, and green, and scarlet, of the lower rank of aspirants for heaven, and the golden, star-spangled firmament in which the heavenly host is placed. "The varied attitudes and movement about the picture were the admiration of all

Florence. Palmieri, too, was pleased, since as we see he caused his own portrait and that of his wife, Niccolosia di Agnola di Serragli, to be introduced into the foreground, kneeling and worshipping in the far corners on either side of the tomb. Nor did anyone in Florence dare to utter a word against the altarpiece when it was placed in the chapel for which destined, in the Church of St. Pietro Maggiore.

"But a few years after the death of Palmieri, this idea of his that the neutral angels should have become mortal, and been allowed to inhabit the souls of men, was considered heretical. The defence of Palmieri's friends that this was a poetic dream, and in no wise intended for theological instruction or dogma, was disallowed. The picture was condemned, and a veil was hung over it, so that it should not lead men's minds astray.

"It was finally removed from its position as an altarpiece and sold to foreigners, to whom, as a gallery picture, its curious story adds to its already great value as a fine work of art, full of noble colour, fine drawing, and varied and tender expression."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES

THE BEST FEATURE.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired,
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.
Shakespeare.

THE HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

A countryman and his wife, having had some words, the man protested he would be revenged.

"Why, what will you do?" said his wife.

"Do!" replied he; "why, I'll go into the orchard and drown myself in the pond."

"And a good riddance," cried his wife. "I'll go with you to see it done."

They both went, and the man ran to the pond as though he would jump in, but stopped when he came to the side of it. His wife upbraided him, called him coward, rogue, and villain, and said she knew he had not the courage to do it. The man took another run, and stopped short as before, and his wife continued to abuse him.

At length he told her he really could not summon up courage to drown himself, but that if she would tie his hands behind him, which would prevent his saving his life by swimming, and push him in, she might, for he was weary of her ill temper.

"I'll do that readily enough," said she.

So she tied his hands behind him and he went to the side of the pond.

"Now," said the man, take a long run and push me a good way into the water, that I may be the sooner out of my misery."

"Never fear, you rogue," replied his wife, "I'll push you far enough in, I warrant you."

The man stood close by the pond with his back towards her, and she went to some distance from him and then came running towards him, that she might push him in with the more violence. But just as she came to him he stepped aside, and she fell flounce into the water.

"Help me out! Help me out!" she cried.

"I can't help you out," said he, "for you have tied my hands."

And so that scolding wife was drowned.

A NEAT SPEECH.

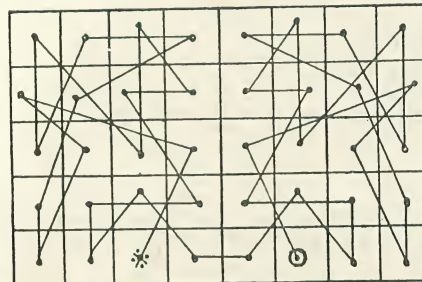
"You forget that I am an old woman," said a lady, in reply to the compliments of a gentleman who had known her in the loveliness of her youth.

"Madam," he said, "when our eyes are dazzled by a diamond it never occurs to us to ask a mineralogist for its history."

NOT SO BAD AS IT LOOKS.—As I approach the fog it seems at some little distance to be almost solid gloom, such as would shut out every glimpse of light and totally imprison me in obscurity. But when I enter it I find myself agreeably mistaken, and the mist much thinner than it appeared. Such is the case respecting the sufferings of life; they are not when experienced so dreadful as a timorous imagination surmised.—*Hervey.*

SYMMETRICAL PUZZLE.

Key to No. I.—Follow on from the star.



Merchant of Venice, Act iv., sc. i.

NO. II.

Produce a symmetrical figure as before, by indicating how these syllables should be read to form a quotation from Shakespeare.

but	and	not	bro	are	is	both	in	dif
man	should	thers	we	and	a	dust	in	dig
be	clay	so	man	like	ty	whose	clay	fers

READING AND THINKING.

Who readeth much and never meditates,
Is like a greedy eater of much food,
Who so surcloys his stomach with his cates,
That commonly they do him little good.
—*Sylvester.*

A NOBLE REPLY.—When Henry IV. of France was importuned to allow the prosecution of a person who had written a libel on him, he magnanimously replied, "I cannot in conscience do any harm to a man who tells truth, although it may be unpalatable."

DO IT WELL.—Whatever you do, do it well. The slighting of a task because it is apparently unimportant leads to habitual neglect, so that men and women degenerate insensibly into bad workers.

WHY AND BECAUSE.—Call her wise whose actions, words, and steps are all a clear *because* to a clear *why*.

AFRAID HE WOULD ESCAPE.

They were waiting for the minister. Said the groom to the bride:—

"Hadn't I better skip out and see what is the matter, my dear? The minister should have been here twenty minutes ago."

"No, George," said the bride; "you stay right where you are."

THE DUTCH SERVANT MAID.—The Dutch keep their houses exceedingly neat and clean. Speaking of this, Sir William Temple tells the following anecdote. A magistrate going to visit the mistress of a house in Amsterdam, knocked at the door, and a strapping North Holland lass came and opened it. He asked whether her mistress was at home; she said "yes," and with that he offered to go in. The young woman, however, noticing that his shoes were not very clean, took him by both arms, threw him upon her back, carried him across two rooms, set him down at the bottom of the stairs, pulled off his shoes, put him on a pair of slippers that stood there—all without uttering a word—and when she had done, she told him that he might go to her mistress who was in a room above.



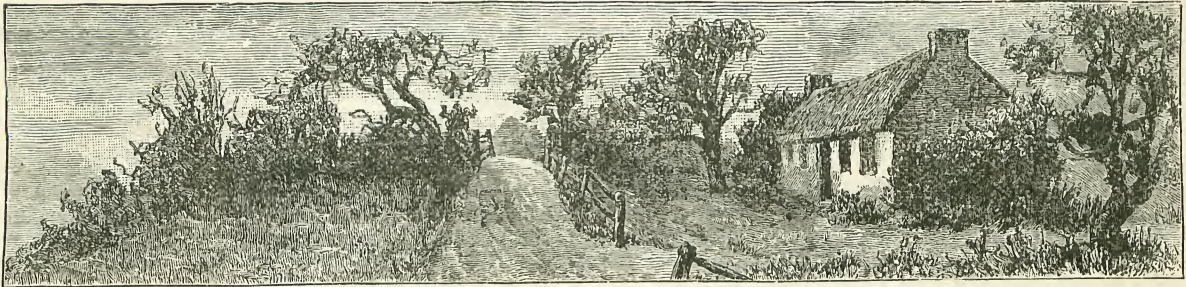
PILLOW-LACE.

PILLOW-LACE.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

TRUSTING His wise adjusting
 Of the pins in life's pillow-lace :
 Though the pattern be covered from curious sight,
 Believing the bobbins are moving aright,
 As His wisdom is pleased to place.
 Trusting, and merrily singing
 To the chink of the merry threads,
 As they twist about,
 Now in, and now out,
 With their precious and jewelled heads.

Trusting, and never thrusting
 'Mong the beautiful golden pins
 The fingers profane of my carnal sense,
 Lest in my folly I take from thence
 One thread that His love begins.
 Trusting, contented and happy
 To labour alone with Him,
 Till the threads I twine
 Work the fair design
 He traced in an outline dim.



FOR THE KING'S SAKE

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, Author of "Bessie's Sacrifice."

CHAPTER III.

THE days of betrothal passed swiftly away, all too swiftly to Eleanor. She lived in a kind of feverish dream, her one heart's cry ever, "What will Robbie say? what will he think? How shall I tell him? how will he bear it?"

She could not communicate with her brother; his exile made it too difficult; sometimes he was with his royal master, sometimes away from him, whereabouts she seldom knew. In those days her cheeks grew white and thin, and her eyes yet larger and more wistful.

When her betrothed came daily, as was his wont, to pace with her up and down the formal paths of the old garden, he found her always just the same, listening gently to all he had to say, answering with quiet monosyllables, but never eager, never enthusiastic. It seemed as if she cared for nothing that he told her; that his interests, the pursuits of his life, were alike indifferent to her. Deeply disappointed, he would even go to Mistress Betty for consolation. Skilled in superficial forms of comfort, she generally succeeded in encouraging him, and leading him into belief in her platitudes, her assurances that a modest maiden was unwilling to betray interest or feeling before her marriage—that bashfulness, youth, and inexperience all were in his way.

Once Mistress Betty could not help an impatient movement after he had left her; she stamped her foot and exclaimed—

"What fools men are! Heaven help

them! Can he not see that her heart is breaking before his eyes, and cease to hope for aught else! Tut, tut! if it is the modesty of youth I preach to him, and that he thus deplures; if it please him not, why not have proposed to me? It would have done as well, and saved that look in poor Nell's great eyes. Alas! youth—she will lose all the bloom of youth with this fretting. I look almost as young as she does, I protest!"

Once did Eleanor rouse up to keen interest. Sir Michael, thinking to entertain the old Squire, for whom he had always much tender consideration, brought over from his home some letters that he had received from Yorkshire, telling the story of a bold highway robbery which had just taken place there. He was reading the letter aloud, when he suddenly perceived the change in the face of his betrothed; it was glowing, transformed; her eyes sparkled, her lips parted.

"The story interests you," he said, turning towards her smilingly.

"Indifferently well," she answered. "We, that is Robbie and I, have always taken a romantic interest in the gentlemen of the road."

"Perhaps even at some time you have been acquainted with someone among them?" said Sir Michael, smiling. "Though but few of the heroes who took purses and cut throats in the name of an old cause are alive now."

"Few left," said the old Squire, with a long low sigh. "The leaves rot and fall from the trees, no sap, no hope, and the Blackbird has ceased to sing."

"Father," said Eleanor, soothingly, "winter and summer pass, spring comes at last."

"But the Blackbird——" he paused in confusion.

Sir Michael did not know the secret names by which the Stuart king was known among his adherents; but he saw the crimson flush rise in Eleanor's pale face, and turned aside his head.

"The birds migrate till the bad season is over and gone," he said, kindly.

The old Squire looked at him wistfully. "Aye, aye," he said; "and when the summer comes the King will have his own again."

"Whisht, whisht, brother!" cried Mistress Betty, "let us hear what good Sir Michael has to tell us about the robbery in the North. Pray, was it successful?"

"I will read."

Sir Michael resumed his reading.

"You will doubtless have heard of our adventures here. The country lies in panic. Stories are afloat which grow in dimensions daily. Now we hear of a gigantic leader with a gun that never misses, and an arm of iron, mounted on a horse fleet as the wind and as untiring; now we hear that he has a hundred men at his back; now but one, and he a hunchback, three-eyed, and seven-toed! Our gentleman can make himself invisible as Perseus, and some may well doubt whether it be not that redoubtable hero *in propria persona*, seeing that it must be presumed that he carries a head of Medusa with him to account for the fact that all are petrified who behold

him, and those that survive are scarce able to stammer out the story. It is difficult indeed to winnow the grain from the chaff, but such as it is I offer you the tale. Know then that this popular hero is neither more nor less than Captain Bob, famous for having robbed the King's mail on the Dover road last year, and rescued the two gentlemen who were about to expiate their sin on Tyburn Hill as spies of him that is over the water."

"I remember, I remember," cried the old Squire; "it was a gallant thing; a boat was in readiness; they reached France in safety. A mightily well-planned rescue. So Captain Bob is back again?"

"He must be a brave fellow," said Sir Michael, "Would that his bravery could be transferred to more legitimate channels. His Majesty—I should rather say, our country—can ill spare such gallant fellows."

Eleanor was looking at him now with strange eyes, a gleam of gratitude in them for his kindly words.

He read on.

"I and my wife, Lady Dulcibella, have felt considerable interest in this same Captain Bob, and his mysterious summons to stand and deliver in the King's name. You know, my friend, that I am as staunch a Whig as yourself, but my Lady hath leanings, kindly yearnings, towards the side of misfortune that you may perceive in many gentle dames."

"Yes, yes," said Mistress Betty, and Sir Michael smiled. Those few words in an old friend's letter seemed to lessen the distance between himself and his betrothed. Might he not also regard her opinions with a like indulgence as testifying to the amiable weakness of her

sex? knowing not that there was an unfathomable gulf between the sentiment of a kind-hearted woman of fashion, and the passion of a life whose loyalty was planted in blood and fed on self-sacrifice.

"Lady Dulcibella is an accomplished and most charming woman," he said. "I hope some day, Eleanor, she will be your friend."

"That will not be difficult," said Eleanor softly.

He resumed

"And so her leanings carried her into making a very hero of Captain Bob. He is a most gentle highwayman, courteous, handsome, and so romantic, that the ladies whom he robbed of all their jewels and all their gold on Thursday last, he has robbed also of their hearts—a more serious misdemeanour, I take it. The last carriage that he stopped was my Lord Marston's travelling coach, containing Lady Marston, Lady Jane her sister, and pretty Mistress Grant, who carried with her jewels worth eight thousand pounds. Lady Marston makes but small moan over hers, which (in a whisper be it said) are suspected of having come from Paris, not Golconda; but Mistress Grant lamented in such wise that the coach rang with her cries, till the gallant Captain with his hand on the valise said the few magical words which accompany his every deed of violence—"In the King's name." Lady Marston curtly demanded, "Which king?" and Lord Marston could only sit still and devour his rage, bound, knotted, and gagged as he was. Captain Bob bowed low and answered, "There is but one king, God bless him!" Mistress Grant stopped her shrieks, as she expressed it afterwards, "seeing

that here was no common robbery, but an affair of political complexion." To cut a long story short, Captain Bob has again evaded justice; every effort has been made. This robbery was of more importance than others; valuable papers have fallen into his hands. Poor Captain Bob! The ladies tell of his tall figure, slender as if he were yet very young, of his wonderful strength and activity, of a glimpse from under a black mask of large brown eyes, fierce with excitement, but softening into pathos and beauty. Probably all this is imaginary, but still one is childish enough to murmur, "'Tis a pity." It is a dangerous game, and I for one shall heave a sigh when the rope is safely round his neck. There is but one end to such things."

"You look pale, my Eleanor," exclaimed Sir Michael. "This tale has startled you."

"Only the last words," she answered. "The very thought of Tyburn is a terror to me;" and she shuddered.

Sir Michael gave a sigh of deep compassion for her; he would so fain have sheltered her from all the pain and sorrow of this world, and the helplessness of human love and care smote him.

He folded up the letter. "I am glad this reckless fellow escaped," he said. "Would that he would retire to France and stay there, and cease to tempt Providence. Here it is every honest man's bounden duty to pursue him. To be at war with the world of law and order is a forlorn hope."

Sir Michael lingered on, talking to the old Squire, and Eleanor slipped away with haggard eyes and clasped hands to her own room.

(To be continued.)

THE CHEF.

By MARY POCKOCK.

HOW A FRENCH COOK DRESSES VEAL, LAMB, AND PORK.



VEAL is consumed more in France than in England; it can be cooked in so very many ways that most cooks like it. The following recipes for braising and stewing veal are equally applicable

to the fillet, loin, neck, or oyster.

Braised Fillet of Veal.—Cover the bottom of a braising-pan with pieces of bacon, onions, carrots, sweet herbs, and parsley; put the veal on these, add a little broth; put more bacon on the top of the veal with pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg; let the broth reduce until it is glaze, then add more broth until half the meat is in it; put the lid on the pan, and cook slowly for two hours and a half, basting occasionally with the gravy. When done remove the bacon from the top of the veal and glaze it, or brown it by putting fresh hot cinders in the lid, drain, and put on a dish. Strain and skim the gravy, add one or two tablespoonfuls of white wine; serve part of the gravy with the meat, and reserve the remainder to mix with the garniture.

Braised veal can be served with a garniture of stewed endive, green peas, spinach, sorrel, cucumbers, young carrots, small onions, mushrooms, or à la financière.

Fricandeau de Veau à l'Oseille (fricandeau of veal with sorrel).—The fricandeau is a national dish throughout France; it is cut from the side of the fillet to which the fat is attached; but as the calf is cut up differently, we often have to substitute some other part. Very good fricandeaus can be made from the best end of the neck or loin. The meat is taken carefully from the top of the bones, laid on a board, and the skin removed with one cut of a sharp knife so as to leave the meat evenly cut underneath; then beat it well so as to make it somewhat flat; lard it neatly all over the top where the skin has been removed. Put into a braising-pan some chopped carrots, onions, sweet herbs, parsley, peppercorns, two cloves, trimmings of bacon and the veal bones; place the fricandeau on these, with the larding uppermost, sprinkle with salt, add half a pint of broth, pour a tablespoonful of oiled butter over the veal; cover the stewpan, put it over the fire, and let the broth reduce to glaze; then add good broth nearly to the top of the meat, boil up quickly for five minutes, put a piece of buttered paper over the top of the meat; put the cover on (with hot cinders in the lid), and let the frican-

deau cook very slowly for an hour and a half, basting it from time to time with the gravy. When done remove the paper, and let the meat brown at the top; drain it, and place it on a dish. Strain and skim the gravy, and pour part of it on the dish with the veal. Prepare a purée of sorrel or spinach with some of the gravy, and send to table at the same time, but in a separate dish. Sometimes the fricandeau is laid on the purée, or a purée of tomatoes and a little flour is added to the gravy that is served round the veal, and it is then served as "fricandeau sauce tomate."

Roast Veal.—Take a piece of the fillet or best end of the neck of veal, lard it, then put it in a marinade of oil, vinegar, herbs, parsley, spices, a few slices of onion, and salt; leave it four or five hours, turning it now and then; next drain it, and cover it with buttered paper, and roast, basting it often with the marinade and butter. When just done remove the paper, let the meat brown; take the gravy out of the dripping-pan, strain it, add a little flour to it, boil for five minutes; skim if too fat, and add a little lemon-juice or some capers and serve over the meat, or serve the veal with tomato sauce.

Roast Veal à l'Estragon (with tarragon).—Run branches of tarragon into a neck of veal with a larding needle, and proceed as above.

Veau à la Provençale.—Put two or three ounces of olive oil in a stewpan, according to the size of the piece of veal to be cooked; add to it sweet herbs, parsley, pepper, salt, and a few slices of onion; put in the veal (a piece of the loin or neck cooks very well this way); cook very slowly, turning now and then. When done serve on "sauce Italienne."

Poitrine de Veau Farcie (stuffed breast of veal).—Take a breast of veal, chop off the ends of the bones, raise the skin and put in any forcemeat that is liked; sew the edge to keep in the stuffing, braise the veal, and serve it with stewed vegetables or roots.

Poitrine de Veau Glacée.—Take a breast of veal, raise the skin; make a forcemeat with sweetbreads, button mushrooms, the white meat from poultry or remains of game, finely chopped bacon, parsley, shallots, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and yolks of two raw eggs; fill the opening with this, sew up the skin, and put the veal in a stewpan with a slice of bacon, about a pint of good broth, and half a bottle of white wine; stew gently for about two hours. When done take out the meat and brush it over with glaze; garnish it with stewed lambs' sweetbreads, button mushrooms, or vegetables. Reduce the gravy a little, skim, and serve with the meat.

Poitrine de Veau Farcie aux Fines Herbes.—Prepare as above. Chop finely spinach, sorrel, asparagus, artichoke bottoms, a few sweet herbs, and a little pickled pork; season moderately; soak some crumb of bread in milk, mix with the other ingredients; put into the veal, sew up and cook in the stockpot. When done serve with white or mushroom sauce over it.

Poitrine de Veau à l'Etuée.—Cut two pounds of breast of veal in square pieces; put them in a stewpan with a little butter, cook the meat a few minutes without browning it; season with pepper and salt; skin and add twenty small onions; scrape twenty small carrots, and put them in, also sweet herbs, parsley, a clove of garlic with the skin on, and four good-sized tomatoes cut in pieces; leave over the fire one minute, then put the lid on, and let all cook very slowly at the side of the stove for an hour and a half or two hours, without adding any broth or water, the moisture from the tomatoes being sufficient. When done remove the garlic and herbs. Arrange the meat and vegetables on a dish, and serve.

Poitrine de Veau aux Petits Pois (breast of veal with green peas).—Cut a breast of veal in pieces; scald it: drain it, then put it in a stewpan with a piece of butter; sift in a tablespoonful of flour, turn it about for a few minutes; add a bunch of sweet herbs, parsley, and a few green onions; moisten with broth or water, season, and stew gently for an hour; remove the herbs; add some green peas and a tablespoonful of white sugar; cover closely, and let the whole simmer gently three-quarters of an hour; skim the fat off. Mix three yolks of eggs with a little cream or milk, add to the stew, stir, and let it thicken, but not boil; serve immediately. The recipes for breast of veal serve equally well for other parts.

Epaule de Veau à la Bourgeoise (shoulder of veal à la bourgeoise).—Put the veal in a stewpan with one or two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt, pepper, herbs, parsley, clove of garlic, cut carrots, and onions; add some broth and a little white sugar; cook three hours; skim and strain the gravy; serve the meat surrounded with the vegetables and gravy.

Epaule en Galantine (galantine of shoulder of veal).—Bone and trim a shoulder of veal. Chop very finely a pound of bacon with a pound of lean veal, spread this over the underside of the shoulder—which should be previously flattened as much as possible on a board with the underside uppermost—put on the chopped meat some strips of bacon and

of pickled tongue, make a thin omelet, with seasoning and spinach juice in it, spread this over the forcemeat, add more strips of bacon, some sliced truffles, pistachio kernels and seasoning; then roll up the veal carefully lengthways, sew it firmly in a piece of fine linen, and braise it with bacon rinds, the bones out of the meat, a calf's foot, salt, pepper, sweet herbs, parsley, bay-leaf, onions, carrots, cloves, a lump of sugar, glass of white wine and sufficient water; keep it cooking for three hours, take the meat out, let it get cold in the cloth. Skim, strain, and then clarify the gravy with whites of eggs. When cold remove the cloth and garnish the galantine with the jelly.

Veal à la Gelée.—Take a piece of fillet of veal, lard it, and put it in a stewpan with carrots, onions, herbs, parsley, salt, pepper, and a knuckle of veal bone; add some broth or water and a little white sugar, simmer until the veal is tender, then take it out, skim, and strain the gravy, clarify it with whites of eggs, let it get cold. Serve the veal garnished with the jelly.

Salade de Veau.—Take some cold veal, remove the brown edges and cut it into slices, then into squares, all the same size; pour oil and vinegar over them, and leave for two hours; then arrange on a dish. Put in a bowl one tablespoonful of mustard and six anchovies boned and pounded, moisten with oil and vinegar, add parsley, capers, chopped gherkins, and salt if required; put over the veal, and serve. May be garnished with raw tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs or quarters of cabbage lettuces.

Blanquette de Veau.—Cut some cold veal in thin slices, put them in a stewpan with a little butter, put the lid on, and let them get warm at the side of the stove. Boil some button mushrooms, five or six small onions, and some sweet herbs in a little broth or water, with sufficient salt. When they are done sift some flour in with the veal, add the liquor from the mushrooms, etc., put over the fire for a few minutes, but do not let it boil, then take out the slices of meat, arrange them on a dish and keep them hot. Let the broth boil fast for a minute, then draw from the fire and add the yolks of two eggs; let the sauce thicken but not boil, add the mushrooms and small onions, pour over the veal, and serve.

Veau à la Marengo.—Take two pounds of veal cutlet, cut it in moderate-sized square pieces, put them in a stewpan with oil or butter, let them remain until they are pale coloured; season, add sweet herbs and parsley; take a quarter of a pound of pickled pork, scald it, cut it in pieces, and put it in with the veal. Have ready twenty or thirty small onions that have been baked a pale brown, put them in, cover the stewpan, and finish cooking the meat by a slow fire without adding any broth or water. When done take out the meat and arrange it on a dish, remove the herbs, skim half the fat off the gravy, and add three or four tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce and a little cayenne pepper, boil up, and serve at once with the veal.

Tête de Veau au Naturel (boiled calf's head).—Take a calf's head that has been properly prepared and cleaned, put it into a saucepan of boiling water, and cook it half an hour; then take it out and put it in cold water, remove the jawbones and the frontal bone, and replace the meat in its proper position, rub the skin of the head all over with a cut lemon, then sew it up in a white cloth. Mix a handful of flour into a saucepanful of water, add onions, sweet herbs, bay-leaf, parsley, parsnip, a little butter or slice of bacon fat, salt, and whole peppers; put the head into this, taking care that the water covers it entirely. As soon as it simmers skim it; when the head is cooked enough (it takes from three hours to three hours and a half) take it out, remove the

cloth, and serve with sauce in a tureen. It is served with vinaigrette, maître d'hôtel, or other sauce. With the head cooked in this way one prepares Tête à la financière, à la tortue, à la poulette, à la Sainte-Menche, en matelotte, etc.

Tête de Veau Farcie.—Bone the head, take out the brains and the tongue, add to them a piece of lean veal, some beef suet, sweet herbs, parsley, and seasoning; chop the whole, then pound in a mortar; add sufficient yolks of eggs to bind the forcemeat; put into the head and make it assume its old form as nearly as possible; sew it where necessary; fasten it in a cloth and put it in a saucepan with sufficient broth to cover it; a little white wine, two carrots, two onions, two parsnips, herbs, parsley, bay-leaf, clove, salt, pepper, a lemon cut in two and the pips removed; let it boil three hours; remove the cloth, put the head on a dish, and keep it hot. Skim and put a portion of the contents of the saucepan through a sieve; add six chopped anchovies and some mushrooms; boil fast for a few minutes to reduce it a little; before serving add the juice of a lemon and some chopped gherkins. Sometimes a ragout of boned partridges, pigeons, quails, or ortolans is used with the forcemeat. The ragout is not chopped, but laid in with the stuffing. An old fowl chopped and pounded with some ham or bacon and some suet also makes a good forcemeat, and can be used instead of the veal.

Tête de Veau en Tortue.—Put in a stewpan half stock and half sauce espagnole; boil with a glass of Madeira or Marsala (or a good brown gravy and the wine); add a small quantity of cayenne pepper, some sweetbreads and brains, which have been first boiled, then cut in pieces and cooked in butter, mushrooms, sliced truffles, the cooked calf's head cut in pieces, some quenelles poached, olives that have been stoned by passing a knife round like a screw so as to leave them entire, and some gherkins cut into balls, let the whole get quite hot, but not boil, then serve, dishing up carefully so as not to break the quenelles; add some yolks of hard-boiled eggs, pour the gravy over them. Calf's tongue can be cooked by the same recipes as ox tongue.

Roast Liver.—Take a calf's liver, lard it all over, roll it in pepper and salt, and roast it in the oven with a buttered paper over it; baste it often while it is cooking with piquante sauce. It takes about an hour to cook; when done skim and strain the sauce and serve the liver on it. The liver is sometimes laid in a marinade of oil, herbs, etc., for two hours before it is cooked.

Foie à l'Estouffade.—Lard and roast in the same way, but when done add a poivrade to the gravy from the liver.

Foie Sauté.—Cut the liver in slices, beat it and fry it in butter over a quick fire; pepper and salt it; fry also some thin slices of bread; place the slices of liver and of bread alternately on the dish, then put some "sauce Italienne" and a little white wine in the frying-pan; with a wooden spoon detach the brown from the bottom of the pan and make the sauce hot, take from the fire and stir in a small piece of fresh butter; pour over the liver, and serve.

Foie à l'Echalote.—Cut the liver in slices, beat it slightly, flour and season it. Melt some butter in a stewpan and sprinkle in some chopped shallots; put the pieces of liver on the shallots, and cook over a quick fire for about eight minutes, turning them as they cook. Then put on a dish; add the juice of a lemon and some chopped parsley to the butter in the stewpan; stir, pour over the liver, and serve.

LAMB.

Lambs are eaten younger in France than we use them in England, so if a joint is required for a number—three quarters of a lamb, that is to say, the saddle and two legs—

are often cooked without being divided, but a quarter is the more usual joint.

Quartier d'Agneau Rôti et Pané.—Take a fore-quarter of lamb, because that is the most delicate, lard it with finely-cut pieces of bacon on the skin side; brush the underside over with oiled butter, then cover it with bread-crumbs, envelope the meat in buttered paper, and roast. When nearly done take off the paper, sprinkle with salt, and put more bread-crumbs over the under side, with a little chopped parsley. Then put the meat to a good fire again; brown. Serve with the juice of a lemon or a few drops of vinegar over it.

Or *Roast Quarter of Lamb.*—Cover the lamb from the shoulder to the edge of the ribs with pieces of bacon; roast before the fire; when done, put it on a dish, separate the shoulder, and put under it on the breast a large lump of maître d'hôtel butter.

Lamb à la Périgord.—Trim a loin of lamb; put it in a stewpan with some olive oil, parsley, scallion, pepper and salt, and some chopped mushrooms; cook for about five minutes, then take the meat out and cover the bottom of the stewpan with slices of bacon; on these put one or two pieces of roast veal and some slices of truffles, then the lamb and some more bacon, with slices of lemon over; cover and leave to cook for a quarter of an hour, then add a little broth, and cook slowly until the meat is done. Serve with the bacon and truffles round. Put a little good stock into the stewpan; after you have taken out the lamb, bacon, and truffles, boil up, skim and strain. Serve as sauce for the meat.

Epaule d'Agneau en Ballon.—Bone a shoulder of lamb, and roll it up as nearly into a ball as you can, and tie it together; scald it, then lard it all over with fine strips of bacon; roast it at a brisk fire; when done remove the skin, drain and glaze it. Serve on a purée or with a sauce.

Epaule aux Truffes.—Bone a shoulder of lamb, lard it on the outside with bacon and inside with truffles; braise it slowly, and serve with its own gravy reduced, skimmed, and strained.

Galantine d'Epaule d'Agneau (galantine of shoulder of lamb).—Bone a shoulder of lamb, cut the meat from the under side of the bone and some towards the knuckle (to leave it rather thin), chop this meat with double its weight of sausage meat, then pound it in a mortar with pepper and salt; mix with it a little cooked lean ham cut in dice and some small pieces of truffles; put this in the shoulder, roll it up to make it a long shape, sew it in a piece of linen, and tie securely; then stew in broth for an hour and a half, or braise; when done put under a weight. When cold remove the cloth and string, and serve with savoury jelly.

Lamb and Peas.—Cut some lamb in pieces, fry it in a stewpan in butter, with half a dozen young onions; when it is a nice colour add a pint (or more, according to the quantity of meat) of young peas, a little salt, and a bunch of parsley. Cover the stewpan, and cook gently, shake the stewpan now and then, and add one or two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Before serving remove the parsley and add a little butter and flour mixed together; season if necessary, let the flour cook a few minutes, and serve.

Poitrines d'Agneau aux Asperges (breast of lamb and asparagus).—Take two breasts of lamb, boil them in the stock-pot, remove the bones; put the meat on a dish with another over it, with weights on it, let it get cold, then

cut the breasts across into pieces, pointed at one end and round at the other; season them, egg and breadcrumb, and brown on both sides in butter in a stewpan; arrange them on a dish like a crown, and put in the centre asparagus points that have been blanched and cooked in butter, and then had white sauce mixed with them. The pieces of breast may also be dipped in oil and breadcrumbs, then broiled and served with piquante sauce or vegetable garnish.

Ragoût d'Agneau au Riz (stewed lamb with rice).—Cut a neck of lamb in pieces, put it in a stewpan with butter, chopped onions, sweet herbs and parsley; brown slightly, season with salt and pepper, add broth or water enough to cover it, and cook twenty-five minutes; then for one quart of broth or water add a quarter of a pint of rice and four tablespoonfuls of tomato purée or sauce, keep the lid on, and stew; the rice and meat should be done at the same time.

Many people make a "store sauce" of tomatoes with a little garlic, vinegar, and a good many shallots in it. This sauce is not so suitable for this dish as a plain sauce or purée, such as is used for tomato soup.

PORK.

Fresh Pork Roasted.—Put the pork into a marinade of oil, salt, pepper, parsley, onions, bay-leaf and cloves; leave it a day, then roast it, basting it with the marinade.

Pork Rôti à la Sauge.—Prepare as above; then make cuts in the fat, and slip a sprig of fresh sage into each cut; put paper over and roast, basting with the marinade.

Longe de Porc à la Provençale (loin of pork à la provençale).—Chine a loin of pork, then make small notches between the bones, so that the meat may not draw up in cooking, sprinkle salt over it, and leave it for two hours. Wipe it, make some small incisions in the fat, and slip in strips of raw truffles and little pieces of garlic; cover with buttered paper, and roast. Skim and serve the gravy out of the dripping-pan with it.

Emincé de Porc aux Oignons.—Cut some cold pork in thin slices; chop four onions, fry them a light gold colour over a very slow fire, moisten with two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar; let it nearly all evaporate, then add the slices of meat, season with salt and pepper, cook all together slowly for about ten minutes. Pour four tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce over them, and serve.

Paté de Porc (pork pie).—Take seven or eight thin pork chops, bone and beat them, season with pepper and salt. Sprinkle the bottom of a pie-dish with chopped onion and shallots, then put a layer of raw potatoes cut in slices, season, arrange the chops on the potatoes, sprinkle again with chopped onion and shallots, put another layer of sliced potatoes and more seasoning, then pour in a quarter of a pint of cold broth or gravy, cover the whole with piecrust, egg over, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour.

Pork Chops or Cutlets, trimmed, beaten, dipped in egg and breadcrumbs, with sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and a little spice, then grilled, are served with sauce Robert or gherkin sauce.

Blanquette de Porc is prepared in the same way as "Blanquette de Veau," only it must be more highly seasoned, and have a little sage added to it.

Pigs' Kidneys.—Cut them up and put them in a stewpan with butter, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, shallots and mushrooms; cook five minutes, sift in some flour, stir for a

minute or two, then add some white wine, and cook the kidneys slowly without letting them boil.

Sauissons de Ménage.—Take one pound of chopped pork, half cook it, and mix with it four pounds of potatoes that have been cooked (to be as dry as possible, then beaten to a paste), add salt and pepper, and knead well together; fill the skins with this in the usual way, wrap the sausages in a cloth for two or three days, then hang them in a current of air. They are boiled or broiled.

Pork Sausages.—Take two-thirds fat and one-third lean of fresh pork, chop it, but not too finely, add pepper, salt, and spice, put it into an earthenware stewpan, and let it stand on the stove for half an hour, then fill the skins in the usual way.

Boudins Blancs de Porc (white puddings).—Chop half a pound of lean and half a pound of fat pork, mix, then add pepper, salt, and a little spice, chop five minutes more, put in a basin, add one tablespoonful of finely-chopped onions, and two eggs, one after the other, and rather less than a quarter of a pint of cream or milk; put into sausage skins, tie up, and poach. Let them get cold, then broil over a clear fire, and serve.

Jambon à la Braise (braised ham).—Soak the ham from six to twelve hours, according to its age (if quite a new ham an hour or two is sufficient); put it into as small a stewpan as possible, with only just sufficient cold water (about three quarts or two quarts of water and one quart of white wine), a lump of sugar, an onion, sweet herbs, parsley, a little hay or clover, and a sprig of tarragon; let the water just boil, then draw to the side of the stove, and let it cook without boiling for from three to five hours, according to size; when the meat on the knuckle is soft it is done. When done, drain and remove the rind. Serve with good veal gravy and a dish of sorrel or spinach "au jus." If to be served cold only it should be left in the stewpan until nearly cold, then have the rind taken off. Cold it is served with jelly.

Roast Ham.—For this a ham must be new. Put it for twenty-four hours in a marinade of white wine, parsley, and sliced onions; roast it, basting often with the marinade; when it is three-quarters cooked remove the skin and cover the fat with fine breadcrumbs; finish roasting it. Have ready some good glaze, put it over the ham with a feather. Strain the marinade, and serve the ham on it.

Bayonne hams are so noted that I must give, for the benefit of those who have the convenience for preparing them, the recipe for pickling them.

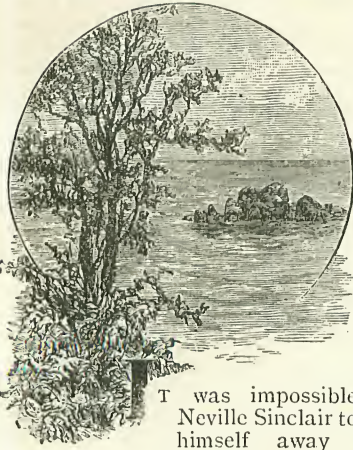
Jambon de Bayonne.—Shorten the leg of pork as much as you can by fastening the knuckle with strong string to the thicker part, put a weight on it, or put it in a press for twenty-four hours, then rub it well all over with one part saltpetre and nine parts salt; put it under pressure again for three days. Put in a stewpan equal quantities of wine and water (sufficient to cover the ham in the pickling pan), add juniper-berries, bay-leaves, thyme, basil, sage, coriander seed, aniseed, pepper, and salt; boil until well flavoured, then pour off clear. Put the ham in a pan, pour the pickle over, sprinkle salt over the top and leave it eighteen or twenty days, then take it out, let it dry and smoke it with juniper-wood and aromatic plants; when smoked rub it over with wine lees, let it dry, then wrap it in paper and keep it in wood ashes.

(To be continued.)



OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.
MRS. SEFTON HAS ANOTHER VISITOR.

IT was impossible for Neville Sinclair to tear himself away from Brighton for another twenty-four hours, so he telegraphed to his mother, and made arrangements to take another day's holiday. He settled this before he slept that night, and presented himself at Glenyan Mansions long before the late breakfast was over. He and Bessie exchanged an amused glance as they shook hands, which was instantly detected by Edna, and she at once insisted on an explanation.

Mr. Sinclair laughed mischievously. "The fact is," he said, "Miss Lambert and I have met before this morning," which was the truth, for Bessie had encountered him coming out of his hotel, and they had spent a pleasant hour together talking about many things, and this conversation had raised Mr. Sinclair very much in Bessie's estimation, and her interest was warmly reciprocated.

"You have never had a friend I liked so well as I do Miss Lambert," he said, as he and Edna were walking together. "She is a genuine girl—absolutely true, and without any pretence or non-sense."

"Daisy is a dear little thing, and I am as fond of her as possible. I am so glad you like her, Neville," and Edna looked very pleased.

Mr. Sinclair left on the following morning, and in the afternoon Miss Shelton arrived. She was a pleasant-looking woman, with a tranquil face and silvery grey hair, and Bessie was prepossessed in her favour at once. She was evidently warmly attached to her old pupil, and the news of her reconciliation with her lover filled her with unbounded satisfaction, and her congratulations were very hearty.

"I have lived a great many years in the world," she said, "but I have never seen two better young men than Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Richard."

They were sitting round the fire in the twilight as Miss Shelton made this little speech; they had come in from their drive half an hour ago; the tea things had just been taken away, and Edna

was sitting on the rug at Miss Shelton's feet.

"They are both admirable," she murmured, and this encomium on the absent Richard gratified Bessie.

"I don't think they are to be compared," observed Mrs. Sefton, rather superciliously. "My dear Miriam, Neville is infinitely superior. Richard has not got Neville's brains."

"Cleverness is not everything," replied Miss Shelton. "I respect Mr. Sinclair, and have the highest opinion of his abilities; but Mr. Richard has always been a favourite of mine. Very few people guess how much he has in him; but I found it out for myself a long time ago."

"You and Ritchie were always good friends, dear Miss Shelton. Hush! I hear someone in the corridor; it cannot be Neville come back," and Edna sprang up from her low seat with a heightened colour; but as the door opened her voice fell. "No, it is only Ritchie," in a disappointed tone.

"Whom were you expecting, Edna?" asked her brother, advancing towards the fireside circle. "Your tone does not sound very promising for me. Mother, you see I have taken you by surprise. Miss Shelton, I am delighted to see you again. How do you do, Miss Lambert?" with a swift glance in her direction.

Bessie greeted him quietly, and went back to her corner; the surprise was a very pleasant one for her. Richard looked well and more animated than usual.

"I thought we arranged that you were not to come until to-morrow week, Richard," observed Mrs. Sefton, in her usual cold manner; and it was evident that she was not pleased at her stepson's arrival. "I told you particularly Miss Shelton was coming this week."

"Oh yes, I knew Miss Shelton would be here; but Saturday week would not have suited me at all. I don't mean to put you out, mother. I have taken a room at the Grand Hotel; I can have my meals there too, if you like."

"Nonsense, Ritchie!" returned Edna, good-humouredly; "our dining-room is not so small as that. You may have your breakfast at your hotel, and then spend the rest of the day with us. Miss Shelton will be delighted to have you; she was singing your praises just now."

"I saw Neville in town this afternoon," observed Richard, with a significant glance at his sister. "'All's well that ends well,' eh, Edna? So the comedy of errors is played out."

"Come into the other room and I will tell you all about it," replied Edna, taking hold of his arm in a friendly fashion. "Mamma, I suppose there is enough dinner for Richard, but I don't mean to let him go away."

"Neither do I mean to go," added Richard, with a laugh, as he allowed himself to be led out of the room.

"How well he looks! older and nicer,

I think," observed Miss Shelton, as the young people left the room.

"Do you think so?" replied Mrs. Sefton, indifferently. "Richard is always terribly boorish in appearance; and as to his manners, nothing will polish them. But what can you expect, when he affects the company of farmers? Neville is worth a hundred of him," she continued, as she rose, with a discontented expression, to give some further orders.

Miss Shelton shook her head in a disapproving fashion.

"What a mistake," she said quietly, "always to undervalue that poor boy. I am glad to see Edna is improved in that respect. He is a great favourite of mine, Miss Lambert. I found out he had a kind heart when I was in trouble once. As Edna says, we are great friends."

"He is very nice," agreed Bessie, and then she went to her room to prepare for dinner. Yes, she was very glad he had come, though the sight of his familiar face had brought back the memory of that last sad day at The Grange. They had not met for seven months; how much had happened since then!

But when the evening was over, she was obliged to confess that it had somehow disappointed her. Richard had said very little to her. Miss Shelton had engrossed his conversation; he hardly looked in Bessie's direction. When dinner was over, and Edna went to the piano, he placed himself beside her; but he did not ask Bessie to sing. She sat at her work, and tried to think that she was enjoying herself, but she felt left out in the cold; she missed the old friendliness in Richard's manner; she wondered why he did not ask about her home. Could a few months have cooled his friendship? When she bade him good-night he hardly looked at her; he shook hands far more cordially with Miss Shelton.

Bessie felt chilled and depressed, for she was a faithful little soul, and was true to all her likes and dislikes; fickleness to her friends was not in her nature; if she liked a person, she liked him or her always.

"It is very strange, very disappointing. I think I would rather he had not come," she thought; "but perhaps he will be nicer to-morrow," and with this vague hope she fell asleep.

The next morning she was out at her usual time, and, as before, the crisp morning air seemed to dispel all uneasy thoughts; she felt brighter, more sanguine and cheerful than she had last night. Nature holds a store of comfort for those who love and seek her—she has all sorts of balmy messages to give them; a thousand mellow influences steal upon the jaded consciousness; hope is written legibly in the blue sky, the clear air, the sunshine; every flower, every leaf is a token of love; the birds sing.

and in spite of ourselves our hearts grow lighter.

"It must have been my fancy," thought Bessie; "I hope I am not growing self-conscious," and then she gave a little start of surprise, for surely she knew that brown tweed coat, and there was Richard coming to meet her; and it was with his old pleasant smile that he greeted her.

"What a lovely morning, Miss Lambert! I knew you would be out." He had expected her then. "Miss Shelton is an early riser too, but she never walks before breakfast. I wanted to find you alone, and to tell you that I was at Cliffe the day before yesterday."

"At Cliffe!" And Bessie raised her clear eyes to his with such intense surprise that Richard laughed a little nervously.

"I had some business there," he began awkwardly, "and I wanted to see your father. I saw them all," hesitating, "except your brother—he has gone back to Oxford; they were very well, and sent their love."

"And you saw mother?"

"Yes; what a nice woman she is! I liked her so much, and your father too; they were very kind, kinder than I expected. You are a little like your mother, at least I saw a sort of likeness. I never felt more at home anywhere."

"I am so glad," and Bessie did look glad. He was quite like himself this morning; she had got her friend back again. "Did father send me no other message?" she asked presently.

"No, I believe not; at least, I have no recollection of a message. Miss Lambert," and here Richard's manner was decidedly nervous, "don't you wonder what my business was at Cliffe?"

"Why, no," she said, so frankly and innocently that in spite of his nervousness Richard could not restrain a smile. "I suppose there was something you wanted."

"Yes, indeed," he replied promptly, for this remark helped him; "and I wanted it so much that I was obliged to apply to your father."

"Could father help you?" much astonished at this.

"He helped me a great deal. I should not be speaking to you now but for him. Miss Lambert—Bessie—can't you guess? It is so hard for me to bring it out. Can't you guess what it was I wanted from your father? I have never wanted anything so much in my life."

Richard's manner grew so earnest and imploring, that an idea of his meaning flashed across her with a suddenness that made her giddy, but she only said very gravely—

"I cannot understand unless you speak out."

"May I speak out then—may I tell you plainly what I want? It is yourself, Bessie," and in spite of his nervousness, Richard spoke a few forcible words, very eloquent from their intense earnestness. "I have cared for you all this time, but I would not obtrude myself on your trouble; I thought it better to wait."

"It was very kind, very thoughtful of you," replied Bessie in a low voice.

And then she added shyly, "This is all new to me. I never expected this, Mr. Sefton."

"I was afraid not, from your manner; but, Bessie, for my sake you will think of it now. We have been friends, and now you have grown necessary to my happiness. I have been very lonely all these years; I shall be lonelier than ever if you cannot bring yourself to love me."

His voice was so sad that the tears came to Bessie's eyes. She longed to comfort him; but how was she to be sure of her own mind?

"Will you give me a little time, a few hours, to think of it?" she said at last. "It will not be right to answer you now. Do my mother and father know about this?"

"Yes," he returned, eagerly, for her words filled him with hope; she had not repulsed him, and her manner, though confused, was as gentle as ever. "They quite approved. You see, I knew you so well that I would not have ventured to speak to you without their sanction."

"You were right," she said, softly; and then she looked at him in a beseeching way that made Richard say—

"You would like me to leave you alone for a little, would you not?"

"If you please—that is, if you do not mind."

"I will go then. But, Bessie, you will be here to-morrow morning?"

"Yes."

"I will be content with that promise then," and Richard lifted his hat and moved away, and Bessie went home.

Breakfast was ready when she arrived, and she took her place at once, and made an effort to talk as usual. Once Edna made a remark about Richard.

"I have promised to drive him over the downs," she said. "Bessie, Miss Shelton wants to do some shopping; do you mind taking charge of her for the morning?"

"Certainly not," replied Bessie, who would have given worlds to be quiet; but she could not refuse Edna. She was afraid, however, that Miss Shelton found her a stupid companion; every now and then her attention wandered; she was conscious that a grave decision, one that would affect her whole life, was hanging in the balance; she had promised Richard to think about it, but no such thought seemed possible.

"I am tiring you out, my dear," observed Miss Shelton at last, "and it must be nearly luncheon-time. I dare say Edna has returned from her drive."

Yes, Edna was standing in the window when they entered, but Richard was not with her.

"Ritchie said he would lunch at his hotel," she observed; "and he is going over to Lewes this afternoon, and may be late for dinner; and in that case he will have a chop somewhere, as he does not want us to wait for him."

"He will come in afterwards, I suppose," replied Miss Shelton; but Bessie said to herself that he would do no such thing. How thoughtful he was for her comfort! he was staying away purposely, that his presence might not confuse her; and Bessie felt grateful to him for the delicacy that shielded and spared her.

The afternoon was not much better than the morning. Edna carried off Miss Shelton to the Aquarium, and left Bessie to drive with her mother; and as Mrs. Sefton was very talkative and in excellent spirits, Bessie had to maintain her share of the conversation. They found visitors on their return, and Bessie had to pour out the tea, and help entertain them, as Edna was tired from her exertions. As she had predicted, Richard never made his appearance at all, although Miss Shelton and Edna both expected him, and indulged in wondering comments on his prolonged absence. Bessie found her position unbearable at last, and she made an excuse to retire early to her room. She gave a sigh of relief when she closed the door.

"At last I can think," she said to herself, as she drew her chair to the fire.

How was she to answer Richard to-morrow? But even as she asked herself the question, she knew she had her answer ready. True, he had taken her by surprise; she had never suspected that this was his meaning. Bessie's unconsciousness, her humble estimate of herself, had blinded her to the truth. She hardly knew herself how much he was to her, until his words had broken the spell; but now there was no room for doubt. She respected him; he had claimed her sympathy long ago, and now he had won her love.

"Oh, if only my Hatty knew!" were her last thoughts that night, after she had finished her thanksgiving for the new blessing that had come into her life; and though she was still tremulous and confused with happiness, she quieted herself with a few childlike prayers, and soon slept soundly.

Bessie felt a little nervous as she left the house the next morning, but she tried not to think of herself. Richard was waiting for her on the Parade. One glance at him banished her nervousness; he looked pale and anxious, as though he had not slept, but he made an effort to smile as he held out his hand.

"Is there any hope for me, Bessie?"

"Yes, Richard!" she said, simply, as she left her hand in his; and Richard needed no other answer.

It was a bright, peaceful hour that followed, as they walked side by side looking at the shining sea, and speaking of the dim future that lay before them.

"I was afraid you were too good for me, Bessie," Richard said, by-and-by, when he had exhausted his gratitude a little. "Sometimes I used to lose hope. 'She will never care for such a rough fellow,' I often said to myself."

"You must not speak against yourself now," returned Bessie, shyly.

"No, dear, for you have promised to take me just as I am, and that would make any fellow think more of himself. Bessie, you must not mind if my mother is not quite pleased at first; she is an ambitious woman, and her notions are very different from mine." Bessie did not answer for a moment, and her silence seemed to alarm Richard.

"She is only my stepmother; I am my own master, Bessie."

"Yes, I know," in a low voice. "I was thinking about that last night. I am afraid she will not like it, and it troubles me a little. We are not rich, and——"

"What does that matter?" with a touch of impatience. "I thought you were free from that sort of nonsense, Bessie."

"It does not matter to us," replied Bessie, with a slight emphasis on the "us" that was exquisite to Richard's ear. "I am only speaking of Mrs. Sefton; but she is not your own mother, and she has never made you happy, and she has no right to prevent you pleasing yourself."

"That is spoken like a sensible girl. I must thank you for that speech. Your father said much the same thing to me. 'You are your own master,' he remarked, 'and your stepmother has no right to control your choice; but, knowing her as I do, she will not be pleased.'"

"You will tell her as soon as possible, will you not—and Edna too?"

"I will tell them this morning. You must leave everything to me. You shall be subjected to no unpleasantness that I can prevent. And, Bessie, I am going to take you down to Cliffe. I have made my mind up to that."

"Very well," she said, with a smile. And it was a new thing for Richard to assert himself and meet with no contradiction; and as he looked at the girl beside him, and met her clear, candid glance, his heart swelled within him for very gratitude.

"It is getting late; we must go home now," observed Bessie, wondering a little at his sudden silence.

"Yes, we will go home," he replied, rousing himself. "I was just thinking, dear, what life will mean to me when I have you beside me."

(To be continued.)

A LANCE FOR THE LILY.

THE age of chivalry is dead. Far down in the dim past, looming ghostlike through the mist of centuries, moves the form of the great Lancelot—the flower of knighthood, and rank by rank the knights of later days have been swept away by the resistless onset of time, till the historic field is filled with heaps of the forgotten dead—pale lips that never again will sing their lady's praise, and powerless arms that never more will hold a lance in rest for the honour of stainless maidenhood.

The age of chivalry is dead, and men no longer maintain the cause of those they love by knightly skill in the lists or fair encounter on the open field, for the age of progress is upon us, and what was done by hard blows then is now accomplished more conveniently by smart practice and short weights.

The conditions of female life also are changed and changing; moreover it is undeniable that on the whole they are improved, but the assertion of this pleasing fact is in the highest degree superfluous, for the boasted age of progress is nothing if not self-complacent.

It is then unnecessary to add one feeble note to the chorus of mutual congratulation which this improvement in the position of English-women has called forth, or to join in the loud-voiced demand for further developments of the system of so-called female emancipation. The object of this short article is rather to deter the crowd of would-be reformers, lest their eager feet should trample down many a lovely meadow flower; lest the dim religious light of the years that are passed should be wholly forgotten in the electric glare of those which are to come; lest the music of purer ages should be altogether drowned in the wild shout of "forward, forward," and many beautiful things should be carelessly sacrificed to the bare notion of advance.

If woman's nature differs at all from man's, her education, her attainments and her aspirations should be different from his; yet the tendency of the present day is to force both sexes by similar means along the self-same groove.

Women vie with men in the higher branches of the exact sciences, and, as a matter of course, the victory is not always with the strong. But it is more than probable that these individual cases of success are achieved at a terribly disproportionate expense to the sex as a whole. A woman may indeed attain a high place in the mathematical tripos, but in the course of her three years of close and unremitting study, how many sweet visions of life's spring-time have been lost; in the pursuit of those mental gymnastics so appropriate to the male intellect, how many natural feminine faculties have been thwarted and crushed!

Where, indeed, the necessities of life demand that women should leave their natural sphere in order to share in the terrible struggle for existence, no word except of encouragement

should be spoken, but that such a spectacle should be regarded as other than a deplorable evil, is mere sentimental optimism.

It is difficult to exaggerate the harm which has already resulted from the so-called higher education of women. The earnest sincerity which formerly characterised all good women is gradually being replaced by a light, easy infidelity of high and noble things. The drawing-room conversation of women who have suffered most from this educational scourge, is seldom more than a series of cynical criticisms and grotesque perversions, which may sometimes be witty, but are always more or less antagonistic to the cause of truth. Old principles are despised, old landmarks are swept away; much that was "good" in the old days is branded now with the name "respectable," to be treated with ridicule; and thus by many surface sophisms, right is merged in wrong, and vice becomes little distinguishable from virtue.

The effects of this forced intellectual culture are most painfully apparent in our large metropolitan schools and the ladies' colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. No one, at least of the male sex, can help but be struck by the rareness of physical beauty among school-girls in the higher forms, and personal experience has conclusively demonstrated that Newnham and Girton possess few dangerous attractions for the average undergraduate.

When, as is often the case, we meet a young girl living in the midst of an uncongenial society, surrounded by savants and college dons, her brow perpetually contracted by unnatural thought, a strained weary expression in the eyes which might otherwise have sparkled with careless happiness, it is but small comfort to be told that she is learned in Greek roots, and the knowledge so acquired seems a poor compensation for the loss of girlhood's brightness and beauty.

But however much we may deprecate the present scheme of higher education for females, no one would dare for a moment to suggest that women should not be highly educated at all. The sphere of reason may indeed belong pre-eminently to man, but woman reigns supreme in the realm of the emotions, and this difference should be recognised as fundamental in the education of the two sexes. Leave logic and arithmetic and chemical analysis to the male portion of the community, for notwithstanding a few notorious successes and the rhetorical compliments of interested school-governors, the majority of women will do no more than demonstrate their own inferiority by competing with men in this arena.

It seems to me (for I do not wish to clothe my individual opinion with the authoritative plural) that the first and foremost object of a woman's higher education should be the correct development of her emotional faculties.

Let our young girls, when they have attained an easy knowledge of common things, devote their time to the expansion of those attributes which constitute them sweetly feminine. Let them read good, pure books of human interest, let them sing the glad world song with the poets, and learn the divine mysteries of art and nature.

It is reserved for maidens who have been bold enough, or fortunate enough, to abandon for this training the system of education which has all the authority of fashion on its side, to shed the purest, holiest light on this dark world of ours.

Such a maiden have I known, living a sweet simple life in a home of love and beauty. The birds and the flowers were her companions, her fair face reflected the purity which dwelt around her and within; her graceful flowing dress was innocent alike of Parisian deformity and æsthetic eccentricity, her gentle nature was unstrained by effort and untainted by the world.

How vividly do I remember the termination of my first visit at her home. She was waiting in the garden to say good-bye to me. All the lawn on which she stood was chequered with sunshine and leafy shade. Sunny gleams fell too upon her white muslin dress and upon her hair; but on me the shadows fell, and when I drew near to her a feeling of my great unworthiness stifled the passion which might else have struggled to my lips. I dared not look into those deep calm eyes of hers—I took her hand in mine for a moment, and murmured the word "good-bye." And as we stood there on the lawn, to me longing for her love, burning with a wild desire for the great gift of her heart—she gave a flower.

A long half year passed by before I saw her again, but during those months of absence I never failed to feel the soft influence of her goodness and simple maidenhood; and when at last the time of our meeting came, I realised that the emotion with which she had at first inspired me had deepened into the passionate adoration of a lifetime.

In the charm of her presence the light-footed hours sped all too quickly, and too soon dawned the day of our parting. It had been a hard winter, the wild north wind chanted a shrill saga among the leafless, frost-bitten branches, the snow lay deep on the lawn where we had stood six months ago to say good-bye, the garden was desolate, and the roses of the summer were long ago faded and dead. But my dear love was still beside me, and now my arm was thrown around her, her sweet head nestled against my breast, the tears of emotion trembled in her eyes—she could give me no flower this bitter winter day, but she gave me her heart instead, and in mine, not untouched before by a cynic frost, she has created an eternal summer.

BEATUS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MELROSE.—Could you not manage to get the school under your own roof, and thus save rent? and also get an assistant who could prepare pupils for exams., and teach advanced subjects? This would enable you to compete with the other schools.

"SILVER SCREES."—A "scree," in provincial English, is a small stone or pebble. Southey says, "Before I had got half way up the screes, which gave way, and rattled beneath me at every step." Mam Tor, the shivering mountain, is a hill on the peak of Derbyshire. It is so called because of the waste of its mass by "shivering," i.e., breaking away in "shivers" or small pieces. It is caused by the alternate layers of soft shale and hard gritstone; the former crumbles away, and then the latter breaks away from want of support.

JACK POINT.—We do not quite understand your query. The Lutherans are the followers of Luther. Lutheranism prevails in Germany, and is the State religion in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The Lutheran "confession of faith" is contained in the three ancient creeds—the "Augsburg Confession," "Melancthon's Apology," the "Articles of Schmalkald," "Luther's Catechisms," the "Concordienformel" and the "Articles of Visitation" (1592). We hope we have given you the information you need on the subject, so far as we comprehend you.

A LILY would find her bad spelling certainly prove a bar to her passing the exam. for a clerkship in the Telegraph Department. Three mistakes in easy words, besides wrong words employed in an ill-expressed note; the writing very poor likewise.

ELLA.—As our correspondent "Telegraphist E. H." remarks, "the geography of the British Isles" has been included in the lists of the recent exams. The salary for female clerks rises from 12s. to £1 12s. a week in the Telegraph Department.

JANE learns anything "by ear," not "by hear."

"FAERY QUEEN."—The lines—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small"—

are by the Marquis of Montrose, 1650, from "My Dear and Only Love."

ELEANOR.—We are constantly warning our girls not to try to obtain situations on the Continent, unless the circumstances of the case be very well known indeed.

M. PEARL.—We know of no way to find out except by writing to the matron at the hospital. Perhaps you might be more fortunate if you tried St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington.

HOUSEKEEPING.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Meat, bread, milk, and groceries, as well as coals and washing, should be included in the allowance of £2 per week, but the servants' wages might not be easy to squeeze out. However, our answer must be vague, as you give so few particulars; and as to the amount of your income you are quite silent.

ICE CREAM.—Put the tin of sardines when opened inside the china box; do not empty them out. Apples can be peeled and dried in a very slow oven in the same manner as the pippins are dried.

ONE OF FORTUNE'S FAVOURITES.—Turpentine and beeswax, or the turpentine alone, is said to be good for furniture so infested. It should be well rubbed into the wood. 2. The 27th August, 1866, was a Monday.

COOKERY.

A YOUNG WIFE makes a mistake, we think, in stewing the meat for her beefsteak-pie first. She had better make the pie with the raw meat cut into long finger-like pieces, and add a little bullock's kidney. Flour, pepper, and salt the meat well, cut up the eggs and arrange all round an egg cup in the dish. Put in a tea-cupful of water, and cover with a good paste. Bake slowly, covering the paste with a paper to prevent it from scorching.

THE DIACAL.—In the North of England "parkin" is made for the 5th of November. Take two pounds of oatmeal and mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of ginger and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar. Rub $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of butter into it, and add an ounce of candied peel. Add enough treacle well warmed to make the mixture into a stiff paste. Then put into a greased tin or tins, and bake in a very slow oven. They must be kept when made in a tin box, well covered.

M. W.—Whipped cream is best made the day before it is wanted. Put half a pint of double cream into a basin, sweeten and flavour with vanilla or lemon, and whisk until it froths on the surface. Skim off the froth and lay on a fine wire sieve, and go on until all the cream be whisked away. When the froth has stood some time it will be ready for use. Some people add the white of an egg beaten to a froth to the cream before beginning to whisk it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANADIENCES.—We hear that the custom of sitting on the steps of the house in the evening is universal in America, but both as regards that and your other question, your father and mother would certainly be safer guides than a stranger, who knows nothing of your circumstances.

DROOPING had far better consult a doctor about her troubles, and we think with improved health much of her mental distress will vanish. She should cultivate a cheerful spirit, and endeavour to find happiness in trifles.

FANNY PERCIVAL.—We never "answer next week." The composition is not very bad, the spelling is good, but the writing is very poor. The letters are badly formed, and the capitals out of all proportion to the rest of the letters.

G. A. M.—We think that girls of every age should use the dumb-bells which suit them, so long as they do not over-strain the muscles.

MATERFAMILIAS.—The letter about the institution should be addressed to Sir Henry Ponsonby, wherever Her Majesty is residing at the time.

2. The title of an archbishop is "His Grace."
LOVER OF MUSIC.—Any upholsterer or French polisher would tell you how to restore the wood of your piano.

A MORAVIAN is thanked for her kind letter, and her very simple prescription for the cure of chilblains, viz., to bathe them in the water in which a potato has been boiled in its skin. We never heard of the remedy before, and do not think that it is generally known.

A HELPLESS ONE.—To avoid the great annoyance of an intrusion of earwigs on your bed, you should take care that none of the clothes touch the wall, and the legs of the bed should stand in wooden or flower-pot saucers of water, to prevent their climbing up.

MERRAN FLAUS.—The lines—

"Be wise with speed,

A fool at forty is a fool indeed!"—

are from Young's "Love of Fame," Satire i., line 282. There is a line beginning in much the same way in the "Night Thoughts," Night i., line 300. Perhaps you have made a mistake.

VIOLET is anxious to know whether "when it was customary for Eastern people to 'rend their garments,' when calamity or sorrow befel them, they mended the rent or wore the torn garment for a time, and then had new ones?" We should think, judging from the story of David's mourning, that the torn garments were worn for the period of mourning.

ROSE SALTERNE.—See account of "Clytie" at page 576, vol. ix.

A DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING.—J. M. W. Turner, the landscape painter, was born April, 1775; died December, 1851. Mendelssohn was born February, 1809; died November, 1847.



WHEN SPRING RETURNS.

WHEN spring returns with rosy feet,
And gone is winter's winding-sheet,
Each streamlet murmuring through
the vale,
Each primrose tells the glorious tale;
'Mid leafy lanes the lambkins bleat.

The skylark from his grassy seat
Goes forth, the waking sun to greet,
No more to hear wild winter's wail,
When spring returns.

His gadsome song we would repeat,
And bless the Love with praises meet
Whose mindful mercies never fail
To children undeserving, frail;
Our cup He fills with blessings sweet,
When spring returns.

S. S. M'CURRY.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

RING A RING O' ROSES.

O CHEEKS, as fair as any April bloom,
 O eyes as blue as any noontide sky,
 That see not mist, or shade, or cloud of gloom;
 O ye that sing with skylark's ecstasy,
 Trip, trip, upon the grass with flying feet,
 As bright as sunbeams, and as swallows fleet,
 Sing "ring o' roses"—posies gay and sweet.

Ye dream not of the toil, the care, the fret,
 Who drink the sparkling brook, Life's stream of joy,
 And never sighs the wind with vain regret,
 The buttercup's rich gold hath no alloy.
 Sing on, and wake the echoes with your mirth;
 Ye keep the dew, the balm of morning's birth,
 The fairest rosebuds of the garden earth.

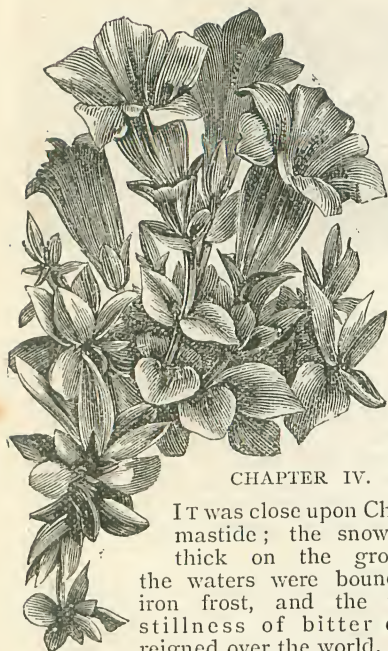


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FOR THE KING'S SAKE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, Author of "Bessie's Sacrifice."



CHAPTER IV.

IT was close upon Christmastide; the snow lay thick on the ground, the waters were bound in iron frost, and the utter stillness of bitter cold reigned over the world.

It was night, no visible moon, but a clear grey sky, and a weird reflection from the vivid white of the snow carpet under foot.

Out of a little side door of the Manor House with trembling steps came Eleanor St. Aubyn. She was wrapped in furs drawn close to her chin; as she closed the door behind her, and stole noiselessly through the garden, the big clock overhead struck two.

She sped faster and faster, frightened at her own shadow, at the intense cold, the dead silence; she was bound for old Abel's cottage, which stood at the far end of the long pleasure where the bowling-green ended and a gate opened on to the high road.

Before she reached her destination her step had increased to a rapid run. Someone was watching for her, for the door opened as she reached it, and with one stifled cry, "Robbie! my Robbie!" she was clasped in her brother's arms.

They clung to each other wildly, passionately, as if they never could part again; then quite suddenly the young man thrust her from him the better to see her face.

It was dark in the cottage, but old Rachel had lighted a guttering candle, and now she threw a fresh log on the fire, which blazed up and flared redly on the children she had nursed.

Standing close together, their likeness to each other was wonderful—the same turn of brow and chin, the same dark eyes with deeply chiseled lids, the same sharply-cut lips; an extra couple of inches in Robbie's height alone told the difference.

He began to speak passionately: "It is not true, Nell! I come to assure myself that it is not true. I should not be here to-night; they are hot upon the scent, but

I could not help it; I must hear your denial from your own lips."

"Robbie, why did you send for me here? The Manor House cellars are ready for you as usual. I have so longed, oh Robbie, so longed for you!"

"It is not safe even to be here! The rumour of my presence has followed me here, but I had no option; let us lose no time. I have come to know whether we have indeed seen the last of each other, whether you have turned traitor; if so, I thought I should like to say good-bye to the Nellie that was once mine."

Eleanor looked fearfully round; she hardly heeded the haughty words that at another time would have half broken her heart.

"Tell me," she gasped, "is your horse at hand? What precaution have you taken? Oh why, why did you come?"

"Abel watches outside. Yes, yes, my horse is there; do not be afraid. I know ways through the woods which would baffle all James' justice. Enough! I must, I will know the truth. Are you false?"

"Never, never!" she cried "False! You insult me by your question."

"Ah, then, you have refused to marry this man! Why did you tell me so foul a lie?" he cried, turning fiercely upon Rachel.

"It is no lie," answered the old nurse sturdily. "And you should be ashamed to speak to your sister so. Why does she marry this gentleman? sooth, to put bread into the mouths of the helpless folk dependent on her."

"Then it is true?"

"Robbie, Robbie, have mercy!"

But he flung her from him, so that she caught tremblingly the back of a chair to support herself.

"Nellie," he cried, "God knows I love you well, but I would rather see you lying dead at my feet, even though I knew that our twin life must ebb together as some have said, than know you traitor to the King!"

"Only listen!"

"Why should I listen? What can you have to say? Nellie, do you know what you are doing? Do you realise that at this moment, from all your heart has ever loved, from every secret written in life-blood in the records of our cause, from every struggle, every failing hope, every share in our scant triumphs and our fast-growing despair—as the forester lops off a rotten bough, I cast you out and repudiate you!"

"Have pity!"

"What do you call pity? I am no Virginus; I will not kill you! It is you that have no pity."

A low cry burst from her. The temptation was so strong to yield; she threw out her hands despairingly, as if to ward it off, and her voice sounded piteously.

"Robbie, Robbie, would you have me let them starve?"

"Starve!"

The wild look in his eye was that of

fanaticism. "Those who do their duty do not starve! They may suffer; do we not all suffer? But what is suffering? who is the worse for it? The night cannot last for ever."

"Our father is weak, Robbie; he is very old."

"Older lives than his have been laid down for the King," he cried impatiently.

"I will not hear you plead; your own hand has cut the tightest bond that ever bound brother and sister together on this earth; you know that this marriage will not only tear us apart, but will bring on you—"

"Captain, Captain!" cried old Abel's voice as he burst open the door. "They are on the road; they will be here in five minutes at least! Oh, waste no time!"

Eleanor threw her arms round her brother's neck. "Robbie, have mercy! forgive me! Oh, my Robbie, pity me!"

But he tore himself from the clinging arms. "Lose no time," entreated Abel, "for heaven's sake, dear Captain!"

He went to the door. Eleanor stood now with her hands wrung together, her despairing eyes fixed on his face.

"You shall not wring from me my loyalty at least, the loyalty for which every hour of my existence I risk Tyburn Hill. You shall not, I tell you. Forgive you? Never! It is with the utmost effort of my soul, and because of what you have been to me, that I abstain from crying traitress, renegade, on you my curse!"

He left the house, the door swung back with a heavy thud; in less than half a minute they heard the sound of his horse's feet going past at a gallop; they listened breathlessly, a faint distant shout came to their ears, then the fast galloping of hot pursuit, the sharp report of a pistol, followed by dead silence.

Rachel turned round to the girl, who still stood listening with an agony of suspense in her haggard face.

"Dear heart," she said, holding out her arms. Eleanor crept into them with a low moan. "Child, child," cried the old nurse. "They were cruel words! He did not mean them."

"Yes, Rachel, he meant them only too well," said Eleanor, shuddering. "He has gone, with a curse on his lips. Oh, would that he and I were lying dead in the old churchyard, never to move or feel or suffer more!"

Presently Eleanor crept home again in dull, stupid misery. It was very cold, very still; the snow lay on the giant cedars like a white pall. She looked round her with a brief word of thanksgiving, for it was falling again, thick, blindingly, and would soon cover all trace of footsteps.

In the woods the defeated officers of justice were carrying home a dead man, the first man, they said, that Captain Bob had ever shot dead since he had been known on the road. Was he driven to bay?

(To be continued.)

LOVE—SERVE

(Shaftesbury Motto).

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE NAME OF MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

PART II.

THE STUDY AND THE WIFE.

*“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

“ON their return to town the wedded pair were welcomed home by those who were now parents to both, and who with loving generosity made the family house their home ever after. For Charles’ revenue was more than modest, it was scant, though he set to work with a will, and refused no writing employment that promised remuneration, however small, or that was ever so uncongenial to his tastes. . . . Every guinea Charles gained he brought to his wife, and confided to her from first to last the entire management of whatever money they earned. As belonging to this period of their early married life, should be noted a delightful week’s visit paid by Charles and his wife to dear and honoured Charles and Mary Lamb, at Chase Side, Enfield, by their invitation, and by way of atonement for having lurked at the Greyhound during their honeymoon season.”—“Recollections of Writers.” By C. C. C. and Mary C. C.

Among the recreations indulged in by Charles and his wife was an occasional “day in the fields.” One particularly remembered was a midsummer holiday spent gipsy-fashion, under a hedge in a meadow between Hampstead and Hendon. “From morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve,” in luxuriant idleness, stretched on the grass, enjoying the rural prospect, reading a page or two of poetry, munching a few prudently-brought sandwiches, with good grave talk, or playful talk, as the case might be, between whiles. Another well-remembered one was a walk all the way to Enfield, through Highbury, by Hornsey Wood House, and so along the lovely country by-road called the Green Lanes, to the Greyhound, where rest, coolness, and appetising refection were fully enjoyed by the pedestrians, who had started from London at an early hour. A fortnight’s stay at a pretty ivy-covered cottage on Highgate Hill, and a four days’ stay at a pleasant country inn at Dorking, when over-worked and needing healthful air and repose, likewise hold place among the memories of those times. The reason of this latter being restricted to a “four days’ stay” was the fear lest their finances should not suffice for a longer sojourn, though there was great temptation to linger, as they found that the exquisite Surrey district would have afforded “a fresh walk” for every day, even could they have remained there a whole month.

“At home surpassingly delightful entertainments existed for them, in the choice musical parties given by Vincent Novello. A signally memorable one is narrated in the “Life and Labours of Vincent Novello,” of which I am permitted to extract an account. It was soon after Malibran’s marriage with De Beriot, and they both came to this party at the Novello’s house. De Beriot played in a string quartette of Haydn’s, with that perfect tone and style which distinguished him. Then his wife gave in generously lavish succession Mozart’s “Non piu di fiori,” with Willman’s obbligato accompaniment on the Corno di bassetto, a Sancta Maria of her host’s composition, which she sang at first sight with consummate effect and expression;

* “Centennial Biographic Sketch of C. Cowden Clarke.” By Her whom he made his second self.

a gracefully tender air, “Ah, rien n’est doux comme la voix qui dit je t’aime;” and lastly, a spirited mariner’s song, with a sailorly burden chiming, as it were, with their rope hauling. In these two latter she accompanied herself, and when she had concluded, among a roar of admiring plaudits from all present, she ran up to one of the heartiest among the applauding guests, Felix Mendelssohn, and said, in her own winning, playfully-imperious manner (which a touch of foreign speech and accent made only the more fascinating), “Now, Mr. Mendelssohn, I never do nothing for nothing. You must play for me, now I have sung for you.” He, nothing loth, let her lead him to the pianoforte, when he dashed into a wonderfully impulsive extempore—masterly, musician-like, full of gusto. In this marvellous improvisation he introduced the several pieces Malibran had just sung, working them with admirable skill one after the other; and finally, in combination, the four subjects blended together in elaborate counterpoint. When Mendelssohn had finished his performance, Vincent Novello turned to an esteemed friend who was one of the hearers, and expressed his admiration in these remarkable words: “He has done some things that seem to me to be impossible, even after I have heard them done.” No wonder the delight experienced by the musical soul of the master of the house took the shape which it did next morning in the composition of the beautiful canon—

“A Thanksgiving after Enjoyment.” By Vincent Novello, July 10, 1833.

As soon as he awoke next morning he wrote that, in acknowledgment of the great pleasure he had enjoyed, to the words, “Give thanks to God, and praise His name. Praise the Lord, for ever and ever. Praise the Lord, for all His loving kindness, for all His tender mercy unto us. Bless the Lord, and praise His holy name.”

All this home brightness and happiness gave zest and strength to the young people, who were the better armed for the day’s hard work by the evenings of inspiration and the sympathy of the superior intelligences attracted round them. To these, besides the glories of art, were added those of literature, and among them students and lovers of Shakespeare; and as the motto of our Lord Shaftesbury’s house was “Love—Serve,” so was the heart of her family, and specially that of this young student-wife, set to love and serve him whom they so deeply honoured. From this feeling arose the practical desire to supply a want they had all often felt, in the merry quips and quotations of the home circle, of a Concordance of the Poet they loved and revered so dearly.

The difficulties were enormous; so was the work; so were also the risks that after years of quiet labour, some unknown and unsuspecting rival would be in the field before her work was done. Still hope, the blessed hope of being of some use in the good cause, fired the young enthusiast, and at certain hours of the day she habitually vanished. The organisation of the work was most carefully planned, and all went well. Her education and the life of her home had thoroughly equipped her, not only with the power of accurate and concentrated study, but (which perhaps was still more valuable) with the love of learning. I might observe that in these very superior times the reward of work is a certain pass, a certain position, anything but the development of mind and character. An array of facts, a retentive memory, and no nerves are the keys of these gates to honours so crowded with young as-

pirants. Once passed, those who know best what follows could testify, if they would, that books and learning, the mules that have borne them on their weary way to advancement, are tossed aside and done with, in many cases never to be taken up again.

It was very different in this home. The young married couple began the life, which was in such a remarkable manner one long honeymoon, with their devotion to noble and elevating work. Even long years after, in the Genoa palace-home, remembered in the beginning of this little sketch, the study was occupied by those two happy people at six o’clock, and good work was done long before the house breakfast in that charming trellised hall was begun.

The young wife had been at work several years, when suddenly a rumour of a Concordance of Shakespeare coming out paralysed her hope and work for awhile, but it turned out a false alarm, and the work was resumed, unsuspected by the most intimate friend, until, after sixteen years’ hard work, the last word was done, the last proof corrected. It may not be out of place to quote an opinion on this work by a writer so well known and so fine a critic as Douglas Jerrold. He writes in “The Shilling Magazine,” January, 1846:—

“This is probably the most stupendous honour paid to genius by one admirer. The Iliad has been put into a nutshell, a childish piece of homage; but here we have the works of the poet repeated many times over. Endless toil, incessant attention, a love untiring for the author, could alone have produced such a work. Mrs. Cowden Clarke has performed what a very long list of nobler and gentler ones proposed and failed in, namely, to erect a monument to Shakespeare. Here we have one more lasting than brass or stone. A Concordance to Shakespeare! A Concordance to the only author which would not seem to be a presumptuous rivalling with that Concordance which belongs to the Book most important to the human race. There have been a verbal index and an index to the most remarkable passages in Shakespeare’s works; both works of labour, by persevering, painstaking men; but here we have the patient adoration of a woman producing a work more laborious than both combined, and infinitely more useful. We can easily understand that this must have been the labour of many years. A degree of skill was required in making the exact quotation required, to give the exact sense of the word, and in this Mrs. Cowden Clarke has been very fortunate. The immense utility for matters of reference is obvious at a glance, but it seems to us that many other advantages may be derived from an examination of this storehouse of words. Classical students of the dead languages have long known the advantage of studying an author through the means of a good verbal index, and thus comparing an author’s various uses of a word. In the present book he has the double advantage of seeing the various sentences in which it is used at one view. This itself will greatly aid the elucidation of Shakespeare’s text, and also of contemporary authors. It becomes in this way a great lexicographical aid to the language. It also presents many curious facts to the inquirer as to the comparative use of words, and presents in a most striking point of view the illimitable powers and inexhaustible wonders of Shakespeare’s genius. It would not be right to tell here of this noble labour without noticing the excellent manner in which it is printed. . . .

Altogether it is a work that all concerned with may very justly be proud of, and for which the public should be grateful."

Again, in his opening speech at the Whittington Club, of which he was founder and president, July, 1847:—"Have we not, too, Mary Cowden Clarke, whose wonderful book, 'The Concordance to Shakespeare,' is as a votive lamp lighted at the shrine of the poet—a lamp that will burn as long as Shakespeare's name is worshipped by the nations."

I cannot forbear quoting a beautiful sonnet by Thos. James Serle on the same subject, Nov., 1865, of the completion of the "Concordance to Shakespeare."

"By small degrees, like Nature's silent toil,
And with her patience, at the last, 'tis done,
And here the fruit from sixteen summers won.

How many wearers of this 'mortal coil'
Have spent the years in idlesse and
turmoil,

While your wise diligence has let no sun
Go down upon the task you had begun;
But he hath seen you harvest golden spoil?
A jewelled key to a fair paradise,
Is this your book, to prate of that within
Were little better than presumptuous sin.
But the bright key speaks to observant eyes,
Its workman's honour must high virtue win,
Brave, single-hearted labour, such as yours
hath been."

Want of space is the only apology for not inserting other most interesting and valuable testimonies to the work thus completed. The *Jersey Times*, Nov., 1846, says beautifully, "Nothing but that spirit of divine enthusiasm which actuated the architects of old to toil for years in the decoration of secret places aloft in the Temple, which God's eye alone could reach, could have supported and borne forward the learned authority in her long and arduous undertaking."

This was the first of a long series of works, animated by the same spirit, editing, collating, and in every way assisting to the more perfect comprehension of that master-spirit of English literature, besides others inspired by the sunny genius and happiness husband and wife exerted and shared so well, carried on in the study where they worked together, for no hour in the twenty-four was allowed to separate those two, who were so happy in this companionship. It is not strange that besides the critical acumen of their works, they should breathe a spirit of bright enjoyment and genial tenderness to all living things, and, most of all, to the Giver of all good and gracious gifts, which gives a glow of warmth and force to all they write. The "Shakespeare Key," by both husband and wife, is a most valuable work, unlocking the treasures of his style, and elucidating the peculiarities of his construction, etc.; while the wife alone wrote that most charming "Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," which divines with a poet's feeling the first beginnings of the heroic proportions of the originals, and the training, whether of circumstance or character, which made them what they were. This drawing, as it were, the shadow of the poet, from Shakespeare's colossal figures, was like the reflection of a beautiful tree in water, so true is its fainter beauty to the original, and suggestive of depths and heights which enriched the picture to the young hearts that studied it.

The same pen produced a series of beautiful articles in the early numbers of the "Musical Times," on Music Among the Poets, collecting and collating the tributary verses to music by the great English poets. Also an edition of Shakespeare, with chronological table of his life, and glossary; and a biographical sketch of William Shakespeare. Also from time to time several very charming stories, novels, stories in verse, essays, sonnets, contributions to periodical literature came out,

to carry on the work of that happy and busy life. Meantime "Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke may with truth be held in tender remembrance by their readers, as among the happiest of married lovers for more than forty-eight years, writing together, reading together, working together, enjoying together the perfection of loving literary consociation." The works of Charles Cowden Clarke comprise, besides valuable essays on the writers of England, most interesting lectures on Shakespeare's contrasted characters, on the British poets, on great European dramatists, on ancient ballads, on the schools of painting in Italy, etc.; but in this paper any reference beyond this to those valuable and critical works would have been out of place. Still, this record would be incomplete were it to omit all mention of the assistance rendered by Mrs. Cowden Clarke to a chivalrous project in which all the leading writers of the time (Charles Dickens at their head) took part, to raise a fund for the relief of distressed literary men and women, by acting together as a private society for a great public good, at the Duke of Devonshire's and elsewhere, a play of Shakespeare's, one of Lytton Bulwer's being composed expressly for them. The experiment was so successful, and the crowded and brilliant audiences contributed so largely to this benevolent fund, that it was repeated, and the charm of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's acting, added to the attraction of other eminent writers to produce a result which made those few enthusiastic and brilliant evenings a happy remembrance for all those connected with them.

It would be a very imperfect notice of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's writings which took no heed of the "rose-coloured spectacles" with which her friends would fain have reproached her, but which consisted in the kindly and tender gracefulness with which she brings out all the beloved beauty of what she sees, in singular vividness and variety, the keenness with which she perceives good motives, and the veil of charity she throws over doubtful or darker ones. "All things bright and beautiful" come naturally to her pen, and the spirit of happiness and enjoyment, and grateful love and faith in the Divine giver of all good things, breathes in her writings and animates all her influence. The homes of this world would be very different if the genius for discovering kindly motives and generous actions were more widely diffused, carrying out the old distich—

"Be to their faults a little blind,
And to their virtues very kind."

This would be a wonderful fortification against smaller and greater miseries, and united with the spirit of innocent gladness and gay humour, which she possessed so eminently, would put to flight that dulness and vacuity which grows into so many worse things. I am allowed to quote a few lines from the charming poem on "My Rose-Coloured Spectacles" to support the assertion.

"I reckon them among my best of treasures . . .

They bring me back the happy days of youth,
That see all beauty brighter and more
dear. . . .

Distinctly they reveal the soul of good,
Residing in things evil, and assist
Me patiently to wait and raise the hood
That shrouds it, like an overshadowing
mist. . . .

They cause me clearly to behold God's will,
Displayed in every law of His creation. . . .
Oh! rosy spectacles, accept my thanks,
For all thou hast enabled me to see.
Well may it be thy gracious power ranks
Beyond most gifts vouchsafed by heaven
to me,

And to that heaven itself who gave the gift,
My gratitude ineffable I lift."

We return to the shores of the Mediterranean, from whence we started at the begin-

ning of this little sketch, to the beautiful home high on the Carignano, where the work of this dear lady has gone on. Alas! the hand held once so firmly in hers, the generous mind so eloquent on the great writers of past times, is no longer there; but the traditions of the old home, the reverence for parents, loved and passed out of sight, the family union of brother, sisters, and all branches of the old family, live on to make that home a centre of kindly sympathies and artistic work; while the writings that remain of Charles Cowden Clarke and his wife will be helpful and delightful, as far as English is spoken and Shakespeare honoured. I cannot leave the name of Charles Cowden Clarke without quoting a few lines written by him (quoted from the "Biographic Sketch." By her whom he made his second self") on the 15th December, 1859, of gratitude for vouchsafed welfare:—"Thank God I have attained my seventy-second birthday, and in fine health, and with that prime blessing, the next in bounteous magnitude, a wife of one-and-thirty years' standing, who is to me at once a daily bride, and a one-and-thirty years' friend. . . . My soul seems daily more and more knit with hers, and I do not conceive how there can be a happier being in existence than your brother Charles."

All who sympathise with honourable work in a good cause will wish God's blessing on a home so bravely founded and so splendidly carried on, and we will not leave to our American cousins only the privilege of expressing our admiration of her worth and our sympathy in her having

"All that should accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of
friends;"

in the honourable retirement realising Henry V.'s motto—

"After busy labore cometh victorious reste."

After self-devotion to others in youth and middle age comes the glory of a sunset, such as tells those who come after, that there is peace to the peacemakers, and honour and love to those who have honoured and loved and toiled bravely through a long life for a noble art, for their home and for their duty.

I must close with a few lines written by Mary Cowden Clarke after her husband's death, and will then leave a beloved and radiant memory of an absent friend.

MEMORIAL SONNET.*

When I repeat thy "Hymn to God" first thing
I wake, last thing before I go to sleep,
I feel thou biddest me take heart, not weep,
But pray with thee, and trust that time
will bring

Us both our chief desire—a strengthening
In faith and love, and adoration deep
For our benign Creator, who doth keep
Us still in spirit intermingling.
Thy simple yet most earnest hymn of praise
And thankfulness exalts and stimulates
My soul with constant eagerness to raise
To Him our joint appeal; it elevates
Me with the thoughts that thus we still unite
In prayer, and joyful, grateful, loving rite.

It may be some guiding light of hope and happiness to those who dream of wedding days to come, to see how a marriage begun with narrow means became a source of joy and blessing to everyone connected with it—a fortress of peace and quiet against storms without; and at last a bridge over the chasm of death itself, to realise the love and faith beyond.

C. A. MACRONE.

* * I am bound to acknowledge with thanks the courtesy and kindness with which I have been allowed to copy scarce publications for the materials of this little memorial, by Mrs. C. Cowden Clarke and Messrs. Novello.

From "Memorial Sonnets," By Mary Cowden Clarke, 1888.

THE MICROSCOPE AND OURSELVES.

PART II.

IN my last article I attempted to give you some idea of what our microscope had to say to us about a tooth, and also what it could tell about the structure of a piece of ordinary compact bone: and I chose those

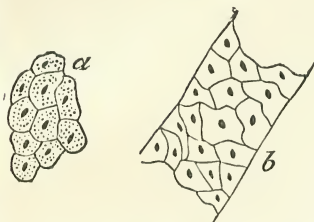


FIG. 1.

two specimens on account not only of their simplicity of structure and the ease with which you can make it out, but also because there is, as I have shown, a certain parallelism in their construction to meet the wants demanded by each.

We will now proceed to ask our microscope more questions about ourselves, and let us ask him about our skin. He will answer in certain terms, and before we ask him let me translate some of his words, by describing one or two elementary structures, a knowledge of which will enable us to understand the *rationale* of his remarks.

I must again introduce our old friend the "simple cell." This time you will see he has undergone some slight modification, and we shall, in speaking of skin, call him "an epithelial cell"; you will see the reason of this name presently. In Fig. 1 you will see a number of cells which are very flat and thin, joined together at their contiguous borders by a dark cement substance, and if we isolated one such cell from its fellows we should find that it was like a microscopic fish's scale; hence these cells have been called "squamous epithelial cells," from the Latin "squama," a "scale."

Now look at Fig. 1, "b." What does the arrangement seen there remind you of? Surely a paved hall or floor! And in some specimens the appearance is like that presented by a delicate piece of mosaic work; hence this same epithelium has been called by the Germans "tessellated or pavement epithelium."

You will notice in both the diagrams in Fig. 1 that each cell has a central portion or nucleus, which in reality measures from 1-6,000th to 1-4,000th of an inch. This, then, is the first variety of epithelium that we have to learn of. Now turn to Fig 2; here you see a widely different condition of affairs from that presented in the previous diagram. You will notice that this structure is also made up of a number of cells, each with its nucleus,



FIG. 2.

and each in close apposition to its neighbour. But the shape of each cell—how does that differ from the last? Very materially; these cells are longer in proportion to their width, so that they look like a microscopic row of railings. These cells are called "columnar epithelium cells," from their shape. This,

then, is the second variety of epithelium we have to know. And now while we have this columnar or prismatic form of epithelium under our notice, let us turn our attention to Fig. 3.

Here you see cells even more prismatic in their form than those in Fig. 2; but what is that arrangement at the tops of the cells, which makes them look like the representation of miniature flambeaux? Those are little lashes called "cilia," from the Latin "cilium," "a lash." These cilia play a most important part in some structures, of which I shall have to speak later. This epithelium, therefore, we see is prismatic in form—"columnar"—and is provided with these lashes—"ciliated," as it is termed, and therefore is a sub-variety of columnar epithelium, and each cell is called a "columnar ciliated epithelial cell."

One more variety of epithelium remains for our consideration, and that is represented in



FIG. 3.

Fig. 4. Here you see a number of hexagonal cells, each externally dark. These cells contain granules of colouring matter, and also a nucleus which is obscured by that colouring matter. This variety of epithelium is therefore coloured, and is called "pigmented epithelium." Each cell is fairly flat, and not prismatic or columnar.

I have given a preliminary explanation, then, of the various forms of epithelium, in order that we may have some fore-knowledge of the elements of the structure of the next specimen

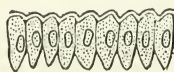


FIG. 4.

that we shall put under our microscope; that is a vertical section of skin stained in picramine. You can buy such a section ready mounted at any microscope dealer's.

On placing the specimen under the low power of the microscope, you will notice that it is generally of a red colour, owing to the carmine stain. Now let us examine our specimen systematically. With the low power you will see that one edge of the specimen is stained yellow; this is the surface of the skin. Now put in the high power, and examine this yellow part. What do you see? A homogeneous layer of tissue stained yellow, having a few shattered lines in it. This really consists of a number of horny squames or scales, without nuclei, and which may really be regarded as dead. This is the outermost layer of the skin, and serves to protect the more delicate subjacent tissue; it is thickest where the skin is submitted to intermittent pressure, such as the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, where it is enormously developed. This first layer, then, of the skin is called the "stratum corneum," from the Latin "corneus," "horny." When very much

hypertrophied this tissue gives rise to those painful friends that are almost the inevitable consequence of tight boots.

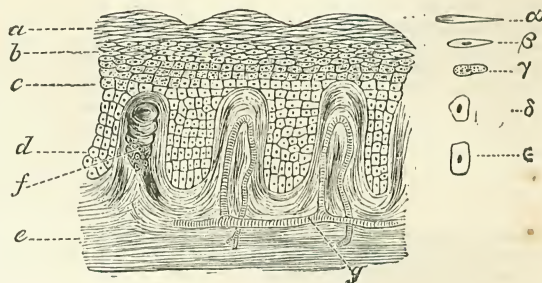


FIG. 5.

Now let us go further afield in our specimen, and take the next layer, below this stratum corneum, which presents itself for our notice. You will see that it is very clear and stained yellow, you will also observe that there remain in this layer the vestiges of nuclei to the cells. This layer, from its clearness and brightness, is called the "stratum lucidum." In Fig. 5 "a" is the stratum corneum, of which "a" is a single cell element, "b" is the stratum lucidum, of which "b" is the cell element, the difference between "a" and "b" being the presence of a nucleus in "b," whereas in "a" the nucleus is absent; "b" is a "squamous epithelial cell."

Now let us proceed still further down. Now we have come to something that reminds us of our previous questions to the microscope about epithelium. Although "b" in Fig. 5 is a squamous epithelial cell, yet the section being vertical we only see it edgewise; but now we see a set of cells which are not quite so flat or clear as those like "b." I refer to the cells indicated at "c" and one of which is represented by "γ." Now these cells present characters intermediate between those presented by Fig. 1 and Fig. 2, that is to say, they are on the borderland, as it were, between squamous and columnar epithelium. You see that they form a very large part of the specimen; the upper part of this layer takes the carmine stain in a very marked manner, and stands out with a much deeper red colour than the rest of the specimen; this is due to the presence of certain granules, the signification of which I shall point out presently, and which are stained very rapidly and completely by the

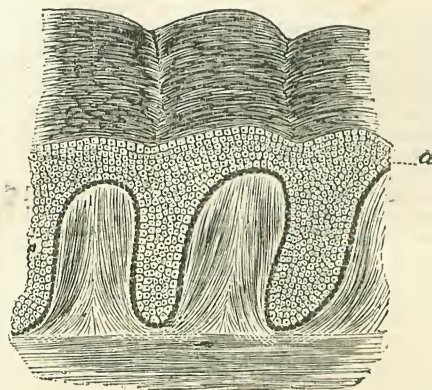


FIG. 6.

carmine stain. The layer, then, which we have examined is characterised mainly by the intermediate character of its component elementary

cells, and the presence in each individual cell of certain granular particles; hence this layer has been termed the "stratum granulosum."

Passing still lower in the specimen, we come to another layer of cells, which forcibly remind us of the cells which we already have seen represented in Fig. 2—the columnar epithelium cells; they are not stained so deeply as the cells in the stratum granulosum were, for they have not the granulation of each cell like that layer, and therefore do not take the stain so completely. You will notice that the cells change from their quasi-squamous or columnar condition to that of a perfect columnar cell, not suddenly, but by a delicate gradation, those towards the surface more nearly approaching in character the squamous epithelium, those towards the deeper parts the columnar variety. The layer now under consideration is represented in Fig. 5 by "d," and an individual cell is depicted by "e."

It will be apparent to you that in Fig. 5 this layer dips down into the subjacent tissue "e" in four places, and that between these four involutions are received three processes of

the underlying tissue called "papillæ." The stratum of epithelium we have just investigated is called the stratum Malpighii, from the name of its discoverer.

Taken collectively, the layers of epithelium we have considered thus far go to form the "upper skin" or "epidermis," as it is called, and it is this part of the skin that one sees raised in the formation of a blister. Now there is a special interest associated with this part of the skin, and that is the "process of regeneration" which is continually going on. The same cells are not for ever present in the skin, but are always undergoing fresh changes. New cells begin from the stratum Malpighii. Let us follow the life of such a cell. It begins as a columnar cell, and remains as such in the stratum Malpighii, but presently another cell appears beneath it, and pushes it upward; at the same time as the result of pressure it becomes shorter and broader, more like "δ" in Fig. 5; the same process being carried on it comes to the condition represented by "γ" in Fig. 5, and now we have the first indication of the beginning of the end. The cell gets granular; this is due to the presence

of a substance called "eleidin," which is closely connected in chemical composition with "keratin," the essential part of the topmost layer. Passing onward, our cell loses its eleidin, and is composed mainly of keratin, but still retains its most vital part, the nucleus; it is now in the stratum granulosum (Fig. 5, β). And now the end comes, the nucleus disappears, the cell shrivels, becomes a mere scale, and is lost from the surface as "scurf." Even at the last it retains the potentiality of its columnar form, for if such a cell be immersed in caustic soda solution it swells up.

While speaking of the epidermis, Fig. 6 will be of some interest. It represents the condition of affairs in the skin of a negro. You see that at the lowest part of the stratum Malpighii there is a distinct black line (a). This is a collection of pigmented epithelial cells similar to those in Fig. 4, and to these does the black man owe his characteristic colour.

I have dealt only with the epidermis in the present article, leaving the true skin with its various appendages for a future occasion.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.



MITTENWALD AND ITS VIOLINS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER VI.

"This small, sweet thing,
Devised in love and fashioned cunningly
Of wood and strings."

I DO not know the author of this heading, but it so exactly describes the violin, its qualities, its method of construction, together with the love and devotion which its makers bring to the work, that I could not resist using it.

The violin is indeed "a small, sweet thing," perfect as art and nature can make it; but small as it is, it possesses a far-reaching, mysterious power of penetrating the human heart and sympathising with its every mood. At one time its sweet, pure notes may be heard speaking peace to the wearied brain, at another comfort to the sad and troubled spirit, and at other times entering heart and soul into the frolics of the young and the pleasures of the glad in spirit. What a loving, sympathetic thing it is!

Read the histories of the old masters, and note the enthusiasm and devotion they bestowed on their beloved art. Watch too the makers of the present day, and you will not doubt that hearts, intellects, and hands all work together to fashion this small, sweet thing.

Fashioned cunningly it certainly is, as all may see who are visiting with us the violin makers of Mittenwald. Up to this time we have been watching the formation of the various parts of the body, or resonance box, and seeing them put together, but there are still several additions to be made if we would possess the instrument in its entire power and beauty.

For example, there is the neck and the

figure-head on scroll, the making of which is a special work, as we may see for ourselves if we continue our visits to the factory.

The workmen are sitting on their benches, with thick blocks of maple before them, and gauges of various sizes. They lay the pattern of the neck on the wood, pencil it round, and then set to work with their gauges.

Strange to say the old masters did not pay much heed to the neck, believing it to be of no real importance to the tone of the instrument. We, however, think differently, and are very particular that it shall have exactly its proper position and length, and as much beauty and grace as we can bestow upon it.

If the neck be too short it is disfiguring and demoralising, for it cannot perform the increased work which the higher pitch of these times imposes on it. If it be placed too forward or too much behind it forces the bridge, and has an injurious effect upon the tone of the violin, rendering it sharp, short, or metallic; altogether the neck requires a good deal of attention, but it is quite worth the pains. It is true that it gets a good deal of help from the bridge, the thicknesses and the arches, but it gives back quite as much and even more than it receives. It is an important member of the whole, but its life and health depend upon its working harmoniously with all the other members. Should it attempt to stir up strife among those with whom it is bound, it would lose its position, and another would be found to take its place.

It is joined so beautifully to the main body that it is difficult to detect it with the naked eye. It is done with glue and not by means of nail or screw, therefore it can be removed

without taking off the belly should the process be necessary at any time.

Owing to the present alteration in pitch the necks of old violins have to be lengthened, and thus it is that there is scarcely a Stradivarius, Amati, Guarnerius, or Stainer in use but has been provided with a new and longer neck to suit the emergency of the times. The scrolls or figure-heads of violins are so very much alike to an outsider that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other, just as when one looks at a flock of sheep we think the faces all alike, but to the shepherd, or to a practised eye, each one has its own distinctive features; so it is in the scrolls of violins. Each possesses so decidedly the characteristics of the master who formed it, that it is as easy to read as his handwriting.*

In having new necks put upon the old and valued violins, the owners are most careful that the original scrolls should occupy their old places, because, as we have seen, they are the stamp or sign of the maker; and in the dissecting or putting together again many curious accidents have happened. One mentioned by Hart, under the title of "The Missing Scroll," is of this character.

It seems that the owner of a valuable Stradivarius felt the necessity of having the old neck removed, and a new one fixed in its place. So he went to the best violin surgeon

* Hart, speaking of Guarnerius, says: "Who can fail to recognise the quaint head into which he seems to have thrown such singular character by the mere turn of his chisel, and which, when imitated, always partakes of the ludicrous, and betrays the unhappy copyist who is unable to compass that necessary turn."

he knew to get this delicate operation performed. He was a clever surgeon and an honourable man; but he had a great failing, which was want of punctuality. It was a great trouble to the owner to part with his treasure at all, but when time after time it was promised and never ready for him, he went in anger to the shop, wrapped up all the pieces of his Strad. in paper, and took them home, determined to get some one else to do it for him; but on taking the pieces out of the paper, he was almost beside himself to find the scroll missing.

Back he went to the instrument-maker whose unpunctuality had been the cause of all his trouble, asking every one he met, and astonishing them too by his wild manner, if by chance they had picked up a fiddle-head. No one had seen it, and his last hope was that he had left it behind in the shop. But, alas, there was no scroll there, and all who love their violins can understand that he was completely overcome by the magnitude of his loss. He offered rewards for its discovery without success. A few days later it was found by an old apple-woman in a gutter, and offered to the violin surgeon for two shillings.

Sometimes, scrolls find their way on to wrong violins and wander about from one instrument to another, and after years of wrong-headedness come back to their own body at last simply by accident. Hart gives a very amusing history of such an one.

Having now the body, the neck, the head, the soul, and the nervous system of the violin, we cannot do better than get the bridge made and placed. This simple little piece is called the tongue of the violin, or as Mr. Haweis facetiously styles it, the wife of the instrument. At all events, whether tongue or wife or both, it is one of the most important parts of the whole. It not only forms a support for the strings, but communicates the vibrations from them to the body of the instrument, and requires the utmost care in its adjustment.

It is a thin piece of wood standing across the belly of the violin between the *f* holes, and in a line with the little notches; its height is from an inch and a quarter to three-eighths, and its little feet should cling as tightly to the belly as though they grew out of it. The top should be only half the thickness of the feet, and the grain of the wood should run in the direction of its length.

It is not every piece of wood you take up that can be turned into a bridge: the selection must be carefully made, so that the wood may be suitable to the constitution of the violin; for example, if the instrument be wanting in brilliancy the bridge must have solidity of fibre. If it lack mellowness, then the bridge must make up the deficiency. In fact, the bridge must be thoroughly examined to see if its qualities agree with the violin in all respects, for they have to live together, and the violin being masterful and fastidious will put up with no unsuitable mate. "It is necessary," says one authority, "that the bridge should even have pores proportionate to those of the violin." If the bridge be too high or thick it muffles the tone, and if it be too low the tone becomes thin and sharp. Nothing will answer except what is exactly right. Fortunately the union of the bridge with the violin need not be of lifelong duration, and it is not at all rare for a violin to possess two or three. Mr. Haweis' simile of the bridge being the wife does not seem at all an unlikely one, and the remarks he makes upon it are very quaint:—"A perfectly harmonious marriage is as rare between violins and their bridges as it is between men and women. Although the old violin is very capricious in his choice, he does not object to elderly bridges, and when he finds one he can get on with, will obstinately resent any rash interference with the harmony of his domestic arrangements."

It will be interesting to those who have the opportunity to compare the bridges of the Amati and Stradivarius violins with those now in use. It will be seen that the design settled on by them has been scarcely altered at all. Many think that the ornamental cutting of the bridge is merely a matter of taste. On the contrary, it is a necessity, as any deviation from it is at once injurious to the tone of the instrument.

It is difficult to imagine how a little piece of maple, which seems merely to keep the strings on the finger-board from touching, should have such a powerful effect on the tone of the instrument to which it is not even fastened; it is, as all know, kept in its place by the pressure of the strings.

Savart, whose many experiments have been an education to those who have studied them, tried a plain piece of wood for a bridge, and glued it on to the violin; the result was that it deprived the violin almost entirely of sound; it became better when he made legs to it, and better still when the lateral cuttings were made.

As the finger-board and the bridge have to keep on good terms one with the other, always obliging and never contradicting each other, we will take that piece next. It enjoys the distinction of being made of dry, well-seasoned ebony, which is the hardest of all wood. Sometimes, however, mountain ash is used, which is the next hardest, but it is easy to detect the substitute; for example, an impression can be made with the nail on the ash which is quite impossible on the ebony.

In former times the finger-boards were curiously ornamented by inlaying them with pearl, silver, and ivory, according to a design; but this ornamentation finds no favour in the present day, owing to the unpleasant jar, which is the result of the pieces getting loose; in fact, except as a curiosity this ornamentation is not a success.

The finger-board requires to be very carefully constructed, otherwise the strings jar against it, and the movement of the bow is impeded. It is glued on to the neck.

The nut or rest is the little piece of ebony over which the strings pass on to the finger-board. Its position is between the peg-box and the finger-board. Heron Allen says he was asked why the nut need be a piece separate from the finger-board, and as it was exactly what I wanted to know I will give his answer.

"It is of course that the grain of the finger-board being parallel to the tension of the strings, it could not stand the strain of the strings, but would become dented by them (it should be $\frac{1}{4}$ in. high and $\frac{5}{8}$ in. long) at the upper end. The nut is therefore placed at this point so that the strings, on leaving the peg-box, encounter only the cross-grained piece of ebony constituting the nut, on which they can make no impression as they would on the soft parallel grain of the finger-board."

The button, although apparently an insignificant little piece of the whole, is by no means unimportant, and requires great skill to make; it is to the violin what the keystone is to the arch; it gives vitality to the whole instrument. Many violins have been spoiled artistically for want of skill in forming this little piece. Its position is at the back, just where the heel of the neck rests.

And now a few words about the pegs, for everything is of importance if it have place at all in a violin. In a little room on the ground floor of the factory we saw hundreds of these little pegs, and as many of them had been some time in stock they had shrunk a little and become somewhat oval on one side, and several men were correcting this fault before they fitted them into the holes.

The best woods of which to make them are ebony and rosewood. Boxwood is not un-

frequently used, but it is very inferior to the other two. Pegs have been made of horn and ivory, but were not satisfactory.

When pegs have worn smooth, so that they do not hold, they should be rubbed with chalk, and not with resin, in order to fix them. We have watched the construction of the violin thus far, and the compass and the file may rest after their labours; but it is still in what is called *the white*, that is to say, unvarnished.

Many are the opinions as to the efficacy of this process, but as all instruments are varnished, it will be interesting to us to know why and wherefore. First, there is no doubt that the varnish preserves the wood from the inclemency of the weather, and above all from the breath of the player. Without it no violin could attain old age, and the tone would lose sweetness and power. That is the common-sense view of the effect of the varnish, but that is only a very small part of the subject; there hangs about it an inscrutable mystery which has puzzled violin-makers for the last hundred and fifty years.

The exquisite tints of the old Cremona varnish, ranging from a yellow orange to a brown mahogany red, have never been equalled, nor can it be distinctly stated what the mixture was which produced them. It seems that for a century or more before the time of the Cremona makers, Italy was indebted for the few colouring and varnishing receipts which she possessed to the Jesuit Fathers, whose missionaries obtained them from India, China, and other places in the far East. It is supposed that two of the materials used were dragon's blood and sandal wood.

The first of these it is almost impossible to obtain now, it is a product of *Dracena draco*, and yielded resin of the finest quality; but whatever the materials and the secret of dissolving and mixing, all is lost, and we can only approach the truth. How many experiments have been made, how many restless nights and days of study have been given by violin-makers and chemists to recover the secret no one could say. Of one thing we are quite certain, viz., that varnish has a marked influence on the air, the wood, and the tone of a violin, if it be properly put on, but it is not easy to apply it so that you get the full benefit of it.

"Varnish," says a master, "must be a dress, not a muffler, and its office is to soften the sounds without obstructing them." A thick, fat varnish stops respiration, therefore it should be light, clear, and volatile, so that it may stretch without cracking, and cover without bending.

The pine of which the belly is made imbibes like a sponge, therefore the varnish must be free of those ingredients which would burn and calcine the sap. The varnish should never obscure the "clouded shadows" of the maple, or the veins of the pine. Those of us who possess a Cremona will notice that the veins of the wood can be seen as clearly through the varnish as through glass, and it is just the beauty and delicacy of this varnish that makes it so difficult to repair an old violin; it is almost sure to get rubbed or injured, and to replace it with nineteenth century varnish would be a barbarism not to be thought of.

We will leave the violin with its fresh varnish to dry until next month, when we hope to supply it with strings and a bow.

These articles are not to teach us to make with our own hands the violin, but to help us to understand all its parts, otherwise I would have gone into detail about the materials and mixing of the varnish; but those who desire more particulars cannot do better than study Heron Allen's book on violin-making.

(To be continued.)



"HOPING AND PRAYING FOR OTHERS."

IN SILENCE.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

SHE hath wrought and suffered in silence
For many a weary year,
She hath borne the burdens of others,
And spoken brave words of cheer.

The world would have claimed her gladly,
For hers was the magic pen
Which painteth the poet's fancy,
And swayeth the hearts of men.

But God gave the gift of loving,
And her choice was the better part,
To gild the cold path of duty
With warmth from her own brave heart.

She hath laboured and loved in silence
For many a weary year,
Hoping and praying for others,
And speaking brave words of cheer.

But the heat of the day is over,
The toil of the journey past,
And the hands that have wrought are folded
On the heart that is cold at last.

She was willing to go, God knoweth;
Aye, "willing and glad," she said.
Weep not that the sweet soul goeth
To the home of the happy dead.



THE TWIN-HOUSES:

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Restitution," etc.

PART IV.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

IN a small room in one of the overcrowded streets leading from Edgware Road to Lisson Grove a pathetic scene was enacting. A father and son, long separated, and parted in anger, were making peace. They sat side by side, the old man and the young, talking eagerly, while two women listened, and three children hung about their mother. There was no recrimination, no reproaches, nothing but joy and thankfulness at reunion. Gripson, senior, looked almost younger than Gripson, junior, so forcibly had care written his lines on the face of the latter. Question and answer followed so rapidly upon one another, that it would be difficult to put them upon paper, but their substance is soon told.

William had been reckless and ambitious, and in wishing to grasp too much had lost all. He had not been content to work up, but had expected fortune to come without labour. He was disappointed, and found that the New World was not different from the Old, and yielded no honest gains without honest endeavour; and with all his faults, William Gripson was honest. Failure had kept him silent, and the hope of bettering his fortunes had brought him back to England. A misleading advertisement for the foreman of a shop took him to Edgware Road, and he, his wife and children were about to be turned out of their lodging, when Divine Providence brought the sisters face to face. Ruth was in search of a friend they had known in Canada when they met; and William, sick, dejected and wretched, had remained with the children in their miserable lodging

"A shop. Will! Back to your ditch after all!" chuckled old Gripson, when he heard of the advertisement.

"Yes, father; I knew how to serve," replied the son, humbly.

"Ah, my boy, you're not the only one whose great expectations have ended small. But since you're no longer above the counter, we'll begin again at Merriton. You and Martin shall keep shop, and I'll look on and see you don't ruin me. We'll bring up the young ones to the trade, and the Gripsons will be as good a name in Merriton, I'll be bound, as any of the great clap-trap, advertising, monopolising firms either of New York or London. Shake hands upon it, my boy."

Father and son shook hands, and tears rolled down the cheeks of the penitent William. Seeing this, two of the three children crept towards him, and began to cry for company, as is the way of sympathetic childhood.

"Bless my soul! come to Granfer," said old Gripson; and, willing or unwilling, the boy and girl were pushed towards him. "Lucy, come and let's get 'em something to eat. They're as thin as whipping-posts," he added, stroking their heads. "Back in a minute," he cried, cheerily, getting up like a brisk three-year-old, and hurrying away, followed by Lucy.

They were soon in Edgware Road, buying pies, German sausages, and other edibles, enough to last a month.

"Anyone to prefer this choky, smoky, crowded, poverty-stricken place to bright, prosperous Merriton, baffles me," grumbled Gripson. "We must get 'em back at once,

and Fred with 'em, I'll warrant he'll be content at the wharf when he gets better."

"I am afraid that will be far off," said Lucy. "But we have them all again, thank God!"

"Amen! Take care, or you'll be run over, Lucy! Nobody cares what becomes of 'ee here, while at Merriton you belong to everybody."

"Oh, but they do care, Mr. Gripson! Only think of Ruth, and the hospital, and the kind lady."

"To be sure. Through them I found my son; or through the grace of God."

They were soon at the lodging again. They found the table spread with such plates and knives and forks as were available. The carriage and the advent of visitors had given the landlady hope of her rent, and she volunteered to supply deficiencies. William and Ruth looked almost cheerful, and the children hungrily expectant. Lucy placed the good cheer on the table, and they all sat down to the meal.

"Bless their hearts, how they do eat!" said old Gripson, heaping mutton pies and slices of sausage on the children's plates.

They were abashed, and began to relax their efforts.

"Work away, my dears; the more you eat the better I shall be pleased," said their grandfather. "We'll all be off to Merriton to-morrow morning, and then you'll have enough and to spare."

"Not to-morrow, Mr. Gripson," pleaded Lucy. "We must prepare mother, and Ruth must go and see poor Fred."

"Oh! but Fred must come with us," said the old man.

Lucy explained that this was impossible, and that if Fred ever recovered, it must be some time before he could go home. She said she would stay behind, if only her present landlady would let her have her small bedroom cheap, and that she had still three weeks of her holidays left.

It was now William's turn to make inquiries. He did not know that Fred had followed his example, and left certainty for uncertainty. He was much cast down, and this news depressed him still more. He was one of those who are buoyant with hope and exultation till trouble tames them, and then it seems as if they could never be roused again. He began to reproach himself with Fred's faults, but Lucy said cheerily that everything had ended well, so it was no good to go over old ground. "Pressing on to those things which are before," she added, laying her hand kindly on his shoulder; and he strove to smile at her in return.

Lucy had enough to do the following day. In the first place she consulted with Dr. Pearson, who said that good news might rouse and cheer Fred, and that when she had broken the return of his friends to him, he would arrange for the interview. She also saw Mrs. Everard, who had taken a fancy to her, and volunteered help. Indeed, Lucy was herself so helpful and hopeful, that she could not fail to make friends. Unselfish people generally do make friends; and she never thought of self.

As may be supposed, Fred was much overcome when he heard of the return of William and Ruth. They were waiting below in the great hall, while Lucy told him the good news, and his natural impetuosity returned with it. He would get up at once and leave the hospital, and go back to Merriton with them. But he was restrained by physical bonds. He was too weak to move.

"We will soon follow them," said Lucy, gently.

"Ah, me! perhaps I shall never go home again," moaned he. "I wish I had never left it. Poor mother! Have I quite ruined you all?"

"Would you like to see Will and Ruth?" he asked, doubtfully, beckoning the nurse, who was not far off.

"Just for five minutes," replied the nurse, on a question from Lucy.

The meeting was truly affecting. The allotted time was so short that few words were spoken, but those few penetrated from heart to heart. The two men, wrung each other's hands, while the women strove to keep from weeping. The sufferers in the various beds round about looked on; but scenes are so common and so pathetic in the great hospitals, and each patient has his own pain to bear, that they vanish like phantasmagoria from before the sight. Even Death becomes a natural occurrence, where his scythe seems always ready. Strange that the Reaper should be waiting, whether the corn be ripe or no!

Lucy had written home to prepare her mother for the joy in store for her, and the next morning she and Gripson met the returned wanderers at Paddington Station. She would scarcely have recognised any of them, hope had so transfigured them. As to the children, they were frisky as lambs, and already leaped about Aunt Lucy. But they were not half as frisky as their grandfather, who said he had come to town to watch over one treasure, and had found five. "Five per cent.," he chuckled.

It must be confessed that the "cent." felt rather lonely when she watched the long Great Western train steam off. There was a great waving of hands and handkerchiefs for a few seconds, and then those so lately found again disappeared. Oh! how Lucy longed to be

with them, and to be present at their reunion with her mother.

She hurried back to her wee lodging, and waited for the hour when she could be admitted to the hospital. She had not been there long, when the household slavey told her Mrs. Everard wanted to see her. What was she to do? She could not receive so fine a lady in her bedroom. She hurried downstairs, and found her in a parlour on the ground floor. She had generously come to inquire about Ruth, and to offer assistance. Lucy told her the whole story, simply and truthfully, and Mrs. Everard promised to facilitate her visits to her brother, and to aid in his removal from the hospital as soon as it could be done with safety.

In less than three weeks Fred was pronounced convalescent. Meanwhile Lucy, with Mrs. Everard's help, had collected what remained of his effects and transferred them to her lodging. Mrs. Everard had seen Herr Franz, and had learnt from him that to perfect Fred as a public singer required more time, teaching, and continuous practice than Fred chose to give, so he, like many others, had drifted into low and scarcely respectable places of amusement. Herr Franz had lost sight of him. Not so Mrs. Everard. She looked after her *protégés* until her carriage conveyed them to the station, and she in turn saw them off. Let us thank God that there are many ladies of position in our vast metropolis always ready and willing to succour those in distress. Mrs. Everard is but a type of these truly Christian women. It is needless to say that Lucy and Fred expressed unbounded gratitude for such unexpected and undeserved kindness.

Fred bore the journey tolerably well. Lucy had written to beg that no outside friends should be apprised of their arrival, and that no one should meet them at the train. Fred had a nervous terror of being seen and of being looked upon as a failure. In vain Lucy tried to convince him that what seem failures are often only the beginnings of true success. He had learnt much during his long illness, but it takes time and the teachings of God's Holy Spirit to acquire by heart the lessons of resignation and contentment.

It was quite dark when the fly drove up to our twin-houses. They appeared to be illuminated to Fred's excited imagination.

"What a waste of candles!" he said, which was his first attempt at a joke, and enchanted Lucy.

His mother and Martin were at the door to receive them, and her warm embrace and his brother's "All right, old fellow, since you are safe at home again," were more acceptable at the moment than could have been the applause of a multitude.

"You will set the chimney alight!" was his second attempt at a joke, as he stood over a huge fire, and rubbed his poor thin hands, while tears filled his eyes.

Mother and son were alone for a few minutes while the others were seeing to portmanteau and carpet-bag, and such other luggage—a large package of music inclusive—as remained of Fred's small possessions.

"My dear boy! I was too desirous of your worldly advancement," said Mrs. Oliver, taking the blame on herself, if blame there were.

"And I of my own glorification," said Fred. "It will be long before I am able to sing again, if ever. I have quite lost my voice."

"But Mr. Holford says there is another post for you at the wharf," ventured his mother.

Further talk was interrupted by the entrance of Ruth, who was followed by her husband and Mr. Gripson. They all looked bright and happy, and welcomed him home with such joyful warmth that he broke down in their

midst and almost sobbed. They carried him off to the other small room, where a feast was prepared, which was old Gripson's contribution to the family reunion. Never was grace more fervently said, or thankfulness more sincerely felt.

"No room for the children," said old Gripson, rubbing his hands. "Let's fall to, Fred, you must eat, and you'll soon be as stout as Will. He weighs pounds more than when he came home, and begins to agree with me that there's no place either abroad or at home like Merriton."

"That I do, Fred," said William. "I've taken to the shop with a good grace, having seen how thankful better men than I were to earn a small livelihood by selling at the stores in America."

William Gripson had learnt his lesson so thoroughly, that he was capable of imparting it; and he and Fred glanced at one another, as much as to say, experience is the best teacher.

"Where is Lucy?" was the general cry.

Lucy had gone off to the twin-house to see the children, and was talking to them and the old housekeeper.

"We are all alive again," said the latter. "The house is chockfull, and master is as happy as the day."

It certainly was chockfull, and as Lucy ran over it, forgetful of her meal, she saw that every room was utilised, and as neat as Ruth's thankful care could make them. She took the children back with her, bidding them stay in the empty parlour awhile. They were full of talk, and told her how they went to school, and how grandfather gave them sweets and toys, and how they played and ran races in garden and orchard.

"It is delightful!" cried Lucy, as she burst into the dining-parlour, and rushed up to old Gripson and kissed him.

There was a general laugh as the old man declared he felt much flattered.

"Why, you are the very kindest man in the world," she continued, excitedly. "And we used to think you —" she paused.

"Say it out, Lucy. No secrets. We're a family party. 'Tis easy to be kind when one has it all one's own way. But your mother and I are going to keep a sharp look-out upon all you young people. We don't mean to let any of you go away again; except for a good match. I suppose we must allow that, eh, Mrs. Oliver? Where are the children?"

Lucy fetched them, and the family party was complete.

It remains only to be told that so much of the future as can be settled by finite understanding was settled that evening. Fred declared his willingness to resume work at the wharf when well enough, and William his satisfaction at being enrolled his father's partner. Martin was to have a share of the business, and the twin-houses were still to hold the increased inmates. The boy had already taken up his partial abode with his grandmother, and was still to find a corner in her house, while his father's old smoking den had been converted into a sleeping apartment for the little girls.

"I am going to build a room at the back," said old Gripson.

"Then we shall all be ruined," broke in Fred, which was his third attempt at a joke, and caused his mother to rejoice, and Mr. Gripson to call him a young scamp.

If there is a beautiful sight in this world, it is a happy family party, and not the least happy, perhaps, are those whose joy is tempered by the wisdom which springs from the mistakes and sorrows of the past, and the sobered hope of the future.

As Lucy devoutly said to her mother, "We could not have brought it about of ourselves; it is all due to the grace of God."

A VERY PRETTY AND INEXPENSIVE QUILT.



quilt, by simply doubling the Andalusian and trebling the Shetland.

The effect of the variety of colours, worked in haphazard, is charming; and nothing could be better for the nursery or for the homes of the poor than these quilts, made of odd pieces of wool, which are at once bright, beautiful, and healthful.

An advantage is that they are made in small pieces and can be taken up at any moment without inconvenience. Should a quilt be wanted in a hurry, twenty people could work at it without any harm to the appearance of it when finished.

making of this affords an opportunity of using up odd lengths of wool of whatever kind or colour.

Berlin, Scotch finger, Andalusian, and even Shetland may be used in the same

It is extremely simple to make. First make a chain of six stitches and join it. Into this little ring work sixteen treble, and fasten off. This forms a little star, say of blue. Now, with pink, yellow, or indeed any colour, work two treble in between the second and third of the sixteen blue stitches. Miss two and work four. Miss two again and work in two treble, and so on till you get to the end of the blue circle. Fasten off.

You have in this outer line four corners of four stitches each, and one two on each side, so that the circle has become a square.

Now take another colour, red if you please, and work two treble between the four and the two and between the two and the four, and in the midst of the four at each corner work four treble, and so on until you get round, when the sides will contain two twos each independent of the four at each corner. Fasten off.

So far the worker can make use of any colour she pleases, but in the next row, which is the last, she must use black, and the stitches are in single crochet, not treble.

Work two stitches into every space with a chain of one between. Arriving at the corners, make one stitch of single crochet between the second and third of the four, then a chain of three and another stitch of single crochet into the same place, and so on till you have worked round, when you will have three twos on each side in addition to the corners.

Secure the wool, and your square is complete.

When two or more of these are made it would be well to join them.

Take one in your left hand, holding the right side of the work towards you; having a stitch on the hook, pass it through the right-hand corner loop and draw the wool through with a stitch of single crochet; then take a second square and put the wrong side of it face to face with the wrong side of the one in your hand, and secure the right-hand corners of each square firmly together. Continue to join by passing your hook first through the little chain of one square and then to the corresponding chain of the other till you arrive at the left-hand corners, which you will secure in the same manner as you did the right-hand corners—not both together, but first one and then the other. A great deal of the prettiness of the quilt depends upon the way you join these squares; if well done it makes a raised ridge between each side of every square.

It is possible to arrange the squares into patterns, but I think it is more effective if they are put together without regard to plan or colour.

When the quilt is large enough cut up your odd wool into certain lengths and fringe it. I put four lengths into each stitch.

It not only makes pretty quilts, but antimacassars, bassinette-covers, and covers for perambulators.



A PERPLEXED MOTHER.

I HAVE one daughter, for whom I am straining every nerve to procure the advantages of a good education. She has a pretty taste for music and singing, and I am also anxious that she should have the benefit of good masters for these accomplishments. But before going further I must state that I am obliged to live in a large house, and that my income and staff of servants are equally limited.

It is therefore essential that the domestic machinery should work with order and regularity, and not by fits and starts; but unfortunately the supply of oil for keeping the same machinery in good working order is sometimes difficult to purchase.

This of course makes it the more necessary that all the household affairs be well and quickly done, that no time be lost in looking for things that ought to be in their right places, and that no work be left for the morrow that can and ought to be done to-day.

Now my daughter Dorinda, aged eighteen, is an excellent girl in many respects; a girl who can be thoroughly trusted, and a general favourite; but she has one fault, which to an old-fashioned person like myself is a trial. She lacks the qualities of neatness and order, and this failing I attribute in a great measure to the present system of school education.

There appears to be no time in school-life for the practice of the virtues of tidiness and regularity; everything is at high pressure, and

it is therefore plain to all that the girls can have neither leisure nor inclination to attend properly to their wardrobe. Their clothing is not properly repaired, and their cupboards are in a state which I have heard described as "making hay," and when a collar or a ribbon, etc., is needed, it appears almost necessary to rake through the contents to find the missing articles. At the last the owner considers herself fortunate, if at the end of a wasted ten minutes she contrives to find what she needs. I will not say anything about the condition of the gloves, ribbons, etc. Many good clothes are thus rendered unsightly in appearance, and what is much worse, habits of untidiness are formed which in later years are not easily eradicated. And when a girl leaves her mother's home for one of her own, she finds it almost impossible to manage her household on the old lines of system and regularity.

I have questioned Dorinda closely, and she tells me that when at school it is (as I have suspected) a constant scramble to have all lessons ready in time for the various masters, that all other matters go "anyhow." When work is over, the girls are too tired to think or care for anything but their well-earned rest.

Euclid takes the place of stocking mending, and algebra entirely does away with the necessity of sewing on buttons. Most desirable as all these things are, surely they

should not supplant in a girl's education the learning how to use her needle, and how to keep her possessions (be they few or many) in such order that she can at any time find what she may require?

In these days but comparatively few mothers can afford to keep a maid for their daughters, so we may put them out of the question. The majority of girls have to wait upon themselves, and probably when they leave school have to keep the household linen and their brothers and sisters' clothing in order.

It would therefore be desirable if a little daily time were given through the years of education to such matters, which I cannot help thinking are not of minor importance. I believe that, by doing this, when a girl leaves school much friction of time and temper may be avoided, not to mention that important factor in our lives, the saving of money.

But Dorinda, dear girl, has just brought me some creditable "stitchery," and further promises that when she leaves school she will relieve me of much care in household matters, and also find ample time for reading, music, etc., varied by lawn-tennis and other pleasant amusements. I am looking forward to this epoch with feelings of great satisfaction, knowing well that when Dorinda acquires the virtues of neatness and order, she will remove a heavy burden from the shoulders of her perplexed mother.



OUR BESSIE.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.
IN THE COOMBE WOODS.

BREAKFAST was a more difficult affair than it had been on the preceding morning, and Edna, who was very quick-witted, soon saw there was something amiss with Bessie; but she was a kind-hearted girl, and she threw herself with such animation into the conversation, that Bessie's silence was unnoticed.

When the meal was finished Bessie withdrew to her room, and Edna would have followed her, but just then Richard came in and begged her in a low voice to get rid of Miss Shelton for half an hour, as he wanted to speak to her and her mother, and then in a moment Edna guessed the truth.

Bessie remained a long time alone. She had finished her letter to her mother and had just taken up her work before Edna came in search of her.

Edna looked excited, and there were tears in her eyes as she kissed Bessie.

"You naughty little thing," she said, trying to laugh; "whoever would have thought of you and Ritchie falling in love with each other!

I don't think I have ever been more surprised in my life."

"I was surprised too," replied Bessie, naively. "Dear Edna, are you very much shocked?"

"Not at all. On the whole, I am very much pleased at the idea of having you as a sister. I fell in love with you myself, Bessie. I told Ritchie that, so I ought not to be so surprised that he has followed my example. I am not quite sure that he is good enough for you. I suppose you think he is," doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed; it is I who am not good enough for him," replied Bessie, blushing, and looking so pretty that Edna hugged her again.

"You are very kind to me, Edna, but I am afraid your mother will not be pleased about this," and then Edna's face grew somewhat grave.

"No, Bessie, she is not; and she is very hard upon poor Richard as usual, and I had to take his part. Mamma is very proud, and that is why she approved so

much of Neville, because he belongs to county people, and is his uncle's heir. Neville will be terribly rich one day."

"And I am poor!" in a troubled voice.

"Yes, but Richard has plenty of money, and as I tell mamma, I cannot see what that matters. You are a lady, Bessie; your mother is a perfect gentlewoman; and as for Dr. Lambert, mamma knows what he is—she cannot say a word against him. She says she is very fond of you personally, but all the same she does not want Richard to marry you. You see," hesitating a little, "mamma will have to leave the Grange when Ritchie marries, and she does not like the idea of that; but as Richard justly said, his father hoped he would marry early, and he had a right, like any other man, to take a wife when he wishes. Of course mamma has not a grain of right on her side, but she chooses to be angry with Richard because he has been down to Cliffe and settled everything without reference to her; she says it is the way he always treats her."

"I think I will go to your mother, Edna. Is—is your brother with her?"

"Yes, I believe so; but they are not talking now. Ritchie sent me to you. Must you go, Bessie dear? Mamma will not be a bit nice to you."

"I cannot help that, but I am as much to blame as your brother is, and I shall not leave him to bear the brunt of it all." And though Bessie looked a little pale as she said this, she carried out her resolve, much to Mrs. Sefton's astonishment.

Richard met her at once, and took her hand.

"I have told my mother, Bessie," he said, in a clear, high voice, that was a little defiant.

"Yes, I know now, when everything is arranged," returned Mrs. Sefton, in an injured tone.

"Dear Mrs. Sefton," said Bessie, gently, "nothing was settled until this morning. Mr. Sefton took me by surprise yesterday, and I was hardly prepared. Indeed, I had no answer to give him until this morning, so not an hour has been lost."

"My mother knows all that," interrupted Richard, "but I cannot convince her no offence is intended. Mother, I think you might give Bessie a kinder reception; she has promised to marry me, and I think my future wife should be treated with consideration and respect."

"No, no; how can you talk so?" interrupted Bessie, for the young man spoke in a fiery manner. "Mrs. Sefton, please don't listen to him. You shall treat me as you will; but I shall always remember how good you have been to me. Of course you are not pleased with a poor girl like me; but you will be kind to me all the same, will you not, and I will try to follow all your wishes. It is not your son's fault either," very shyly, but trying to speak out bravely, "for he could not help caring for me, I suppose. Do, do try to forgive us both, and be kind to him." And here Bessie faltered and broke down.

Nothing could have been better than

Bessie's little impetuous speech. Mrs. Sefton was a proud, ambitious woman, but she was not wholly without feelings, and she had always been fond of Bessie. The girl's sweetness and humility, her absence of all assumption, the childlike way in which she threw herself upon her womanly kindness, touched Mrs. Sefton's cold heart, and she kissed the wet flushed cheek.

"Don't cry, Bessie. I suppose as things are settled we must just make the best of them. Richard put me out, and I said more than I meant. I was not pleased. I think I ought to have been consulted at least, not left so wholly in the dark."

"I am very sorry, mother, but you have never invited my confidence," replied Richard; but his lips quivered as he spoke.

"Yes, but you will be kinder to him now," and Bessie looked imploringly at her; "indeed, he has always loved you, but you have repelled him so. Richard," very softly, "will you not tell your mother that you mean to be good to her?"

Mrs. Sefton looked up, and her eyes met her stepson's.

"It was not my fault, mother," he said, with suppressed emotion.

Bessie thought that he was speaking of their engagement; but Richard's words conveyed a different meaning to his stepmother's ears. He was going back to the past. Again he saw himself a shy, nervous boy, standing before the proud, handsome girl who had just become his father's wife. "He can never be anything to me," he heard her say; and her low, bitter tones lingered long in his ears. "If I had known of his existence it might have been different; but now—" and she turned away with a gesture of dislike.

"Ritchie, my boy, you must ask this lady to forgive us both," his father had observed rather sadly.

How well Richard remembered that little scene. The discomfited expression of his father's face; his own puzzled, childish feelings. All these years he had suffered the consequences of his father's rash act. "He can never be anything to me," she had said, and her words had come true.

"Mother, it was not my fault," he said, looking into her eyes. And for the first time she quailed before that sad, reproachful gaze; it seemed to compel her to acknowledge the truth.

"No, Richard, it was your father's; it was he who estranged us," she returned slowly. "I was not the woman to forgive deceit. I wish, I wish things could have been different."

"They shall be different," he replied, gently, "if you will have it so, mother; it is not too late yet;" and though she did not answer, and there was no response to that burst of generous feeling, there was something in her face that gave Richard hope; neither did she repulse him when he stooped over her and kissed her.

"Try to make the best of me," he said, and Mrs. Sefton sighed, and left her hand in his.

Richard took Bessie out with him after that; he was agitated and dis-

pirited by the interview with his stepmother, and needed all the comfort Bessie could give him.

"It is very hard to bear," were his first words, when he found himself alone with her.

"Yes, it is very hard," she replied, gently; "but you behaved so well, it made me so proud to hear you," and Richard felt a glow of satisfaction at her words.

"You were beside me, helping me all the time," he said, simply. "Bessie, if you only knew what it is to me to be sure of your sympathy! My little blessing, I think you were born to be a peacemaker. It was you who softened my mother's heart; before you came in she was so hard, and said such bitter things, and then I lost my temper, and—"

"Do not go back to that," she said, quietly. "Your mother was taken by surprise. She said herself that she spoke hastily. Let us give her time. She cannot alter her nature all at once. You have been very patient a long time, Richard; be patient still for my sake."

"There is nothing I would not do for your sake," he replied, and Bessie was pleased to see him smile. After all it was not difficult to comfort him; the cloud soon passed away from his face, and in a little while they were talking as happily together as though no unkind words had been said.

They had a quiet, peaceful Sunday together, and then Richard went back to Oatlands, on the understanding that he was to return on Wednesday night and take Bessie down to Cliffe the next day.

Bessie was not sorry to be left alone for two days to realise her own happiness; but all the same, she was glad to welcome him back again on Wednesday, though she was secretly amused when Richard declared those two days of absence had been intolerably long; still she liked to hear him say it.

It was a happy evening to Bessie when she saw Richard for the first time in her own dear home, making one of the family circle, and looking as though he had been there for years. How kindly they had all greeted him! She saw by her mother's expression how pleased and excited she was. She took the young man under her motherly wing at once, and petted and made much of him; and it was easy to see how proud her father was of his son-in-law elect. Bessie thought she had never seen Richard to such advantage before. There was no awkwardness in his manner, he was alert, cheerful, and at his ease, ready to talk to Christine or to the younger girls, and full of delicate little attentions to his fiancée.

"A fine manly fellow!" observed Dr. Lambert, as he wished his daughter good-night. "You have won a prize, my girl; I am thoroughly satisfied with my future son-in-law," and Bessie blushed and smiled over her father's encomium.

But the most comfortable moment was when she had her mother to herself, for Mrs. Lambert had stolen upstairs after Bessie.

"Oh, mother, this is what I wanted," she said, drawing her mother down into

the low chair beside the fire, and kneeling on the rug beside her. "How good of you to come up to me. I was so longing for a talk."

"I think your father wanted Mr. Sefton to himself, so I left them together."

"You must call him Richard," corrected Bessie; "he wants you to do so. It was so nice to see him with you to-night; he will never want a mother now. You like him, do you not?" rather shyly.

"Yes, indeed, we all like him; there is something so genuine about him. My darling, I have not felt so happy since our poor Hatty's death."

"I think she would have been pleased about this, mother; it is the one drop of bitterness in my cup of happiness that her congratulations are missing. You were all so dear and kind to me and to Richard too; but I missed my Hatty," and Bessie leant against her mother's shoulder, and shed a few quiet tears.

"I think I must tell you something," returned her mother, soothingly. "Dear little Hatty used to talk in the strangest way sometimes. One night when she had been very ill, and I was sitting beside her, she told me that she had had such a funny dream about you—that you and Mr. Sefton were going to be married, and that she had seen you dressed in white, and looking so happy, and then she said very wistfully, 'Supposing my dream should come true, mother, and our Bessie really married him, how nice that would be;' and she would speak of it more than once, until I was obliged to remind her that I never cared to talk of such subjects, and that I did not like my girls to talk of them either. 'But all the same, mother, Bessie will not be an old maid,' she persisted with such a funny little smile, and then she left off to please me."

"How strange," replied Bessie, thoughtfully. "I must tell Richard that; he was so kind about Hatty. Mother, is it not nice to be able to tell someone all one's thoughts, and be sure of their interest? That is how I begin to feel about Richard. He is always so kind and patient, and ready to hear everything, and he never laughs nor turns things into fun as Tom does; and he is so clever, he knows things of which I am quite ignorant," and Bessie rambled on in an innocent girlish way of her lover's perfections, while her mother listened with a smile, remembering her own young days.

"She is very simple," she said to her husband that night; "she thinks only of him; she does not seem to remember that he is rich, and that one day she will be mistress of the Grange. That is so

like our Bessie, she always goes to the heart of things."

"I am very much pleased with him," replied Dr. Lambert; "he is just as unsophisticated in his way as Bessie is in hers. You would have liked to have heard him, Dora; he seems to think there is no one like her. 'She is worth a dozen of me,' he said, and he meant it, too."

Richard spent several days at Cliffe, and they were golden days to him and Bessie. On the last evening they went out together, for in the Lamberts' crowded household there was little quiet for the lovers, and Richard had pleaded for one more walk. "I shall not see you for six whole weeks," he said, disconsolately; and as usual Bessie yielded to his wishes.

They climbed up by the quarry into the Coombe Woods, and walked through the long green alleys that seemed to stretch into space. The Coombe Woods were a favourite trysting place for young couples, and many a village lad and lass carried on their rustic courtship there. The trees were leafless now, but the February sky was soft and blue, and the birds were twittering of the coming spring.

"And Edna is to be married in June," observed Bessie, breaking the silence. "I am glad Mrs. Sefton has given her consent."

"I suppose they gave her no option," replied Richard. "I knew when Sinclair went down on Saturday that he would settle something. Edna would not be likely to refuse him anything just now. You will have to be her bridesmaid, Bessie, so I am sure of some rides with you in June."

"Dear old Whitefoot! I shall be glad to mount him again."

"I shall get you a better horse before next winter, Whitefoot is growing old—Bessie, I ought not to be dissatisfied when you have been so good to me, but do you not think it would be possible to induce your father to change his mind?"

Bessie did not pretend to misunderstand his meaning; she only said gently—

"No, Richard, and I do not think it would be right to ask him;" and then she added, "You know dear Hatty will only have been dead a year."

"Yes, I see what you mean," he replied, slowly, "and I must not be selfish; but next October is a long time to wait, Bessie."

"It will not seem so," she answered, brightly, "and we must not hurry your mother; there will be Edna's marriage in June, and my visit to the Grange, and every now and then you will come here."

"Yes, and there will be my mother to

settle in her new house—you see what Edna says in her letter, that they have decided not to separate, that means that my mother will take a house at Kensington. Well, I daresay that will be for the best; but when my mother goes, the Grange will want its mistress."

"It will not want her long," she said, very gently, "and Richard, dear, you have promised not to be impatient. Mother is not ready to part with me yet. I shall not like to think of you being lonely in that big house; but it will not be for long."

"And after all, I shall not be lonely," he returned, for he was not to be outdone in unselfishness. "I shall be getting the house ready for you, and the new mare. Oh, and there will be a hundred things to do, and in the evenings I shall talk to Mac about his new mistress, and he will look up in my face with his wise, deep-set eyes, as though he understood every word, and was as glad as I was that October would soon come."

"Poor old Mac!" she exclaimed, and there was a soft colour in her face as she interrupted him. "You must give him a pat from me, and to all the dear dogs—Leo, and Gelert, and Brand, and Bill Sykes—we must not forget Bill Sykes—and Tim, and Spot, and tell them—" And then she stopped and looked at him with a smile.

"What shall I tell them?" he asked, coaxingly, "that you will be glad, too, when October comes?"

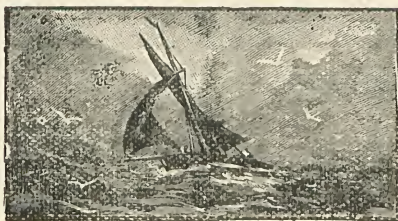
"If you like," she answered, quietly, "you may tell them that; but, Richard, when I think of the future, it is all like a dream. I cannot imagine that the dear old Grange is to be my home."

"You will find it very real," he replied. "Think what walks we shall have on Sunday afternoons with Bill Sykes and his companions, and when you go into the drawing-room to make tea, Tim and Spot will not be left outside."

"Wait a moment, Richard, look at that sunset," and Bessie pointed to the western heavens, which were bathed in a glow of golden light. They had reached the end of the wood; a wide stretch of country lay before them. How still and quiet it was; even the birds' twitterings had ceased. Bessie's eyes grew soft and wistful; the sunset glories had reminded her of Hatty in her far-off home.

Down below them lay the bay, like a sea of glass mingled with fire. "Thank God all is well with my Hatty!" she thought, and then she turned to Richard with a gentle smile, and they went slowly back through the wood again, talking quietly of the days that were to be.

[THE END.]

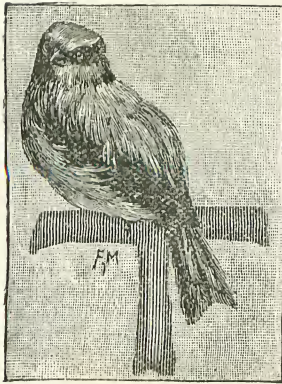


BIRD LIFE IN APRIL.

By A NATURALIST

"See the birds together,
In this splendid weather,
Worship God—for He is God of birds as
well as men—
And each feathered neighbour
Enters on his labour,
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet
and the wren."

William Howitt.



THE birds appear to have come all at once, and their voices seem to tell that they are rejoicing that the warm showers and sunshine of April have succeeded to the cold winds of March. The green woodpecker

shouts out his "Yike, yike!" making the old woods echo with it. You hear his tap, tap, tap on the tree-trunk, and then his laugh rings out again. The sound made by the black and white woodpecker, as he rattles on the dead branch or limb of a tree, is very different. That can be heard full half a mile away, and it is more like the roll on a side drum played by a skilful drummer than anything else. The nuthatch, or nut-jobber—so named because he hacks or hews at the nuts which he eats—ripples out his full notes as he runs nimbly about the tree-trunks and branches; while the wryneck—the cuckoo's mate, he is called—shouts out his "Peet, pee, peet!" This little bird, which is singular in its movements and plumage, always precedes the cuckoo a few days most regularly. It lives on ants and

insects, which it finds hiding in the bark of trees, drawing them out by the sharp, hard tip of its long tongue. When the wryneck halts in his "Peet, pee, peet!" the cuckoo chimes in with his well-known note, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuc!"

The blackbirds flute it merrily, assisted by thrushes—the song thrush, and his stronger-voiced relative the missel thrush. The chaffinch "twinks, twinkles!" sets up his topknot, and sings his very best to his mate that is sitting near him. Even the hedge sparrow and the wren sing well, although few would give them credit for it. Green finches or green linnets, as they are sometimes called, utter their long-drawn notes as they sit high up in the trees.

On the slender branch of a young beech just bursting into leaf a little bird is fluttering here and there, more like a butterfly than a bird. It is the chif-chaff, or least willow wren. Listen to his simple song of chif-chef-chef-chif-chef! His larger and very near relative is on the same tree, but higher up a-top. The wood wren is a member of the same family, only he is of more retiring disposition. Strange that such delicate little birds should brave the long journey they must perform before our shores are gained.

Swallows and martins flash over meadows and streams, also that beautiful bird the kingfisher.

The moorhen glides in and out of the flags with cautious steps, jerking her tail about continually. No doubt her nest is near. Jackdaws, that live in the old trees close to the river, salute each other loudly. They are in a state of great activity in the early morning. A knowing, bright, handsome fellow is the jackdaw; what he does to get into bad odour with the keepers is best known to himself. I only know that after Master Jack has retired to rest, a man with a stick in one hand and a gun under his arm comes round, and with his stick raps the trunk of the old, dying tree where Jack is snugly asleep in one of the numerous holes. Poor Jack thinks

his castle is coming down; and, coming out to see what is the matter, gets shot for his pains.

Ringdoves or woodpigeons soar and float about over the tops of the trees with wings and tails expanded. They are showing off, as they always do about nesting-time. The crow of the pheasant and the call of the partridge greet your ear as you walk down the road that runs by the copse, covered on the outskirts with bluebells and primroses. Homes and sanctuaries for all bird-life are these coppices. The jay loves them dearly. Always a handsome fellow, he is particularly so just now. Stand quiet, hidden within the trunk of this old yew. "Squak, squak!" He is near somewhere, but apparently a little suspicious. Perhaps he saw something of us as we turned off the road. "Quek, quek! Chatter, chatter!" There he is by the side of his mate, rehearsing his love song, with his crest raised, his splendid blue-barred wing drooped a little, and his broad tail spread out. No doubt his mate thinks his vocal performance something wonderful, though to our ears it sounds like the low creak of a wheelbarrow and the quick smatter of a duck when feeding. When he wishes to creep near to something, on the forage, he is quiet enough; you never hear a sound from him when he visits a cottage garden. He has a bad name for plundering; but he is no worse than other birds at that, only being large and handsome he attracts more notice. The sparrow-hawk waits on him to his great terror, making him chatter and squall his loudest.

Close to the lower end of the copse is a willow holt, sheltered by thick hedges and banks heavily timbered. Here the sedge warbler and the blackheaded bunting chatter and warble, finding it pleasantly warm and moist. From the branch of an oak a bird springs, singing as he flies, ascending and descending, returning to the same spot he started from. It is the tree-pipit, or tree-lark, pouring out his thanks for the glad, bright spring-time.

VARIETIES.

TOO FAMILIAR.

We may be too familiar with our friends. This is strongly and wisely insisted on in the following lines at the end of an epigram in the twelfth book of Martial:—

"Friendship's fair commerce to enjoy,
And keep the bright ore from alloy,
E'en with your warmest friend preserve
A cautious and discreet reserve.
Each fond encroaching thought restrain,
Your pleasure less and less your pain."

THE TRAVELS OF A POST-CARD.

A gentleman in London, on the 8th June of last year, sent a post-card, *via* the Brindisi and Suez Canal route, to Hong Kong, with the request to a friend there that it might be sent back to him *via* San Francisco and New York.

The card was duly received by the original sender on the morning of the 17th of August, the time taken in its transit round the world being exactly seventy days, which is about forty days less than the time taken ten years ago. The card was franked for the modest sum of 3½d.

INDEPENDENCE.

Socrates having received some very rich presents from his pupil Alcibiades, a friend remarked to him, "How happy he must be who has received such desirable gifts."

"He is much happier," replied the sage, "who does not desire them," and he immediately ordered the presents to be returned.

AN ANTIQUARY IN ERROR.

A famous antiquary—an enthusiast in the search for Roman antiquities—was travelling through England, when he heard that on a certain hill there was a stile called "Cæsar's stile." "Just so," thought the antiquary to himself; "such a road, mentioned in Antoninus, passed near here, and the traditional name of this stile confirms me in the opinion that there was a Roman camp on this spot."

Whilst he was surveying the prospect a peasant came up whom the antiquary addressed. "They call this Cæsar's stile, do they not?"

"Ees, zur," said the man, "they calls it so ar'ter poor old Bob Cæsar, the carpenter: I helped him to make it when I was a boy."

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

She stood by the open window, and as her father came into the room she put her finger on her lips and bade him hush. Then, as the last notes of a lawn mower in the adjoining washing green died away, she turned with a look of rapture on her face.

"Oh, papa," she said, "isn't Wagner's music simply exquisite!"

OBSCURE HEROES AND HEROINES.—Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that are great shall be small and the small great.

—Charles Reade.

LOVE, FAITH, HOPE, AND MEMORY.

No steep is hard for Love's white feet to climb,
And faith is but ambition purified,
And hope and memory would still be sweet,
Though every other joy were quite denied.

—Lowell.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS



EDUCATIONAL.

17TH ANEMONE.—War was declared by England and France against Russia, March 28, 1854. The expedition against the Crimea sailed from Varna in September, and landed near Sebastopol. The battle of the Alma was fought September 20th. 2. Prince Bismarck is the Prime Minister of Germany.

LEON, Miss A. DUKE.—Your letter was unfortunately mislaid, or should have been answered long ago. In case you have not already obtained the addresses of institutions for the oral teaching of the deaf, we give the following: The Training College for Teachers of the Deaf, at Castle Bar Hill, Ealing, W—principal, Arthur Kinsey, Esq.; Private School for Upper-class Children (deaf)—principal, Miss Hull, Woodvale, Parkhurst Road, Bexley, Kent; St. John of Beverley's Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Boston Spa, Tadcaster. There are several more, but you could obtain particulars which may assist you to what you require. Possibly, although an adult, Miss Hull might take you into residence for a time, or you might obtain a teacher whom you could take into residence with yourself from Mr. Kinsey.

OLIVE WYAILLE.—Could you not join a correspondence class, and prepare for the Senior Cambridge Exam. in that way? You say nothing about your home life, or where you live, so it is difficult to advise you. If you reside in London a training School would be best.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ONE WHO IS VERY ANXIOUS must, we think, make a clean breast of her troubles to her mother, and leave her to deal with the matter. If the accounts be forthcoming and correct, she need have no fear, and should not delay, as something unpleasant might happen with the creditors.

PERPLEXITY, we fear, can do nothing except speak to the man who put the gilding on the plate. The cold water treatment of a wet compress, or towel, wrapped round the throat and kept on for an hour or so, is sometimes found strengthening.

JINNIE ROOKES, FRESHWATER DAISY, MAY, MARY B., HANDMAID, PUZZLED MATRON AND OTHERS have all written to inquire for the method of giving the wonderful gloss to be seen on shirts got up by a first-class laundress. The following is the method of a French laundress: Take two ounces of borax to half a pound of starch; put the borax into a small saucepan, and just cover with water. Simmer till all the borax be melted, prepare the starch as usual by mixing with a little cold water till smooth; pour on the boiling water, then add the borax, and at last a teaspoonful of turpentine. Stir until cool enough to use. Dip the linen into the mixture (each article separately); squeeze the hot starch out, and then dip into clear cold water and wring dry. Spread the things out on a clean cloth, roll up tightly, and let them remain thus a few hours. If cold starch be used, the things may be ironed immediately. The approximate allowance for ordinary starch is two ounces to one quart of water. A piece of wet linen must be kept at hand, to be used in case the things become soiled or dry. Some laundresses use a mixture of white wax one ounce, spermaceti two ounces, and one tablespoonful of salt; dissolve on the fire. Make *boiled* starch as usual, and to every ounce of dry starch allow a bit of the mixture as big as a cherry, and put in when the starch is hot.

MUSIC.

PANJO.—Judging from the banjos in the shop windows you can obtain them at any price; and also lessons as well. We should advise your inquiring for yourself. An article on the banjo is in the "G.O.P." for February, page 132, vol. x.

LUCIE might find gargling with a weak solution of alum and water of use, if the throat be relaxed; or catechu lozenges; but your singing master had better be consulted.

JOSEPH SPINK.—Frederick Francis Chopin was a Pole, born at Warsaw, March, 1809. He was exiled after the Revolution of 1830, and went to live in Paris. His music was much admired there, but his health was delicate, and he was much depressed in spirits. He visited England in 1848, where he was cordially received, but the journey seems to have exhausted him, and he died in Paris, October, 1849. His music is full of poetry and imagination.

SAMUEL WELLER.—The *Choregus* was the Athenian citizen appointed to provide the various choruses that took part in the festive and religious celebrations. The *Choregus* who best discharged his duties received a tripod as a prize. He paid himself, however, the cost of the tripod, and also for erecting a chapel in which it was dedicated. One street in Athens was called the "Street of the Tripods," because it contained so many of these monuments; whence the name "Choragic monuments."

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEATIE.—We sympathise most truly with you, and trust that your peace and even "happiness," thus crippled and bedridden as you are, may be attributed to your Christian faith, and that good hope in our blessed Lord's redemption-work, which must bring gladness and peace to the most suffering of His children. We are unable to pronounce an opinion on the ailment from which your sister's children are suffering. Your writing does you credit, more especially as you cannot sit up.

A SOLDIER'S HEARTSEASE.—All girls—of all ages and conditions, and of every nationality—are included by us in the designation "Our Girls," whether subscribers themselves or not. They are all welcome to any advice, sympathy, or gratification in our power to give them. "Ida" is a woman's name, and is Greek, and may denote "seeing." As a historical English name it is merely a diminutive of "Idonia," which is of doubtful derivation. Perhaps it is Celtic, and in this case (as we before observed in our articles on "Girls' Christian Names") it may mean "The Island Mountain." It is sometimes spelt "Idonea"; "Edna" is a variation of the name. It dates from the year 1228.

DAISY.—A bad squint may sometimes be improved by binding a handkerchief over the eye that does not squint, so as to force the eye that does to do its duty, and give it strength. We cannot say whether this plan—which answers for children and infants—would help you, but you might try it.

W. T. H.—We think you are very well rid of a man who, after such a lengthened engagement, wishes to withdraw in so heartless and cruel a manner. It seems fortunate that you are not married; for how could you hope for happiness with such a man?

TWO GIRLS.—We should advise your sister to use a little sweet oil to the ear, and refrain from employing soap, which has probably irritated the inflamed part.

AQUILA.—We regret that the poem is neither poetry, rhyme, nor yet reason.

PANDORA.—The lines are a plagiarism from A. C. Coxe, the American poet.

GERTRUDE, MAB, HENRIETTE, WM., M. E. C. G., have all sent us lines to be read and criticised, and to one and all we say the same, *i.e.*, none of it is "poetry." But if the writing of it give you pleasure and afford a vent to the many and unknown troubles and feelings of girlhood, the end of it is gained, and you must be content with that for a reward.

CHIOS had better have the volumes of the "G.O.P." bound for her own use. They are useless unbound and in weekly numbers.

HEAD BRIDESMAID must consult the clergyman who is to marry the two sisters, as to whether he will make the one service answer more or less for the two couples, as is sometimes done. This makes everything much simpler, as the father can take up both of the brides.

LINCOLN can have a well-fitting bodice made to replace the corsets.

A. O. PATAVIUM.—We were much pleased with your card, written in such good English, but we fear you will be much disappointed when we tell you that your used stamps are of no value, either to get a boy into a hospital or to deliver a slave. Both these are exploded fictions, and old stamps are waste paper and nothing more.

FENETRE.—You can frost window panes by the use of a solution of alum and water.

PAULINE.—If parents have sufficient means to keep their unmarried daughters up to the age of sixty or longer, it would be disgraceful to turn them out and deprive them of their natural home. But where the struggle to live makes it desirable that the daughters should forego their natural rights, and the shelter and protection of their parents' house, the case is different; only under such circumstances the parents should have given their daughters such training and educational advantages that in leaving home they should be eligible for suitable appointments, which should be found for them before they leave.

OLIVE AND IRIS.—The 9th of May, 1872. The writing and composition of your letter are not good.

WELSH GIRL.—We have no means of making a diagnosis of your case, as we are utter strangers, and have no acquaintance of your mode of life and circumstances.

ELSIE.—Your neither name your age nor the sort of thing your friend wishes you to do, to which your parents object. You should certainly be baptised if you have not had that advantage, and might consult the clergyman on the subject whose church you attend. And above all else, pray for the Holy Spirit's guidance and help, and that He will make your way plain, and keep you humbly yet firmly steadfast in your Christian faith. You should redouble your filial attentions to your parents, and avoid giving them offence, as far as may lie in your power.

ETHEL.—In the sentence you suggest the apostrophe is employed but no additional "s" when the name ends with that letter. "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas' kind invitation," or you might transpose the sentence thus, "The kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas."

"IN TEMPORARY DARKNESS."—We think you might inquire of the clergyman, as you suggest. If young, or there be young people at home, you must beware of taking back infection to them, should there be any epidemic in the parish; and you should remind him of your home obligations when giving you work to do.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FOR THE KING'S SAKE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, Author of "Bessie's Sacrifice."



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"SIR MICHAEL! OH, SIR MICHAEL."

CHAPTER V.



BEFORE the Christmas festivities were at an end Sir Michael brought home his bride. Beckonham Hall was distant about seven miles from the old Manor

House. It was richly decorated to receive its new mistress. It was a long grey house with a great stone hall, adorned with antlers and other trophies of the chase; one wing was devoted to the servants, the other containing the master's rooms and a long range of unused apartments. The road to Beckonham passed through the thick close woods of Bartonshire, miles of closely timbered country, but round about the house itself lay a wide park and fields of rich corn land.

Sir Michael was as powerful in his neighbourhood as the fact of his being the richest landowner and the leading magistrate could make him.

His friends and dependents declared that six months of married life made a wondrously small difference in their master, and it was true. For a time, short in itself, but to him seeming very long, he had striven to share the pursuits of his young wife; then he had given it up and fallen back into his own ways. It seemed no fault of hers, it certainly was no fault of his: he sought her daily in her beautiful silken-hung rooms, and she received him gently, sweetly, like a welcome guest, and like a welcome guest he stayed awhile and went. She grew to care for him with a timid affection, half gratitude, half fear. Sometimes the remembrance of his kindness to her, his noble offer of release before their marriage would come upon her with a passionate throb of pain, that she could give so little in return. She would clasp her hands and blame herself with bitter weeping, telling herself that this man was worthy of not only the love but the devotion of his wife; and that, do what she would, strive as she might, this love could never be his—the dark angry eyes of the twin of her life came ever between them. She was never at ease in her husband's presence. So he fell back on his own study and the companionship of his favourite dogs, and knowing that his wife in her peerless beauty was under his roof, and most gentle and sweet to him, he blamed himself that he was not happy. Neither realised that the gift of love comes down a grace from God; wanting that grace, though worthy of all love, it was not for him.

So grew, against their will, constraint. She could not help it; no intuition told her what to talk about, or saved her from feeling that his presence called forth a constant effort on her part.

The old Squire and Mistress Betty lived on in the Manor House, and every time that Eleanor went there, she felt more sure that they were happier far, relieved from her young presence. They also had fallen into their own ways, their quiet walks about the old gardens, their frequent gossips with a few neighbours

over a friendly dish of tea. Everyone seemed to have a place of his own excepting she herself: her father and aunt in harmless idle passing away of the hours; her husband in business, stern work, magisterial and political, of which she knew nothing, and did not seek to know, being out of sympathy with all his public life.

Her life was unutterably forlorn, cut off from everything she cared for in the world, and unrealising even the blessing of self-sacrifice since Robbie had called it by another name.

The winter passed away, and the full glory of June turned all the woods from their russet nakedness to the splendour of the young green leafage. The world arose into warm sweet life again.

Suddenly one morning all the country was awakened into a buzz of excitement, half astonishment and half panic. The roads had been peaceful for a long time now, thanks to the strict order and tight hand kept by Sir Michael Newport over all. Therefore when the news came that the most daring robbery that had been committed for many years had just taken place on the king's highway, people could think and talk of nothing else.

Sir Michael and his wife were sitting in the pleasant room called the cedar-parlour at their breakfast when the news was brought. The old butler, shaking with excitement, burst in, crying: "Sir Michael! oh, Sir Michael! What shall we do? our security is at an end; we shall all be murdered in our beds! Such news! such news!"

Only by some sternness did his master succeed in obtaining a coherent account.

The high road to London passed through a thick wood for about a mile, and when the mail on the previous night had arrived about half-way through this wood, it was set upon, two of the horses shot, and the passengers ordered out.

Sir Michael could hardly get an answer to his questions. "How many were the assailants? Did they all escape?"

Yes, they had all escaped; no one knew how many. The coachman swore that there were but three, and the passengers that there were at least a dozen men; ruffians armed from head to foot, and closely masked. It seemed wonderful that they had not taken more—the trinkets and purses of the travellers had been spared; all the efforts of the highwaymen had seemed to be directed to the capture of the valise of a certain John Mowbray, a man of little consequence, who had now lived some eighteen months in the neighbourhood, and who was supposed to have some commercial business in London, he was so often on the road.

When he heard that, Sir Michael looked very grave. He rose from the table, and for the first time looked at his wife. She was bending forward, white as snow, with a strange look on her face that he did not understand.

"You are frightened, Eleanor?" he said.

"Frightened!" she answered, raising her head. "Not I, indeed!"

He looked at her searchingly, then turned away. "I must ride into the town at once," he said, "and look closely into this matter. Eleanor, when

last we spoke on this subject we were full of romantic interest. Sentiment vanishes before reality. Should these men be taken, you know the penalty?"

"I know," she answered, looking up bravely into his face. "Death."

"You are a brave woman," he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of admiration.

"That depends," she answered, quickly. "For a good cause the weakest woman becomes brave; in a bad cause I should be the veriest coward, lacking faith."

He frowned heavily. "Thank heaven, in this case you can but make common cause with me against breakers of the public peace, robbers, and would-be murderers!"

She opened her lips as if about to speak, then stooped suddenly and gathered up a little favourite spaniel that was always fawning at her feet—a long-eared, cringing little beast, of the race called after King Charles—and pressed its silken coat to her breast.

Sir Michael could not wait; for one moment he looked at her wistfully, and a pang shot through his heart. The last time they had spoken on this subject he had not been so harsh; it was different now. It was the irritation of disappointed affection that was turning the sweetness of his nature into gall, it was the hopeless sense of the impossibility of preventing that slowly widening distance between them. Some day he might grow content to let it alone, but now he was drinking to the dregs the bitterness of failure.

He strode away, checking a quick sigh. Eleanor was left alone; then her white face changed, a look of care came over it, her eyes grew large and wild, with both her hands she pressed her brow.

The day seemed long—interminable; she could not read or embroider or play her harp—the music ended in sharp discord, the silken threads in tangled confusion; her whole soul was fixed in so intense a strain of suspense, that though such agony itself is prayer, her lips could form no words.

In the afternoon Mistress Betty drove over from the Manor House, and was ushered into her niece's presence with all due ceremony. Since fortune had smiled once more on that lady, her dress had become rich and becoming, her step had grown more dignified, her manner more affected; but to-day all small affectations were thrust aside, and as soon as the servant had left the room Mistress Betty's face became as careworn as Lady Newport's own.

"I suppose you have no further news, Eleanor?" she cried, eagerly. "Has Sir Michael returned yet? What do you know? What have you heard? Is he taken?"

"Who taken? Have they not all escaped? I know nothing, nothing!" cried Eleanor passionately. "No one has come near me, the servants know naught but exaggerated gossip, and Michael has not returned."

"I will tell you all I know. The leader it is whom they are seeking. There were three of them, apparently all young, all well-mounted and well-armed. Two have been traced far on the London road,

where they have disappeared; but the third, Nellie, the third and leader—"She caught hold of her niece's arm, holding it fast with trembling hands.

"Tell me, Aunt Betty."

"You have heard of John Mowbray?" she went on, in a low whisper.

Eleanor nodded.

"It seems that after all he has turned out to be neither more nor less than a Government spy."

"Ah!"

"He carried important papers, it is said. You can conjecture what they would be—enough to hang some score of trusty gentlemen, and his valise, they say (I only tell you what I hear), was the object of this attack."

"Go on!"

"But oh, Nellie! John Mowbray seems to have boasted in his triumph that it was all a ruse, that the highway-men have only captured idle papers and old bills, and that the dangerous packet is safe in his house at home. He had better have held his peace about that," she added, with a little gleam of cunning in her eye.

"But the leader, the missing man?"

Mistress Betty covered her eyes with her hand for a moment, trembling; then she went on.

"John Mowbray swears that he shot him in the breast; he knows that he shot him with a shot that must have proved a mortal wound to any man; and yet—yet he rode away, and not a trace of him has yet been found."

Eleanor sank back; every trace of colour had left her face. Her aunt drew out her vinaigrette hastily, and she inhaled the pungent odour eagerly.

"Then there is nothing to be done?" whispered Mistress Betty.

"Nothing now, Aunt Betty," gasped Eleanor, sitting upright. "You were very kind to tell me this. It may not, after all, concern us in any way."

"It may not," faltered her aunt.

"But still—" "Conjectures are of no use," cried Lady Newport, almost sharply. "They only make it worse."

"I have done my best, Nell," said Mistress Betty, plaintively. "I have told you all I have heard. I know you have never placed any confidence in me, and I do not ask for it—heaven forbid! But I can often tell you things you might never hear, surrounded as you are by men who hate our unfortunate king."

"That is perhaps as well," said Eleanor, putting her hand to her head with a painful movement, "when one is bound to neutrality. I do not want to hear of troubles I cannot share—it only breaks my heart."

"Well, I shall go home," said her aunt. "I will let you know if anything is heard of the fugitive, though perhaps you would rather not know that either," she added, with a quick movement adjusting her hood.

She did not see the expression in Lady Newport's eyes as she sat there, or she might have been sorry for her own cross humour.

Mistress Betty went out in state to her old yellow chariot, and was driven away, and Eleanor remained alone.

The twilight gathered; it grew late. A messenger arrived from Sir Michael; he was detained at the county town, and could not be home that night.

The first gleam of joy and relief that had visited Eleanor's face came over it when she received that message; she was seated cowering over a fire in her room, for the spring evenings were chilly, even in June; she sat with the little dog in her lap, and hands twined tightly together.

Lady Newport dined alone, and then went up to her bedroom and summoned her waiting-woman. She was wondering whether she could trust her, whether the few months of their relation to each other had been sufficient to awaken affection in the girl's breast; she could trust no one else in the whole house; they were all old servants, devoted to their master, and she so new, so strange among them all.

As the girl came in, Eleanor raised her eyes to try and read her face, and her half-formed resolution failed; she would not trust her.

She told her that she was not well, that she would go to bed at once, and dismissed her attendant.

Eleanor listened to her footsteps as they receded; she heard their echo all down the long stone passages, several doors shut, and all was still.

Then she leapt up and changed her dress as rapidly as she could; it was nine o'clock—there was no moon, only a fitful starlight. Lady Newport donned a close, short riding-habit, rolled up her long brown hair, which her maid had released from the elaborate high-piled coiffure of the day, into a great knot, and fastening her felt hat firmly on her head, she opened the door of her room very softly and went out.

The servants' rooms were in the left-hand wing of the long house; Eleanor could hear them laughing and talking in the distance; they were a long way off, but yet she trembled in every limb as she emerged from the passages, and stole down the great oak staircase. It was very dark in the hall, all the lights had been extinguished, only great logs of wood lay dully smouldering on the hearth; the locks and bars were drawn across the door, the chain was up, all secure for the night. It was well that the servants' rooms were so far off, and it was well that they were all so fully occupied with eager gossiping, for the bolts creaked every one, and shot back with a vicious harsh reluctance as their mistress opened them.

She came out upon the steps, drew the door to behind her, and went swiftly down into the carriage road.

Suddenly she started, and with a strong effort repressed a cry of terror, for a dark figure emerged from the trees and stood before her.

A sharp whisper reassured her.

"Mistress Eleanor! my lady!"

She knew old Abel's voice.

"Is it you, Abel?" she cried. "Tell me, have you come for me?"

"Yes, my lady; there is not one moment to lose. I thought you would come if it were possible. I have been waiting here an hour; I have a horse waiting at the gate. Come, lose no time!"

"Abel," whispered Eleanor, holding by his arm as she followed his guidance rapidly, "tell me, was it Robbie?"

"Aye, aye; that is why I am here."

"Is he safe?" she gasped.

"Aye, safe enough in the cellars of the Manor House."

"And the wound they spoke of?"

"It is for you to attend to that," he answered evasively. "We must lose no time if you must be back before day-break."

Eleanor said no more; she durst not ask any questions, for the answers might take from her her precious fund of strength and courage before that seven miles' ride.

The horse, with saddle and pillion, stood concealed within a clump of trees, and in five minutes they were riding as fast as he could carry his double burden.

The Manor House lay black and silent in the night, the few faint stars cast flickering reflections on the dark water of the stream. Abel tied his horse just within the gate; they went on on foot; the hand-rail creaked as they crossed the bridge.

There was one light in the façade of the house, the light in Mistress Betty's room, where she sat, as she was wont, holding wrangling conversations with her opinionated maid, trying new arrangements of powdered curls, new places for the becoming patch.

Lady Newport held her breath as they drew near the house, and passed round it to the offices. Everyone must have been in bed, for it was silent as the grave. Abel drew from his pocket the great cellar keys, and with trembling hands struck a light. Eleanor followed him closely, silently as a shadow.

There were vaulted cellars under the Manor House, in which any number of fugitives might have lain concealed. Abel passed through several of them quickly, till he came to a door leading to an inner cellar, fastened by a separate key. He strove to find the lock, but now his hand shook so that he could not find the key-hole, the key clattered helplessly against the door.

Eleanor looked up and in the dim light saw a great terror on the old man's face. The reflection of that terror quickened all her powers into a throbbing vitality and force; she put him gently aside, turned the key in the lock, and went in first.

There was a light in this inner cellar, fixed against the wall, showing the vaulted roof, deepening the shadows cast by the pillars that supported it. The place looked strangely like the crypt of some old cathedral.

In the far corner Eleanor perceived a heap of straw thrown down, a gleam of steel flashing back from a drawn sword and pistols, and a long figure lying covered by a great black travelling cloak.

She sprang forward and threw herself on her knees by that form. The rigid attitude, the immovability struck her with an agonised shaft of dread.

"Robbie! my Robbie!" she cried, aloud.

She drew aside the folds of the cloak; the light flared and spluttered in the

draught from the scarcely closed door; it shone down on a young face with the ghastly pallor of approaching death stealing over it.

The dying man was so like his sister, so like, that had she been lying there instead of him, none could have told the difference. He opened his eyes when she knelt down by his side, and some strength seemed to come back.

"At last!" he gasped. "At last! and there is so little time left!"

"Darling!" she cried. "Have you no word of love for me? We have been parted so long. Have you forgiven me, Robbie? Oh, my darling, I could not help it. Robbie, do you love me still?"

"That depends," he answered, turning his great eyes on her with a look of strange mistrust. "I do not know whether I can trust you, and I must know, Nell."

She pressed her lips on his cold hands, on the dark hair lying on its rough pillow of straw. "I will die for you, darling; there is nothing in the whole wide world I would not do for you."

"Will you swear it?"

"Before God and man."

He grasped her hand with a marvellous force. "Nell," he said, "come closer. Listen! I cannot speak long. My men—

I have but three—the signal—Abel knows——"

He paused; every moment was increasing the difficulty of speech.

Abel came forward. "I know, Captain, I know," he said. "I can tell my lady."

"You will do it, Nell. You may save him!"

"The King?"

"Yes, yes; that valise—John Mowbray—we have information——"

"What are you asking me to do, Robbie?" cried Eleanor, her voice rising almost shrilly in her agony.

"To do—my work."

His voice gathered power; in his vehemence he raised himself up, with convulsive fingers clasping her hands.

"Nell! Nell! you will do it?"

Then the blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell back. Terrified, she strove to help him; but he was past all help—the fatal bullet had done its work too well. She answered the pleading of his eyes, which never left her face, long after the power of speech was gone.

"I will do it, Robbie. I will do what you would have done. God forgive me, Robbie, I will do it!"

Then came a wondrously sweet smile on his lips, his hands made a slight movement, his sister read his wish, and

with her own hand made the sign of the cross upon his breast.

The candle flickered and waned in its socket. Just overhead, through the low underground window of the cellar where he lay, the breaking of dawn shed a pale and ghastly light.

There was a long, long silence.

Old Abel drew near, he heard one trembling whisper. "Robbie darling, darling, speak to me, Robbie!"

Then silence again. The faithful old man came nearer still, and bent over them; with a gentle movement he laid his hand on Lady Newport's shoulder, and with the other hand drew a corner of the riding-cloak over the face of the dead.

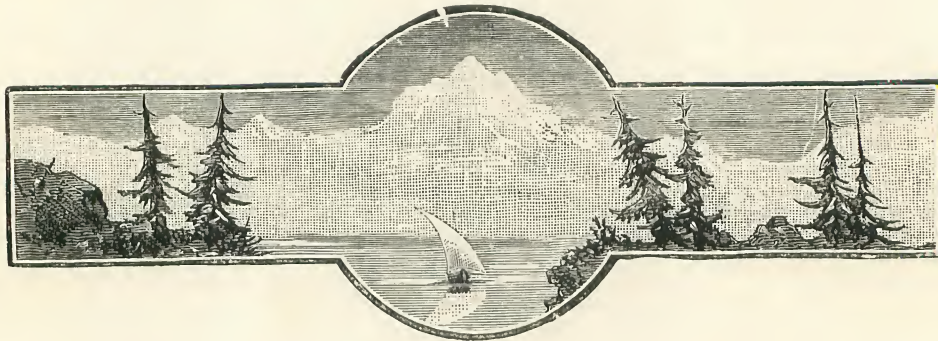
The candle flared up wildly, guttered, and went out; the cold grey dawn stole in. Presently something broke that terrible stillness—far away a distant sound, the church clock striking four.

Then Lady Newport rose from her knees, and Abel, glancing up at her, was astonished at the marble calm of her face.

"I must go," she said, with mechanical hands gathering up and fastening more tightly her long dark hair.

"Aye, dear heart, there is not a moment to lose," said the old man. "I will tell you all as we ride; but we must ride fast, for the day is breaking."

(To be continued.)



A GIRLS' TOUR IN BRITTANY.

CHAPTER V.

NANTES, with its brilliantly-lighted streets, its two rivers, numerous bridges, busy quays, gay shops, and handsome public buildings, was indeed a striking contrast to the old-world towns we had just left. The hostess of the Hotel des Voyageurs gave us a map, with which we started forth next morning, first visiting the Château, the birthplace of the Duchess Anne, the scene of her marriage with Louis XII., and the place where Henry IV. signed the Edict of Nantes, giving protection and toleration to the Protestants.

We next went to the cathedral, which has a fine unfinished west front. The interior is a strange mixture of elaborate detail in some parts, and utter want of finish in others. The effect of the lofty nave of pure flamboyant architecture is spoiled by a low, stunted Romanesque choir.

After visiting several churches, we rested for an hour in the "Jardin des Plantes," in a shady avenue of magnolia trees. Emerging by a gateway near the Loire, we took the tramcar towards the mouth of the river. We passed the Place Boufflay, where during the Revolution the guillotine did its deadly work, and came to the gloomy pile of buildings known as the "Salorges," where, during the infamous rule of Carrier, the victims of the "noyades"

were confined. The guillotine was too slow in its work for this monster, so he contrived, by sinking boats at the mouth of the river, to despatch his 500 or 600 victims a day. At this dreadful time every horror that the brutality or refinement of cruelty could suggest was forced on the unfortunate city, whose victims in one year amounted to 30,000. At this part of its course, so full of terrible associations, the various sections of the Loire unite, and it flows towards the sea—a noble stream. The banks were once lined with avenues of trees, but these have been cut down to make way for railway and tram-lines. This arrangement is a great disfigurement to the city, and a considerable source of danger to the inhabitants.

On our way back we alighted at the Bourse, and made our way to the hotel, by the Passage Pommeraye, a curious arcade of three storeys.

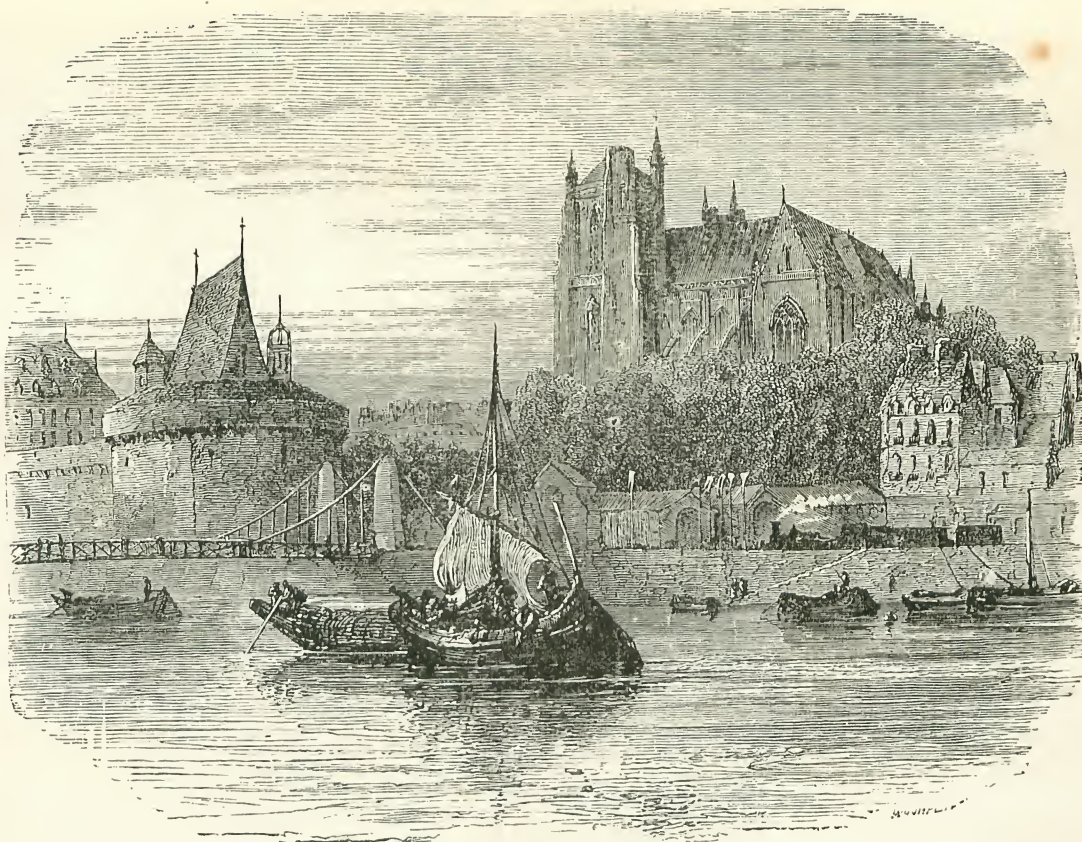
We left for Le Mans at three o'clock, and seemed in danger of having another unpleasant journey, for a tipsy man got into our carriage by mistake. His intentions seemed most amiable, but as he held in his hand a sharp-pointed compass (or some such implement of his craft), his frequent lurches were very alarming.

We descended at the Hotel du Dauphin, Le Mans, in pouring rain, and received a voluble welcome from the landlord, who persisted in talking to us in the most unintelligible English. Determined, apparently, that the money spent on his education in languages should not be thrown away, he insisted on making the most unnecessary remarks, and in offering us all sorts of things we were not in the least likely to require.

At dinner, the waiter twice made a remark which we could not understand, and we began to think it would be awkward if both English and French were alike unintelligible. At length it dawned upon us that the day was Friday, and that he said "*Vous dînez maigre ou gras?*" Some ladies near were dining "*maigre*" (fasting), but they had as many courses as we had, and wine and cheese as well. Our host kept coming up to us with his one formula, "You al' right?"

The heavy rain of the night made everything delightfully cool and fresh, and Saturday morning rose bright and lovely. We got up at six o'clock, had early coffee, and went out.

Le Mans is a charming place with wide open squares, narrow streets, with clear water running down them, a river (the Sarthe), numerous bridges, traces of the old city walls, and shady



NANTES ON THE LOIRE.

walks. It, too, dates from Cæsar's time, but most of the very old parts are swept away. Prince Frederick Charles had his quarters there in the last war, when the army of the Loire was finally dispersed, and all hope of relieving Paris abandoned.

Our first view of the cathedral filled us with delight and astonishment. We entered by a tiny door among the deep buttresses at the east end, just where the arches are most compressed, and found ourselves at once in the *chevet* or aisles of the choir, amid groups of worshippers paying their devotions at one or other of the eleven apsidal chapels.

The outer pillars encircling the choir are plain, massive circular columns with rich capitals, giving a sense of rest and strength, and contrasting with the inner circle, which are fluted, and which send up their shafts to an almost impossible height. The great ambition of French architects has been to obtain height. Sometimes they have sacrificed proportion to height, but in the choir and transepts of Le Mans they seem to have attained their end without any sense of loss.

The fine stained glass causes an indescribable play of light and shade among the arches; from whatever point of view one looks, a lovely broken perspective meets the eye, suggesting ideas of mystery and of unexplored recesses. The transepts are still higher than the choir. As we looked up a swallow circled over our heads; it had not, indeed, like the lark, "become a sightless song," but its diminished size showed at what an altitude it soared. A monument to Berengaria, queen of Richard Cœur de Lion, stands in the south transept, which also boasts a fine Romanesque porch.

A sudden change awaited us in turning from the gorgeous intricacy of the eastern end of the cathedral, with its rich colouring, burning tapers, smell of incense, scattered worshippers, and monotonous chanting of magnificently dressed priests, to the solitude, pale

light, white walls, and simple lines of the nave. There was an air of Puritan tranquillity about this part of the edifice, and one could fancy it was built at a time when the ritual of the church was less ornate than it afterwards became; and so it was, for whereas the choir is of the thirteenth century, "the period of perfection of pointed Gothic," the nave is Romanesque, a period which corresponds to our Norman.

The west front, which has happily been allowed to stand in its original plainness, is said to be of the eleventh, and the side aisles, with an arcade of very simple design, even of the tenth and eleventh centuries.

A clerestory has been added to the nave, and it is very easy to see where the new work joins the old.

After visiting two churches, and wandering about the town, we left Le Mans at noon, and reached Chârtres about three o'clock. Since leaving Vannes we noticed many changes both in the landscape and people, which were not all improvements. In the Loire valley the poplar tree, either tall or pollard, became a frequent object, and the delicious blackberry hedges were seen no more.

When we entered churches the worshippers stared at us, telling their beads all the time, instead of being oblivious of our presence as heretofore. People at *table d'hôte* stared too. On leaving our hotel, waiters, for the first time (since we crossed the Channel), posed in picturesque attitudes, expectant of tips.

When we spoke people did not always listen, but concluded at once they could not understand. Strangers interposed, speaking a strange tongue, which proved to be their idea of the English language, "as she is spoke," but if we replied in our native tongue they were utterly confounded. (French being a foreign language to the Bretons, they always listened attentively, and an accent more or less strange did not affect them in the least.)

The peasant women did not now invariably

wear caps, though, to do them justice, the bonnets and dresses which made them seem to us so commonplace, were in reality very simple and in good taste.

As we pushed open the heavy door of Chârtres Cathedral at eleven o'clock next day, a gorgeous procession of over one hundred men was filing down the central aisle. It was composed of the officiating priests, variously attired, the acolytes in scarlet gowns and skull caps, and a number of young priests from an adjoining seminary. After going round the church they went to fetch Monseigneur L'Evêque, a very infirm old gentleman of eighty-six, arrayed in purple velvet, with a tunic of white lace. High mass was performed, during which both string and wind instruments were used, while ever and anon the organ, perched high up in the nave, gave forth heavenly sounds.

When the "office" was over we hastened to the northern aisle of the choir, and were just in time to see the bishop pass out. Ladies, richly dressed, were kneeling on the pavement, while their children kissed his hand and received his blessing. Low mass was then said in a side chapel, the quiet tones of the priest mingling with the chanting still going on at the high altar. The black dresses of most of the groups of worshippers were relieved here and there by the immense white caps of the Bonnes Sœurs. Dim oil lamps burned in some of the side chapels, while hundreds of candles flared in the one dedicated to the Virgin. From our seats we could count twelve windows, but such is the maze and intricacy of the arches as they curve round the apse, that only one window was visible to us in its whole length.

The dark, rich stained glass gives an effect of indescribable mystery, which is now and again suddenly pierced by a shaft of the "light of common day" coming through a pane of clear glass. The choir of Chârtres is not unlike that of Le Mans, but is still finer.

It is encircled by a double row of pillars, and the space between the buttresses is filled in with chapels. A lovely screen surrounds the altar; on its inner side are marble bas-reliefs, and on its outer side is carved work (representing scenes in the life of Christ) so rich and minute in detail as to deserve the description of "point lace in stone." Mr. Ruskin bids us remember "that the part of a building in which the Divine presence was believed to be constant, as that in the Jewish Holy of Holies, was only the enclosed choir; in front of which the aisles and transepts might become the king's hall of justice, as in the presence-chamber of Christ, and whose high altar was guarded always from the surrounding eastern aisles by a screen of the most finished workmanship; while from those surrounding aisles branched off a series of radiating chapels or cells, each dedicated to some separate saint. This conception of Christ and His saints was at the root of the entire disposition of the apse, with its supporting and dividing buttresses and piers; and the architectural form can never be well delighted in unless in some sympathy with the spiritual imagination out of which it rose. We talk foolishly and feebly of symbols and types; in old Christian architecture every part is literal; the cathedral is for its builders the house of God, and is surrounded like an earthly king's with minor lodgings for the servants."

The cathedral of Châtres is in such perfect proportion, and in parts so massive, that at first one does not realise its immense height and size. We liked best to sit in the sacristan's chair at the extreme western end, there losing the restless sense produced by the enormous mass of detail of the choir, and taking in the simple beauty and rich colouring of the church as a whole.

The stained glass of Châtres is of world-wide renown, and to see it is to realise its loveliness and the warmth and richness it gives to a building. At the west end are three plain lancet windows of the twelfth century, one of them containing a "tree of Jesse." Of these windows Lassus said, "Châtres possède trois magnifiques verrières, qui font pâlir tous les vitraux dont le 13^e siècle a enrichi cette magnifique cathédrale."

At the end of each transept and of the nave is an exquisite rose window, with plate tracery; the one in the north transept, being the gift of Saint Louis, is called the "Rose of France."

The outside of the cathedral is perhaps of the most unique and unrivalled interest. Of the nine spires contemplated in the design of Châtres only two are completed, and these are of different periods and of unequal heights. The older and less lofty spire is considered by good judges to be one of the most admirable and perfect products of French architecture.

The west front, which is of the twelfth century, is profusely ornamented with figures, and the north and south entrances are covered by triple projecting Gothic porticoes, resting on small bundles of pillars, the sides and vaults lined with statues, or filled with niches where statues have once been. Without counting figures simply ornamental, such as birds, gargoyles, etc., there are 1,800 statues of symbolic or historic interest on the exterior of the cathedral; the north porch alone contains over 700 statues and statuettes relating to the life of Christ, the precursors of the Messiah, the tree of Jesse, the creation, the wise and foolish virgins, the beatitudes, and the royal benefactors of the church. A flight of seventeen steps leads to the south porch, where is depicted the Last Judgment, Christ being surrounded by apostles, angels, martyrs, confessors, prophets, and virgins.

When sitting on some steps that hot day in a shady corner of the cathedral square waiting

for Ruth to join me, I marvelled at the extraordinary faith and self-abnegation of the first architects and builders. They seem not to have cared even that their names should be perpetuated, and they must have planned and built, laid stone on stone, knowing that neither they nor their children's children would see a tithe of the work completed. How they toiled on, generation after generation, nothing daunted, even when fire (as at Châtres) three times destroyed their handiwork! "They dreamt not of a perishable home who thus could build."

It is beautiful to read of the neighbouring kings and princes sending presents, while the people from Rouen came and encamped in tents to assist in the stupendous work. Yet admitting that each workman was animated by religious zeal, still the marvel grows, that men with few models, few means of travel, and few mechanical contrivances, could produce such lasting monuments of skill. I wonder if the faith is wanting now-a-days, that our ever hastening, never resting age is incapable of undertaking anything the completion of which is not within measurable distance. We have special need to learn

"One lesson of two duties kept at one,

Though the loud world proclaim their enmity

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity,

Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows

Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,

Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

These meditations were cut short by the sight of Ruth crossing the bright sunshine of the square; her appearance was the signal for us to visit the crypt of the cathedral, the Church of "Notre Dame Sous Terre." It is the largest crypt in France, and the oldest part of the building, having been constructed by Bishop Fulbert, in the eleventh century. It is a weird place; in one chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, over a thousand metal hearts hang from the ceiling, while hundreds of feebly glimmering lamps are visible down the whole length of the aisle.

At four o'clock we again visited the cathedral, and were just in time to see pass round a procession of young girls with banners and lighted tapers. The stately pile never looked more beautiful than that one moment when the central aisle was filled from end to end by the white-robed, white-veiled figures.

On Monday we climbed up the less ancient and higher spire of Châtres, and were just in time to see the bells rung, which is done by the feet and not by ropes. The bell-ringers had a violent altercation, which was rather alarming in their perilous position above the bells.

Our guide told us that when the Germans were in possession of the city, one of them was always stationed in the spire. The ringers were only allowed ten minutes to climb the immense height, and ring the bells and descend. This precaution was used lest they should signal to the French camp. He spoke well of the Germans, saying they supplied the poor with food, even with brandy and tobacco, and they insisted on every respect being paid to the cathedral and to the religious services. Anyone attempting to keep his hat on in church, or otherwise misbehaving, was assisted in his exit by the point of a bayonet.

On Monday morning at eight o'clock we drove round the town, through the Porte Guillaume (the last remnant of the old walls), to the river with its crowded wooden wash-houses and its picturesque old gables. There is another branch of the river, a sluggish stream, with pretty villas and gardens, each with its little bridge leading to a shady avenue.

We were well repaid for a visit to the church of St. Pierre. It dates from the tenth to the thirteenth century, and its stained glass

is little inferior to that of the cathedral. The triforium of the lantern-shaped choir is glazed, and gives a charming effect of lightness and grace. There are three side chapels, vulgarly decorated, and a few windows with modern glass, which reminded us of nothing so much as of a Highland tartan or a Paisley shawl. We wondered less every day at Mr. Ruskin's anathemas on all attempts at restoration. One would have thought that to spend a week, still more a lifetime, near such a building as Châtres Cathedral was education enough for the least artistic soul.

A worse shock was in store for us at the church of St. Aignan, a fine enough building in itself, and containing some gems of stained glass. In an evil hour in the year 1842 that church was restored and decorated, and converted into a miracle of bad taste. The marvel is how any human brain could conceive such monstrosities of colour and design. The chief idea has been to portray vivid green cloth covered with stars, the shadows of the folds being indicated by straight black lines. The roof, a wagon ceiling in wood, is covered with a meaningless design of white dots. It is a pitiable spectacle. The author of it ought long ago to have been put under restraint for life, to prevent his committing further barbarities.

We went to see "l'Escalier Reine Berthe," an old oak spiral staircase outside a house. The next house is a crèche; they take in twenty children. The little things were out in the garden, crawling about in the warm sunshine on a piece of matting.

From Châtres we went to Paris, and spent nearly a week in a private hotel or pension, which I can well recommend to ladies travelling alone, as comfortable and moderate in charges—Hotel Villa Lord Byron, 16, Rue Lord Byron, Champs Elysées. We drove in the Bois, visited churches, went to Fontainebleau, studied pictures at the Louvre, and worshipped at the shrine of the Venus of Milo. We also shopped, *cela va sans dire*.

Having a vague remembrance of Mr. Ruskin's indignation with travellers who rush *pêle mêle* to the buffet at Amiens, and who never dream of breaking their journey to visit the cathedral, we determined to go there on Saturday and spend our last Continental Sunday in its precincts. We were anxious to compare it with Châtres and Le Mans while the remembrance of these was fresh in our minds.

On approaching the east end we noticed the usual apsidal form, the flying buttresses, and a delicate spire over the cross centre, "the pretty caprice of a village carpenter." The west front has two massive towers and three recessed doorways, which in beauty and elaborateness rivalled anything we had seen. On entering the church our first impression was of the lightness of the building, both in point of colour and architecture. There is less stained glass than in Châtres, and what there is, is of lighter tone. Then the tracery of the windows being bar tracery, with every corner and angle filled with glass instead of the stonework being left, there is little to impede the entrance of daylight.

The choir is enclosed by a single eastern aisle, which branches off as usual into radiating chapels; there is therefore an absence of the extreme intricacy and multiplicity of arches and pillars at this part which were so charming at Châtres and Le Mans. All round the choir and at the end of the transepts the triforium is glazed (as it once was all round the cathedral), admitting floods of light. Mr. Ruskin says, "If you have no wonder in you for that choir and its encompassing circle of light when you look up into it from the cross centre, you need not travel further in search of cathedrals, for the waiting-room of any station is a better place for you."

At the end of each transept is the most lovely rose or wheel window it is possible to imagine—one of the thirteenth and one of the fourteenth century.

The oldest piece of glass of all is a narrow lancet window at the extreme east end, with a most exquisitely delicate round window over it. In all these windows a celestial blue predominates, suggesting the expression, "The blue vitrailed gate of Heaven."

The pulpit and altar-piece are ugly productions of modern days.

Amiens Cathedral is larger than any other in France, and is indeed only surpassed in size by Cologne Cathedral and St. Peter's at Rome. It was built about the same time as Salisbury (1220), "under the orders of two successive bishops, one of whom directed the foundations of the edifice, and the other gave thanks in it for its completion." It is called by M. Violet le Duc "The Parthenon of Gothic Architecture." Whewell says: "The interior is one of the most magnificent spectacles that architectural skill can ever have produced. The mind is filled and elevated by its enormous height (140 feet), its lofty clerestory, its grand proportions, its noble simplicity. The proportion of height to breadth is almost double that to which we are accustomed in English cathedrals."

In Mr. Ruskin's opinion the "apse is not only the best, but the first thing done perfectly by Northern Europe." In the "Bible of Amiens" he gives this advice: "Whatever you wish to see, or are forced to leave unseen at Amiens, if the overwhelming responsibilities of your existence and the inevitable necessities

of precipitate locomotion in their fulfilment have left you so much as one quarter of an hour—not out of breath—for the contemplation of the capital of Ricardy, give it wholly to the cathedral choir. Aisles and porches, lancet windows and roses, you can see elsewhere as well as here, but such carpenters' work you cannot. It is late—fully developed Flamboyant, just past the fifteenth century—and has some Flemish stolidity, mixed with the playing French fire of it; but wood-carving was the Picard's joy from his youth up, and, so far as I know, there is nothing else so beautiful cut out of the goodly trees of the world.

"Sweet and young-grained wood it is: oak, trained and chosen for such work, sound now as four hundred years since. Under the carver's hand it seems to cut like clay, to fold like silk, to grow like living branches, to leap like living flame.

"Canopy crowning canopy, pinnacle piercing pinnacle—it shoots and wreaths itself into an enchanted glade, inextricable, imperishable, fuller of leafage than any forest, and fuller of story than any book."

At the conclusion of a long morning service we climbed up into the triforium, and made the whole tour of the cathedral, sometimes inside and sometimes outside the building. We were surprised to find High Mass commencing. The faint sound of the bell and the monotonous chanting of the priests sounded most strange as we wandered round, sometimes catching glimpses of the service that was going on in miniature below.

Then we went up into the spire, and saw the city, with its churches, forts, houses, and

its river (dividing into twelve canals), laid out like a child's toy city far below.

We walked on the roof of the nave, and our guide opened a ventilator and let us look down. Two old men were sitting just beneath (very lilliputian in size), little dreaming of the temptation to unregenerate hearts to try "if marbles would bounce on their bald heads." Truly we had never been so high in life before, and never expect to be again.

We stood in a narrow ledge high over the organ, above the clerestory, and looked down the whole length of the church. We did not disturb anybody, for we can only have looked like big flies to the people below. Our guide told us that the nave is one metre wider in the upper part than in the lower; but whether this is intentional or owing to a giving way of the building, caused by its vast height, he did not know. In any case we felt it was unwise to add our ponderous weight to that part of the edifice, so descended with all convenient speed.

We attended an afternoon service, and saw the bishop and other gorgeous beings. We lingered about until the deepening twilight produced that air of mystery we had missed at noonday. A feeble glimmer from a candle or an oil-lamp was all the light there was when at length we tore ourselves away. After dinner we went again, hoping to see the effect of moonlight, but the moon was obscured by clouds. A very simple service was going on in the nave.

We reached London at three o'clock next day, crossing by Calais, and thus ended a delightful six weeks' holiday, which cost us each about £31.

[THE END.]

NEW MUSIC AND MUSICAL EVENTS.

MANY events of interest to our musical girls have already taken place this year, or are about to do so. We think it may be of assistance to our readers if, from time to time, we give them notice of any performances or publications of high class music, by the hearing or studying of which their perception of the divine art may be quickened, and their enjoyment of it enhanced. What we must strive to do above all things is to persuade you all to help on the music of native composers, by finding out what is good and hopeful in their compositions, rather than by cynically comparing them to their more experienced foreign brethren, and by encouraging their efforts with your attendance at their concerts and your purchase of their best works. It is satisfactory to find that the appreciation of native efforts is by no means confined to England—nay, more, it is almost a reproach that keener interest should be shown in them in Germany than at home. We must blush to think that in January last the best musicians in Leipzig attended an orchestral concert, of which every item was composed by Dr. Villiers Stanford, our most able professor at Cambridge University. The audience not only attended, but applauded and enjoyed that collection of British compositions, all by one hand. At the celebrated Saturday Concerts in the Crystal Palace British music always meets with a kind helping hand from Mr. August Manns; on the 15th of February the entire concert was devoted to a performance of Mr. Hamish MacCunn's new cantata, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." So far, Mr. MacCunn has wisely illustrated scenes and subjects belonging to his native Scotland.

On 23rd February Dr. Stanford's third and latest symphony was heard for the first time in England (the Germans already know it!), and at succeeding concerts we are to have overtures by Dr. Bridge and Mr. Prout, and a serenade by that very clever musician, Mr. Wingham.

The plays of Shakespeare which are being represented in London at the present time have musical interpolations by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and, in every way, there seem to be hope and encouragement for British music and musicians. This state of things can be best developed by combined exertion, but every individual, in however small a way, may assist in the advancement of what is best in our native productions, either, as I have already suggested, by the purchase of the best and purest compositions, irrespective of the amount of advertisement, which is as a rule anything but a guide to good music, or by the attendance and attention at concerts where new and standard works by fellow-countrymen are to be heard. This alone would encourage our people to make music rather than to import it.

Amongst events of interest, we note the return to this country of little Otto Hegner. You will probably have taken the opportunity of seeing and hearing the youthful genius, and will, we hope, have been able to discover in him all those makings of a Mozart or Mendelssohn, all that firm foundation and good purpose, without which a terrible affliction, "the infant prodigy," stands unmasked, a skeleton of wretchedness, and quite as much a case for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as the Baldwin pony!

Mr. Henschel's excellent Symphony Concerts came to an end in February with a performance of the ninth symphony of Beethoven, known as the "Choral," being the only symphony in the last movement of which voices are employed, and followed the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn, for the interpretation of which the celebrated Leeds Choir came to London for the first time. These splendid northern singers should be heard. If we can show them delicacy in chorus singing, they can teach

us firmness of attack, and enthusiasm, such enthusiasm as is altogether wanting in our apathetic meetings in the south.

The Philharmonic Concerts recommenced in March, but the conductor, Mr. Cowen, did not return from Australia until after the first concert, at which Dr. Mackenzie most kindly took his place; but the reason for Mr. Cowen's absence is a very important one. At the Melbourne Exhibition he has preached to our colonies the crusade of good music, he has introduced to the thousands of our brethren out there very many works and composers, well known here in London, but never before heard in Australia; and best of all, he has the gratification of knowing that the good seed sown is even now taking root and springing upwards. The importance of this cannot be over-estimated.

Think of the life, the rough bush life, the hard-working life, and picture all the hardships softened, all the troubles comforted, all the hopes revived, and the latent good feelings brought out by this glorious art of music. Most of the new English work has been published at a cheap rate, and may be obtained at the various well-known music establishments. We hope to speak more fully about some of it next month.

NOVELLO AND CO.

Monsieur de Pachmann's clever wife, Margaret de Pachmann, contributes a *Thème et Variations*, and a *Réverie du Lac*, two piano pieces fairly full of difficulties, but most musician-like and worthy of all the toil they demand.

Twelve Songs, by Schumann (Op. 35), not published in the older sets, and written to words by Kerner, will be welcome to all singers of good music.

We can also recommend some books of soft voluntaries for the organ, composed by George Calkin, and a toccata, by W. G. Wood, the latter rather difficult.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

BY A LADY DRESSMAKER.

It is not often that poetry, in the present day, is brought in to embalm and immortalise dress; so I cannot help quoting the following pretty little morsel about tea gowns, from the *St James's Gazette*—

Now floats the tea gown into use,
Elaborate, costly, neat, but loose,
A rustling plush of twilight gray
Lined with shot silk of opal ray.
From neck to feet the front should float,
With beaded agrafes at the throat.
Should *mat* be worn, a coarser kind,
A demi-train should float behind,
Embroidered gold or satin white
The front, drawn in with smockings tight,
Or what if silky Pompadour,
Lace trimmed, with Watteau pleats before,
While dainty frillings, trebly deep,
Adown each side with ribbons creep;
And flowers in bouquets here and there
Teach Art with Nature to compare?

Now, is not that a very nice description of anything made in silk and satin for daily wear? There is no doubt but that the "Princess dress" is a most useful garment, and one suited more especially to the woman who works. The tea gown form of it is for the woman who does not work, and who can afford to be like the "lilies of the field;" so this happily constituted dress suits everyone.

I do not know whether I mentioned the attempted introduction of black silk undergarments. Black stockings and black petticoats are quite recognised fixtures, and useful ones too, amongst us. But I do not think we shall

regard black silk chemises and combinations with the same eyes. The black silk night garments—if used for travelling, as they are said to be in America—would then have a kind of excuse for their existence, for they would not be at all bad for the exigencies of sleeping in a train, which so largely prevails out there. They would not catch the dust nor would one mind their exposition in possible railway accidents, as one would look far less bad in a kind of black "Princess robe" than in an ordinary white night gown. They are trimmed either with white tuchon or with black lace, and the soft well dyed China silk is said to wash well. Thus far for American fashions. The whole argument for black undergarments reminds one of the very antique story about the old maiden lady and her "fire night cap," which was made very becoming and handsome, in case of that catastrophe happening to her in a semi-demi-toilette, and she should appear at cruel disadvantage.

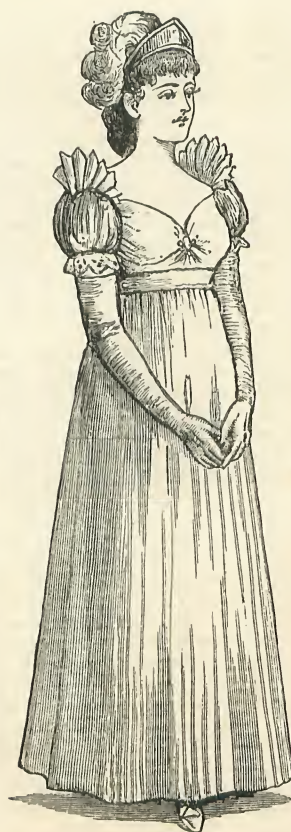
I have got our artist to show us in a picture the different styles of the "Directory" and the "Empire," so that we may have some little knowledge of the very different styles they are; also, of the fashions in vogue to-day which are attempting to follow both of them with more or less success. The severe and truthful style will not, I fancy, ever return; but still, our gowns are more than ever taking on the distinctions of both. The straight and severely simple skirt of the same length all round, and just showing the foot, is already very popular; and it is to be hoped that the



A SIMPLE LACE GOWN.



SPRING GOWNS.



THE EMPIRE.



THE DIRECTORY.

high and very short waist will really come in, for that would be the death of tight-lacing, as it would be of no use, nor add to beauty to lace tight up as high as our "Empire" lady wears her bodice, which dress is a copy of the costume of ancient Greece and Rome. In those days, "figure compression or training" would have been considered pure madness, and the tightly-laced figure would have been regarded in the same way that we in the present day look at the tiny malformed and destroyed foot of a Chinese lady.

I have tried to illustrate one of the very new bonnets of the season, which is of the simplest make, and seems principally to consist of a large bow of completely Alsatian character below, while some bonnets have the two higher bows put in, to make them a little more imposing. They are made throughout of ribbon; a wide one with satin stripes is the prettiest, and the foundation is rather like a small horse's hoof. But the whole thing is so simple, that the powers of the milliner at home are quite equal to its manufacture. This bonnet seems like a prophecy of what is coming for the season, and the general tendency of all seems to be towards extreme smallness, while the newer hats are rather large and of the Gainsborough style.

The simple lace dress illustrated shows something fit for a young girl's evening gown. The lace is black over white, or a colour such as poppy-red, and the pointed belt and side sash are either of black velvet, or they match the hue of the under-skirt. Embroidered materials bid fair to be more popular than lace this season, and quantities of them are seen; cashmere and cloth as well as vigogne being generally the materials employed. The embroidery on them is most beautifully done in silk, and the designs are excellent. For the spring we shall probably find them very popular. Striped materials of all kinds, brocaded stuffs, *moiré* and plain black silks seem to be more worn than anything else just now, and a combination of green and black is as favourite a mixture as ever.

Strange to say, the private views at the



THE NEWEST BONNET.

different picture galleries, where one expects to see a fair indication of the coming season's fashions, did not show many tailor-made dresses, and picturesqueness seemed to be more the order of the day. Cloth jackets were worn of all kinds, long mantles, and a few short ones, cut like an all-round cape. Many of the small cloth jackets bordered with



LONG CLOAKS AND NEW BODICES WITH PUFFED SLEEVES.

fur were black, and both grey and black astrachan were much used as borderings. The muff and the bonnet or hat generally matched each other, but not the rest of the costume.

I have said that green is as popular as ever, and all kinds of shades of it seem to be appreciated. Pale water-green, apple-green, dark rifle, shamrock, and the green of the beetle's wing are all to be worn, and black, grey, fawn, and buff are mixed with it, as well as blue and terra cotta, which latter is quite restored to favour. Then there are red-browns, earth-browns, Egyptian and Pompeian reds, and a very bright poppy or carnation red, which are used for skirts, under small Senorita or Zouave jackets of black. Bright orange is also in favour for these under-skirts, which are worn with all skirts and look very pretty on young girls.



SPRING DIRECTOIRE JACKET, WITH FOLDED FRONT.

I have illustrated several of the newest long cloaks which are to be worn in lighter materials for the spring. Very fine ladies' cloth, fine tweeds and serges, are already being prepared for them, and I think stripes will be generally used. The huge bows fancied on the hats will be noticed, I am sure; and, in truth, they are very big, and unless very skilfully put on, they have a tendency to be top-heavy, and perhaps a little clumsy. But I am rejoiced to see any fashion come in which will save the poor birds, and enable them to complete their lives and spend them as happily as God intended they should, in the green trees and bright sunshine.

The centre figure is intended to show the new puffed sleeve, which will certainly be a feature of our spring fashions, and a very becoming one too. Another way of putting on the puff is to make the lower part pointed to the elbow. Some sleeves of the kind which I have seen very lately were *gigot*, or "leg of mutton shape," and they were put in with an up-standing puff at the top round the armhole, which was made by gathering the top of the sleeve about an inch from the edge, and drawing it up to the size of the armhole, and sewing it in with the edge of the sleeve, thus making a puff to stand up. The running was graduated, so that the puff was wider at the top of the armhole, and fell to nothing under the arm. These puffs suit tall and slight people best. Many of the new sleeves are made with a double sleeve, the inner one being an ordinary tight coat sleeve, and the outer one made long and hanging, and square in shape at the lower edge, and often trimmed with a handsome ball-fringe. Nearly every sleeve has deep cuffs of a *Mousquetaire* cut. I have not seen so many of the puffed sleeves—I mean those puffed their entire length—as I expected. So, either they have been tried and not found becoming, or else they are not quite introduced yet, and will appear later on.

The hat is more generally worn than the bonnet just now, but these tiny new bonnets that I have illustrated this month will perhaps make a change, for I have seen them on some of the prettiest of our London girls. The newest veils are of lace, which is patterned all over in a straggling design, which is neither becoming nor pretty. All the new veils entirely cover the face, and the very small ones seem to have disappeared. They are nearly always bordered, either with lace, or a pattern in the lace itself.

The gloves now worn are chiefly of almond and mastic colour, when not tan or black; but black has quite returned to favour when worn with dresses which are braided with black, or trimmed with astrachan. In the evening, white or pale colours are the most worn, and mittens are unscen.

One could not help observing at all the galleries, where the London residents have congregated lately, the extreme plainness of the skirts, and the fact that the steels and cushions appear to have been abolished. Either the skirt hangs in plain straight folds at the back, and plain in front without folds, or else the fluted folds at the back stand out and form all the fulness. But this season we shall certainly see a reign of plain skirts again. One of the new kind is gauged in front for about five inches down, showing below the bodice; the back being arranged in two double or three box-pleats. One of the new bodices had a point at the back, round which the fulness at the back of the skirt was gathered and sewn, after the fashion of nearly thirty years ago. The point is from two and a half to three inches long, and is corded round quite in the old style, and should have a tiny cushion to support it, so as to prevent the bones from breaking.

The sash continues in favour, and, indeed, is likely to do so with the coming-in of plain skirts; and the wearing of the folded sash round the waist is quite a feature of the pretty Directoire jacket which we illustrate this month. The sash is generally of soft silk, which will fold without being bulky, and tie in large, soft-looking bows with long fringed

ends. Bengaline or China silk may be used. Satin is much employed for linings, and the Directoire coats and redingotes require a good one, as they are so liable to fly back. The deep ruchings also on the short "Empire" gowns require lining with satin, and many ladies like to use a bright colour with a black gown to make it more cheerful in appearance. Fortunately there are quantities of moderately priced satins at present.

The paper pattern selected for the month is one of the new Directoire jackets, with a folded front or waistcoat and a sash-like band. These will probably be more worn than any other style during the spring and summer, as they are most graceful and pretty, and very suitable to a youthful figure. The bodice may match the skirt or not, and the silk front may be of a contrasting colour. The trimming of the jacket is of velvet, and about half a yard will be required; a yard of silk and three yards of material. The *plastron* in front may be of braiding instead of folds of silk, and in this case the lining may be used as a foundation. There are three pieces of the *plastron*—i.e., right and left side and band—half of lining of *plastron*, two sleeve pieces and cuff, collar, front, and *revers*, back, and two side pieces—thirteen pieces in all.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale, and one pattern given each month. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each pattern. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, including the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays ("emancipation"), Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress with full back, bodice with *revers* for braiding, and Directoire jacket with folded front.



THE GIRL'S OWN:

AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

Neuwied am Rhein.

August 11, 1888.

DEAR AUNT JEANNIE,—

At last I have something to give you an account of. I hope it will be some good, though I doubt it. Last Tuesday afternoon we were all told to come into the Stube, and we had been waiting about half a minute when in came Herr Director and told us that as the weather appeared to be changing for the better (it was about time, don't you think?) we were to make the three days' walk, going up the Rhine to Bingen, and sleeping there two nights, making excursions all round and returning to Neuwied on Friday. He was no sooner out of the room than all the girls began screaming and shouting and making such a row as you never heard in your life, unless it might be when the lions are fed at the Zoo. Then we had to set about packing our bundles, which all went into a huge box together. The next morning (Wednesday) we got up at seven, had breakfast in a fearful hurry, and rushed off to the station. Of course after our hurry we had to wait about half an hour for the train! We got to Coblenz about 9.30, where we took the boat, the "Niederwald," such a splendid ship, lighted with electric light. We were all tired by the time we got on board, and I am ashamed to say, instead of staying on deck and enjoying the lovely scenery, about eight of us went down into the ladies' cabin, which is all comfortably fitted up with armchairs and sofas, and told stories, awful ghost-stories, adventures, and all sorts, taking it in turns. I told Rider Haggard's "Jess," which was greatly appreciated. We stopped and had dinner at St. Goar, a jolly little village with a splendid castle, "Rheinfels," on a hill above it. After dinner we climbed up there. We had a guide, who told us a good bit about it. It is by far the largest castle on the Rhine; you get a beautiful view of the "Katz" and the "Maus" (castles) from it. The reason they are so called is that the Graf of the "Katz" was called Graf Katzenelnbogen, and the other Graf nicknamed him the "Katz." When he heard of this he said he might be a cat, but that he could make the mouse feel his claws. Ever since that they have been called the "Katz" and the "Maus." In Rheinfels there is a well in which (so the guide said) anyone over eighteen looking would be married the same year. Only one of us was the right age, and she was made to look in, though I don't think she wanted to particularly. There were in a sort of cellar place six deep square holes, six by eight feet square, and thirty-six feet deep. Into these, the guide told us, the unlucky war prisoners of the Graf were put to drag out their miserable existences as best they could. They were in no way criminals, only poor men against whom the count had a spite. They could not possibly get out, though the holes were not at all covered nor the door of the cellar locked, because the walls of the holes were quite straight and smooth. It must have been dreadful to have the fresh air and freedom "so near and yet so far."

We came down from the castle about four, and went on up to Bingen in another boat, the "Rhine." I can tell you we did not go into the cabin then. The scenery all round us was perfect, old castles and towers on both sides. The first, very interesting, was the "Lorelei," of which everyone knows the legend. The Rhine there is still very narrow, though most of the rocks which made it so dangerous have been cleared away. You can quite imagine "Lore" sitting on the top of the rock combing her golden hair and singing.

It would be no use to attempt to give you details of every castle that we passed; it would fill a book almost I think; I almost filled my sketch-book with them! There was the "Devil's Way," a very steep and rocky precipice, one might almost say, up which a brave knight had to ride to win a fair lady's hand; "Fürstenburg," where there is a rock just like a nun, which as you go along appears to go into the castle and then comes out the other side like a monk; it is awfully queer; Rheinstein, the most beautiful castle on the Rhine; then as we came into Bingen, "dear Bingen on the Rhine," the "Mäuseturm" in the middle of the Rhine, where old Bishop Hatto was eaten up by the rats for burning a lot of poor people in a barn; and "last but not least," on the mountain opposite Bingen, with the Niederwald behind and round it, the Germania monument, which was erected after the Franco-German war.

We got into Bingen about 7.45 p.m., and were very glad to get to our beds. The next morning we got up at 7, as we were going up the Nahe, a tributary of the Rhine, flowing into it by Bingen. We went in the train beyond Kreuznach to a little village called Münster am Stein. We climbed a dreadful hill, and thought we were quite dead when we got to the top, but somehow we came to life when it was proposed to go to a still higher one, with a still more beautiful view. From there the first mountain looked quite small; but the climb! Think of the greatest heat you ever were in, multiply it by ten, and add stuff dresses, which we were all bound to wear, and you may have a small idea of what it was like. Coming back we had to cross the Nahe in a ferry boat: it was lovely on the water though the sun burned dreadfully. We thought that after all our exertions we were going to have a nice quiet rest in an hotel in the town; imagine our horror and surprise when we were told that we must climb another hill to get to the place where our dinner was awaiting us.

We felt really like bursting when we got to the top, but we had not long to wait for dinner, and that made us better again. There were two human skulls in a place in a wall, besides a lot of cannon balls, some very big, which had been shot by the French against the place, which was an old castle. The proprietor of the hotel had the sweetest little baby boy, which would come to us quite willingly. We could hardly tear ourselves away from him when it was time to go. We went then by train to Kreuznach, a large watering-place. We got there about three, and had two hours in which we might go where we liked in the town and enjoy ourselves. There are most lovely shops there, and splendid roses can be had for a halfpenny or a penny—you can buy a huge bouquet for 1s. 6d. Our money did go quick there. I, and most of the other girls, came back to Bingen at night without a penny! We got up at 6.30 the next morning and went over the Rhine in a steamer to Rüdesheim, where the best Rhine wine comes from (the spirit of Charles the Great, who had the vines planted there, is supposed to come and bless them every spring). From there we went up the mountain to the Germania in a cog-wheel train, and saw the "Germania" monument, which is the most lovely thing, and the biggest of the sort I ever saw. On the top is Germania, the German Britannia, about four times life-size, holding up in the air in her left hand a crown, in her right hand a long sword. Her dress is lovely—like brocade satin—with eagles and flowers on it. At the corners of her pedestal

wreaths of oak, palm, laurel and beech, and below, all round, the coats-of-arms of all the German princes. Underneath these, in front, a group of men, portraits of the chief people in the army, with the old Kaiser in the middle on horseback, and Kaiser Friedrich and Prince Bismarck on either side of him; on the two sides beautiful pictures of the departure to and return from the war, of the father, husband, and son. The former of these is, in my eyes, the most beautiful part of the whole. These figures are all life-size. One step below, at the front corners, are War and Peace (angels), one having trumpet and sword, the other an olive branch and the horn of plenty *overflowing with grapes* and other fruits. They are about two and a half times life-size.

Below these, in the middle, are the Father Rhine and the Virgin Mosel. Old Rhine is giving to the Mosel a horn, through which she shall shout to him when the enemy approaches, so that the watch on the Rhine may be kept. Underneath the whole of the "Wacht am Rhein" is written. In the front of it, before you get up to the statue, are the words of the Kaiser as he laid the foundation stone in 1877: "As my royal father called the people to him when the monument was erected in Berlin, so do I now call my people to me in laying the foundation stone of this monument to the memory of those who fell in the war, that the living may remember them, and that future generations may follow their example." This is not exact, but something of the sense. The figures are all of metal, made of the guns taken from the French in the war. Mustn't they rage at it just! After seeing the monument we walked along through the Niederwald, which is a beech forest, and lovely, till we came to the "magic cave." You go in through a long dark passage, and suddenly come out into the light, when you get a very pretty view through the trees.

We went up a high tower, too, from whence it seemed as though we saw the whole world around us; the Rhine, the Nahe, castles, towns, villages, forests, fields, everything; simply beautiful! Then we came back through the wood again, down the mountain very quick in the cog-wheel train, and over the Rhine in a small boat; then *table d'hôte* in the hotel, and we came back down the Rhine in the "Drachenfels." This time we did not go down in the cabin, I can tell you, so we saw a good bit of fresh scenery after St. Goar. There are two castles almost exactly alike not far from there, built by two brothers, who both fell in love with the same young lady.

They fought to settle which should have her, but they each killed the other, and the lady entered a convent. She is the most to be pitied I think, don't you? A little before Coblenz is Stolzenfels, a beautiful castle, where there are lots of armour and weapons. Opposite Coblenz is Ehrenbreitstein, a large and very strong fortress, called the "Gibraltar of the Rhine." It looks like a great lion on the hill watching over and guarding the city from all enemies.

After Coblenz there was not much to see except occasionally a bathing house, with a lot of boys waving towels at the steamers! About six we got back to dear old Neuwied. I was quite glad to be home again after all our wanderings, but I think the others were sorry for the end of our freedom.

With much love to Uncle Harman and the boys,

I am, yours affectionately,

MARY T. LLOYD (age 14).

Certified by J. A. Owen.

MY WORK BASKET.

FIG. 1.—INFANT'S KNITTED DRAWERS.

FOUR knitting needles are required. The size of needles and cotton selected according to the size of drawers.

Commence at the waist by casting on 130 stitches, and knit 3 plain rows.

4th Row.—Begin by knitting 1; bring the thread forward, knit 2 together; repeat to end of row.

5th, 6th and 7th Rows.—2 plain, 2 purl.

104 plain rows follow.

105th Row.—46 stitches; leave them on the needle; take a third needle and continue the row by taking 2 together; knit 34, then 2 together; leave the remaining 46 stitches on the left hand needle.

Turn the work, and knit with the fourth needle 63 rows on the 36 stitches; after which, decrease each row by taking 2 together before the last stitch on needle, until the work is finished in a point; fasten off and commence one of the legs.

Work 30 rows; 2 plain, 2 purl.

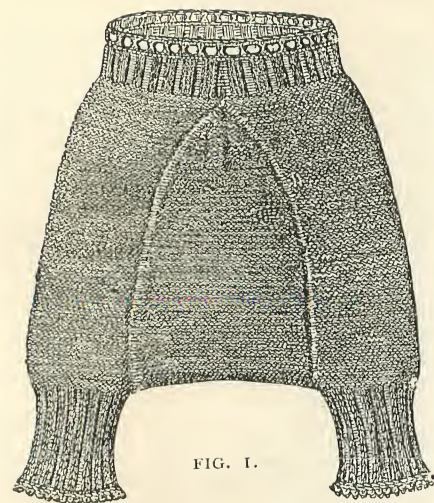


FIG. 1.

When both legs are finished, sew them up; also the pointed piece to each side of the drawers to the waistband. The open stitches have an elastic threaded through them. Four loops

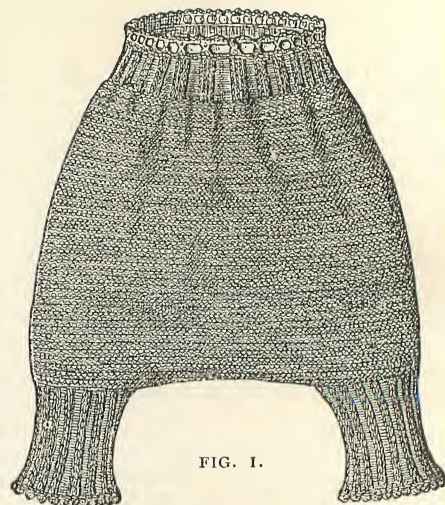


FIG. 1.

are made on the top of the waistband to correspond with buttons on the bodice, so as to keep the drawers in place without pressure. The legs are trimmed with a simple edging of crochet.

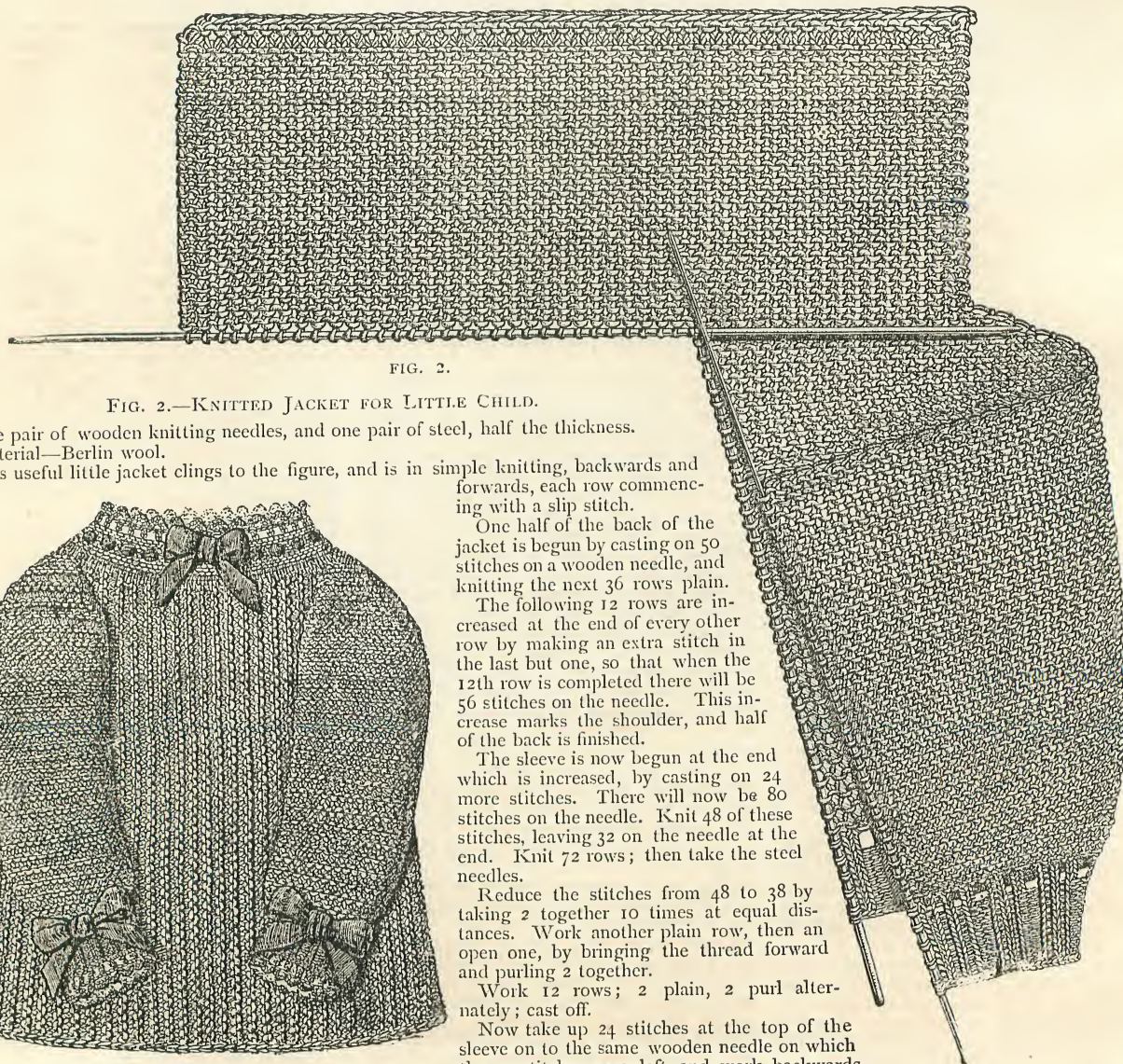


FIG. 2.

FIG. 2.—KNITTED JACKET FOR LITTLE CHILD.

One pair of wooden knitting needles, and one pair of steel, half the thickness. Material—Berlin wool.

This useful little jacket clings to the figure, and is in simple knitting, backwards and forwards, each row commencing with a slip stitch.

One half of the back of the jacket is begun by casting on 50 stitches on a wooden needle, and knitting the next 36 rows plain.

The following 12 rows are increased at the end of every other row by making an extra stitch in the last but one, so that when the 12th row is completed there will be 56 stitches on the needle. This increase marks the shoulder, and half of the back is finished.

The sleeve is now begun at the end which is increased, by casting on 24 more stitches. There will now be 80 stitches on the needle. Knit 48 of these stitches, leaving 32 on the needle at the end. Knit 72 rows; then take the steel needles.

Reduce the stitches from 48 to 38 by taking 2 together 10 times at equal distances. Work another plain row, then an open one, by bringing the thread forward and purling 2 together.

Work 12 rows; 2 plain, 2 purl alternately; cast off.

Now take up 24 stitches at the top of the sleeve on to the same wooden needle on which the 32 stitches were left, and work backwards

FIG. 2.

and forwards for 12 rows, taking 2 together every alternate row at the neck, thus decreasing it in the same manner as it was increased at the back of the shoulder. Work 11 plain rows, which will complete the half of the front.

The other half of the jacket is worked in the same way, excepting that the knitting is continued from the front, which is left whole, and carried on to the back, where it is fastened up by buttons.

Take up the stitches round the neck on a steel needle. Work 3 rows; first row plain, second purl, and third plain, so that the purl side is the right or outside of the jacket.

4th Row.—Open row to match the wristband. 3 more rows like the three first rows. Cast off.

The throat and sleeves are trimmed with a narrow crochet edging.

The sleeves may be joined by taking the stitches on each side on to two separate needles, and with a third knitting the 2 rows together. We think that simply sewing up the sleeve will make a smoother seam.

Each side of the jacket has a band of linen sewn on inside for a stay for the buttons and loops. The under, or button side, must have a wider band, so as to allow of the jacket closing well over.

FIG. 3.—SMALL ANTIMACASSAR.

This antimacassar is made of white or cream-coloured French or Java canvas, or coarse, even Irish linen, and trimmed with a suitable strong lace to match. The design given is edged with a crochet border, but this style is not in strict keeping with the work; and bought trimming laces are so effective and reasonable in price that few would be willing to take the time to crochet a lace for such a purpose.

The canvas may be purchased ready drawn, to save a somewhat troublesome part in making this pretty antimacassar; but should the plain material be preferred, a larger square of canvas must be taken, in order to leave a good margin for the finishing of the edges.

The design is entirely outlined with black filoselle, within which is a row in a rich cream shade. Both these rows are in plain cross stitches. The filling in is worked in piqué stitches. The corners are worked in cross and Holbein stitches. The outline of each part is in cross stitch of the black and cream-coloured filoselle.

The centre stitch of the large square is in black, round which is a row of cream-coloured filoselle. The four designs round the centre are alternate bronze and light claret. The lower parts of the four floral corner designs are dark claret in Holbein stitch, edged with a row of cross stitches in cream. The upper part, half bronze, half light olive. The four remaining parts of the design are, two light blue, and two light olive.

The corners are worked in cross and Holbein stitches. The centre of the diamond is in dark claret in Holbein stitch, outlined with cream colour, and an outer row of black in cross stitch. The remainder of the square is in light olive and light blue.

The Punto Tirato is worked with one of the shades of the filoselle. The lace is greatly improved by being outlined with the dark claret.

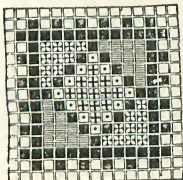


FIG. 3.

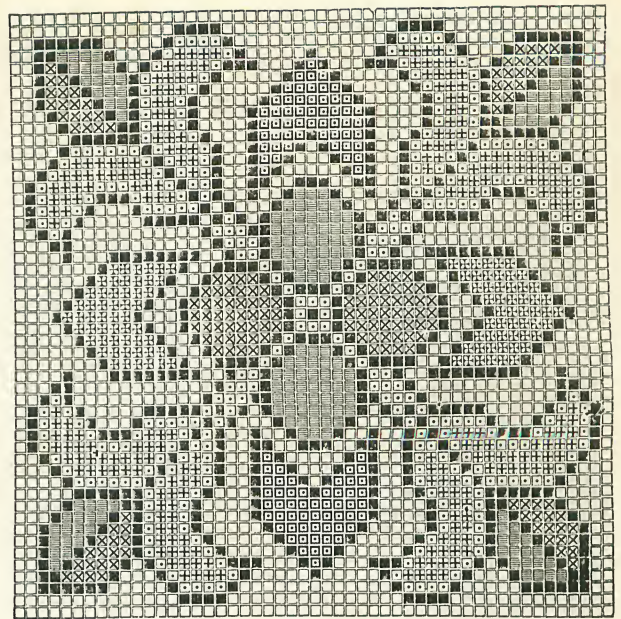


FIG. 3.



FIG. 3.

THE ROMANCE OF NATURE;
OR,
THE FOLKLORE OF ANIMALS, PLANTS, EARTH, AIR, SEA, AND SKY.

By JAMES MASON.

IV.—MORE FOLKLORE OF PLANTS.



IN our last article we spoke about plants of modest stature, but now we enter the greenwood shade and turn our attention to the giants of the vegetable race. And first about the oak, "the king of forests all."

The oak was held in reverence by many ancient nations, such as the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, and the old inhabitants of our own country. It used to be said amongst the Greeks that it was the first tree ever created, and they showed their regard for it by the phrase, "I speak to the oak," used in affirming anything with particular solemnity.

The Druids worshipped the oak and performed many of their rites under the shadow of its branches. Whatever grew on the tree was thought by them to be a gift from Heaven, and more especially was this believed of the mistletoe.

"When you see a large hole in an oak," says an old woman, an authority on the folklore of Yorkshire, "you may be sure that the tree is haunted." In Germany the holes in the oak are believed to be pathways for elves. "These elves," we are told, "are little beings small enough to creep into acorns and hazel nuts, where they hide themselves, and where sometimes even

"Lying down they soundly sleep
As safe as in a castle."

Amongst northern nations the oak used to be considered under the protection of Thor, the hammer-wielding god. When Christianity brought in a new state of things, and the cross took the place of Thor's hammer, crosses used to be marked on oak trees. They were thus, it was thought, withdrawn from the dominion of Thor and put under the care of Christian spirits, after which they were a safe refuge, not only for human beings, but for some tribes of the elfin world.

The oak used to be referred to by the superstitious for information regarding the future. The change of its leaves from their usual colour gave more than one, says Evelyn, "fatal premonition of coming misfortune during the civil war." From the gall or oak-apple, too, much valuable information was obtained. Willford in his "Nature's Secrets" remarks: "In autumn (some say), in the gall or oak-apple, one of these three things will be found (if cut in pieces)—a fly, denoting want; a worm, plenty; but if a spider, mortality." An older writer tells us: "If you take an oak-apple from an oak tree, and open the same, you shall find a small worm therein, which, if it doth fly away it signifies wars; if it creep it betokens scarceness of corn; if it

turns about, it foreshows the plague. This is the countryman's astrology which they have long observed for truth."

Not so long ago the influence of the oak in curing disease was believed in. A writer in *Notes and Queries* states that about a mile from Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire, on a spot where two roads cross each other, are a few oak trees called cross oaks. Here patients afflicted with ague used to resort and peg a lock of their hair into one of these oaks, then by a sudden wrench transfer the lock from their heads to the tree, and return home with the full conviction that the ague had departed with the severed lock. "Persons now living," says the writer, "affirm that they have often seen hair thus left pegged into the oak, for only one of these trees was endowed with the healing power."

A good remedy for toothache was held in Oldenburg to be to bore the tooth with a nail till it bled, and then drive the nail in an oak at a place where it would not be shone on by the sun, not saying a word all the time. The pain was held to cease when the nail rusted.

It was an old notion that lightning might strike but would never burn the oak. Another superstition mentioned by Bacon is that boughs of the oak put into the earth will put forth wild vines. A curious tradition exists in Westphalia, giving the oak a place in the life of the Wandering Jew. It is said that that luckless vagabond can only rest where he finds two oaks growing in the form of a cross.

The custom, perhaps, does not now survive, even in out-of-the-world corners of England, but at one time it was a common practice for people to wear in their hats the leaves of the oak on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II. Huge branches of oak were also cut down and dragged home, and the old towns and villages were made to look gay with long lines of green boughs projecting from every door and window. This was done to commemorate the wonderful escape of Charles II. from those who were in pursuit of him, who passed under the very oak tree in which he had hidden himself after the battle of Worcester.

The oak was adopted as their badge by the Stuarts, and the superstitious Highlanders used to say that its not being an evergreen was an omen of the fate of the royal arms during the rebellion of '45.

The holly has an advantage over the oak in being clothed all the year round. A Border proverb defines an habitual story-teller as one who "lees never but when the hollen is green."

The name holly is said to be a corruption of holy, the monks of the olden time having been in the habit of calling the tree "the holy tree."

Everyone knows the conspicuous place taken by the holly amongst the evergreen decorations of Christmas. The custom of employing it and other plants in this way is one of considerable antiquity, and has been looked on as a survival of the usages of the Roman Saturnalia, which fell about the same time as Christmas. Or it may have taken its origin from an old Teutonic practice of hanging the interior of dwellings with evergreens, as a refuge for sylvan spirits against the frost and snow of winter.

A quaint old writer thus spiritualises the use of holly at Christmas. "Our churches

and houses," he says, "decked with bayes and rosemary, holly and ivy, and other plants which are always green, winter and summer, signify and put us in mind of His deity, that the child that now was born was God and man, who should spring up like a tender plant, should always be green and flourishing, and live for evermore."

In some parts of England it is thought unlucky to introduce holly into a house before Christmas Eve. In various rural districts holly with sharp prickles and holly without are known respectively as "he" and "she," and in Derbyshire there is a saying that as the holly brought indoors at Christmas is smooth or rough, the wife or the husband will be master.

The Christmas evergreens long ago were removed on Candlemas Eve. On the approach of Candlemas, says Herrick—

"Down with the rosemary and bayes,
Down with the mistletoe,
Instead of holly, now upraise
The greener box for show."

According to the same poet a complete clearance must then be made of all the evergreens. "For look," he says—

"How many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see."

In Suffolk the peasants used to believe that a death was sure to occur in the family occupying any pew in church in which even a leaf or a berry was left.

It is in some places held to be very wrong to burn the Christmas decorations, but where that view is not held, the young people occasionally draw inferences regarding the steadfastness or fickleness of their sweethearts from the brilliancy and crackling of the flames.

Holly that has adorned churches at Christmas is in Worcestershire and Herefordshire much thought of, the possession of a small branch with berries being supposed to ensure a prosperous year. It used to be thought by the common people in Germany that consecrated twigs of holly hung over a door were a safeguard against thunderstorms.

Witches were held to hate the holly most cordially, which makes it a desirable tree to have in people's gardens. "As touching the holly or hulver tree," says Pliny, "if it be planted about a house, whether it be within a city or standing in the country, it serveth for a counter-charm, and keeps away all evil spells and enchantments."

Some other curious superstitions are told by Pliny. He records that the flowers of the holly cause water to freeze; that it is a defence against lightning; that it repels poison, and that if a staff of its wood be thrown at any animal, even if it fall short of touching it, the animal will be so subdued by its influence as to return and lie down by it.

The hazel is a wonderful tree. Of its wood are made divining rods for the discovery of concealed objects, it being an old belief that the hazel has a subtle sympathy with what lies hidden deep underground. "The child," says Mr. Conway, "who, fortunate enough to get hold of the original version of Cinderella, sympathises with poor Ashputtel as she sits under the hazel, saying—

"Shake, shake, hazel tree,
Gold and silver over me."

and glows with delight as the bird alights with all that is desirable, is catching a faint echo of a profound faith, which once held the hazel to be in the secret of all the treasures of the earth."

The way in which the hazel was used for purposes of discovery was very simple. "A long forked branch or twig formed the divining rod. The person who bore it walked very slowly over the place where he suspected mines or springs (for the rod was also good for discovering springs) to be. When the rod which was held horizontally bent of itself, that indicated at once the presence of the desired metal or water. It was employed for finding metals and minerals of all kinds, gold, silver, copper, veins of lead, seams of coal, &c. Even to this day this superstitious practice is observed in the North of England, in Cornwall, and other mining districts." According to Cornish tradition the divining rod is guided in its marvellous indications by the pixies, all the treasures of the earth being in the keeping of these little people.

The divining rod of hazel was also used in the pursuit of criminals, and to point out where the bodies of murdered men lay concealed. In a work published in the seventeenth century, a surprising story is told of a man who, guided by a hazel wand, followed a murderer more than forty-five leagues over the land and upwards of thirty leagues over the sea. In Suabia it used to be believed that a hazel rod if cut on a Friday would enable one to give a whack to an absent person.

There is a superstition in some parts of the Continent that the hazel affords a resting-place during the silent hours of night to Salome, the daughter of Herodias, who danced before Herod on the eve of the execution of John the Baptist. She hovers between heaven and earth, and can only alight when all the world is sleeping. She rests then till cock-crowing upon oaks and hazel trees.

The nut of the hazel occupies a prominent place amongst the rites of All Hallows' Eve, or Halloween, as it is called in Scotland. "When young women," says the author of "Popular Antiquities," "would know if their lovers are faithful, they put nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers and themselves. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after a girl and her lover burn they will be married."

In Burns' well-known poem of "Halloween" we have a lifelike picture of this nut-burning spell:—

"The auld guidwife's well-hoordit nits
Are round an' round divided,
An' mony lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided.
Some kindle, conthie, side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimly,
Fu' high that night."

"Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel.
He bleazed owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wud never mair part,
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night."

Fuller, in his "Worthies," speaking of the willow, says it is "a sad tree, whereof such as have lost their love make their mourning garlands; and we know what exiles hung up their harps upon such doleful supporters." It may be that the tree has obtained its dolorous character from the exiles of Israel hanging their harps on its branches.

The willow figures in many a song of the

olden time dealing with deserted love, such as that by John Heywood—

"All a green willow, willow,
All a green willow is my garland."

Then there is that touching ditty sung by Desdemona, beginning—

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree—

Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee—
Sing willow, willow, willow."

With songs such as these running in his memory, Herrick thus addresses the willow-tree—

"Thou art, to all lost love, the best,
The only true plant found;
Wherewith young men and maids distrest
And left of love are crowned.

"When once the lovers' rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn,
Then willow garlands 'bout the head
Bedewed with tears are worn.

"When with neglect—the lover's bane—
Poor maids rewarded be:
For their love lost, their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

"And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and love-sick maid
Come to weep out the night."

For lovers' spells the willow used to be used in the North of England in the following way: A girl took a willow wand in her left hand, and taking care that no one saw her, slipped out of the house and ran round it three times, crying, "He that's to be my gudeman come and grip the end o't." During the third circuit the likeness of the future husband was supposed to appear and seize the end of the wand.

The aspen or trembling-leaved poplar is remarkable on account of the constant movement of the leaves, even with a very gentle breeze. To account for this trembling motion there are three curious legends. According to one the shivering of the tree is a punishment it undergoes for its pride in refusing to bow to our Saviour when all the other trees of the forest bent before Him. Another affirms that the cross of our Lord was made of aspen wood, and that the aspens of our day shiver with horror in sympathy with the mother tree. In some districts it is said to have been the tree on which Judas hanged himself after betraying his Master, and that ever since the leaves have trembled for shame.

The ash is a tree whose folklore is full of interest. It was a sacred tree amongst all the Teutonic and Scandinavian nations. In the "Prose Edda" we are told that the first man was made out of a log of ashwood found lying on the seashore. The court of the Northern gods was reported to be held under an ash tree, and it was there that they administered justice.

A carriage with its axles made of ashwood was long ago believed to go faster than one in which any other sort of wood was employed. Tools, too, with handles made of this wood were supposed to enable a man to do more work than he could overtake with tools whose handles were not of ash.

In Somersetshire the "ashen fagot" used to have great prominence amongst the Christmas customs. There was a notion that misfortune would overtake the house in which it was not annually burned. In Derbyshire, when the fagot was burned on Christmas Eve, it was made of small sticks bound together by a cord or withes. People said that the ceremony was in commemoration of the fact that our Lord, when born, was dressed by a fire of ash sticks.

Snakes, it is said, are never known to rest

under the shadow of an ash, and a single blow from an ash stick, according to a popular notion, makes an end instantly of an adder, whilst if struck by any other stick it will retain marks of life till sunset. In Devonshire it is said that if a circle be drawn with an ashen staff round a sleeping viper it cannot pass out of it. The sap of the ash tapped on certain days in spring is drunk in some parts of Germany as a remedy for the bite of venomous reptiles.

The mountain ash, known in Scotland and the North of England as the rowan tree, is a tree of a mysterious character. It is powerful against witches. The smallest twig crossing a witch's path will, it is held, effectually stop her career.

An interesting anecdote illustrative of this belief is told by Waterton, the author of the celebrated "Wanderings." "In the village of Walton in Yorkshire," he says, writing about 1835, "I have two small tenants; the name of one is James Simpson and that of the other Sally Holloway; and Sally's stands a little before the house of Simpson.

"Some three months ago I overtook Simpson on the turnpike road, and I asked him if his cow was getting better, for his son had told me that she had fallen sick.

"'She's coming on surprisingly, sir,' quoth he. 'The last time the doctor came to see her, 'Jem,' said he to me, looking earnestly at old Sally's house, 'Jem,' said he, 'mind and keep your cowhouse door shut before the sun goes down, otherwise I won't answer for what may happen to the cow.' 'Ay, ay, my lad,' said I, 'I understand your meaning; but I am up to the old slut, and I defy her to do me any harm now!'

"'But what has old Sally been doing to you, James?' said I.

"'Why, sir,' replied he, 'we all know too well what she can do. She has long owed me a grudge; and my cow, which was in very good health, fell sick immediately after Sally had been seen to look in at the door of the cowhouse just as night was coming on. The cow grew worse, and so I went and cut a bit of wiggan (mountain ash), and I nailed the branches all up and down the cowhouse; and, sir, you may see them there if you will take the trouble to step in. I am a match for old Sally now, and she can't do me any more harm, so long as the wiggan branches hang in the place where I have nailed them. My poor cow will get better in spite of her.'

"Alas! I thought I to myself, as the deluded man was finishing his story, how much there is yet to be done in our country by the school-master of the nineteenth century!"

The virtue of the mountain ash as a safeguard against witches and evil spirits is recorded in one of the stanzas of a very ancient song:—

"Their spells were vain, the hags returned
To the queen, in sorrowful mood,
Crying that witches have no power
Where there is rowan tree wood."

It is mentioned by Dr. Robert Chambers, in his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," that David Ritchie, a deformed pauper and the original of Scott's "Black Dwarf," always carried a piece of mountain ash in his pocket, while his garden was full of plants of this tree. In Yorkshire the rowan used to be grown near houses with a view to scaring witches off the premises.

Farmers often had their whipstocks made of rowan tree wood, believing that—

"If your whipstock's made of rowan
You may ride your nag through any town."

Herdboys in Aberdeenshire preferred to have a stick of ash, because, they said, in throwing it at the cattle it was sure not to strike on a vital part, and so kill or injure the

animal, which a stick of any other kind might do.

In the North of England, when the gude-wife churned for hours without the butter coming—in which case it was clear the cream was bewitched—it was considered that the best thing to do was to get two small branches of the mountain ash, strike the cream with one of them and beat the cow with the other. The charm would then be broken.

The handle of the churn, people say in Germany, should be of mountain ash. "An instructive tale is told of a man who, passing by a farmhouse one morning, heard the people in it churning. But it seems they were attempting it without the rowan handle. At the same time he saw a woman whom he knew, a witch by reputation, standing by the side of a running brook, and churning with a stick in the water. He went on to town, and in the market-place saw the same woman selling a large lump of butter.

"In the evening he again passed by the farmhouse where he heard the sound of churning in the morning. They were still churning away. He went in and told them that they might just as well leave off; their labour was in vain, for the butter already had been sold in the neighbouring town."

The elder is another curious tree. In this country a belief was once prevalent that the cross of Christ was made from its wood. For

this reason it was never used as fuel or treated with disrespect. In Scotland this superstition was very commonly held. "In my boyhood," says Mr. James Napier, speaking of the folklore of the West of Scotland, "I remember that my brothers, sisters, and myself were warned against breaking a twig or branch from the elder hedge which surrounded my grandfather's garden. We were told at the time as a reason for this prohibition that it was poisonous; but we discovered afterwards that there was another reason, viz., that it was unlucky to break off even a small twig from a boutree (elder) bush."

Mr. Napier also adds, writing in 1879, "In some parts of Scotland, people would not put a piece of elderwood into the fire, and I have seen not many years ago, pieces of this wood lying about unused when the neighbourhood was in great straits for firewood; but none would use it, and when asked why, the answer was, 'We don't know, but folks say it is not lucky to burn the boutree.'"

The Scotch peasant used often to address the following rhyme to the elder or boutree, ascribing misfortune to it ever since it was made the instrument of our Saviour's death:—

"Boutree, boutree, crooked rung,
Never straight and never strong,
Ever bush and never tree,
Since our Lord was nailed to thee."

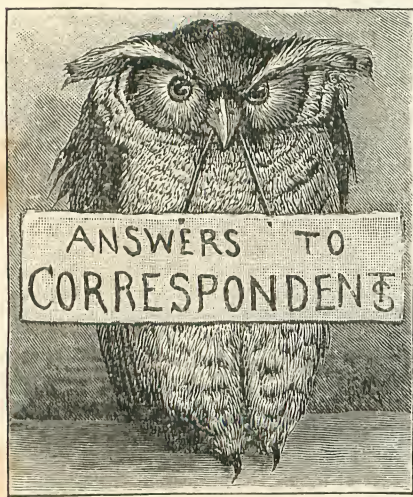
It was, however, a common tradition in the Middle Ages that the elder was the tree on which Judas hanged himself. For this reason, perhaps, to be crowned with elder was in the olden time considered a disgrace. Mushroom-like resembling the human ear are often found growing on the elder tree. These are known as Jews' ears, a corruption, say the best authorities, of Judas' ears, and evidently referring to this old superstition.

A Scandinavian superstition asserts that the elder tree is inhabited by a mystical being—the elder mother or elder wife—by whom all injuries done to the tree are avenged. In Denmark the flowers may not be gathered without asking her leave, its wood must not be used for making any household furniture, and a child sleeping in an elder-wood cradle would certainly, they say, be strangled by the elder mother.

The country people in Lower Saxony, until very recent times, when about to lop the elder, repeated the following prayer three times, with bended knees and folded hands: "Lady Elder, give me some of thy wood; then will I also give thee some of mine when it grows in the forest."

The elder is the last tree we shall mention for its folklore, for in our next article we must proceed to a new division of our subject.

(To be continued.)



MISCELLANEOUS.

A RUSSIAN GIRL.—We are much gratified by your appreciation of our magazine. The origin of the name "teetotaler" is ascribed to Richard Turner, who when speaking at a temperance meeting (September, 1833) tried to emphasise the word "total" in reference to abstinence from spirituous drinks, and said, "We not only want total abstinence, we want more, we want t—total abstinence," and the force of the expression took the fancy of the audience, who adopted it as their distinctive name. In reference to the letter "a" in English, it has three sounds: "Abel," "ape," "ache," "fate," "plate," etc. The second sound, as in "alas," "animal," "bag," "band," "abbot," etc. The third sound, as in "all," "hall," "call," "wall," "autumn," etc. Germans are rarely successful in their pronunciation of English, whereas the Russians are remarkably proficient in this respect, as also in their facility in acquiring the grammar and whole construction of the language. Of this your own letter is a good example.

E. WILKINSON.—We much approve of your society for the suppression of exaggerated terms, diverting the use of the real significance of the word, or departing from the actual truth through the use of the "superlative" degree of comparison, instead of the "positive" or "comparative." This mode of speaking involves a great departure from truth, and shakes confidence in any testimony. The use of "slang" terms is also much to be reprehended. We wish your efforts much success.

DEVONSHIRE LASSIE.—There is no living animal called a "griffin." It is a fabulous one employed in heraldry. At the same time we think that its origin, or the ideal, was taken from the monsters of pre-historic times, or a combination of more than one. We are glad you are gratified by the "advice given to poor girls."

O, MA MERE, QUE JE VOUS AIME!—We are never prisoners in "Doubting Castle," God be thanked! unless we like to be such. Our low spirits and vexations too often arise from thinking too much of ourselves. When we can see our duty we know that, like our Divine Master, we must be busy in the service of others, and find our happiness in "going about doing good." The virtues of His life—humility, unselfishness, and love—are hard to practise, especially the "loving others better than ourselves."

AN INQUIRER E.—We should advise you to have your hand well rubbed with a little oil, so as to give it strength, keep it warm, and wear mittens when playing the piano.

BEN-MY-CHIEF.—Paternoster Row was so named from the rosary or paternoster makers, and some say it was so called because funeral processions on their way to St. Paul's began their paternosters at the beginning of the Row, and continued them till they reached the church gate. *Paternoster* means the Lord's Prayer, so called from the two first words in the Latin version ("Father, ours").

BROWNIE.—If liable to colds in the head, be careful to cover it on going into a cold atmosphere, and sleep in a flannel cap, covering the forehead. On going out of a warm room always breathe through the nose, and, indeed, remember that this last is a very important thing.

A WEARY WORKER might find what she requires at the Home of Rest, Buckingham Cottage, Bickley, Kent. It is for the benefit of school teachers, postal and telegraph clerks, and women employed in business. No case requiring nursing is received, and a medical certificate and reference is required. Board and lodging, 8s. a week; washing and railway fare extras, but the latter from London to Bickley by second-class is 1s. 6d., and third-class, 9d. only. Apply to Miss Lyell, 9, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.

E. HARTLAND.—We draw attention to your Early Rising Society with pleasure. The yearly subscription, 1s., and a stamped envelope is to be sent for the rules. Applicants should address Miss E. Hartland, secretary, Church Street, Newent, Gloucester.

BEATRICE.—One of the best things for use in cleaning and washing the hair is a beaten up egg well rubbed in, and afterwards washed out with warm water. Your hair does not require washing often, unless you live in London, where nothing keeps clean very long.

ORIANA.—We are sorry to hear of your illness, and regret that we cannot help you further than by suggesting an advertisement in one of the many ladies' newspapers.

SUFFERER had better write to the matron at the hospital and inquire

CLYTH writes to say that she puts a heavy weight on her feet for five minutes, as a remedy for coming chilblains! We should advise her to try rubbing them with a little dry mustard for five minutes instead. February 27, 1864, was a Saturday.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We think you would find a desirable Home of Rest at Shaftesbury House, Seaside Road, Eastbourne. Address Mrs. Parsons. We have named this place before, having been greatly approved by the headmistress of St. John's schools, Canterbury Road, Brixton. The charge is 12s. a week in a dormitory, and 15s. for a private room, and no extras. It is a temperance home, and there are prayers morning and evening, including the singing of hymns. There is perfect freedom to all alike to attend their own places of worship on Sundays.

SAMBO.—We do not object to your reciting any poetry published by us, provided that you state that it was taken from our magazine.

M. W. K. L.—The verses show much religious feeling, but are not "poetry."

BASLYN MEUX.—The 15th November, 1880 (Leap Year) was a Monday. Many thanks for your amusing and kind note.

A BUSINESS GIRL.—We do not insert queries of the kind, but it is quite needless, as we have personal knowledge of the home in question, and it is everything that is comfortable and pleasant.

LEONIE.—It is quite allowable to use the Christian name in the way you mention, if you wish so to do. It is very frequently done, and where there are several of a family it proves useful. The name would be printed "Miss Mary Pryce-Hamilton," but without any connecting hyphen between it and the surname. 2. In case of the bride's living in one of the London suburbs, the day she will be "at home" from her wedding trip and ready to receive callers is sometimes mentioned with the announcement of the marriage. But it is not usual.

THE BABY GIRL. LAURA should consult a doctor. She apparently needs strengthening and some tonic medicine.

ORANGE.—The bride is usually accompanied by a sister or a friend, who in any case stands beside her. It is not needful to call her a "bridesmaid," unless you like to do so.

DIE ENTBEHRUNG.—The lines beginning—

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise,"
are by A. L. Waring. The other lines you quote are from the chorus in "Atalanta in Calydon," by A. C. Swinburne. "Before the beginning of years" is the first line of the theme.

L. L.—Ling's Swedish drill is taught by Madame Bergman Osterberg, at the Hampstead Physical Training College, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W., close to the Finchley Road Station.

WENTWORTH's verses are in advance of most of the specimens sent us, though they need revision in the length of the lines, etc. Still, there is a certain swing about them that gives promise of future improvement provided she study the rules of metrical composition.



"O, THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY!"



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.
(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.



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THE DECORATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE MRS. KITTY AT HOME IN ORIEL.



RS. KITTY DACRE was one of the two children—a son and a daughter—of Dr. Peter Dacre, a learned scholar and professor, of Oriel, in Oxford University. Dr. Peter represented the married men who, after the Reformation, took the place of the half-monkish heads and members of colleges. But although he was, in a sense, a citizen and a father of a family as well as a zealous and erudite teacher of youth, he was as buried in his books and as abstracted from the world outside their boards as ever was a bachelor by choice or by a priest's vow. This was especially true after the death of his wife, and in the absence of any woman among his kindred who could take her place, so that his boy and girl had to be entrusted to the care of his housekeeper, a confidential servant who had acted as Kitty's nurse in her mother's lifetime. Happily Mrs. Judith Pettit was worthy of the confidence reposed in her. Happily, too, for there are few trials without their compensations, the children had been too young at the time of their mother's death to realise the loss. This was notably true of Kitty and partly so of her brother John, or "Jackie," though he was manly and independent for his years.

Besides Mrs. Judy, Kitty had two good women friends. One was her aunt—her mother's sister—Madam Walton, the widow of the Squire of Islip Barnes, not very far from Oxford. But though her aunt and cousins were exceedingly kind to the little girl, and in her childhood she paid many a happy visit to their house, revelling in the delights of a country life, the distance was rather too great under the circumstances. Dr. Dacre led too retired a life, and Madam Walton had too delicate health and uncertain spirits, for Kitty to derive all the benefit from her kinswomanly regard which she might otherwise have done.

Kitty's other friend was more available. This was her godmother, Dame Tabitha Ottery, the widow of Sir Jasper Ottery of Hayston. She had for a period of years occupied a lodging in the High Street. Being childless and in affluence, she had every reason, born of near neighbourhood, leisure, ample means, and the good will of an attached friend of the family, not to lose sight of her god-child.

By favour of the Provost of Oriel, an infringement of rules had been permitted in Dr. Peter Dacre's case. As he was a poor man, and known not to be capable of great outlook in worldly matters, he had been suffered, on the death of his wife, to return to the college rooms he had formerly occupied and

make them his home again. That would have been allowable enough, but another and much greater license had been granted to him, to bring with him his young children and his housekeeper, and establish them in a part of the Provost's house, which, as he happened to be a single man, he had never put to any use, while it was contiguous to Dr. Dacre's rooms and connected with them. The arrangement, meant to be temporary, slipped into a permanency, and after it had been winked at for the first few years, came to be considered a settled matter.

Even when the accommodating Provost died in a good old age, and was succeeded by another, who was a comparative stranger to Dr. Dacre, the new man did not like to inaugurate his college reign by showing himself one of the new brooms which sweep clean. He tolerated the innovation of his predecessor, with the greater ease to himself and his household, that he had but a small family. He resigned the rooms which had been given up to the Dacres with as good a grace as he could summon to his aid, till the time of protest and resistance had passed by.

No doubt these latitudinarian practices were helped by the fact that old Oriel or Hall Royal, with its foundations dating back to back to Adam de Brome and Edward II., was undergoing a grand restoration and transformation about this time. Before the political troubles of the generation had reached a crisis, while it was still palmy days with the beautiful venerable university city, there was much building and enlarging of old foundations going on at Oriel. In the original quadrangle the southern and western sides had been replaced in 1620, and in 1636 the re-erection of the northern side with the hall and chapel was about to begin. In the confusion occasioned by such extensive alterations, abuses were more likely to be tolerated than reformed.

Times were out of joint, no doubt, when a little fair-haired child went flitting like a white butterfly about the shady cloisters, destined as a sanctuary for learning and celibacy. Actually her ball could be occasionally heard bumping against the walls, and her brother Jackie's kite seen flying over the open space of the quadrangle. The brother and sister's chatter had been known to penetrate such "oaks" as were sported at an era when "oaks" were rare. For it had required an order in council to clear the town tennis-courts, bear-pits, and taverns of Oxford, of teachers and scholars alike, who preferred playing tennis and baiting bears, dicing, card playing, carousing, and brawling to the study of ancient books. It was the select few even among the elder men who did not linger in the common room from the mid-day dinner to long after the sundown supper, loudly toasting the king and drinking confusion to his enemies or *vice-versa*, boldly inveighing in a pugnacious minority against the misdoings of the Star Chamber and the corruptions of prelacy.

After all it was surely better that a merry young undergraduate should be

caught playing ball with Kitty, or a kindly Fellow be discovered perching her on his shoulder as a necessary step in her progress to his room, where she would sit on his table, and eat all his quince marmalade, than that such a scene should happen as had conferred an unenviable distinction on a neighbouring college. For there two Fellows had wrangled so fiercely over the bone of contention supplied by the politics of the day, that the one had been tempted to waylay the other on his way to his room with a stout staff hidden in the gown of the waylayer, and to break his learned brother's crown before the proctors and the college servants could part the combatants. And if Kitty and her brother did introduce colonies of kittens and rabbits within the time-honoured precincts, the animals were not lion's cubs or bear's whelps that their growling and snarling should distract students from their studies.

Thus it came about that little Kitty Dacre grew up in Oriel, a famous college devoted to the needs of men, not that she was by any means grown up in 1636. She was only a small girl of ten years when Mrs. Judy called her with unusual imperativeness one fine August morning.

"Wake up, Mistress Kitty! Rouse, little mistress. There do be great doings this day in Oxford town; a raree show is nought to them. A whole king and queen are on their way, and you still lying a-bed as I left you in your first sleep like any John o' Dreams. Have you clean forgot that you are to be dressed betimes and taken to my Lady Ottery's to see the procession? Thy worthy father is to walk in it with the other doctors, and Master Jackie is to walk with the other scholars. Lady Ottery's windows are the best in Oxford for seeing sights, and thy godmother will take care you have a stool in a good corner. Sure you are in luck, Mistress Kitty, and should be as thankful as thankful can be."

Mrs. Judy was always telling Kitty she was in luck and ought to be thankful, which, as it was clear the speaker meant what she said, and did her best to make the words facts, was probably the reason why Kitty manifested early in life that contented, grateful temper which is at once the greatest boon to its possessor, and one of the most certain means of winning and retaining the affection of kindred and neighbours. Withal there was a sturdy honesty about Kitty which even in a child inspired respect as well as affection.

Mrs. Judy was a little elderly woman, somewhat wizened and wrinkled, but with very much the cheer of a winter apple in the roundness of her withered cheeks, and the streaks of wholesome red which they still bore. Her eyes were almost as bright as when she had been a rosy, clever lass in her degree, more than a quarter of a century before, and her mouth, though fallen in from lack of teeth, was still firm-lipped, with sagacious, humorous lines, full of character and kindliness.

She had a great respect for Dr. Peter Dacre, whom she had served for a score of years, together with a great pride in

John and Kitty Dacre, her nurslings, and a great affection for them.

The affection was none the less that as their father's trusted housekeeper and one of their oldest friends who had taken them from their dying mother's arms, she had exercised no small measure of authority over them, and would still take it upon her to scold Master Jackie roundly, though he was on the road to be a scholar like his master, for tearing his small scholar's gown and losing his bands. In a similar manner she would chide Kitty for not attending to her darning sampler, or to the lessons in embroidery her godmother was beginning to give her, or to her reading and writing. Yet in good truth Mrs. Judy's own darning, while punctually and tidily performed, bore no relation to the fine art of the sampler. She knew no more of embroidery than the man in the moon knew; and as for reading and writing, they were not in her line, since she had never learnt her letters and reckoned up her accounts by the rule of thumb. But she only prized all gentlewomen's accomplishments the more on that account, she said.

Mrs. Judy's dress was such as became the responsible housekeeper of a university doctor. It was of sober, substantial woollen stuff, relieved by spotless white linen sleeves and an equally spotless cambric hood, except when she went abroad. Then the cambric cap was replaced by a more voluminous hood in dark silk, matching the long cloth mantle, not unlike the cloaks which Flemish market women wear to this day.

Kitty was clad like any gentleman's daughter, as both Mrs. Judy and Dame Tabitha took care she should be. In modern eyes it would have seemed a dress over-rich even for a great occasion, as well as quaint for a girl of her age. Her small gown was a reversion of a stiff flowered brocade which had been her mother's. Her thin white sleeves were puffed from the tiny wrists to the shoulders. She wore a lace ruff sewn with seed pearls round her slender throat. Above her little round lace cap she had a velvet cap trimmed with gold lace, and there were gold buckles in her Spanish leather shoes.

Kitty was a sunny-haired, white-skinned, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed English girl. She became her dress as she would have become something much simpler and better calculated for her to move in with freedom. But she was not thinking at all of her dress to-day; she was full of the great gala in which she was to bear a part. "And shall I see the king and queen—a real live king and queen, and not just their effigies, with my own eyes, Mistress Judy? Yes, I know it is very good of Lady Ottery to have me, and I'll try to remember to hold up my head and curtsy down to the ground to do her and you credit. But I'm frightened I'll miss the king and queen in seeking to see them over grown-up people's heads," said the child, wistfully.

"Still, it is a great thing to have the chance," Mrs. Judy reminded her charge, promptly. "What would not some young mistresses give for it? Only

do not be uplifted by thy great good fortune, Mistress Kitty; just you make the most of it fairly and modestly."

"And their gracious majesties will see me," went on Kitty, in happy excitement; "and may give me a nod, if that be not too great condescension. They have a little girl—two little girls of their own, my godmother says—don't you know, Mistress Judy?"

Mrs. Judy had trouble in stilling Kitty's tongue so as to get her to swallow her bread and milk breakfast in the oak-furnished, book-lined room, lit up by a copy, in small, of the great oriel window which was one of the distinctions of the college, from which, according to some authorities, it had its name. Dr. Dacre and his young son were already dressed and abroad on this great day, when Mrs. Judy had found so many calls on her attention that she had been fain to let Kitty sleep beyond her usual hour, in order not to have a little girl also on the elderly woman's hands.

Mrs. Judy was to conduct Kitty to her godmother's—no easy matter, though the distance was not great, when the streets were a-flutter with flags flying from every tower and pinnacle of vantage, and gay with an abundance of green boughs from the surrounding woods, and with such flowers as August had left—late tiger lilies and roses, purple and white phloxes, asters and marigolds, relieved not inaptly against sheaves of ripe corn, and mingled with clusters of pale green nuts and branches laden with russet pears and tawny plums.

The very pavement was alive—no longer with mere town and gown—citizens in grey or brown, and schoolmen in black, but with crowds from far and near. There were country gentry hurrying to take their places in the windows and on the stands hired for their accommodation. Men and women who had been journeying from break of day or through the early autumn night from Abingdon, Aylesbury, Reading, etc. Labouring men and women and bargemen from the river, who would be well enough pleased to stand and gape and stare, tightly packed in a wedged-together mass extending from the colleges and houses as far into the middle of the street as the city authorities would permit.

At Lady Ottery's there was already such a gathering of the upper ten of Oxford as gave some warrant for Kitty's fear whether she would ever see through them, or past them, or over them, when the moment came for gazing with all her heart in her eyes at the wonderful spectacle she was brought there to profit by.

But Lady Ottery, like Mrs. Judy, was fond of Kitty, the only child with whom she had ever had much to do since the dame was herself a child. She took care that not only the stool which had been counted upon was provided, but that it should be placed at her elbow, so that no other member of her party could come forward and extinguish the maid.

"You keep by me, little woman," she said, in a voice which was a little hoarse, and almost as deep as a man's, but which always sounded sweet to Kitty. "I'll warrant you'll like to tell when you have children of your own, if

you live to see the day, which I hope and pray you may, little Kitty, how when you yourself were a child, you saw their gracious majesties King Charles and Queen Mary* enter Oxford in state and splendour, to do honour to their ancient University, of which your good father is a member, and its chancellor, their trusty servant, my Lord the Archbishop."

Dame Tabitha Ottery was an aquiline-featured, gaunt woman, about the age of Mrs. Judy; she had seen troubles in her day. Her late husband, Sir Jasper, and more than one of her kindred, had been entangled in one of the plots which disturbed the close of King James's reign, and though the victims had escaped with their lives, banishment, fines, and confiscations had wrought such havoc with Sir Jasper's property that had not Dame Tabitha been a woman of rare energy and prudence, the entire ruin of the family must have followed. Like many unfortunate ladies in that and the next reign, she was called upon to play the man's part in managing what remained of the Ottery estates, in travelling to and fro—no light undertaking in these days—between her husband in exile and the authorities at home, to wring from them for her own maintenance such supplies as would also support Sir Jasper. After his death it had been at once her duty and pleasure so to nurse what was restored to her of the old noble inheritance, as to have the prospect of leaving it unimpaired to the next heir—with whom, though they had not a drop of blood in common, she was on excellent terms. Her self-imposed task did not hinder her from being liberal and generous in all her dealings with her household and neighbours. It was only in what concerned herself personally that she had learnt to practise a rigorous economy.

In the process of managing the estate in whose great house she did not choose to dwell, being able to lodge with more comfort and less expense in Oxford, near which her lands lay, she had become a positive adept in the drawing out of leases, "the setting of lands and ordering of stewards," until she was resorted to for her opinion and advice in all matters connected with a squire's obligations and with farming generally. In the course of her busy and burdened life and her many engagements, she had necessarily left behind her many feminine arts and graces, so that when she rooted out her old embroidery frame for little Kitty Dacre's benefit, my lady was heard to say with a curious blending of regret and disdain—

"Child, I have neither had the time nor the heart to work at such a piece of frippery, not since I came a young bride to the old manor house at Hayston."

A certain masculine indifference and bluntness clung to her, while she was

* Henrietta Maria was called "Queen Mary" by her husband's desire. The christian name "Henrietta" had not been heard in England before her reign, and when she began to be prayed for in the parish churches as "Queen Henry," there seemed some reason for the change. At the same time King Charles was warned in vain that the miserable associations with the beautiful name "Mary," when borne by a queen, would render it unpopular in that light both in England and Scotland.

thoroughly kind-hearted and held in general esteem. Men like Dr. Peter Dacre, who had become more than half recluses among their books, and felt shy and awkward, like owls in the sunshine in the society of fine, gay young madams, when they shunned women's society in general, made an exception in favour of Lady Ottery. They could always talk to her and feel at ease with her, destitute though she was of womanly wiles, and they enjoyed listening to her experiences, which were like pages out of their own books, with a difference.

Among the observances which Dame Tabitha had left behind was keeping up with the fashion of the day. She always

wore a plain version of a widow's weeds, which, at that date, in its black and white bore a resemblance to the dress of a religious order, the illusion being heightened by the mixture of austerity and authority in her strongly-marked face and tall, erect figure. Her garb might have become the abbess of one of the suppressed convents. Her close coif, or cap, was black, coming down in a sharp peak in the centre of her forehead, and falling back in the form of a veil on her shoulders. Her skirt, short bodice, and sleeves were black, in strong contrast to the square white habit-shirt, which rose to her chin, and the white cuffs turned up above her bony hands.

Her own practice did not prevent Lady Ottery from being very particular that her goddaughter should be in the appropriate trim of small maidens of her rank and years. In spite of the influx of company, Lady Ottery found time to turn Kitty round and to pronounce gruffly, "Right, Kitty. Your woman, Pettit, has seen to you." Dame Tabitha was on excellent terms with Mrs. Judy, a humble friend of many years' standing; but the lady always spoke of the housekeeper, whether before her face or behind her back, as "Pettit," or "Kitty's woman, Pettit."

(To be continued.)

ART AND HEART; OR, DECORATION FOR THE POOR.

By C. HARRISON TOWNSEND.



JOHN KYRLE.

PART III.

THE "Bouverie Ward" of the Westminster Hospital, although executed some years ago, furnishes an example of how we still think certain "Places of the Poor" should be decorated in the interests of those who are to see, enjoy, and we hope to benefit by, what our art can say to them. Our readers will remember that in our first article we professed to adopt—though not as a cast-iron rule, but rather as a *lex non scripta*—the principle that decoration intended for a sick ward should be of such a nature as to appeal to the emotions rather than to the imagination or the intellect. By this we meant that such subjects should be selected as would call into play the memory, for instance, of the happy days of a youth spent in the country, and should not make a call upon a mind weakened by illness for what, after all, is the intellectual exercise of tracing out an intricate pattern. Broadly put, the enjoyment derived from contemplating designs in which geometrical arrangement or conventionalism plays a principal part is one of the intellect; while such subjects as flower groups and figures when quite naturally treated give a pleasure arising from an appeal to the emotions.

In the same way it is advisable to arrange one's key of colour with as great a view as possible to brightness of effect. How depressing some colours are to gaze at, the long day through, when we are sick and low from illness, we all know. And there is little doubt in our minds that the process of recovery must, to

some extent at least, be affected by the difference in the surroundings, according as these are sombre or gay.

Again, as regards principles to be kept in view in decorating sick wards, there is one that we have already alluded to, and one moreover that is pretty certain to be brought home to the would-be decorator by the medical authorities of any hospital. It is absolutely necessary that all panels, friezes, bands of ornament, or pictures should be executed on such material, and in such a medium, as to allow of their ready cleansing. Any suspended pictures should be easily accessible, and covered on the back with material also washable. A large number of small vases or examples of ornamental pottery is not a desirable thing. They are apt to collect dust. And absence of dust and dirt means the destruction of another lurking place of the bacillus, or the fever-germ.

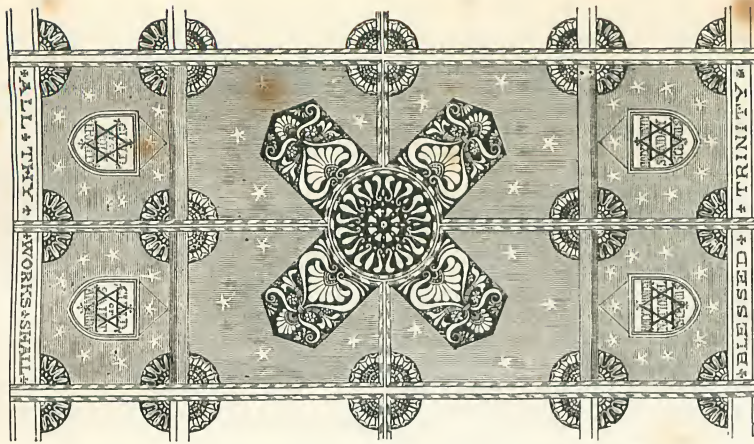
This need of frequent and ample use of the wet sponge on our decorative work in the case

of the Bouverie Ward moved us to make our first use on a large scale of a material which is above all things washable. The "Willesden Waterproof Paper Company" manufacture paper, cardboard, and various canvases, which are subjected to a chemical process, with the result of making them absolutely waterproof. So far is this the case that their paper may be actually boiled for an hour without in any way affecting it. It is made principally in tones of green, some of which, especially the more neutral ones, are extremely effective for use as a ready-prepared background. There are also shades of brown and reddish-brown.

There was another consideration which led to our adoption of this as our material. The ward we had to treat is forty feet long by twenty feet wide. This made a total of one hundred and twenty feet, or forty yards in length of wall space to be treated, if we determined on a continuous band of painted work—either frieze or dado. The cost of artist's



THE BOUVERIE WARD.



CEILING TREATMENT, HOLY TRINITY PARISH ROOM, WESTMINSTER.

canvas would have been immense. The Tectorium, which we mentioned in our last article, had not then come into existence, and we were relieved to find in Willesden paper a material that met our wants, and did not exceed our means. The price of 4-ply paper (which is about the thickness of an artist's mounting board) is 2d. per foot. Formed of this material, a frieze of pale olive-green ground, two feet six inches deep, runs round the walls. The work on it consists of flowers treated quite naturalistically and with very bold touch. Each side of the room is consecrated—as regards the selection of flowers—to one of the seasons; winter and spring occupying the ends or shorter lengths of the walls. There is no cornice to the room, so a deal moulding three inches deep finishes the top of the frieze, and acts in this capacity. The moulding at the bottom is five inches deep, also of deal. Economy was such a consideration that these were both selected from the pattern book of a machine-made moulding manufacturer, instead of being specially designed and made. They are stained dull black, with certain small parts picked out in Indian red. The walls below are distempered pale-green, and the dado painted. The various presses, cupboards, doors, etc., are also black, with the exception of their panels, which are of the same Willesden material as the frieze, and are treated with flower or fruit subjects. Thus the angle-door and its panelling, at the Spring end of the ward, have a long horizontal band of that season's early flowers—daffodils, primroses and narcissus; while four panels contain the spring blossoms—cherry, apple, willow and plum. Another cupboard has, as *motif*, lemons, grapes, oranges and plums. The mantelpiece as treated by us we show in our illustration. The over-mantel is made of mahogany, ebonised, and wax polished, the carved panel in the centre being the natural colour of the wood. The panelling on the mantel proper is American walnut, the figure-subjects being brown and yellow tiles. Each side of the room bears above the flower-frieze one of the following mottoes: "Bear with Evil, and expect Good," "The test of Nature's true Nobility is honest, able, fearless Industry," "He is not poor that hath Little, but he that desireth Much," "Well Doing makes well Being."

The little curtains, which are embroidered in red and yellow on linen, conceal behind them some of the nurse's sick-room appliances.

The Kyrle Society also presented the pictures hanging in this ward. They are some of the chromo-lithographs of the Arundel Society, and are all framed alike in black reeded frames. The two kind proprietresses

of a shop where faience and art pottery are sold, allowed us to select what we liked as their present to our Society and the hospital. The cost of this decoration was between £80 and £90. It is a pleasing fact to record that the 120 feet of frieze painting was executed most cleverly by two ladies—one of them, alas, now no more. To these sisters the Society and

the many places where they have worked owe very much.

The remarks at the beginning of our paper on the Society's use of non-conventional treatment for the kind of work we have been describing leads us to say a word or two as to the other conventional or semi-conventional treatment. In many places where the scheme adopted is a more severe and formal one, this must be considered obligatory. We experienced in our earlier days but little difficulty in enlisting the services of volunteer artists able to paint—and paint often very beautiful—groups of natural flowers. But the production of a *pattern* of a creeping-plant, such, for instance, as the convolvulus (with due attention to obtaining the necessary "repeat," and a form that can be easily transferred by means of stencilling or pouncing), is a matter requiring some instruction and technical knowledge. This teaching some of our workers were fortunate enough to receive from one of our volunteer designers, who gathered them together and explained to them the principles which underlie this form of decoration. Its advantage, of course, is that after the preparation of the design and the execution of a portion as a sample, the execution of it can be entrusted to those who would not feel willing or competent to undertake any more important or original work. Granted the possession of a correct eye, little technical knowledge in the



use of pigments or the painter's brush is called for.

The scheme for the Kingsley Club was not a very elaborate one. The club premises consisted of a couple of rooms in the basement of a block of model dwellings in Whitechapel. The members of the club, youths and young men living in the district, and mostly employed there during the day, themselves selected the name of the large-hearted Canon of Westminster as the title of their club; and this suggested that the decoration of the institution should in some way be connected with its name-giver. The smoking-room (really the parlour of the workman's little flat) was a small room with a fireplace set anglewise in one of its corners. The intention was to treat this as an "ingle-nook," in a way suggested by the old-fashioned fireplaces one sees from time to time in old farmhouses and village inns. Seats of deal, painted peacock-green, were placed as shown on the little key plan in the illustration. But the principal decorative treatment was with

regard to the panelled overmantel,* the central feature of which was a portrait of Canon Kingsley. The woodwork was of deal, painted to correspond with the seats we have mentioned, and the frieze below the top cornice of "Lincrusta Walton," the pattern slightly emphasised in a lighter tone. The quotation is, as our readers will know, from one of Kingsley's poems. Such a scheme as this, where there is much use made of woodwork in seats, panelling, etc., is likely of course to be more expensive than one where we rely altogether on painted work. This latter is generally on one of the inexpensive materials we have learnt to use, and the artist's labour is invariably given to us. But in the former case the carpenter and his "little bill" have to be

* Though writing on this decorative work as a completed fact, we may say that circumstances have prevented the scheme from being as yet carried out. It has so far progressed, however, that the portrait referred to has been executed by a kind worker for the society.

reckoned with. The cost of the Kyrle Club scheme would be about five or six pounds.

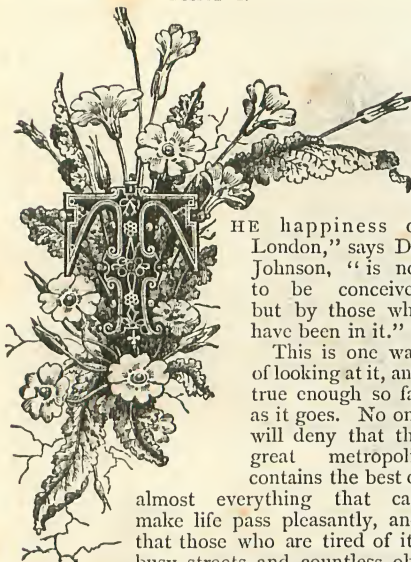
Our remaining illustration gives a bay of the ceiling of the parish room of Holy Trinity, Westminster. The room is about thirty-five feet long, by seventeen feet wide, and is used for all meetings and objects connected with the parish. The names of the various guilds, societies, etc., thus using it are painted on the shields. The material forming the background of the decorations is the Tectorium already alluded to. The scheme of colouring is bright, employing the primary or secondary colours. The ground of the panels is pale greenish blue, diapered with stars of various colours, and the Tectorium decorations are pasted on the panels. The moulded ribs, cornices, etc., are picked out in colours. It is difficult to say what the cost of this scheme will be, as the work is as yet not completed, but it probably will not exceed seven or eight pounds.

(To be continued.)

HOW WORKING GIRLS LIVE IN LONDON.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART I.



THE happiness of London," says Dr. Johnson, "is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it."

This is one way of looking at it, and true enough so far as it goes. No one will deny that the great metropolis contains the best of

almost everything that can make life pass pleasantly, and that those who are tired of its busy streets and countless objects of interest must be tired of existence.

But there is another side not to be ignored. To talk about happiness to many who live in London would be like talking about the comforts of some fine estate they owned away in the moon. To them the first city in the world is a place of hard work, little pay, and still less enjoyment. Victims of pitiless and incessant competition, they are struggling through life with small pleasure in the past and with but little hope for the future.

Now, in this battle for existence, in the fierceness of which there are of course degrees, women, though often heroic, seldom cut a victorious figure. The working girls of London form our present topic, and they, considered as a class and compared with other sections of the community, are remarkable for their difficulty in making both ends meet, for the strain on their health and energies, for their temptations, and for the risk they run of being drawn at last into the current that hurries along to ruin. To lead even a moderately happy and successful life as a working girl, and to get out of London even a small fraction of the enjoyment that Dr. Johnson suggests, one must

have a great deal of common sense and a large stock of cheerful and contented philosophy.

The subject of working girls in London, or indeed anywhere, is one the importance and deep interest of which cannot be exaggerated, and the claims which it makes on attention have been more recognised of late years than ever before. Every thinking person is beginning to see that the more healthy lives young women lead, the better in the long run for society. The weakness of women in most things is proverbial, but their mighty influence both for good and evil no one questions who knows anything. It is folly, therefore, not to do what we can to place them in such circumstances that all, even the humblest, will be a blessing and not the reverse to those who come in contact with them.

This is putting it as a matter of interest, but the voice of duty is even more impressive. More champions are wanted every day for our industrious sisters, and those who desire to help in making this a happy world may be recommended to take the bettering of the condition of such girls as a subject to work upon. The mission, however, is not an easy one, and requires in a marked degree the possession of worldly wisdom as well as of sympathy.

Our intention in this and the following papers is to bring together a few facts connected with the life led by this busy class, and under the term working girls we mean to include all who have, at any employment whatever, skilled or unskilled, to earn their own living, whether they be girls in domestic service, girls in factories and workrooms, girls at desks and counters, or any others that can be named. We propose not to speak of the industries they follow, but of how they live during their intervals of leisure. Thus will be seen something of their home-life, their life in lodgings, their friends and acquaintances, their amusements, perils, privations and discomforts, the expenditure of their too scanty wages, and the institutions started for their benefit, or in which they have an interest. We shall try to be practical, and give such hints as may prove useful to girls launched on the sea of life, with no friends to guide them and no knowledge to speak of, of their own.

It is difficult to estimate the number of girls employed in the various industries of London, and to say what fraction they are of

the five millions that people the great city. A writer of experience calculates that there are a hundred and fifty thousand factory girls at work every day engaged in making almost everything, from a beautifully bound book to a halfpenny box of matches. With that figure as a basis, readers of a speculative turn may hazard a guess at the total number.

A large proportion of these are not London born, but have far-away towns and villages for their native place. They have come to London, drawn sometimes by tempting promises, but more frequently by a too vivid imagination. They have heard that others have got on; why should not they? They have read of there being countless workers; why should not room be found for them? So they come to be hired to the market-place of the world, and often find, alas, that the great metropolis, whose streets from the distance seemed paved with gold, is little better than a monster with cruel appetite waiting to devour them. So far as getting on is concerned, many a country girl would be wise—and find it cheap and healthy besides—who preferred to a London lodging a cave or a hole in a tree with a bed of dry leaves, and a dinner of nuts and herbs.

The working period with many girls is no doubt only a time of transition between their leaving school and entering on married life. They engage in work only till they can find a young man eager to provide for their support. This, it has been often pointed out, is against their throwing themselves zealously into industry of any kind, and what is pursued in a half-hearted way can never end in anything approaching success.

Now, if there is one maxim of prudence that should in these days be impressed on the minds of working girls more than another, it is this, that they should pursue their calling, and guide their lives as if it were written in the book of fate that they were to die old maids. This maxim is weighty enough to act as ballast to steady even the most volatile.

The stern fact is to be considered that there are considerably more spinsters in the world than bachelors. There are more boys certainly born than girls, but the girls have the best chance of surviving. In London for every thousand men there are one thousand and one hundred and twenty-three women. This is higher than the average for the whole country, which is only one thousand and fifty-five women to a thou-

sand of the other sex. The extra number in London is no doubt largely due to the influx of working girls who flock there hoping to find employment.

If we leave out of account all under fifteen years of age, the total number of unmarried women in the metropolis was 545,653 in 1881, when the last census was taken; the total number of unmarried men was 462,550. If, therefore, some fine day every bachelor were to haste to get married, there would be a balance left over of 83,103 unmarried women.

It has also to be remembered that the marriage rate has been steadily falling for many years. In 1864 to 1868 it was 17.0 to every 1,000 of the population in England and Wales; in 1884 it was 15.1; in 1885, 14.4; in 1885 and '87, 14.1; and in 1888, 13.1. This last was the lowest marriage rate since civil registration began.

But whatever her future may be, the working girl who throws her heart into her work, and does her duty by her employer, has the satisfaction of knowing that she is thereby qualifying herself for being a business-like young woman, and doing her duty by a husband, if ever she gets one. He on his part will have the unspeakable blessing of securing a wife who can really do something. That something may be very different from domestic work, but she who can do something can learn to do anything if only she sets her mind to it. For a man with a limited income a working girl is likely to be a better helpmate than a superior creature who has never had the least need for exertion. She has had experience of the difficulty of getting money and keeping it, whereas for all the other knows money may be fruit that grows on a tree and falls into people's mouths.

The girl who by steady industry makes a living for herself need be in no haste to change her condition, and this independence is one of the pleasant features of a working girl's life. She looks on a lover in a much more sagacious way than one who dawdles away time in an aimless existence at home, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of sentimental nonsense.

Besides being independent, the life of the industrious is dignified. We may lower ourselves by many ways, but not by work. Indeed, she who goes out into the world to assert by industry her right to live, may hold up her head with the best, even though she be meanly clad and go to sleep under a humble roof.

But if working girls have some things to congratulate themselves upon, there are others, and not a few either, which tend to take the conceit out of us. The world, however, is advancing, and there is a time surely coming when the condition of many of the working classes will no longer be a reproach to Christianity and civilisation. That will be when capital and labour give each other fair play, and the reign of kindly feeling and common sense is universal.

A difficulty not to be lost sight of lies in the character of girls themselves. Their love of freedom and impatience of restraint has its weak side. Liberty is all very well when

accompanied by knowledge of the world, but till that knowledge is acquired young folks are the better of having someone to whom they are responsible for their actions.

Working girls who live at home or with their employers, and are under the watchful eye of parents and guardians, and with the natural companionship of their relations, have much to be thankful for. It is a great pity of those who, without experience, have to shift in all things for themselves and be their own schoolmistresses in lessons of duty and prudence. Life and example have a powerful influence, and, so long as old heads are rarities on young shoulders, an independent girl in lodgings with no model to copy but herself will be encompassed by dangers from which every well-wisher would desire her to be free.

The worst of it is that girls who have next to nothing to brag about often indulge in the pleasing habit of magnifying to themselves their little scraps of knowledge and diminutive excellences. All who do that need hardly be surprised if they fall into the hands of those who trade on their levity and ignorance.

Another great obstacle in the way of working girls is the miserable wages that as a rule they earn. No wonder that many of them look as if they never had a luxury in their lives. The average weekly earning of girls engaged in labour of all kinds cannot be more, it has been estimated, than ten shillings.

As an example of what some of the poorest of them have to slave for, take the evidence of two young women, members of a deputation received during the winter of 1887 by the Home Secretary and Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board. These stated that they received sixpence for making a waistcoat, which they produced, but out of that sixpence they had to find silk, cotton, thread, and fire to press with. By working very hard all day the two girls could do four of these waistcoats, and that meant two shillings a day, out of which they had to find all these things.

No doubt such starvation wages are only paid for work which is the refuge of the destitute and incompetent, but even in the other extreme and amongst what may be termed the aristocracy of working girls, the earnings are such that one is often tempted to ask, how can they live, much less lay by something against a rainy day?

If low wages are a drawback, long hours of labour are about as bad. These are generally injurious and often ruinous to health, not to speak of their being fatal to all chances of self-improvement, or to the enjoyment either of fresh air or family and friendly intercourse. In the case of shop and warehouse girls a step in the right direction was taken recently by the passing of an Act of Parliament, which gives the more youthful of them a somewhat easier time of it. By this Act any shopkeeper who employs in his shops or warehouses any person under eighteen years of age for a longer period than twelve hours a day, or longer altogether than seventy-four hours a week, may be summoned by the assistant or, indeed,

anyone, before a magistrate, and if convicted may be fined. Under the Factory and Workshop Act, a woman's working day is ten hours and a half, but as wages are reckoned on a twelve hours' day, a working girl must, somehow or other, make up the deficiency in order to obtain the full wage.

From the ranks of working girls some noble women have sprung. To give only one instance, there was Sarah Martin, whose name as a philanthropist will ever be held in honour. When she entered on her prison labours and constituted herself chaplain and schoolmistress to the criminals who filled the gaol of Yarmouth, she was an assistant dressmaker, earning a shilling a day.

A London working girl who rose to a high position was "Nan Clarges," the daughter of a farrier who had his forge on the north side of the Strand. Nan had the good fortune to become sempstress to General Monk, and used to carry him his linen when, in 1647, he was a prisoner in the Tower. Monk married her in 1652, and on his being raised to a dukedom she became Duchess of Albemarle. Her father, the farrier, when that happened is said to have raised a maypole in the Strand, nearly opposite his forge, to commemorate his daughter's surprising elevation in the world.

A story worth repeating is told about another working girl of London who had good fortune almost within her grasp and yet missed it. She was servant to Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, and her name was Sally. Sally was of such frugal habits, and had so studied the wishes of her master, that Guy, who was a thrifty bachelor, promised to make her his wife.

Everything was got ready for the wedding, and amongst other preparations several repairs were ordered in and about the house. These included the laying down of a new pavement opposite the street door. It so happened that Sally observed a portion of the pavement, beyond the boundary of her master's house, which appeared to her to need mending, and of her own accord and whilst Guy was absent she gave orders to the workmen to have this job accomplished. The men objected, on the ground that her master had said nothing about it.

"Tell him I bade you," said she, "and he will not be angry."

She was mistaken. When Guy came home he noticed what had been done, and on asking the reason was told it was "by orders of the missus."

Guy thereupon called the foolish Sally and quietly said, "If you take upon yourself to order things contrary to my instructions before we are married, what will you not do after? About the wedding I have changed my mind."

These were not days of breach of promise cases, or Sally would have been able ever after to live handsomely on her damages. She lost a rich husband, and London gained the noble hospital which her master afterwards built and endowed at a cost of nearly two hundred and forty thousand pounds.

(To be continued.)



BIDE WI' MITHER.

BY MARIE HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

OH bide a wee, my bonny lass,
Nor seek tae lei the auld hame-nest;
O' a' earth's luvs ye yet will fin'
A mither's highest is, an' best.

She watched ye like a rose unfauld,
She reads ye like an open buik;
She scarce need speak, she is sae quick
Tae understan' yer ev'ry luik.

The han' that aye fa time tae pat
The wee bit face sae aft turned up
For "mither's kiss," has worrit late
An' early for yer bite an' sup.

An' oh it was a struggle sair
Tae mak' twa unco scrimp en's meet;
In her first days o' weedowhood
She scarce could spare the time tae greet.

Oh dinna lei her yet awhile;
The laddie's young, an' he can wait;
There was a time when ye were wee
She micht hae had anither mate.

But she was feert he micht na be
As guid's the fayther ye had lost;
An' though she could hae boucht her ease,
She wad na' dae it at the cost.

An' noo she's auld an' getting frail,
Your strong young arm should be her stay;
Life's downward slope is hard enuech,
Be yours the han' tae smooth the way.

Oh, bide wi' her, an' ye will fin'
That duty done brings sweet reward;
The Maister, Christ, pleased na' Himsel',
Although He was Creation's Lord!



BLUE AND GOLD.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER I.

ON BOARD THE *ESMERALDA*.

NOT much of a craft to look at, in a sailor's estimation at all events. Made to steam or to sail; to laze along the shores of the blue Levant; to creep up and down creeks and rivers; to hug shores where, half hidden among the glorious woods, Castle Indolence itself might well have been built; to glide past dreamy wee towns, where the people seemed to have nothing to do but strike quaint attitudes and look picturesque, apparently as quietly happy and contented as the sea-birds that floated on the waves; or to cast anchor at eventide—as the waters reflected the tints of sunset clouds—near to forts whose guns looked far too big for them, and whose soldiers looked too small for the guns—forts, however, that could not have been well spared out of this picture. To cast anchor oftentimes in company with other vessels more lazy-looking than even this; vessels manned by brown, swarthy blue-capped sailors, who at times were *too indolent* to furl their topsails or top-gallant sails, preferring to lounge around the bulwarks and smoke; vessels that possibly were bound for somewhere, sometime, next day, or next month, or a hundred years hence—there was nothing to indicate the "when," nor did it seem to matter.

Not much of a craft to look at was the *Esmeralda*; "the saucy *Esmeralda*," as Captain Fairbairn, her bold and handsome young

commander, called her by way of a joke; yet there was comfort in every foot of her, from bowsprit to binnacle. There was luxury there as well, of a semi-oriental sort, that accorded perfectly with the climate and the weather.

The yacht belonged to Jack Fairbairn, and Jack was a thorough sailor. It is very unlikely, therefore, that he would have tolerated cushioned seats and cushions on his quarter-deck, had it not been for one thing: Jack was not altogether a free agent—Jack was married. He had not been in bonds for a great while, but little over six months indeed. I believe I am wrong in saying "in bonds." However, the bonds were silken ones, for his had been a love match—

"Two souls with but a single thought,

"Two hearts that beat as one."

That reads very romantic and pretty, but—had Jack been single, he would have drawn the line at cushions on the quarter-deck of this yacht of his.

Captain Fairbairn had been what is called "a smart officer" in the Royal Navy, a stickler for duty, one who would have things done his way—his own way, and no way else. He liked to walk the deck of a forenoon and see everything "ship-shape," as it is termed, not even the end of a rope left uncoiled, everything aloft taut and trim, everything on deck the acme of order and pink of regularity, the decks as white as ivory, the polished woodwork as sheeny as a mahogany work-box, the brass like burnished gold, while the men themselves must look as wholesome and healthy as mountain daisies, with hats worn with just the proper rake, and collars not one inch out of place. Although he had held the rank of commander in the service—captain by courtesy—this officer was not much over thirty.

It had been said by everyone, both ashore and afloat, that Jack Fairbairn had a splendid career before him, and that there was every chance of his becoming an admiral before he was five-and-forty. For he had done many smart things in his time, and proved over and over again that he had a head on his shoulders that could lead men, as well as hands to use sword and revolver, and that, moreover, he was quite as much at home on *terra firma* as on a battle-deck. Nor was he ever known to look far ahead, or hanker after or long for promotion. His plan was to do whatever he had to do in the present, to do it well and heartily, and leave his fate as well as his future to a Higher Power.

But we never do know and hardly can we guess what is in store for us in this world, and at the very time that Jack's service prospects were of the brightest, something occurred that altered the whole tenour of his life.

He met with an accident.

If I have succeeded in interesting you already in Jack Fairbairn, you will, I am sure, be quite prepared to pity him. But the pity may be reserved, for Jack's accident was not caused by firearms, nor by the bursting of a boiler, neither did he fall overboard, nor out of the maintop, but he fell in love, and this was equally as serious a matter.

Jack did not hesitate to tell his messmates of his accident soon after it had occurred. He told them at dinner one day, and many of them shook their heads and sighed and said, "Heigho!" and "Oh, dear!" "Another good man gone wrong," "Another promising young officer lost to the service," and so on and so forth.

But Jack only smiled, and said no more just then; but that same evening, when sitting



CONSULTING THE MAP.

in the screen-berth smoking-room, enjoying a cigar, as men will, in company with his friend, Lawrence Perry, the latter was bold enough to refer to the subj. et.

They had both been silent for some time, listening to the band perhaps; but it is evident enough that the thoughts of each were running in the same groove, for when Lieutenant Perry said quietly—

"And is it really true, Fairbairn —"

Fairbairn quickly replied—

"Yes, Perry, it is just as true as you are sitting on that gun."

"And is she —"

"Is she beautiful, rich, and well connected, you were going to say, weren't you?"

"Something that way."

"Well, Perry, she is all three. Though for the matter of that I do not value riches in the least."

"But tell me a little more about her, Jack."

It was not very often that Lawrence Perry called his friend "Jack." In the wardroom as on the quarter-deck etiquette and discipline were strictly respected, and Jack was addressed with the affix "sir," but in the smoking-room he was Fairbairn, or Jack—the latter when Perry solicited confidence as he did now.

"You know General O'More, don't you, Perry?"

"By sight, yes. A retired man, but still takes the field at the head of Volunteer brigades. Never spoke to him. Is it a daughter of his?"

"That is he. Undoubtedly one of the most distinguished-looking men I have ever seen, either on horseback or afoot. But his daughter Kathleen—oh, Lawrence, I—a—but, there! you shall see her yourself, first opportunity."

"Kathleen O'More! What a sweetly pretty name! It could only belong to a sweetly pretty girl. Let me see, there is a song about a Kathleen O'More, a song with a churchyard and a cockrobin in it."

And Lawrence began singing—

"The bird of all birds that my soul loves the best,
Is the robin that builds in the churchyard his nest,
For he seems to watch Kathleen;
Hops lightly o'er Kathleen. My Kathleen O'More."

"Hush, hush, Perry. Don't give us that doleful ditty, please. You've no idea how superstitious I am."

"Well, then, Jack, heave round with your story. Where did you meet Miss O'More? What were you doing? What was she doing? Who introduced you? What—?"

"Here," cried Jack, "do light another cigar, and listen."

"I was going to the country to spend my six weeks' spell of leave, you must know; in fact, I was about to take my ticket to Perth, when some awkward fellow tramped on my toes. I turned round smartly to knock him down, and found, just in time, that it was an old friend of mine, Nugent, a marine officer, with whom I had been shipmate in the *Thunderer*. No end of a good fellow is Nugent."

"Hullo, Nugent!" I said.

"What, Fairbairn!" Then we shook hands.

"Where away?" he asked.

"To Perth, to do nothing."

"And I'm going up the Thames to do the same thing. I've hired a house-boat. Come with me."

"As it did not matter much which way I went, I readily assented, and in a fortnight more we found ourselves up Great Marlow way. It was on the hotel lawn there we fell in with the O'Mores. My introduction was a strange one. Mrs. O'More's fat old Blenheim spaniel tumbled into the river, and being unable to swim—for you know it is a mistake to

suppose all dogs can swim—was being rapidly borne onwards to destruction. Such screaming I never heard. 'Oh, my faithful Tootles! Will no one save him?'

"I daresay I did what any other man would have done, kicked off my shoes, threw off my coat and cap, and plunged in. I caught Tootles just as he was being washed over the weir, and carried him out in triumph."

"No more gallant action, the General's wife assured me, had ever been performed, and it was a shame there was no chance of my receiving the Albert medal. Well, Perry, there it was, you see, the ice was broken, and our two house-boats—the O'Mores' and Nugent's—kept together all the cruise; the O'Mores dined on board of us one night, and we with them the next. But I cannot describe the beauty and the fascinating, winning ways of Kathleen. And her sister, too, is charming."

"Oh, she has a sister, then?"

"Yes; a sister called Aileen."

"And I suppose that marine fell in love with her?"

"He did."

"Bother the fellow!"

"Why, Lawrence? You amuse me."

"I don't know why. It would have been so funny, you see, your marrying one sister and I the other."

"Never mind, Perry; I know Nugent would give three fingers off his right hand to win Aileen O'More, but Aileen told me that, like her sister, she preferred blue and gold to scarlet.* But I'll never forget that delightful cruise up the Thames; the moonlight rambles on the banks; the days we spent among the wild flowers, and the hours we passed on the deck in the calm twilight. Yes, Perry, neither father nor mother made any objection to my suit, and in a month's time I—er—I'll be a happy man, Perry."

"Have you really applied to be put on the retired list?"

"I have. My health seems ebbing away—and—"

But Perry laughed so loud that Jack could not get another word in.

Perry's opportunity of being introduced to the O'Mores came round soon, for a ball was given on board the flagship. As usual, it was held in a large marquee erected on the broad-beamed upper deck. The tent was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, lamps, and stars of cutlasses and bayonets, while the band discoursed the most dreamy of waltzes. "None but the brave deserve the fair," says the poem. Well, here were both the brave and the fair, and it would have been difficult, perhaps, to have said which looked the better—the sailor officers in blue and gold, or those of the garrison in scarlet. My own opinion is that the sailors won the laurel wreath, but then I am myself a sailor, and may be prejudiced.

That night, or morning rather, when the guests had all gone, Jack went into his friend's cabin, and they leaned out of the port together to—I ought to whisper this, because though Royalty itself has done the same thing, it is against the rules of the ship—to smoke one little cigarette—well, perhaps two.

"What did you think of her, Perry?"

"Oh, she is charming! I'm in love with her myself, Jack, and I'll propose to her too, in spite of anyone."

"What!" cried Jack, "you'll propose to my Kathleen?"

"Who is talking about your Kathleen? There, don't be foolish, Jack, you've dropped your cigarette into the sea. I'm in love with Aileen. But bother Nugent, anyhow. I did not get within hail of her half a dozen times during the whole evening."

"Well, I saw you dancing with Aileen several times, didn't I?"

"Yes, oh, yes. Fact is, that red marine fellow, clever and all though he be, isn't the perpetual motion; he couldn't keep on for ever, and so once or twice I did have a chance."

"Well, and was your conversation very interesting?"

"N—no! I'm really afraid the soldier had the advantage over me in that particular. He has the gift of the gab, as it is called. I coached myself well too, for nearly an hour before I went to claim my dance. I went away out on the open deck, and walked about with my cap in my hand. One thinks so much better, you know, when one's head is cool."

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, I thought out a thousand different subjects for conversation, and a thousand pretty things to say to Miss Aileen, that I felt sure would interest and amuse her."

"To be sure: and did you say them?"

"Alas! no, Jack. They all seemed to dry up, and my remarks were the merest commonplace. It made me bite my lip to think of my inanity. Then I thought as silence was golden, it was better to hold my peace and—a—I did."

"Poor Perry!" said Jack, laughing.

"Jack, tell me this, candidly you know. You saw me dancing, did—a—did I look like a fool?"

"Well, 'pon my word, Perry, you didn't look very far off."

"And do you think that—that Miss Aileen noticed that—that I looked like a fool?"

"Oh, I should think she was sure to; Aileen is very clever, and has a very high and acute sense of the ridiculous."

Perry smoked viciously for a few minutes in silence, then he threw his cigarette angrily into the sea.

"I must say, Jack," he then remarked, dryly, "you don't mince matters."

"No; but you asked me to talk candidly. Good-night. Pleasant dreams to you, Perry."

At breakfast and luncheon next day there was nothing talked about except the ball. Nugent came off in the evening to dine with Jack, and even Perry had to be pleasant to him, though there were times when he looked as if he would much prefer to eat him.

Now, viewing the matter from a psychological point of view, I must say that I do not think Perry was really in love with Aileen. This "love at first sight" is a very rare thing indeed, and my opinion is that had there been no Nugent, Lieutenant Perry's equanimity would never have been disturbed by the presence of Aileen O'More, beautiful and accomplished though she was.

Perry perhaps held himself in far too little estimation, for though not so noble-looking in appearance as Jack, he really need not have scowled at himself in the looking-glass, nor called himself a rough, red-faced sailor. He was a manly one at all events, and it was admitted by all who knew him that a better or kindlier heart than Perry possessed never beat beneath a coat of blue and gold.

Jack, owing to ill-health, so it was said, was graciously permitted to retire on his laurels and his half-pay, and in the course of a few months married the eldest daughter of General O'More.

Perry was at the marriage as "best man," and was chiefly struck by two things: first, the bewitching beauty of the bride's sister Aileen, and secondly, by the extraordinary solemnity of the ceremonies. In fact, the latter almost frightened him, and he caught himself telling himself that he did not believe ever he could summon up enough courage to go through such an ordeal. But for all that, Perry had been in several engagements, and his captain

* Blue and gold being the uniform of the sailor officer; scarlet that of Royal Marine Light Infantry.

had more than once taken official notice of his remarkable coolness and presence of mind when under fire, or when leading a charge on shore, with sword in hand.

It must be admitted, therefore, that Perry's character was a difficult one to read, and presented not a few anomalies, psychologically considered.

It was after Jack's marriage that Lieutenant Perry managed to get six months' leave, and go cruising in the Levant with his friend and wife, Aileen being also of the party.

Well, I have no need to describe the personal appearance of either of the young ladies; my artist has saved me the trouble.

There they sit among the quarter-deck cushions of the saucy *Esmeralda*, as she lies at anchor in a Riviera bay, on a quiet still summer's evening, Kathleen looking learned and logical, and apparently feeling a sailor's wife all over, as she points to places of interest on the chart, and Aileen listening, with those dreamy eyes of hers, full of genuine admiration for her sister.

But my artist has not sketched Jack and his friend. They are not there. They are for ward, leaning over the bows, and I am very much afraid they are smoking again. But this is no fault of mine.

What a delightful cruise that was to be sure, from beginning to end! No, not quite to the end though, at least as far as Perry was concerned, and for the following reason.

One beautiful day at Malta, Jack and his wife, with Aileen and Perry, had gone on shore to do a little shopping, for jewellery is cheap in that town, filigree gold work being purchasable for little over the price by weight of the precious metal. They were all labouring up one of those long streets of stairs, of which Byron makes mention in one of his poems. I ought not, however, to say that Perry was labouring. Indeed, he never felt in better "form and fettle," as he chose to describe it; he was very happy and buoyant, and was thinking how very delightful those streets of stairs were, simply because they gave him an opportunity of doing a service to Aileen by helping her along.

So happy was Perry to-day, that, in the intervals of conversation, he could not refrain from humming over snatches of songs from operas or bars of music from favourite waltzes.

There was not a single cloud on the blue sky of Perry's life to-day, until—the party suddenly turned a corner.

"Hullo, Nugent! Why, my dear old boy,

who ever would have expected to meet you here?"

That was Jack's greeting to his friend.

Mrs. Fairbairn's and Aileen's were also very cordial. But I cannot say so much for Perry's. The sunshine of his existence was suddenly eclipsed; there seemed no blue sky anywhere now.

"I suppose," said Perry, "your ship is here? You are stationed at Malta?"

Perry was hoping against hope.

"Not I," replied Nugent, cheerily; "I'm free as the wind for the next three months."

"Oh, in that case," said Mrs. Fairbairn, "we shall claim you. You shall be our guest in the yacht for the next three months."

"Don't say no, old man." This from Jack.

"Say, no!" replied Nugent, with just one glance towards Aileen. "That is the very last thing I should think of. In fact, if you had not invited me, the probability is I should have come as a stowaway, and you would have found me hiding behind a beef cask a day or two after you had been at sea."

Everyone laughed, even Perry. But there was no laughing at Perry's heart.

{To be continued.}

THE CHEF.

By MARY POCKOCK.

HOW A FRENCH COOK SERVES POULTRY.



POULTRY nearly always has a place in a French dinner in some form or other, consequently the ways of cooking it are very various, and I think superior to ours. It seems to me that the recipes for dressing fowls

are numberless; I will begin with a few of them.

Poulet Roti (roast fowl).—When trussing the fowl put into the body a large pinch of salt and a lump of butter; sew up the opening, fasten a slice of fat bacon over the breast of the fowl; roast it, basting it well; sprinkle with salt when done (not before), and serve with watercresses over which you have squeezed the juice of a lemon, and put the gravy made in roasting the fowl.

Another way.—Prepare as above, with the salt and butter inside, then rub the fowl well all over with a cut lemon, and envelope it in a buttered paper; roast and serve with tomatoes or mushrooms, or à la ravigote or financière.

Poulet à l'Estragon (fowl with tarragon).—Blanch some tarragon leaves; chop them. Chop the liver of the fowl, add a lump of butter and some chopped bacon; to these put a quarter of the tarragon, salt, pepper, and nutmeg; put this forcemeat into the body of the fowl, cover the breast with a slice of bacon fat, put buttered paper over and roast. Melt a piece of butter in a stewpan, add a little flour and the remainder of the chopped tarragon; moisten with broth, add a few drops of vinegar, two yolks of eggs, salt, and pepper; let the sauce thicken, but not boil, and serve with the fowl.

Chapon au Gros Sel.—Rub a capon all over with a cut lemon, then cover the breast with slices of bacon fat; put it in a stewpan with the gizzard and neck, a little bacon fat, some trimmings of veal, an onion, a carrot, sweet

herbs, parsley, salt, and sufficient broth to nearly cover the capon; cook slowly; it will take from one hour to one hour and a quarter. When done take a small portion of the broth, skim and strain it, and boil until it is brown; add a tablespoonful of water, and with a wooden spoon stir the brown well from the bottom of the saucepan; skim and strain some more of the broth, and add it to that you have browned; serve the capon with the gravy and a little salt sprinkled over it.

Chapon au Ris (capon with rice).—Put the capon in a stewpan with some parsley and mushroom trimmings, then add stock enough to nearly cover it (the stock should be strained, but have the fat left on it), cook gently; when done keep the capon hot, strain and skim the broth, let it boil, and add one-third the quantity of rice that there is broth; boil twenty-five minutes, finish with a little butter, serve round the capon.

Or Fowl with Rice, thus:—If you have no stock, put a fowl in a stewpan with some bacon; cook it five minutes. Boil two carrots, two onions, a piece of celery, parsley and herbs, in a quart of water for half an hour; put in the fowl and bacon, let them simmer ten minutes (or longer if it is not young), then throw in half a pint of rice, and season with pepper and salt; cook until done, remove the vegetables and herbs, and serve the fowl on the rice. Fowls that are not young are boiled gently in the stock-pot until tender, and then served in various ways, as—

Poule au Pot-au-feu en Coquilles.—Cut some cooked fowl in dice, add a third of the quantity of cooked mushrooms and a little cooked ham or tongue. Put a small quantity of white sauce in a stewpan, cook it a few minutes, add one or two tablespoonfuls of raw cream, add the chicken mixture, season, and thicken with the yolk of an egg. Put into scallop-shells, cover with breadcrumbs and a little oiled butter, brown the tops, and serve.

Poule au Pot-au-feu Sauce Tomate.—When the fowl is tender, but not boiled to rags, take it out of the stock and remove the skin, cut it up and put it in a stewpan with a little broth;

let it get hot. Cut two ounces of raw ham into small squares, put it into a frying-pan with a little oil or butter, stir it and cook two minutes; add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, let it reduce to one, add a purée of tomatoes, a clove of garlic, a bay leaf, and the broth in which the chicken has been warmed; boil, add sufficient flour to thicken it, pour all into the stewpan over the fowl, simmer twenty minutes, take out the garlic and bay leaf, and serve the stew.

Poule au Pot-au-feu aux Fines Herbes.—Let the fowl get cold after cooking it in the stock-pot, then cut it up. Chop a large onion and three or four shallots, cook them in butter; add some chopped mushrooms, cook a minute, sift in a little flour, add a small glass of white wine and some broth, stir and boil for ten minutes; add a little pepper, put in the fowl, simmer a quarter of an hour, and serve.

Poulet à la Tartare (fowl and Tartar sauce).—Choose a young fowl, prepare it, then split it down the back, flatten it with the side of the chopper, put it in a marinade of oil, pepper, salt, lemon juice, chopped onion, and parsley; leave it an hour, then grill it and serve with tartar sauce. Some cooks, instead of putting the fowl in the marinade, put it in a stewpan with a little butter and bacon fat for about a quarter of an hour, over a slow fire, then breadcrumb it and fry or grill it.

Poulet au Blanc.—Put the liver, a lump of butter, and a large pinch of salt, in the body of the fowl, then truss it. Put some water in a stewpan, with a small bunch of herbs and parsley; when the water boils add a large tablespoonful of flour mixed with good butter; stir, then put in the fowl, add salt, simmer gently; when done put it on a dish, and keep it hot. Boil the liquor fast, reduce it until it is moderately thick, remove the herbs and parsley, add three yolks of eggs mixed with cream, and a little pounded white sugar; let it thicken, but do not let it boil again; take from the fire and finish with a little lemon juice. Garnish the fowl with stewed mushrooms, artichoke bottoms, and very small onions cooked in butter; pour the sauce over the whole, and serve.

Fricassée de Poulet.—Proceed in exactly the same way as for "Poulet au Blanc," the only difference being that the fowl is cut up, and the appearance of the fricassée is improved if the skin is removed from the pieces of fowl, and they are rubbed over with cut lemon before being cooked.

Fricassée de Poulet à la Minute.—After having cut a fowl up, put it in a stewpan with a lump of butter, salt, mushrooms, bunch of sweet herbs and parsley; stir it over the fire for five minutes, dredge a tablespoonful of flour in, stir; add sufficient broth with a glass of white wine to make sauce, and finish cooking. Before serving remove the herbs and parsley, and add a squeeze of lemon juice.

Fricassée à la Bourguignonne.—Put the fowl (after cutting it up) into a stewpan with two ounces of butter, put it over the fire for about eight minutes, turning the pieces in the butter as they cook; add salt, pepper, nutmeg, and some white wine to moisten it; keep it over a brisk fire. When the fowl is done arrange the pieces on a dish, slightly thicken the sauce, finish it with some lemon juice and finely-chopped parsley, pour over the fowl, and serve.

Marinade de Poulet.—Remove the skin, and cut up a fowl (uncooked or cooked), place the pieces in a marinade of oil, lemon juice, herbs and parsley, and leave them for an hour or two; then dip them in batter (see *pâte à frire*), and cook in a pan of boiling fat; serve with fried parsley.

Filets au Suprême.—Take the white meat from one or two fowls, remove the skin, and separate the meat into small fillets, sprinkle them with salt, and cook in a stewpan in butter, without letting them get in the least brown; when done, arrange on a dish with pieces of fried bread, placing the fillets and the bread alternately: or the fillets are sometimes larded before being cooked, and are served with mushroom sauce, or sauce tournée aux truffes.

Poulet à la Marengo.—Cut up a fowl, put first the legs, then the remainder of the pieces in a stewpan, with some oil and a little salt, sweet herbs, parsley, mushrooms, and truffes; cook all until a nice pale brown. When the fowl is done serve it and the mushrooms and truffes with Italian sauce; add some stoned olives that have been cooked in butter, and some pear-shaped pieces of fried bread (fried eggs are sometimes added). The fowl should be neatly heaped in the centre of the dish, the mushrooms, olives, and truffes arranged round it, and good Italian sauce poured over all; then the fried pieces of bread are placed upright all round the heap of chicken, between that and the mushrooms.

Poulet à la Sainte-Menehould is made with the remains of fricassée fowl that has had a well-thickened sauce. Put the cold sauce well over the pieces, cover them with fine breadcrumbs, dip in egg, then crumb them again; fry a nice pale brown, or strain a little oil and butter over them and bake in a quick oven; serve dry, or with a clear, rather piquante gravy.

Before leaving the subject of fowls I must call the attention of the reader to the difference in the English and French way of dividing the legs of a fowl for cooking. Instead of separating the drumstick from the thigh, proceed thus:—push the skin and sinews at the end of the drumstick up a little way, then chop the bone off as short as possible; next chop the thigh bone across just half an inch beyond the joint with the drumstick; it is quite easy to do this with an ordinary table knife struck on the back with a second knife; you then have two nicely shaped pieces of chicken of about equal size to dish up, and no ugly bony piece. The breasts are divided in two, across not lengthways.

TURKEYS.

Dinde Truffée (truffled turkey).—Take some

truffles, peel them; if small leave them whole, if large cut each truffle in two or three pieces, put them in a stewpan with butter, pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg; make them moderately hot, and stuff the turkey with them; sew the skin up, wrap the turkey in buttered paper, and leave it in a cool place until the next day. Then roast it; if about eight pounds in weight for two hours, baste it well; remove the paper a short time before it is done, so as to allow it to brown, and sprinkle it with salt. Serve the turkey plain or with truffle sauce.

Turkeys are also stuffed with raw sausage-meat and truffes; also with chestnuts. For this the chestnuts must be roasted slowly, the shell and skin carefully removed, the chestnuts seasoned with pepper and salt, and then put in the turkey with a little butter.

Dinde Piquée, Rotie (turkey larded and roasted).—Lard the breast and legs of a turkey, and cover it with buttered paper; roast, basting well with butter; remove the paper a quarter of an hour before the turkey is done, and sprinkle with salt. Skim, and strain the contents of the dripping-pan, and send it to table in a tureen.

Dinde en Galantine (galantine of turkey).—A turkey that is not young enough to roast will still make a good galantine. Open the turkey down the back, take out all the bones, being very careful not to tear or damage the skin, which must be gently separated from the meat. Cut the breast into slices, put them aside, then take the meat of the legs and all the pickings from the bones of the body and pinions, without the sinews, chop finely with an equal quantity of veal cutlet and bacon fat, season with pepper, salt, and a little spice, and pound in a mortar; cut some fat bacon, veal cutlet, the slices of turkey and some ham or pickled tongue in strips, spread the skin of the turkey on a linen cloth, place on it a layer of the forcemeat, and arrange the strips of meat, bacon, etc., on it; also some truffes cut in pieces and some pistachio nuts, then the remainder of the forcemeat; roll up the galantine, sew the skin, then sew the linen cloth over it, tie the two ends with string, and tie strings round at intervals of two inches, so as to keep the galantine in shape. Braise the turkey with the bones pounded and a little white wine added to the usual ingredients. Do not remove the cloth until the galantine is cold; then glaze it slightly. Clear the liquor in which the turkey is cooked, and serve cold as jelly on and round the galantine.

Turkey (legs or wings) à la Sauce Robert.—Make cuts across the legs of cold turkey, pepper, salt, and broil them, then serve on a sauce Robert.

Abatis de Dinde à la Bourgeoise (turkey giblets à la bourgeoise).—Soak the giblets in tepid water, then wash them, changing the water several times; put them all except the liver in some warm butter in a stewpan, add herbs, parsley, bay leaf, two cloves, and a clove of garlic; stir them about over the fire for some minutes, then stir in a large tablespoonful of flour; when the flour is gold colour add some hot water or broth, and stew for two hours. Cook the liver separately in butter, and add it to the other giblets. Brown some small onions and some turnips cut into dice in butter with a little white sugar; add these when the giblets have stewed two hours; season with pepper and salt, and let all simmer until tender; then remove the herbs, parsley, cloves, bay leaf and garlic, skim the gravy (of which there should not be too much) and serve, placing the giblets in the middle of the dish and the vegetables round them. Should be sent to table very hot.

Emincé de Dinde au Riz.—Put in a stewpan one ounce of butter and a finely-chopped onion, turn it about over the fire, but do not let it brown; add half a pint of rice, shake for a second or two, then add a pint and a half of

broth; cover, and boil for twelve minutes, then add two cloves and three-quarters of a pound of cold turkey, cut in pieces and without skin; season, put the lid on the stewpan, and cook until the rice is done, then remove the cloves, stir in a small piece of butter, and serve immediately.

Croquettes de Dinde au Pommes de Terre (croquettes of turkey with potatoes).—Chop half a pound of cold turkey, put it in a stewpan with pepper, salt, and three-quarters of a pound of potatoes that have been boiled, passed through a sieve, and had butter, salt, and a little sugar added to them; add five yolks and one white of egg, a pinch of nutmeg, and about a teacupful of grated Parmesan cheese; stir over the fire to mix well, then turn on to a floured board, form into small rolls or balls, dip them in egg and then breadcrumb them. Fry in plenty of boiling fat, and serve with parsley.

Marinade de Dindon, Dindon à la Sainte-Menehould, Fricassée de Dindon, etc., are all prepared in the same way as the same dishes of fowl, and most of the recipes for cooking turkey are equally applicable for fowls.

GEESE.

Roast Goose with Chestnuts.—Take fifty large chestnuts, roast them very slowly, then remove the shells and skins, put half of them aside, chop the remainder with the liver of the goose, add half a pound of sausage-meat, a small clove of garlic, a little parsley, pepper, salt and nutmeg; put this into the body of the goose, mixing the twenty-five whole chestnuts with it, sew up the opening, and roast the goose. When done a goose should remain a short time before a fierce fire, so that the grease may run from it, and the skin get crisp.

Chestnut forcemeat made as above is also used for stuffing turkeys.

Geese are sometimes simply filled with small potatoes and a bunch of savory and roasted. For this, one takes the smallest potatoes, and after they are peeled, a round vegetable cutter is run through each of them to take a piece out of the middle. Goose with potatoes roasts best in an oven.

Oie à la Chipolata (goose à la chipolata).—Take a goose that is not fat, cut it up, cook the pieces in a stewpan in some brown roux. Add some sausages cut in pieces, some mushrooms, roasted chestnuts (skinned), bunch of herbs, parsley, seasoning, and a little gravy. When the goose is done enough, remove the herbs and parsley, skim the gravy, add a little lemon juice or a few drops of vinegar, and serve.

Goose Giblets are cooked like turkeys'.

DUCKS.

Canard aux Navets (duck with turnips).—Brown in a stewpan a tablespoonful of flour in butter or poultry fat, put the duck in and turn it about for a minute or two to brown it slightly, then moisten with half white wine and half broth; add a bunch of sweet herbs, parsley, a small onion, salt, pepper, and nutmeg; cut some turnips and shape them into balls all of the same size (the size of a large marble), brown them in butter with a little white sugar; when the duck is rather more than half done, add the turnips, and cook all together. When tender, remove the herbs, parsley, and onion, skim the broth, and serve the duck with the turnips and the gravy round it. The duck should be cooked in a stewpan that it will just fit, otherwise it is necessary to put too much broth.

Canard aux Olives.—Cook the duck as above, but pass the gravy through a sieve; add some mushrooms cut in pieces, stone some olives by passing a knife round them, put them in the sauce, boil a minute, pour over the duck, and serve immediately.

Canard aux Choux (duck and cabbage).—Throw a cabbage in boiling water and cook it for a few minutes, then press it, to get the water from it as much as possible. Put the duck in a stewpan and brown it slightly with some slices of bacon fat and a slice of ham; leave the bacon and the ham at the bottom of the stewpan and place a layer of cabbage on it, then put in the duck and the remainder of the cabbage over and round it. Tie sweet herbs, parsley, and a clove in muslin and put them in; add pepper and salt, and put small sausages on the top of the cabbage; cover closely and cook gently until tender. (Time according to size of duck.)

Canard aux Petits Pois (duck and green peas).—Cook the duck as for "aux navets," but instead of the turnips have ready some peas in a little very cold water into which some butter has been worked; when the duck is half done pour off the gravy, put some slices of bacon at the bottom of the stewpan, then put in the peas with a branch of parsley, a scallion, some small white onions, a lump of sugar and a little salt; place the duck in the middle, cover, and let it finish cooking over a slow fire. When done serve with the vegetables round. The duck to be dressed in this way should be young.

Salmis de Canard.—Roast a young duck with four or five thin slices of bread under it; let it get cold, then cut it up; chop up the backbone and the trimmings. Cook a chopped onion in butter, pound the slices of roast bread, and add them with the chopped duck, two shallots, pepper, mace, and a bay leaf; moisten with a tumbler of red wine and the same quantity of broth. Let the sauce reduce to one-half, pass it through a sieve, put it back in the stewpan, and warm the pieces of duck in it without allowing it to boil. Put the stew on a dish, and serve with fried sippets round. A salmi is generally made with a duck or part of a duck that has been roasted for table. It answers quite as well to fry the slices of bread a nice brown in some of the fat from the ducks.

Canard au Riz (duck with rice).—Take the remains of a roast duck, cut it up, remove the backbone, put the pieces of duck in a stewpan, pour a little gravy and a little tomato sauce over them; stand the stewpan in the bain-marie, so as to heat the duck thoroughly without letting it boil. Chop an onion and put it in a stewpan with a little butter; when it is a good gold colour (not in the least burnt) add to it one pint of broth or water and one-third of a pint of rice; cook with the lid on the saucepan (if water is used a little salt must be added); when done the rice should be dry; add

two or three tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, a little cayenne pepper, and a little butter to it, stir, cover the stewpan for a few minutes, then serve quite hot, with the pieces of duck arranged on the top. Sometimes grated Parmesan is added to the rice with the tomato sauce.

Ducks are roasted with a lump of butter and pepper and salt in them, and the juice of a lemon is put in the dripping-pan. They are served with their own gravy, and watercresses with a little of the contents of the dripping-pan on them.

Canard aux Truffes.—The same proceeding as for turkey. Legs of ducks grilled are served on a purée of potatoes, or with a sauce piquante.

Duck with Sour-cROUT is prepared in the same way as with cabbage, but the sour-cROUT must be washed in several waters.

PIGEONS.

Pigeon Roti.—Put in the body of the pigeon a small lump of butter and a pinch of salt, truss it, put a vine leaf over the breast, and tie a slice of bacon fat over that; roast from twenty to twenty-five minutes, basting with butter mixed with a few drops of vinegar. Serve with gravy.

Pigeons en Compote.—Truss two pigeons and put a lump of butter in each. Set a stewpan over the fire, with an ounce of butter in it, cut some slices of bacon in dice, cook them a few minutes in the butter, then put in the pigeons; turn them about and cook for five minutes, add a little flour, stir it until it is gold colour; continue stirring while you add some broth, a little white wine, a small lump of sugar, bunch of herbs, parsley, bay leaf, some grated nutmeg, pepper and salt; cover the stewpan, and let the pigeons cook slowly. Brown a dozen and a half very small onions in butter with a pinch of white sugar; when the pigeons are half cooked add the onions, and ten minutes after add one dozen small uncooked mushrooms. Before serving remove the herbs, parsley and bay leaf; skim the gravy, and serve the pigeons with the garniture and fried bread round and the sauce poured over.

Paté Chaud de Pigeons à la Bourgeoise.—Cut two or three pigeons in quarters, put them in a stewpan with butter or good lard, and a teaspoonful of finely-chopped onion. Cook a few minutes over a brisk fire, adding half a pound of pickled pork cut in small pieces, and some salsify, half cooked and thinly sliced, season with pepper and salt; when the pigeons are stiff remove from the fire. Line a pie-dish with a thin crust of "pâte brisée,"

fill it with the pigeons, pork, and salsify, pour in one-third of a pint of cold, good-thickened gravy, cover with a moderately thick crust of the same paste; brush the outside over with egg, and bake for one hour in a moderately hot oven.

Pigeons en Matelote.—Put the pigeons in a stewpan with a lump of butter and some thin pieces of bacon, sift in a little flour, stir until it is a pale brown, then moisten with half broth and half red wine; add some mushrooms, small onions that have been browned in butter, a lump of sugar, and a bunch of sweet herbs, in which is tied a clove of garlic and some parsley. When the pigeons are tender, remove the bunch of herbs, skim the gravy, put each pigeon on a small oval piece of fried bread, pour the sauce over, and serve.

Pigeons Farcis (stuffed pigeons).—Chop a quarter of a pound of calf's or sheep's kidney, add the livers of the pigeons and three ounces of chopped bacon, a teacupful of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of finely chopped onions and the same of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and two yolks of eggs; with this forcemeat stuff two pigeons; truss them, fasten a slice of bacon over each, and either roast them before a fire or in a stewpan, basting them well.

Pigeons à la Minute.—Cut the pigeons in halves, fry them in a stewpan in butter; when they are coloured and half done, add mushrooms, parsley, and shallots (all chopped), pepper and salt; when the pigeons are done enough put them on a dish and keep them hot. Pour a little broth into the stewpan, and with a wooden spoon stir the brown from the bottom of it; add a little white wine and a very small lump of sugar, boil the sauce up, and pour it over the pigeons.

The French braise any kind of poultry; it is done the same way as meat; or poultry may be larded; fowls, turkeys, and pigeons are all good larded; but it makes ducks and geese too rich for most people.

Some readers will remark how much wine is used in French cooking. It is the light wine (*vin ordinaire*) of the country, and used I think more because it is plentiful than for any other reason; with well-made stock it is not necessary. At the same time, as I am not "Adapting French recipes for English cooks," but writing "How the French cook," I do not omit the wine, but I exclude all recipes requiring brandy, and also those in which wine is essential. A few drops of lemon juice or white vinegar and water, or water alone, can generally be substituted for wine.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE KING'S SAKE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, Author of "Bessie's Sacrifice."

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT five o'clock on that self-same morning Sir Michael Newport rode slowly home. He had slept at the distant house of a neighbour, and had started thus early on his way home, anticipating a long day of important and anxious business.

It was very cold; the early chill of dawn made him shiver; the wind whistled and wailed through the trees; in the distance some watch-dog kept up a constant monotonous barking.

No one was abroad as he passed

through the gates, trotted across the wide park, and drew rein at the door of his house. But suddenly, quietly, like a grey shadow in the twilight, the figure of a woman emerged from the clump of trees, and with a straight, slow movement, the gait of one walking in her sleep, passed before him up the steps to the hall door. He hastily dismounted, left his horse to find his own way to the stables, and followed. Did his eyes deceive him? A terrible suspicion was growing on him. Could it be his wife?

She was waiting for him within, in

front of the cold ashes of the great stone hearth, waiting for him with a look on her white rigid face that thrilled him with a nameless fear.

He strode forward and seized her by the wrist; her very torpor seemed to force him into violence.

"Eleanor!" he cried. "Whatever does this mean? Speak, you would not drive me mad!"

He recoiled with an exclamation of horror, for all down her riding-dress, on the torn lace of her jabot, there were dark red stains.

"What is it?" he cried.

She looked at him for one moment as if she could not speak, then her voice came back, a strained, strange voice not like her own.

"It is blood," she said. "He is dead."

"Good heavens! You have been with him? Captain Bob?"

She nodded.

"And he is—?"

"My Robbie—he is dead."

"My poor wife! I dreaded this."

He bent over her with a great yearning

tenderness, putting his arms round her, drawing her to his breast.

"How can I comfort you?" he said, with the sharpest pang he had ever known at his impotence to comfort such a grief as this.

She looked up at him, and he read in that desolate look something just now beyond the reach of the closest human sympathy.

"Nellie," he said. "Nellie, teach me how to help you."

Through the dead coldness of her pain penetrated the longing of his words; it swept across her with one wave of

passionate feeling; he could comfort her, she could rest on him, nestle to this heart of his, this great love that would warm and shelter her.

But suddenly between that haven and her suffering rose up, pitiless and stern, the shadow of her oath—the oath that must keep them apart for ever.

With a low cry, for this pang became intolerable, she drew herself from his arms, she staggered back, raising clasped hands to heaven in wild appeal for help, and then he caught her as she fell heavily forwards in a swoon.

(To be continued.)

MITTENWALD AND ITS VIOLINS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER VII.

"The spirit that inspires man and breathes in nature was playing through my spirit upon the obedient vibrating strings."

—*The Fiddler of Lugau.*

UNDER the head of strings and bow a wide field of interesting matter opens to our view, the fringe only of which we shall be able to touch, for it reaches far away into the most wonderful problems of nature.

There is, however, quite enough within our reach for the carrying out of our purpose, which is to endow our violin with life and joy and mystery.

The violin whose construction we have been watching, reminds us in its present stage of nature in the winter—it is silent, irresponsive, dull, unsympathetic.

The music is within it just as the seed is in the earth, but it awaits the vibrating strings, the bow, and the master hand to bring out its glory, just as the seed awaits the rain and the sun to burst forth into bud and flower.

The varnish of our violin is dry, and as we take it in our hand it looks more like a beautiful statue in its silence, grace, and exquisite proportions. It is difficult to believe that it is brimful of power and of sympathy; that at the first touch of the master's hand it will thrill with emotion and become a living thing.

It is our pleasant task to bring it to this stage of perfection.

We have shown how much patience, genius, and study are required to form and regulate the smallest detail of a violin, and in no point is care more necessary than in its stringing, for although it is left till last, it is almost as important as the construction itself. It is here, too, that you begin to prove the work already done, for if your violin be not perfectly formed, and if it be not made of wood of the utmost elasticity, the strings, however good, will not vibrate with any steady regularity.

Nor can you put on any strings you please. You must study the constitution of the instrument, you must humour it, and get an insight into its characteristics, and then, and not till then, you may string it.

If it be an old violin, mellow in wood and delicate in construction, the strings must be those capable of bringing out its richness of tone. If it be a brand new one, full of freshness and vigour, it will require taming, and strings of a larger size will suit it best, for the thicker the string the fewer its vibrations, and therefore the lower its note.

We must remember that the strings which please some violins, and agree with them in every particular, will torture others, and it is a pity to force them to associate with uncon-

genial companions; indeed, there is not the slightest necessity for it. There is a great variety from which to choose, and it is quite possible to suit the sweetest and the roughest, the oldest and the youngest of violins.

Again, when the violin is in working order and requires re-stringing, follow the advice of Heron Allen, which is on no account to take all the strings off at once and then put the new ones on, for by so doing you would cause the sudden relaxation of the pressure and working of the fibres of the wood, and the chances are that the violin would be out of temper for days. On the contrary, take off one at the time, and put on the new one and screw it up to pitch before changing the next.

But what are strings? Where do we get them? And what is their office?

One wonders why they should ever have been called cat-gut, for there is no record of their having ever been made of that animal. Had they been, what a profitable occupation the rearing of cats would have been! The error has, however, been widely spread and accepted without question. Even our writers have fallen into it. Cowper, for example, in referring to Charles Wesley's violin playing, says: "With wire and cat-gut he concludes the day."

Another writer, too, has described a violinist as "One who stretches the bowels of a cat over a wooden box, and rubs them with the tail of a horse."

Again—

"The musicians

Hover with nimble sticks over squeaking
crowds (fiddles),

Tickling the dried guts of a mewling cat."

Making strings from the intestines of animals dates back to the Ancient Egyptians, who required them for their harps; and they were made then, as now, from the intestines of sheep. They would hardly have made them from the cat, which was with them a sacred animal.

Some interesting experiments were made by Baptist Porta in the sixteenth century, in order to find out the effect of using other intestines for strings than those of the sheep. He made some of half sheep and half of wolf gut, which produced no music whatever; nothing, indeed, but noise and discord. He made others of the intestines of the serpent, the effect of which was most painful.

Some strings were shown at the Paris Exhibition, made of human hair; but although they yielded a good sound, were by no means durable.

Shakespeare speaks of strings made of hair, viz.:

"Sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute,
Strung with his hair."

Experience proves that the best intestines of which to make strings are those of lambs about eight months old, those being preferred which have fed on dry mountain pasture.

The demand for strings of small size, which require to be made of the best material, is very great in September (the string-making month), indeed the demand far exceeds the supply.

As to the goodness of the strings, that depends almost entirely upon where they are made. The making of them is not confined to one country; but those of Italy bear off the palm, and there is a best even among these. For example, the Roman strings are the very best, being clear, transparent as glass, very elastic, and slightly rough.

Those of Padua are highly finished and durable, but not always true; and those made in Verona are softer and deeper in colour than the Paduan strings. In spite of these differences they are made of exactly the same material, but the process of manufacture varies.

Out of Italy the German strings, mostly made in Dresden, are best; they are white, smooth, and durable, but through being over bleached are somewhat faulty in sound. Those of French make stand next; the small strings, however, are not durable. In England we make all kinds of strings, good and bad, dear and cheap; but most of the last, which are dark and uneven.

It seems really that the further the seat of manufacture is from Italy, the worse the strings—a circumstance which is to be accounted for by variety of climate. The process of manufacture is carried on in the open air in Italy, a thing impossible in other countries, where the work is done by artificial means.

The first strings have but few threads in them, and therefore if they be not clear they must be of inferior material; the seconds and thirds, being spun with several threads, are never very clear.

To test a first string before putting it on the violin there is nothing better than to follow Spohr's plan of holding a portion of it between the finger and thumb of each hand, then set it in vibration; if only two lines be seen it is free from falseness, if a third line should show itself it is not true. My attention was called to this test by a student at the Royal Academy of Music.

There are several kinds of covered strings, some being closely enveloped in fine copper or silver wire; it is more difficult to obtain perfection in these than in those made of gut.

There have been great improvements in stringing violins during the last half century. Formerly those of very large size were used alike on violins and violoncellos, a practice which has passed away.

I daresay all violin players have noticed that after playing some time their breath makes the strings flat, in fact just as playing in a moist hot room will do; while on the other hand, if the heat of the room in which they are playing be dry and burning, the strings lose their natural moisture, and get sharp. This is explained by an experiment made by Dr. Arbuthnot about a hundred and fifty years ago, in order to find out the effect of air on human bodies. He says, "I have found that the single fibres both of animal and vegetable substances are lengthened by water and moist air. A fiddle string moistened with water will sink a note in a little time, which therefore proves that it has relaxed or lengthened 1-16th. The steam of hot water will sink it a note in five or six minutes."

And now for the characteristics of the strings. Their duties are by no means light. They convey the message of the bow to the sound-post. They must always be in so sweet and healthy a condition as to produce perfect fifths whenever called upon; that is to say, if two strings are stopped by the finger at any given point, both together and at the same moment, the interval known as a fifth must be produced.

The strings are highly nervous; if, when one is vibrating, you touch it ever so slightly with the finger, it suddenly ceases. They will not work alone, they must have sympathetic companions. If you stretch a string between your fingers in the open air, and pass the bow over it, you would scarcely hear the whisper of a sound; but if you attach the string at each end to a slab of thin wood, the sound increases in intensity as the particles of wood vibrate in sympathy with it. It is something like this which occurs in a violin. The wood vibrates not only with the strings, but also with the mass of air inside.

A string will not yield a musical note under all conditions, but simply under the influence of tension, and even then the tone of the note will depend upon the thickness of the strings and the force with which they are vibrated; for the more rapidly a string vibrates, the higher will be the note produced. The pressure of the four strings on the belly of the violin is enormous when one thinks that the weight of the whole body is but a pound.

More than a century and a half ago it was discovered that the pressure of the strings was equivalent to the weight of sixty-four pounds, and that the burden was borne thus:—First string nineteen pounds, second string seventeen pounds, third string fifteen pounds, fourth string thirteen pounds. Since then the pitch has been raised a whole tone higher, which necessarily increases the pressure to ninety pounds. Of this weight the bridge bears one-third of the burden, and even this it cannot be said to bear alone, for it shifts a good part of it to the sound-post, a little less to the bar, and retains the remainder for the equilibrium. The weight of the bow is extra, and adds to it by one pound.

An old writer speaking of the strings calls them cords of tissues and intestines of animals, and he continues: "they are held to their tension by a button and some pegs, ascending sufficiently high to charge the instrument with a weight of ninety pounds."

No violinist ever understood the character and power of the strings as did Paganini. He did not treat them tenderly, for his method was to smite them, and thus from a single chord brought out

"The voice of quires and weight
Of the built organ."

He prided himself upon being able to dispense with the second and third, and to make the first and fourth strings only perform his commands, and draw tears or laughter at will from his listeners.

It was at Florence that he made these two strings convey a love scene between himself and a lady of the Court, whom he loved and by whom he was loved, and in such a marvellous manner was it performed that the audience almost lost their wits in wonder and delight. After this he frequently played on one only, the fourth, for which he had a great affection. It really seemed quite the same to him whether he played on one or four strings, as the following anecdote will show.

Having to play before a large audience at Leghorn, just after running a nail into his heel, he came on to the platform limping. At his odd appearance the audience could scarce restrain their laughter. He seemed not to notice it, but commenced the concert, when suddenly the candles fell out of his desk. At this the laugh was audible. He seemed neither to notice the darkness nor the laughter, and went on playing till the first string broke; at this the laugh was general, but when they saw that he played on to the end with only the three strings, their laughter changed to vociferous applause.

He rarely, if ever, stopped to mend his strings when they broke, which was of frequent occurrence; owing to his want of care of them, they were often quite ragged on the finger-board.

In dealing with the strings one could not help thinking of Paganini for a few moments, as he seemed to know all their secrets; but now we will return to our violin. The strings are on, and we look at it with admiration. Both we and it are in a state of expectancy: we are waiting for the something which is to bring out its hidden power and beauty; the something which is to have unbounded sway and influence over it; that something to which air and wood and strings will yield implicit obedience. We wait for the king and his magic wand, at whose touch the strings will vibrate and the song burst forth upon the air as though it had the wings of angels.

Such wonderful effects are produced by the sweep of this magic wand across the strings as to be sometimes beyond the power of words to express. At the exercise of its power the air becomes suddenly burdened with graceful, delicate, fascinating sounds; in a moment all is changed, and in their place arises a storm of vehement capricious appeals to our imagination; and even while these are vibrating in our ears comes a soft dreamy message from the magic wand, which fills our whole being with tenderness and love.

Magic wand, indeed! which can make the vibration of the strings over which it sweeps reach the strings of our hearts, the vibration of which shakes our whole being, and shows us at a glance how out of tune they are and how they need the master hand. Or it may be that the magic wand sets the strings of our hearts vibrating with a thrill of love and joy and peace.

If the magic wand draws us within its circle, we can no more resist laughing, crying, dancing in its command than the violin itself.

Strangely enough, this wand or bow has nothing in common with that over which it rules so absolutely. It is not made of the same wood; it is not shaped by the same maker; its work is directly opposite to that of the violin, which as a whole or in its individual members learns only to obey and act in harmony. The office of the bow is to command. The very air is under its orders—that is to say, the air which passes into the violin by the *ff* holes.

All who play the violin know that the body of the instrument encloses an empty space which, like everything belonging to a violin, has its duties. It must be ever on the alert when the bow is in action to receive and dismiss the masses of air driven in by the wand sweeping over the strings. There is no rest

or abiding place for the air within this empty space, for as soon as it arrives it is chased out again by another mass of air driven in by the command of the bow.

We noticed in a former chapter that it was quite as impossible for the violin to live without air as for ourselves, and now that the bow is at work we shall understand better the truth of this remark.

The air, which enters and retires with a wonderful regularity, acts like a shuttle, and is the vehicle of all the sounds. The harder and firmer the driving bolt, so much the more elastic and rapid is the bound of the air; and the thinner the table the more it trembles under its excitement. The quantity which enters is nearly always the same, because it is under the orders of the bow, and that which comes out is in a measure independent, although it has to rush away very unceremoniously when the new arrival makes its appearance.

It is easy to understand now the necessity there was of exactness in the measurement of the *bouts* or sides; for the amount of space within must be capable of containing just so much and no more. If a globule of air too much be present it must be sustained; if it be lacking it must be supplied.

There can be no playing fast and loose with the air—it is a tyrant, notwithstanding that it is a slave of the magic wand; and if it be not exactly measured the sounds would be unequal, or rather they would be propelled with so much haste that they would get entangled and broken, and then adieu to the magic of the wand.

Savart made many experiments as to the relationship between the air and the sound, and the result was that the intensity of the sounds of a violin depended upon the mass of air contained within the instrument.

In consequence of this several violins of Stradivarius were tested, and in every case the space enclosed a mass of air which rendered a sound equal to five hundred and twelve vibrations in a second. And to obtain this is the aim of the violin maker, from the first moment when he sets about his work to that in which he places tools and compass on one side.

Our violin is finished, but it is a new one; and Mace, who lived two hundred and twenty-five years ago, says, "We chiefly value old instruments above the new, for by experience they are found to be the best, and they are so, probably, because that by extreme old age the wood, glue, linings, and above all the varnish, are by time dried, made gentle, and 'airified,' so that stiffness and stubbornness, which are natural to such bodies, are so debilitated that the pores of the wood have a greater liberty to move, stir, or secretly vibrate, by which means the air, which is the life of all things, has a more free and easy recourse to pass and re-pass." Other reasons are given for preferring an old violin to a new one by Oliver W. Holmes, who says there are fifty-eight pieces in a violin. These are strangers to one another, and it takes a century, more or less, to make them thoroughly acquainted. At last they become an organic whole, as if it were a great seed capsule which had grown from a garden in Cremona.

Let us not, however, be discontent with our new Mittenwald violin, for Otto, who is a great authority, says, "It is an established truth that an instrument acquires a beautiful and mellow tone not by age but by practice. Constant vibration shakes the resinous particles out of the wood, thereby rendering it more porous and better adapted for producing a good tone than it otherwise is."

The make and the makers of the bow we leave for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.



EDUCATIONAL.

FIREFLY.—We are sorry to hear of your non-success in your school. We advise you to stay where you are if you get a house rent free, and try to get someone to live with you and share expenses, which must be very moderate we should think. Try and get pupils, or perhaps you could start a

Kindergarten. We doubt your making much money by painting cards. It is better to try and make your means answer, however small, and not try experiments. "Work for All" appeared in vol. v. of the "G.O.P.," and consisted of six articles—going through all the present-day employments for women and girls. The volumes always begin in November.

FLANNY.—We suppose you refer to the Zenana Mission. You would be obliged to come to England for training. The Zenana Medical College, 58, St. George's Road, S.W., is undenominational. Ladies are trained for Medical Missions in India and China—two years' course. There are three terms in the year, the fees being £17 10s. a term, for board, residence, and instruction.—Hon. Sec., Dr. Griffith. There is a Mission Training Home for Ladies—The Poplars, Addlestone, Surrey—in connection with the Women's Christian Union.—Hon. Sec., Miss Lloyd, 143, Clapham Road, S.W. Also the Deaconesses' Training Institution, 41, Ferntower Road, Mildmay Park, N.; and The Willows, Stoke Newington, N. You could write to any, or all, and inquire.

SNOWDROP.—If you want a list of the girls' educational and other clubs, you must order a copy of the small manual called a "Directory of Girls' Clubs," published by Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. As to getting orders for work at the repositories where ladies' fancy work is sold, you must go in person and show your work. This must be done in seeking for trade orders—which we should recommend in preference to the charity institution assistance. We do not give advertisements of wool shops, nor any other kind of trade establishment.

HEARTSEASE.—See our answer to "Snowdrop." The English Reading Society might suit you, as it is permitted to the reader to read three hours a week in lieu of half an hour daily, and to divide the half hours into ten minutes at a time, should other avocations render brief readings more feasible. Address—Miss Bayley, Beacon House, Handsworth, near Birmingham.

B. WINDER AND A. C. MOORE.—We are glad to oblige you by informing all inquirers that your girls' societies are now discontinued. Miss Winder's, of Bell Vue House, Ulverstone, Lancashire; and Miss Moore's, of Oakfield, Eltham. Of course they cannot be omitted in the "Directory of Girls' Clubs" until it reaches a second edition.

MUSIC.

N. C.—Students at the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W., can go to a students' home, of which there are several; or else, upon inquiry at the college, lodgings will be recommended to them. Royal Alexandra Home, South Kensington; Kindergarten School, 38, Pen-y-Wern Road, Earls Court, S.W.; or Worthington House, 179, Finborough Road, S.W.; are all well-known residences.

A GREAT LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."—Try the Correspondence Classes of the *Cambridge Examiner*, published monthly by Bagster and Sons, 15, Paternoster Row. Usual fee, £2 2s. per course. Apply to the Editor, Falsled, Essex, for all particulars.

A BIDEFORD LASSIE.—The lyre was a kind of harp, and is one of the most ancient of stringed instruments. Nearly all the Greek music was written for it, and it was used as an accompaniment to poetry. It was the peculiar instrument of Apollo, the Greek god of Music and Poetry. It gave the name to the kind of poetry called lyric, to which it originally furnished an accompaniment. Pythagorus is said to have discovered the law on which the construction of stringed instruments depends, and Terpander, probably about 670 B.C., added three to the four strings of the lyre. In "Eadie's Bible Cyclopaedia," it is said that David probably used the lyre, and it might have been played by the hand or with a key.

ART.

HELENE STURMEY.—We are happy to draw attention to the Portfolio Sketch Society, to which you belong, and which you find so improving. Secretary, Miss W. E. Sharp, Hallwood, Ledsham, near Chester. Subscription, 2s. 6d. per annum, beginning April 1st (paid in advance).

G. E. B. could do much towards cleaning an oil painting by cutting a potato in half and gently applying the cut side to the picture and rubbing it. As the soap-like froth accumulates, use a very soft piece of sponge and a little tepid water to remove it. To clean gilt frames we can only say that if daily dusting with a very soft brush meant for the purpose be not sufficient, you must have them regilt with the proper gold leaf, or, if only gilded with common oil gold originally, you must procure a little bottle and camel's-hair brush, and paint them over yourself.

ELIA.—If you wish to paint the pebbles in water colour you must paint the surface with a mixture of water colour megilp and Chinese-white. If prepared for oil painting, flake-white (oil colour) and gold size will be required as a foundation. But after washing the tiny holes must be filled up with whiting and parchment size, applied with a knife, and then rubbed down to an even surface with sandpaper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN IMPETUOUS, TROUBLESOME GIRL would not, we think, have any chance of obtaining a situation as companion at her age, and had far better endeavour to get employment in a music shop, or else try and perfect her music and her education so that she may teach. There are examinations held by the Society of Arts in the practice of music at certain provincial centres once a year, and in London in June or July for 1st and 2nd class certificates; fee, 5s. Apply to the Secretary, H. Truman Wood, Esq., Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. If you could obtain this certificate, and one of the College of Preceptors, you might try and get a situation in a year's time, but you must qualify.

NELL.—You have washed the Japan tray with hot water, which will always crack the varnish. If anything of a glutinous character should fall on it, and rubbing with a soft linen cloth fail to remove it, you may use a little cold water and a few tea-leaves stiff soft from use in the teapot. If streaky from grease, sprinkle a little flour or whiting on it, and rub off with the soft linen cloth.

BROCK DISH.—We admire your perseverance in educating yourself. You must inquire at musical instrument sellers for the instrument you need, and they will tell you if it could be obtained second-hand.

EISLIA.—Southey wrote a poem called "Modoc" in 1805. It is probable the autograph lines you have are a portion of the manuscript or a short study for the poem. We regret the story would not suit our columns.

ONE OF JACK FROG'S TRIBE (France).—We see no difficulty worth mention in the way of your own and your mother's visit to friends in England, as you are so well acquainted with the language. Indeed, so many speak French in this country, that it is not essential to speak anything else. Our metropolis is full of foreigners of all nationalities. As to the crossing between Calais and Dover, it is a matter of little moment, there are so many and fine steamers, and they cross three or four times a day. So we cannot see that your mother has any just cause for alarm.

PEARL.—You do not mention your age. Nurses must be twenty-five years of age, except at a children's hospital, when the age is eighteen to twenty-three. Try the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, E. The matron sees candidates daily between 2 and 4 p.m., except on Saturdays, by appointment to be made by letter.

DCRA.—The bank you mention would invest any sum for you, and would advise a safe security, and tell you how to proceed. Write them a note and ask, or else go to them and see the cashier.

M. E. WATERS.—Do you mean the address of the head of the emigration department of the Girls' Friendly Society? It is the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, St. John's Croft, Winchester.

MAURITIUS.—The parcel for the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen duly received and forwarded to their office.

L. K.—As a rule a girl's name is put on her mother's card, or on that of her hostess, if she is on a visit. In the case you mention you do not say if S.'s sister and the lady on whom you called were acquainted; if they were, a card should have been left. But if not a number of other questions would arise, of what the etiquette in that part of the world was, who should call first, and whether they wanted to know each other.

TRUTH.—We regret that we do not know of any magazine that would be open for the publication of her verses. Her writing is too large and careless in character. We are glad to see that the sentiments she has expressed are good.

UGLY DUCKLING had better read and carefully note the construction of extracts from the best authors in prose. Dr. Angus, on the English tongue (published by the Religious Tract Society), would prove very useful to her in the art of composition.

INQUIRER.—A *goitre* is said to be cured by a long sea voyage, also by the use of some special decoction of the common dandelion. Also by what is called "lugol solution," which is a combination of iodine and iodide of potassium, which is to be taken three times a day to begin with, the dose being gradually increased. The swelling may be painted with iodine for three days at a time, and then the skin left to recover for as long a time. Avoid all water containing lime or magnesia. Rain or surface water is preferable. The disease is chiefly found in hilly and mountainous places, where there is no free passage for the air, but a valley is enclosed at one end, forming what is described as a *cuv de sac*. The swelling is in the thyroid gland.

L. WILSON.—You should have applied to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, for the index of every year as it was completed. Possibly you may obtain some of them even now.

SUFFERING MARGARET inquires, "What a varicose vein is like, and if a varicose vein is painful." We fancy she must be suffering from one or more herself, and ought to know all about it. If so, she should avoid standing, and keep the leg up, and procure an elastic stocking to wear over the vein which is swollen and runs in a zig-zag instead of a straight line. They would give her advice at any general hospital or dispensary gratis, and possibly give a stocking for the varicose vein.

A. S. R.—We should advise you to write to Miss Blake, Hon. Sec. of the Female Middle-class Emigration Society, 187, Fulham Road, S.W., who will furnish you with particulars and advice as to your outfit, and how you had better go on your long voyage. We think the nominated passages are stopped at present.



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APRIL 13, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SONG OF THE SPRING.

My laughter has broke o'er the azure sky,
And the sombre clouds have arisen to fly;
My voice through the woods has again been heard,
And recalled to its haunt the exiled bird.

I've come to the haunts that I knew of yore—
To the rich man's lawn, to the cottage door;
But I see the gloom of the storm-cloud cast
O'er homes lit with love when I saw them last

I have made the earth like a fair young bride,
And now farewell, for I may not abide;
I go to the land that knows not of blight,
Where cometh no shadow of sorrow or night.

I shall see no graves of the lovely there,
For Death cannot breathe in celestial air;
I go where fadeth not blossom or tree:
Will ye come with me? will ye come with me?



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"THE SOMBRE CLOUDS HAVE ARISEN TO FLY.

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER II.

KITTY'S FIRST INTRODUCTION TO A KING AND QUEEN.



Lady Ottery was behind the times in retaining her widow's dress, the same could not be said of the crowd of fine company which gathered in her rooms. They came in accordance with the acknowledged facts that her windows commanded the best views of any windows in the High Street, and that she might be counted on giving in few words, but with all honesty, a welcome to every one who had the smallest claim on her friendship, to profit by her windows. Here were flowing trains, slashed sleeves, and, on men and women alike, not only falling collars of costly lace, but, hanging over the collars, long, scented, curled locks.

Kitty looked round in alarm lest Dr. Kettle and his shears should be anywhere near. Her brother had told her various schoolboy tales of the eccentric president of Trinity, whose objection to long hair in men and lads was so vehement that he was in the custom of carrying a pair of scissors in the muff which he commonly wore, and shearing the fleeces of his special flock as he passed behind their backs, in order to take his place at the raised table in the hall of Trinity.

This was not Charles's first visit to Oxford as King. The palace or manor-house of Woodstock, which was not far off, was a favourite residence with him, and especially with Henrietta Maria. An outbreak of the plague soon after Charles's accession (three years before Kitty was born) had caused a Parliament to be held at Oxford; and again four years later he had come with his young Queen.

It was well—Kitty heard her grown-up neighbours saying—that the chancellor, my Lord Archbishop, had got a letter from the council only the previous year, "warranting" the destruction of the poor cottages which had been allowed to accumulate on the town wall and in the town ditch, even in the middle of the street before Trinity; though for that matter the King and Queen might have come by water, and avoided all the offences and many of the fatigues of the road, since barges had begun to ply all the way from London to Oxford, and the Royal barge might have been among the number. It was understood that it was in compliment to the chancellor, who had made great presentations of books to the great library, and had erected the images of the Virgin and Child with the crucifix in the porch of St. Mary's, that their Majesties were now about to honour Oxford.

"My lord might have done the first and left out the last," said Lady Ottery, in her abrupt way. "Methought we had done with the exaltation of images in England."

Happily her words were drowned in the sound of the trumpets which heralded the procession; for there were many admirers of the archbishop and his views in the aristocratic company. It was the next thing to treason to find fault with them on this occasion. Notwithstanding all shades of opinion were to be found in the city of many towers, perhaps more so at that date than at any other, from the Papists who haunted the hostelry of the Mitre, to the Puritans who were tinging with their sentiments the scholars of Magdalen and New Colleges. But everybody was in too great haste to see the fine sight, to weigh passing words.

It was a magnificent spectacle, beginning with the town trumpeters, followed by "town" resplendent in satin doublets, the magistrates in scarlet. Then came "gown," led by the heads of the houses, also in scarlet, and preceded by their mace-bearers. The members of the colleges walked next, in their wide black gowns, wide sleeves, and trencher hats; the main body dwindling down to scholars of Jackie Dacre's age—small editions of their elders and betters. These gave way to the courtiers, a mass of waving plumes, satin and velvet of all the colours of the rainbow, and glittering sword-hilts. At last there was the great coach with its gilt leather curtains drawn back for the occasion, that the King and Queen might be freely seen by their loyal subjects.

Look hard, Kitty, that you may never forget these memorable faces, and may know them again if they ever recross your path in life. Never mind the momentary disillusion shaver by many another girl and boy, and gaping rustic twice your age, all down the generations, because the King wears a beaver hat and the Queen a plumed hat instead of crowns, and in place of either carrying a sceptre, Charles holds a roll of paper, possibly a programme, writ fair and large, of the play which is to be acted at Christ Church; and Henrietta Maria, who is talking and laughing, now to the King, now to the nearest member of her suite, who press close to the coach, while she sways her petite elegant person backwards and forwards, is moving her empty little hands incessantly in action corresponding to her speech. Look hard, Kitty, with round eyes of wonder and admiration; these are very notable personages, with or without crowns, whose like you may never see again.

King Charles was then thirty-six years of age, not very tall or muscular, but with a remarkably graceful figure, well-trained in all manly exercises. His one defect—a slight bandiness of the legs, the result of weakness in childhood—was not

visible when he was seated, on the whole a most stately and dignified prince. The long oval of the face was accentuated by a peaked beard. The forehead was high but narrow. The brows above the somewhat weak but bright eyes had a decided arch. The nose and mouth were handsome, and the long, dark locks curling down on his shoulders were soft and wavy like a woman's. It was the face of an ardent lover of its own conception of goodness and beauty, the typical face of an artist—imaginative, unpractical, wedded to one idea, well-nigh incapable of seeing two sides to a question, deeply reverent yet inveterately sophistical, and on occasions vindictive to cruelty. Little Kitty Dacre saw only a gallant, most noble-seeming prince, with the pensiveness of a poet in his far-away glance and abstracted smile, as he sat listening to the lively prattle of his Queen. That look was remembered afterwards, and called a shadowy foreboding of his doom.

Henrietta Maria was a woman of twenty-seven, and had already been more than eleven years Queen of England, for she had come to the country in 1625, the year of Charles's accession, a lovely girl-bride between fifteen and sixteen. She was then little better than a fair, volatile, naughty child, to whose youth, lively temper, and budding charms much was forgiven. She was now the mother of two princes and two princesses, but though she had grown in stature since she came to England, the growth of her mind was hardly in proportion; she was a little less childishly passionate and perverse, perhaps, and a little better able to maintain the state of her high birth and queenly rank, but her confident temper and stubborn self-will remained what they were to begin with, and what they continued to the last of her tragically troubled days.

Henrietta Maria was at once the most frivolous and the most encroaching of English queens. She had been spoilt by the folly of a silly mother, and the adulation of a corrupt court, spoilt by the homage which every poet in England and France paid to her as a beautiful and charming woman, spoilt finally by the over-indulgent affection of a romantically forbearing and admiring husband, whom she loved after her fashion. Her best qualities—her quick wit, which had received no training from the superficial accomplishments that passed for her education, her frankness and sweetness, her fidelity—though it might be to a wrong principle—and her impulsive intrepidity in a mistaken cause, had little chance of correcting their excesses and blunders, and of overcoming her worst attributes. These were giddiness and thoughtlessness, restless meddling in affairs out of her province, incorrigible plotting and scheming to attain her ends. Unfortunately for her and for the King, her chief sense of duty expressed

itself in what her mother had enjoined on her at parting—the rigid maintenance, and, if possible, the proselytising extension of that form of Christianity which was alien to the faith held by her husband and repugnant to the creed of the nation. The slightest attempt to induce her to pay the Church of England the small mark of tolerance and respect of being present at any of its ceremonies, provoked in her the utmost hostility. For this reason she had resolutely declined to be crowned along with her husband, or even to witness his coronation.

The last time the Queen was in Oxford she had been in the perfection of the personal charms which, their chroniclers and their possessor alike admitted, began to fade before her age had reached its noon. At twenty-seven the face Vandyck so often painted, which never, unless under his pencil, acquired the soft serenity, bountiful repose, and simple dignity of self-forgetful, beneficent *matronhood*, was just a little hard and sharp, with a suspicion of coming haggardness in its delicate lines. The auburn hair had darkened almost to black, forming a stronger contrast to the clear, warm complexion. The large dark eyes were as lustrous as ever, but a trifle strained in their ceaseless roving and sparkling. The mouth, always a little large, was becoming more pronounced from the increasing tendency to hollowness in the cheeks. The perpetual play of gesture was not only fatiguing, it was waxing more and more theatrical. Still Henrietta Maria was to most people what she was to little Kitty—a very pretty and very gay-looking young lady.

After the King and Queen, truth to tell, Kitty saw no figures so striking and absorbing in the cavalcade as in the first place Dr. Peter Dacre, walking in his doctor's gown and hat, with his long pale fingers linked together and his head bent as if his thoughts were straying from the scene, till he passed Lady Ottery's lodging, when he recalled them with a start, and looked up to the open window to pay his obeisance to the dame and send a flickering, half-bashful smile to his little girl who was watching him so intently. In the second place, Jackie, in his small gown, pretending not to see his sister at all, but glancing slyly up at her out of the corners of his eyes. Happily, Kitty had just sufficient modesty and judgment to keep her private opinion of the supreme importance of these two figures to herself, and rather to listen to the scraps of conversation around her than to proclaim this article of her faith.

There had been a great waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies and cheering from the gentlemen in Lady Ottery's room, and it seemed as if it was left for the hostess to remark, "They must have been mighty quiet down in the street there, and at some of the other windows, for us to hear our own voices so well."

Then it came home to everybody that their Majesties were being received with little shouting and huzzaing from the mass of the spectators, whether in frieze or broadcloth, or even in silk and velvet.

"It was not so the last time," someone ventured to say, in answer to Lady Ottery's observation. "Out upon the scurvy knaves! can they not make a little more din? They do be heavy with over-eating, or sullen with pets and whims."

"Nay, but of what value would the cheering be if it were not lusty and hearty? Men may take their minds about holding their tongues. At least, there be no seditious cries, or base charges brought against anointed heads, that I have heard," said another speaker, cautiously.

Then a third person, a lady, began to hint that the Queen's Majesty was a little too preoccupied with herself and her friends in the suite, a little too full of fidgets and tricks with her eyes and her shoulders—French fashion—for the king's consort, the mother of his children, riding by his side, entering his University city. A majestic smile and a slow bend of her body in return for the obeisances of the people would have been more in place.

"If little Kitty Dacre here did not bide more still," said Dame Tabitha, in her bluntness, "I should whip her down from that stool in a trice, and bid her woman, Pettit, put her to bed on bread and water, to see if that would tame her into quiet. But it is foreign breeding in part," she corrected herself with her usual fairness. "What is strange to us is second nature to her Grace, and the habits of youth do not only stick to us in strange places, we do stick to them with something of the impatient, unquestioning loyalty with which we stood up as children for the absolute perfection of our fathers and mothers."

"Kitty Dacre," said Lady Ottery, when all was over and the other guests had departed, "you have behaved so well that I mean to take you with me to-morrow to see the King and Queen's Majesties again, and witness the play with which they are to be diverted at St. John's. For myself I do not much affect plays, but neither am I so set against them as some be. It will be a little more for thee to see, hear, and remember when thou art an old woman like me."

"You are not an old woman, madam," said Kitty, earnestly, looking up fearlessly into the strong, somewhat sombre face.

"Do not fleech, little one; I cannot abide fleeching," said Lady Ottery, with a shade of severity; but even as she spoke she patted the small head which began to droop at her words, with a hand as large and bony as a man's. Indeed, her knuckles were a good deal more developed than those of Dr. Dacre.

But though Kitty went with much delight to this other gala, the scene had lost a little of its novelty. There was not such a good place found for her in the hall of St. John's, packed with University magnates and distinguished visitors, as the stool at her godmother's elbow in Lady Ottery's lodging.

Moreover, the child got confused—not merely with the splendid crowd, but with the acting of the Hospital of Lovers. She could not clearly distinguish the actors in their fantastic habits from the company they were entertaining. She

mixed up their speeches in character with the scraps of conversation which she heard around her. Kitty may be the more readily forgiven for the jumble, when it is taken into account that the actors were all University men, some of whom she had heard of and seen when they came to visit her father. They were ready to mingle with their guests—save, indeed, those who were royal—on equal terms the moment the play was ended; and neither the costumes nor the rant of the stage was much more gorgeous and high-flown than were many of the dresses and remarks of the audience, especially to an inexperienced child. Kitty was more in the humour to carry away with her what belonged to the doublets and gowns which she had not got time to notice before, as that the King was in purple velvet, and that his lace collar was the very largest, with the deepest scallops she had ever beheld, while the Queen was in cherry colour, and wore pearls twisted in her hair.

For anything farther, Kitty heard people say that the handsome man in the tawny-coloured coat, stiff with gold lace, was Lord Holland, who used to be known as "the beautiful Earl of Kensington," when he was sent to France to make up their Majesties' marriage. The keen-faced doctor in the gown and hood, who seemed to be everywhere ordering everybody, since he was in a double sense responsible for everything, as chancellor of the University, and as an old member of the College of St. John's, where the play was given, was Archbishop Laud. Though somewhat stern in University discipline, as might have been expected from a devoted churchman, austere in his personal habits, he was a liberal benefactor to the schools. People said he was a another Wolsey, without Wolsey's sumptuous style of living. Dr. Laud was in high favour with the King and Queen, and it was to grace his chancellorship that they were now honouring Oxford with their company.

Doubtless another compliment to the chancellor was that the Prince of Wales, a little boy of six years of age, and his soldier cousin, Prince Rupert, had just been entered students of St. John's, where they were never destined to study.

But there was a gentleman there who did not scruple to take precedence of the chancellor on his own ground. He was a big, dark, haughty-looking courtier, with sombre heavy eyes and singularly finely-shapen nervous hands. Full of his own large ambitions and the weighty concerns of the State, he stalked into the hall and glanced rather disdainfully at the performance which was usurping so much time and attention. Kitty caught the respectful whisper of the bystanders when he brushed past, and retained its purport, as a child will sometimes unconsciously pick up and preserve information which it neither understands nor cares for. This gentleman was another man whom the King delighted to honour—Lord Wentworth, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, who came over this year on a brief visit from the country which he was ruling with a high hand and bringing

into proper subjection to his Majesty. Who would lay odds that there would not be a tussle for power between Wentworth and Laud—that they would not jostle each other on the same road? They did jostle each other, though it was on a different road from that they had intended, before the world was many years older, long before Kitty was woman grown.

The play, to which Kitty did not attend, was a very good play, "merry and without offence," as those who profited by it were fain to proclaim. The same could not be said of the play called "The Floating Island," written by the public orator and played the day before at Christ Church in the presence of their Majesties, as a grand finish to the pageant of their entrance into the town. It had been full of ill-judged satire directed against those who were of Puritan principles, many of whom were then present. It had even contained unseemly jests about Master William Prynne's loss of his ears, in apparent forgetfulness of the facts that, however outrageous his fanaticism, he had been an able and esteemed scholar of Oriel in his day, and that if he was not in Oxford at the present time, he had certainly many friends and acquaintances still in the city.

Kitty prick'd her ears not merely at the mention of her father's college and her home, but because there are very few children, even of the gentler sex, who have not a shuddering appetite for terrible stories; and here was one with a vengeance, as she gradually gathered in an incoherent fragmentary form, from the murmured talk around her. Master William Prynne had writ a book, the name of which she could never hope to say, but its meaning was that it was to be the scourge of players, and in this book he had grossly attacked the Queen's Majesty—which was very wicked of him, no doubt—for playing in a pastoral before her Court at her palace of Hampton Court. It was strange of her to play, because, as Kitty had heard Lady Ottery say, before the Queen and her ladies did it, no woman had ever acted on a public stage in England. But somebody else said her tutor had recommended her to do it as a means of perfecting herself in the English language, and, of course, even a queen must obey her tutor. It was very bold and bad of Master Prynne to find fault with his Queen on so insufficient a cause; but oh! that was nothing to what the Council did to him in return. No wonder the Queen interceded on his behalf, only the King was so angry that for once he would not listen to her. Master Prynne was put in the pillory, where Kitty had seen, from a distance, wretched men and women stand to be hooted at and pelted

with filth by furious mobs. But Master Prynne suffered worse, far, far worse, for both his ears were stripped off, and the places where they had been were seared with a red hot iron. Kitty felt her own ears burn, and the tears rush to her eyes at the dreadful tale.

The story was driven out of her thoughts for a time by a wonderful circumstance which befell her a little afterwards. As Lady Ottery was leading her out, the little girl caught the eye of the Queen, who was a young mother, and affectionate in her impulsive way.

"Pardon," she exclaimed, stopping in one of her lively sentences. "To whom is that pretty little girl?"

Her Majesty, though she had been eleven years Queen of England, still spoke broken English, with a French idiom and accent. In writing her grammar and spelling were more deplorable than can well be imagined. For that matter she had refused, in her youthful perversity, to speak or write the language at all during the first months she spent in the country.

When it was explained to the Queen that Kitty was the little daughter of a learned Dr. Dacre of Oriel, at her Majesty's command, and that the child had been brought there to enjoy the privilege of seeing their Majesties by her godmother, Dame Tabitha Ottery of Hayston, in this county of Oxford, her Majesty desired that both Kitty and her guardian should be brought up and presented to her. After speaking a few gracious words to Lady Ottery, who received them with due reverence, while she was not overwhelmed by being thus distinguished, Henrietta Maria turned to Kitty, who was curtsying with trembling profoundness. "*Alignonne*," the Queen said, "thou must come to my Court one of these days, and work havoc with these great blue eyes of thine."

"Yes, madam," answered Kitty, timidly; and her timidity was not dissipated by the laugh which her simplicity aroused.

The King heard it, and he turned with a quick, gentle instinct to comfort the child. "Nay, little heart; thou wilt have no such idle sin on thy conscience if I read thy looks aright. Thou wilt keep the light of thy blue eyes to cheer thy good father's hearth, and if thou shouldst carry it farther, it will be to gladden the dwelling of some honest fellow of a husband."

"Yes, sir," answered Kitty, with the same desparate acquiescence.

But through all the proud pleasure of being seen and spoken to by the King and Queen, with so many grand ladies and gentlemen standing by, of having such news to tell her father and Jackie,

and repeat over and over again to Mrs. Judy, Kitty remembered, as if it were a sombre background to the rest, Master Prynne and his ears or no ears. The first thing she said to her father when she got home, after her prattle about the King and Queen, was, "Oh! father, how could the officers do such things to poor Master Prynne, though he had been ever so rude and scut—scar—I cannot find the word scurrilous. But to cut off his ears and burn the places where they had been with a hot iron! Why did people not prevent them? Father, did you know of it, and had you taught him when he was a boy like Jackie?"

"My little wench, what art thou prating about?" asked Dr. Peter Dacre, looking up with his grey bewildered face. For his flesh seemed to have taken the tint of what little hair was left to a bald-headed man, and he had always a bewildered air when he was suddenly disturbed in his reflections and recalled from some abstruse thought started in the past, to some common question belonging to the present. Then his lined face grew grave to sternness. "If I compass the matter aright, Kitty, you have been hearkening to discourse far beyond your years and your judgment. Moreover, it is not fit for your sex, even though you were a woman and not a child. What hath a child-lass like you to do with the sentences of councils, ay, or with the execution thereof? If thou wilt please me and do thy child's duty, thou wilt leave them to the older and wiser folk, whom they concern, from this time henceforth. But it passeth me to make out how you came to be listening to such pestilent gossip, in the royal presence, no less, instead of minding the ingenious play at St. John's and the grand spectacle of their Majesties in their chairs of state, to which you were taken by your and my good friend Lady Ottery, as I was informed, unless my memory play me false."

When she told him as far as she could the talk about the play which had led to the other talk about Master Prynne, Dr. Peter was mollified, still he laid a strict injunction on the speaker. "Daughter Kitty, never meddle with what is clean beyond thy province, an thou mindest my wishes. The powers that be are ordained of God—that is all we simple folk need care to apprehend. Yes," he added a moment afterwards, half speaking to himself, with a sigh of recollection, "I remember Will Prynne well enough. I did teach him when he was no more than your brother's age—a youth of fair promise but perilous disputatious, stiff-necked and narrow-minded, ruined, with so many more like him, by his disputatiousness."

(To be continued.)



OLD MEMORIES.

Words by ARTHUR BURCHETT.
Larghetto.

p Music by CHARLES VINCENT, Mus.Doc., Oxon.

VOICE. *p* My thoughts wander back to the years long past, As I

PIANO. *p*

sit by the fire and watch its rud-dy glow; And fa-ces of friends to mem-'ry come back—Their

rit. *Cantabile.*
voi-ces still ring in mine ear, sweet and low: But oh! they say "The past is dead, And

rit. *Una corda.*
Ped. * Ped. *

time is not a-bi-ding, And time..... is not a-bi-ding!" And

Tre corda.
Ped. * Ped. *

più mosso. *cres.* *f*

yet I know that love and hope To - geth - er - life are gui - ding, And yet I

cres. *f*

colla voce.

know..... that love and hope..... To - ge - ther life are gui - - -

colla voce.

ding. My

a tempo. *rit.*

Ped. *

con espress. *p*

thoughts swift-ly fly, thro' the mist of years, To those days that are fled— the hap - py days gone by ; But

p

plea - sure seems link'd to sor - row, a - las ! For mu - sic of mem - 'ry still mur - murs the cry, For

cantabile.

oh! it says "The past is dead, And time is not a - bi - - ding, And

Una corda.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

più mosso. *cres.*

time..... is not a - bi - ding!" And yet I know that love and hope To -

Tre corda. *cres.*

f *mp*

- geth - er life are gui - ding, And yet I know..... that love and

f *p*

p *p* *colla voce.*

hope..... To - geth - er life are gui - - ding, And yet I know that

rit. ad lib.

love and hope To - geth - er life are gui - - - ding.

colla voce.

Ped. *

BROKEN JOYS.



HEARD a child go singing down the street :
Merrily came the trill ;
When suddenly stopped the sound of her little feet,
And the voice was still.

Someone's sharp anger broke upon her song,
Chilling her with the shock ;
Her joy was dashed, as waves, that ripple along,
Are dashed upon the rock.

O Life, what hopes, what love-dreams and delights,
That men chant as they go,
Like that child's song, are stopped in sudden frights,
Never again to flow !

WILFRED WOOLLAM.



INTERESTING MONUMENTS OF DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

TOMB OF QUEEN ELEANOR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



EVERYTHING which either does, or ought to, interest girls comes within the province of this journal. Sometimes the subjects which we place before our readers are intended for their amusement, at others for their instruction, and oc-

casasionally it is our duty to call their attention to matters which are serious, painful, or melancholy. The contemplation of death under any circumstances must be sad, even to those who are best prepared to meet it, and all things which remind us of mortality, such as cemeteries, churchyards, and memorials of the departed, must recall solemn thoughts and ideas ; but just as the most exquisite music and the noblest poetry have a touch of the sad and solemn in them, although they give us the most refined sentiments of pleasure, so the thoughts which come to us, when contemplating the memorials of the departed, ought to bring to our minds consoling feelings of joy mixed with this sadness, especially when we have a reasonable hope that those commemorated by the monuments we gaze upon have passed away from a life well spent, to reap an everlasting reward and wear an incorruptible crown.

Perhaps there are few monuments to the great and wealthy which encourage this hope more strongly than that of Eleanor of Castille, "The Queen of Good Memory," as she is sometimes called. Eleanor of Castille was daughter of Ferdinand III., King of Castille and Leon. She is said to have been singularly beautiful, and was possessed of great wealth, being, in right of her mother, heiress to the Earldom of Ponthieu. She was married to Edward I. while he was yet Prince of Wales, and, although she appears to have been rather delicate in health, she insisted upon sharing all the perils and dangers of his numerous campaigns. When Edward remonstrated with her against accompanying him to the Holy Land, she is reported to have answered : "The way to heaven is as near from Palestine as from England." Eleanor was crowned with her husband in Westminster Abbey in the year 1273, and she was his faithful wife and constant companion

for thirty-six years. It is related that upon one occasion she saved his life by sucking the poison from a wound inflicted in his arm by the dagger of an assassin. When Eleanor first arrived in London she caused herself to be unpopular by what we should now consider a most innocent act. She was, as we have said, of a rather delicate constitution, and, coming from the sunny south to our colder clime, she attempted to keep out the draughts by hanging her chamber round with tapestry. The people regarded this as a kind of sacrilege, because they had never seen these hangings anywhere else except in churches, and the matter actually led to a serious riot. Our girls will, we feel quite sure, acquit this good queen of any irreligious act, and feel grateful to her for having introduced into this country the charming practice of hanging rooms with tapestry, which has such a beautiful effect in so many old English mansions.

The people of London, however, soon learned to appreciate Eleanor, and it is somewhat singular that the very heart of the metropolis should now bear a name derived from the affectionate memory of this good and gentle queen. "Charing Cross" is supposed to be only a corruption of "Chère Reine" Cross, because it was one of the crosses erected by Edward I. in commemoration of "The Dear Queen."

Edward seems to have been so impressed by the virtues of Eleanor that he not only erected three monuments to her memory, one at Lincoln, one at the Grey Friars Church in London, and one where she was interred at Westminster, but he also built memorial crosses wherever her body rested for the night, when bringing her from Hardby in Lincolnshire, where she died, to Westminster ; these crosses were erected at Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Stoney Stratford, Geddington, Northampton, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Charing. Of the three monuments one alone remains, that at Westminster Abbey, and of the ten memorial crosses only three, those of Northampton, Geddington, and Waltham. These crosses are singularly beautiful structures, and are amongst the most perfect examples of Gothic architecture. Waltham Cross is still fairly perfect.

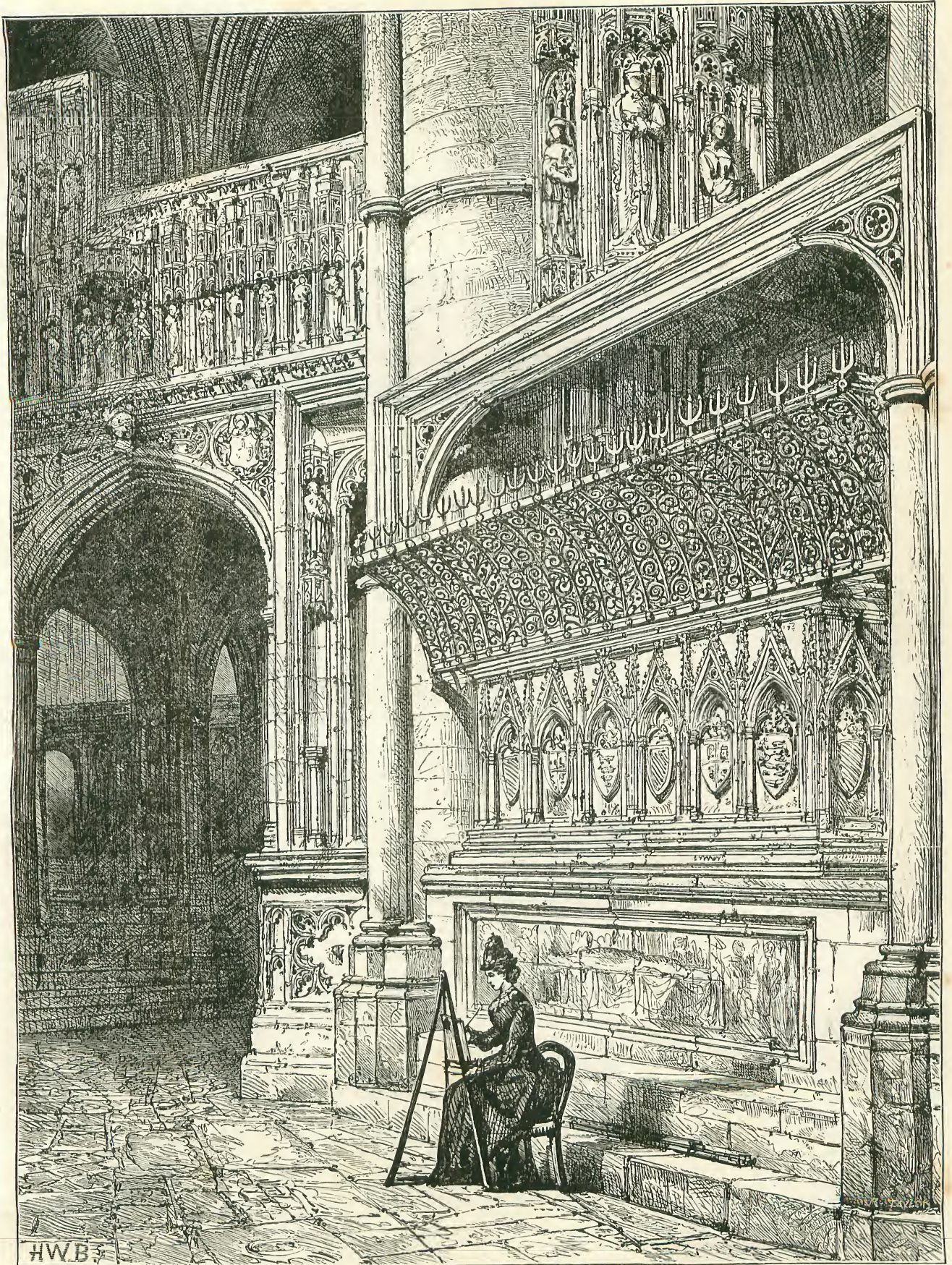
The monument in Westminster Abbey was probably erected very shortly after Eleanor's death in 1291. It is an elegantly designed altar-tomb, the sides of which are adorned with small arches, each containing a shield

carved with armorial bearings ; on the base-ment below is a large plain panel, upon which the marks of painting can be distinctly traced. The picture must, when perfect, have been intended to represent some kind of burial service or ceremonial, as there is an open sepulchre or raised grave in the centre of the composition. The figure of the person who was being laid in this tomb has been purposely obliterated, for what reason it is difficult to say, unless it was simple mischief !

The side of the monument towards the aisle is adorned with a most elegant iron guard or "hearse," which was made by a blacksmith of Leighton-Buzzard in the thirteenth century.

It is difficult to see the effigy of the good queen very well. It, however, represents a woman with a singularly modest and gentle face ; one hand rests upon her breast, and the other formerly held a sceptre, which has now disappeared. The figure is composed of copper very thickly gilt, and was cast by a London goldsmith. All the space on either side of the effigy is stamped with armorial bearings. The tomb itself is composed of a native marble which was brought from Petworth, and it is interesting to notice the laborious skill which the thirteenth century workmen must have bestowed upon it in fashioning the elegant little bunches of oak and vine leaves which form the finials and other adornments of the small canopies. Unfortunately the dampness and neglect to which the royal tombs in Westminster Abbey were for very many years subjected have caused the marble to disintegrate, and consequently many of these charming little examples of foliage carving are reduced to mere fragments, but enough remains to show the extreme delicacy and elegance of the original work.

Some of our girls who have given their time to the study of carving and modelling in clay might do well to copy these exquisite little groups of leaves, or what is still left of them ; for although every care is now taken of the monuments in Westminster Abbey, yet year by year the process of disintegration and decay goes on, and nothing appears to retard their progress. The late Sir Gilbert Scott imagined that he had discovered a solution which would arrest this process of decay in the Abbey, and it really did seem to have the desired effect, but it does not appear to have been altogether successful, and of course restoration, which is the process of replacing old work by modern, would in such a case as the present be simply out of the question.



TOMB OF QUEEN ELEANOR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The canopy which at present surmounts the monument of Queen Eleanor is not the original one, which it appears was removed when the tomb of Henry V. was erected.

There is a simple inscription on the copper-gilt border which runs round the effigy of the queen, giving her name and titles, and trusting that "God will have mercy upon her." A longer and far less simple epitaph, which has now entirely disappeared, was placed over the monument in the time of Henry VIII., composed by the poet Skelton; in it Eleanor was described as—

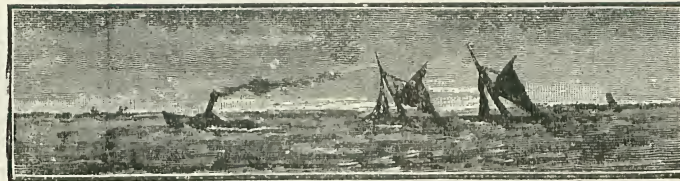
"A woman both in counsel wise,
Religious, fruitful, meek;
Who did increase her husband's friends,
And 'larg'd his honour eke."

Adjoining the tomb of Queen Eleanor, to the left of our drawing, will be noticed an archway adorned with numerous statues, niches, coats of arms, etc. Immediately over this arch reposes the body of another English queen, Katherine, the wife of Henry V., daughter of the poor mad King of France, Charles VI., and the unhappy and much maligned Isabella of Bavaria. Henry V.'s courting of this princess is quaintly represented by Shakespeare in his play of *Henry V.* After the death of Henry she married Owen Tudor, and was the grandmother of Henry VII. That monarch, however, seems to have shown very little respect to her memory, because, when he built his own chapel, he not only destroyed her monument, but dug up her body

and had it placed in an oak chest, which was deposited under the archway of Henry V.'s tomb, where it remained for many years. The chest appears to have been broken open in later times, and the body, reduced to the condition of a mummy, was actually exhibited in the 17th century. Pepys himself recalls having kissed the queen.* The body was afterwards removed, but did not find a proper resting-place until the late Dean Stanley, with good taste and judgment, had it very properly buried beneath the floor of the gallery which supports the chantry of Henry V.

H. W. B.

* Bradley and Graham's "Westminster Abbey."



BLUE AND GOLD.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER II.

"MY SHIP SHALL BE MY BRIDE."

AFTER Nugent's arrival on board the *Esmeralda*, Perry did the very best he could to be happy under existing circumstances. He really was a good-hearted fellow, though now he accused himself fifty times a day of being a churl. What right had he—thus ran his thoughts—to feel aggrieved because Jack's friend and old shipmate had been invited to share the pleasures of the cruise with them? Was not the yacht Jack's own, his home upon the waters wide? And what was he, Perry, to him any more than anyone else? And on the other hand, what right had he, Perry again, to behave like a dog in the manger with regard to Aileen? Perhaps Nugent would propose to her some day soon, and she would accept him, and they would be married, then that would be an end of it, so far as the dog in the manger was concerned.

Probably the best thing after all that he could do would be to leave at Gibraltar, where the yacht would touch on its way to Teneriffe. What! leave the field while there was an enemy in it? No, this plan did not commend itself to Perry quite. He was a sailor, a British sailor, and British sailors are not in the habit of running away. He would stay, no matter what the consequences might be. Even moths find it pleasant to flutter round a candle. Sometimes they get their wings singed; well, his wings were singed already. Sometimes they die by the flame. So might he, and it would not matter a deal; no one would mourn; certainly not Aileen.

He had a peep into the glass again. He was not a bad-looking fellow for a sailor, but he had not the fine soldier-airs of a Nugent. But there—he would try not to be selfish. So he ran up on deck after this, singing to himself.

It was eventide, and he found his friends among the cushions, with Nugent reading aloud to them. Very charmingly Nugent did read too. How Perry wished just then that he only possessed a few accomplishments. If he could play the violin for example, or recite something from a tragedy, or even a farce, or—but look, Aileen with one of

her kindest smiles makes room for him on the couch beside her, and holds up a finger to warn him that he must sit still and listen.

It was very pleasant sitting here beside Aileen. As to going on shore at Gib., why, he wondered now that he had ever tolerated the idea for a moment, or how he could have conceived it.

But a few minutes afterwards, when Nugent closed the book and received so many pretty and really sincere compliments from the ladies, leaving the yacht at Gib. did not seem such a bad notion after all.

It must be said here, at once, that there was nothing of the flirt about Nugent. His admiration for Miss O'More was evidently very real, and he so managed it that it was not at all obtrusive. But for all this, Perry could not help wishing at times that Nugent had not so many engaging ways with him, or such high-tone manners of talking, moving, and looking.

It will be perceived that Perry was really studying the "red marine," as he somewhat bitterly styled him in his secret thoughts, quite as much as he studied Aileen.

The yacht one morning early steamed quietly into the beautiful bay opposite Gibraltar, cast anchor, and in due time received the officer of health, and was declared free.

It was a very lovely day, and Perry's spirits, owing perhaps to the bracing and pure air, were much above par. He even caught himself saying really clever things at breakfast, and making everyone around the table laugh at his originality.

The forenoon was spent in "doing" the rock and the town. It was in doing the rock that Perry obtained his first real advantage over Nugent. On starting the red marine was full of life and fun, but alas! for him, those awful streets that constantly rose in front of them completely fagged him, so that his attempts to be of any real service in assisting Aileen were transparent failures. He grew quieter, and now, if he smiled at all, it was one of these manufactured smiles that may curl round the lips but seldom go dancing round the eyes.

And the rock was still before them. Here

was a chance for Perry, so at least he thought, that he determined not to miss.

"You don't look over well this morning, Nugent," he said. "You are very pale, and seem out of form. Are you naturally weak?"

"Not in intellect," replied Nugent, with a meaning glance at Perry. "I believe," he added, "I can see as far through a millstone as the miller himself."

It was evident that Nugent knew Perry's secret, and Perry at that moment registered a vow that in future he would address his rival as Lieutenant Nugent, instead of the freer and more friendly patronymic.

"Well," he said, "I merely made the remark out of kindness, and I have a flask in my pocket."

"Thank you."

"But do you really feel out of sorts, Mr. Nugent?" This from Aileen, and her face was so full of anxious sympathy that Perry felt sorry he had spoken.

"I don't feel over bright, I assure you, Miss O'More; but," he added, "it is nothing, only a little heart debility that I suffer from at times."

"I don't think you ought to attempt to climb the rock," continued Aileen. "Pray don't."

"I shall take your advice then, and saunter about the town till you return."

"Do; we'll be so anxious, all of us, till we get back and find you recovered."

So Nugent was left. But had Perry gained a point? Quite the reverse, in my opinion. Nugent had fenced so prettily as positively to turn to his advantage what might otherwise have told against him. And he was certain of Aileen's sympathy and even pity.

True Perry now had the young lady all to himself for the rest of the forenoon, but her thoughts were absent elsewhere, or he imagined they were, which is much the same thing. So his spirits fell and fell to zero; he said no more bright or pretty things, and conversation between the two became very much forced indeed.

Once after a brief silence she turned to her companion—

"Do you think poor Mr. Nugent really is ill?" she said.

"I'm afraid, dear Miss O'More, I cannot tell you; I think, however, he ought to see a doctor."

"Miss O'More," he added presently, "would you be as anxious about me if I were ill?"

"Certainly," she replied, her eyes opening wide with wonder.

"Oh, Miss O'More, I should give ten years' service to be sure of that."

This was the boldest speech that Perry yet had made, and he felt astonished at his own courage.

"Mr. Perry, why?"

"Because, Miss O'More, because—Aileen, ever since we first met I have lo—"

The word never found vent; for at that moment there was the roar of a terrible explosion close beside and beneath them; the very mountain shook, and a shot or shell went hurtling away out seaward. It was only the men commencing practice, after all, but Aileen screamed and almost fell. She recovered herself quickly, far too quickly, indeed, to require any support from Perry's outstretched arm.

"I'm so stupid!" she exclaimed; "but list! I think I heard sister calling me."

Then away she bounded like a fawn, and poor Perry, with his sensitive nature and his shy sailor-heart, got no opportunity to renew the subject of conversation that day.

To tell the truth he did not feel sorry. He construed Aileen's flight into a hint for him to trouble her no more on such a subject as that which he had more than half broached.

"That was my *congé*," he said to himself. "Bless that old gun, anyhow! It has saved me from something infinitely worse—a rejection. So much for ambition! Nugent is a happy man. His heart, indeed! The old fraud smoked too much last night. Never mind; henceforth my ship shall be my bride. I was never cut out for a marrying man. But—Nugent, indeed! However, I'll let things slide."

Perry did let things slide. He seldom now made any attempts to get near Aileen, either on board or on shore. If at any time he found her walking on the quarter-deck with Nugent, or talking to him, he turned on his heel before reaching them, and pretended to find something to interest him in another direction.

Indeed, he appeared often to actually shun her. It was somewhat strange that Aileen should have remarked this—and she talked most sadly too—one evening to her sister.

It was strange, too, that next day Jack should have led up to a conversation about Aileen, while the pair were walking together in the ship's waist, smoking those naughty cigarettes.

"You'll excuse me, won't you, old man? but I thought you once told me you were in love with my little sister."

"Oh, Jack, so I was, and—and so I am, there! Now you've got the truth."

"I didn't expect to get anything else, Lawrence. You're too simple a soul to go much about the bush. But now it seems funny to me that you let Nugent, who is really an excellent fellow, escort Aileen everywhere."

"'Cause I've no hope, man. Can't you see?"

"Fiddlesticks! You know the old saying about a faint heart. Now, look here, Lawrence. Do you see the bridge, there?"

"I see the bridge? Yes."

"Well, if that bridge were an enemy's barracks, and I had to attack it, I should simply draw my sword and go straight for it, and—"

"Hold on, Jack. Do you see that bridge?"

"Certainly."

"Well, if that bridge were an enemy's barricade, and I were told to storm it, I'd

draw my sword and go for it, and I'd take it or be tumbled over; but if that bridge, Jack, were a lady's heart, and I had received the slightest rebuff, I'd sheath my sword, and—there would be an end of the attack. Of course you and I are differently constituted, Jack."

"So it seems, old man."

"Now, Miss O'More prefers scarlet to blue and gold. Oh, bother it all, here comes Scarlet himself!"

"Good morning, you fellows. I say, Fairbairn, when do you expect we shall reach Teneriffe?"

"To-morrow night, Nugent, if all goes well."

"Are you going to do the Peak?" said Perry.

"Not I, lad; I value my heart's peace too much for that."

Perry's hopes had gone rushing up since he had that conversation with Jack, brief though it was.

"Is it possible," he asked himself, "I can have any chance? Well, I cannot deceive myself. The happiness of my life depends on—Aileen."

I need hardly say that Perry felt no very extraordinary degree of sorrow for Nugent's so-called weakness of heart. Had he done so I think he would have been somewhat more than human.

All, however, did not go quite so well with the saucy *Esmeralda* as Jack had expected, and instead of catching a glimpse of the rosy-headed peak of Teneriffe, as the sun's last rays lingered on it, the vessel must have been nearly a hundred miles away at nightfall.

Perry was awakened early next morning, nevertheless, by the shouting of orders and the rattling of the cable as the anchor was let go. It did not take him a very long time to turn out, dress, and go on deck.

This day was to be big with his fate. He was determined it should be. For ever and aye, he told himself, he should be off or on an engagement with Aileen, and even as he was dressing he kept repeating to himself the well-known lines—

"He either fears his fate too much,

Or his deserts are small,

Who dares not put it to the test

To gain or lose it all."

He was just putting the finishing touch to his toilet when he suddenly burst out laughing, for a strange conceit had occurred to him. It was this: suppose he proposed to Aileen on the top of Teneriffe. Was ever, he wondered, love made before at such an altitude above the sea? Was ever maiden wooed and won in the clouds before? And if not, why not?

Jack was on the quarter-deck.

"Why, how well you are looking this morning, Perry, old boy!"

Perry smiled.

"There isn't much the matter with your heart."

Perry looked serious all at once.

"Oh, isn't there, Jack. I tell you it is very much affected. Now there is Nugent, for instance; well, I do not believe he knows what it is to possess a heart. He is malin-gering."

Jack laughed heartily.

"What," he said, "you really think poor Nugent is a fraud?"

"Transparently so, and I hope he'll forgive me for saying this."

"Oh, he would forgive you. He is one of the best fellows alive, and—I really do believe his heart is touched."

The last part of the sentence was brought out with considerable naïveté, and Jack smiled as he spoke.

Perry looked at him half seriously for a moment, then said—

"Heigho! What a happy man you are,

Jack! Everything seems always to have gone well with you; you are wealthy, and easy-minded, and you are rich as well as wealthy, rich I mean in the possession of a heart that adores you. Why, it is only the other day that I overheard your wife telling her sister, with an air of pardonable and even charming pride, that you, Jack, were a 'man in a million.' A man in a million! Just think of that. I tell you what it is, Jack Fairbairn, I'd give six years' sea service for somebody that I know to call me a man in a million, even only once. Hallo! here is Nugent; speak of—angels, and they appear. How is the heart this morning, Lieutenant Nugent?"

"Better, thanks. But I do not mean to do that." He pointed to the huge cone-shaped mountain that towered high above them in the milky sky. "Only I shall enjoy seeing you all up there. I have one of the best telescopes ever made. I shall be able to see everything you do, and positively almost hear you speak."

He nodded significantly to Perry as he spoke, but kept on smiling.

The two men understood each other then, if they never had done so before.

As Aileen was going over the side he held her hand a moment longer than Perry thought he had any right to do.

"I shall be wretchedly lonely till you return," he said.

Horses and guides were all ready for the party when they landed at Orotava, and not only these, but tents and provisions also. For Jack Fairbairn was too fond of his wife to permit her to run the risk of over-fatigue. Besides, as he naturally argued, one cannot enjoy scenery when weary and tired.

To describe either the first or second day's journey would take up too much of my space, pleasant reading though I believe it could be made.

The view at first was magnificent; but as the day got hotter and hotter, and even the steeds grew tired, a kind of languidness stole over all hands, which considerably detracted from their capability of enjoyment.

No one was sorry, therefore, when the end of the first day's journey came.

But Jack was quite a treasure as a camp-former. The tents were most luxurious, and the dinner a complete success. So after a time, when all sense of fatigue had worn off, everybody felt quietly, dreamingly happy—it was the air, I suppose. Aileen said she would like to live here for a whole month.

"So should I," said Perry.

"Perry," said Jack, "you sing a good song—do give us something nice."

"It is about the only thing Perry can do," Jack explained to the ladies.

Perry laughed, but he sang all the same. He sang a glorious old sea song in real sailor fashion. The brine and the breeze seemed to run all through that song, and in its very notes as they rose and fell you might have imagined you heard the wail of the wind sweeping over storm-tossed seas by night.

One song followed another, and everyone was very happy. Perry was, and so was Aileen; and neither of them ever forgot that evening spent on the plains of Retama.

During the afternoon Perry had noticed growing near the white blossomed bushes that grew around here two flowers; one was a beautiful little scarlet convolvulus, the other a kind of violet of darkest blue striped with gold.

As he lay down in his tent that night Perry said to himself—

"To-morrow morning I shall cull a bouquet of each, and offer one to Aileen, letting her make her choice—blue and gold or scarlet."

Blue and gold or scarlet! I believe he fell asleep repeating those words to himself.

Blue and gold or scarlet.

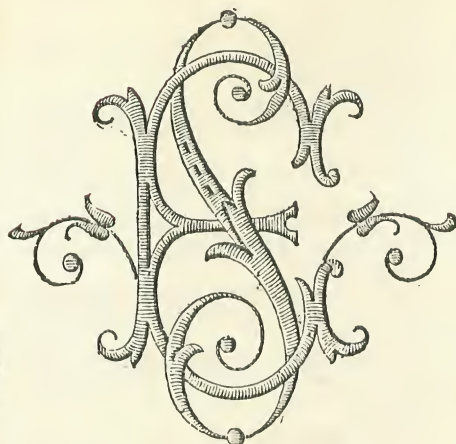
(To be continued.)

MY WORK BASKET.

MONOGRAMS.



H. L. This monogram is suitable for embroidery in *plumetis*, and can be used for household linen, washstand tidies, or sideboard cloths. The work should be traced, and filled so as to keep the form correct. Either white or coloured embroidery cotton is best for articles constantly requiring washing. The washstand tidies, which are often made of sateen or canvas, are rendered more attractive by using some of the artistic colours in embroidery silks or filoselle, now to be purchased so reasonably, and so pleasant to work with.



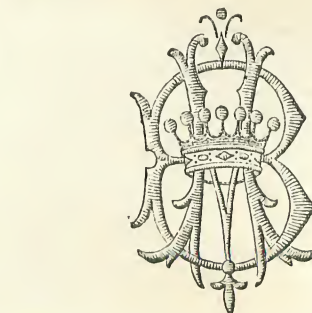
S. E. Is another monogram for household linen, washstand tidies, etc.; but these letters are worked in two colours—the S in dark brown, with spots of gold colour, the E in pale blue, with a soft green for the floral ornaments.



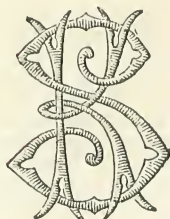
M. C. Elegant monogram, worked in old gold-coloured and dark green or rich red silks. The outline of the C is in close satin stitch, enclosing the fancy stitches of small dots and graduated French spots. The M should be traced, and thickly filled in with fine filoselle the same shade as the silk used for the embroidery.



A. Z. A simple monogram for plain embroidery.



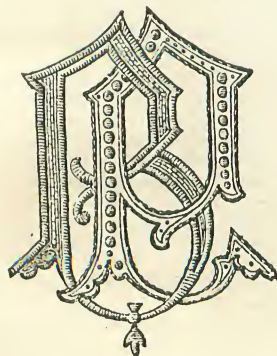
M. B., with coronet, is a monogram suitable for the display of colours. The work is easily done in the usual embroidery stitch, the design being carefully drawn.



K. S. Monogram for handkerchief.



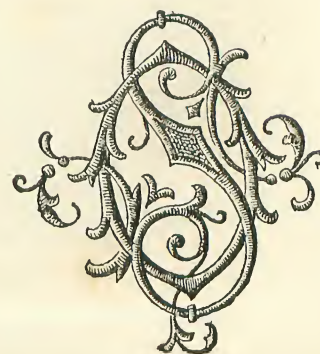
W. G. Small monogram in *plumetis* stitch for gentleman's handkerchief.



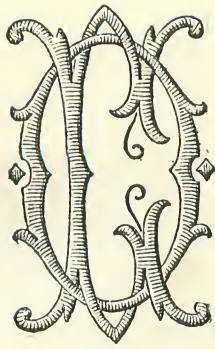
B. P. If worked on velvet, the outlines look well in fine gold or coloured cords, filled in with small crystal beads and flat embroidery in white floss silk.



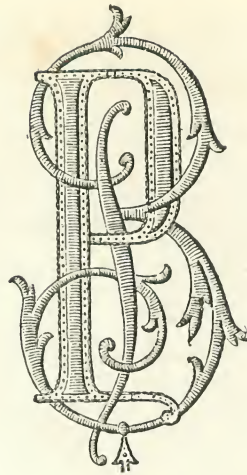
W. K. A bold, well-formed monogram, suitable for large blotting-case or portfolio.



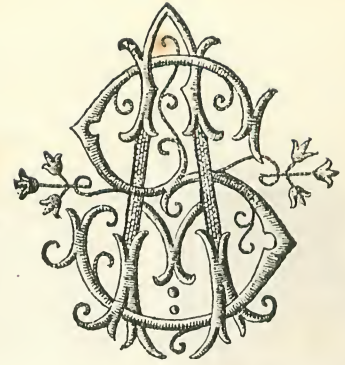
O. S. Looks well worked in pale blue and soft pink crewels, on any thick material, such as cloth or furnishing satin.



E. O. For crewels or embroidery cotton, in *plumetis* stitch.



P. B. This is an elegant design for a sachet, and is worked with rich embroidery silk and fine gold cord or small gold or coloured beads. The letter B looks well in shaded pink silks; and the P in chestnut brown. The gold cord is only used as a framing to the letter B, and requires care in sewing it on, so that the edge is kept in form.



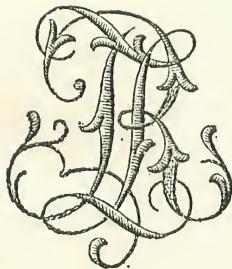
A. S. These letters, worked in fine flourishing cotton, in two colours, are suitable for tablecloths, or ends of chamber towels.



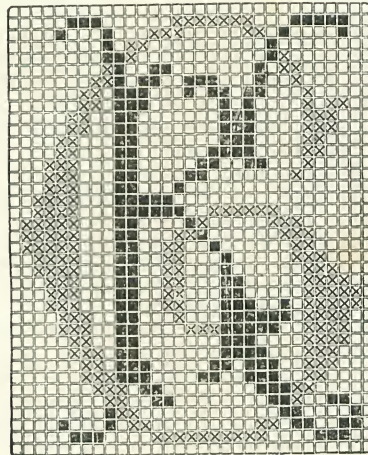
D. G. Another monogram easily worked from the illustration.



E. B. Quickly worked letters for handkerchiefs.



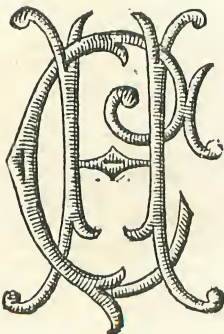
R. Z. Simple embroidery.



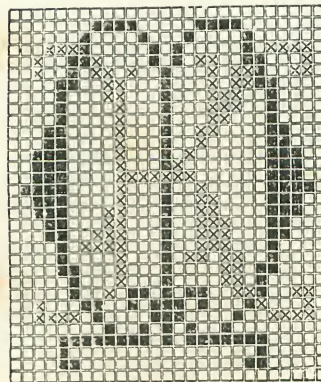
K. G. To be worked on open canvas in cross stitch, with wools or silks.



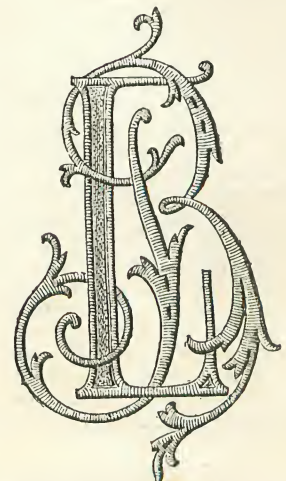
A. W. Good design for working, or pen and ink drawing.



C. H. Good letters for embroidery or painting on leather bags or paper racks.



M. K. Another monogram for cross-stitch or in beads.



L. B. The letter L is outlined with a thick raised embroidery, the inner part worked in close flat dots. The B should be worked with the most prominent colour.

FOR THE KING'S SAKE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, Author of "Bessie's Sacrifice."

CHAPTER VII.



THE days passed on, and all the world heard of Lady Newport's dangerous illness. Some heard that her senses had forsaken her, and that she was now insane; some whispered that a terrible quarrel had taken place between herself and

her husband, and that he had shut her up and deprived her of her attendants.

The truth, as it appeared to Sir Michael and to her own relations, was sad enough without exaggeration.

Lady Newport had utterly broken down in health; she would see no one but her husband and her aunt for one short hour every day, and then she appeared so weak and oppressed, so ill, in the darkened rooms, that they could not but feel that it would be cruel to stay long.

She would not have any of her own attendants about her; she took a strong aversion to her own apartments; she chose the two large unused rooms on the ground floor, on the quiet side of the house, away from all other occupied rooms, and she begged for the sole attendance of her old nurse Rachel, who came to her and undertook all the management of her sick room with loving care.

All was conceded to her, all arranged with tender consideration to please her sick fancy. In this time of distress it would be difficult to imagine anything more wholly devoted than Sir Michael's treatment of his wife; his tenderness was unflinching, his gratitude great for the slightest kindness on her part. But he seemed to gain nothing more, only the permission to pay her one visit in the day, to sit by her couch watching her wistfully, and telling her the little news of the passing times.

As the days passed on, bringing no change, sometimes a great terror would come over him. What ailed his wife? What was the secret of this strange condition of life that she had adopted? He shared in utmost sympathy her sorrow for her brother's death; but it could not be that. He knew her to be strong—strong to act, and strong to suffer. Could it be that the long-strained nerves had altogether given way at last?

The doctor whom he questioned anxiously was a very kindly man. He spoke of patience, of time—always time and patience. There was not much amiss, he said; he found his patient's heart and pulse bounding with the force

of fever; he saw her flushed, with shining eyes, and he would go away shaking his head, for though he did not confess it, he did not understand.

Sir Michael went for consolation to Mistress Betty, and she heard his story with a little impatience.

"Eleanor was always wilful," she said. "I had good reason to know that; this condition is due to perversity. If you like I will go to her and endeavour to arouse her to a sense of duty."

"You will be gentle with her," said Sir Michael, with hesitation.

"Unless I find it to be less a case for gentleness than reprimand," said Mistress Betty.

"I think she is very ill—and yet—and yet——"

"People may be ill reasonably or unreasonably," said Mistress Betty. Then quite suddenly her cheeks grew white. "There is an old story," she said, "that the life of twins is so closely bound together that the illness or failure of one will affect the other. I trust that nothing ails my nephew."

"Surely that is but an idle superstition," said Sir Michael, breathing short.

"I do not know; only their mother used to say that she felt assured that the lives that began on the self-same day would likewise so end."

"But it has not been so."

"Not yet; but—— What do you mean? Have you heard anything?" And a look of terror came into her face.

"Did not Eleanor tell you? Oh, this life! This terrible life of concealments and miserable divisions."

"You have news of Robbie?"

"He is dead, I regret to say. Shot by John Mowbray. Why should I not speak openly? My worst fears were realised. No, not the worst. That shot was more merciful than what the future might have brought forth."

"Dead! Our Robbie dead!"

"Poor lad! I never saw him; but they say his likeness to Eleanor was wonderful."

"Who told you? Are you sure? Ah me, how sad is this hard world!"

"She told me, my poor Eleanor. After all, Mistress Betty, perhaps I am too impatient; I should be content to let her lead her own life, and wait and trust in time; but yet—yet—it frightens me!"

He paced up and down the room.

Mistress Betty was too much stunned to speak for a few minutes, then suddenly the tears came like rain.

"My pretty ones," she wailed. "Our darlings; has it then come to this? Oh, what have we done that we should suffer thus? Dead! Robbie dead! Then before the year is out sweet Nell will have gone to him. They can never live apart."

"No, do not repeat that idle superstition," he exclaimed, almost roughly.

But she heeded not.

"They were so like; both the same large, dark eyes. Then father used to place Robbie's hat on Nellie's head sometimes to see whether I knew the difference. Another victim to the cause—another young life swallowed up in failure and ruin!"

"Had he been long in England?"

"They never told me," answered Mistress Betty. "They never trusted me; I would not know their secrets, it was better not; I always talked too much. I told Nellie so, and she took me at my word. When we came back from exile we left Robbie with the Prince. His Highness wished it so, but it was sorely against my will. He has always been in his service since; we have seen him very rarely. My boy, my darling! He was the very life of my eyes. Was Nellie with him? She might have told me."

"She was with him when he died. It was in——"

"Hush, hush! Do not tell me where. I seek no secrets."

"There are no secrets in the grave," said Sir Michael, solemnly. "Now all should be open between my young wife and myself."

"Time, you must give her time," said Mistress Betty, raising her face, which had grown old and haggard in five minutes. "You see you did not know our boy. Forgive me," and covering her face with her handkerchief, she left the room in a passion of weeping.

Sir Michael went home. It was a grey, gloomy day, dark swift clouds fleeting across the sky, heavy drops of rain now and then dropping from the trees.

He rode over the wide green park, approaching the house from the north, towards the wing in which Lady Newport had taken up her abode. As he passed the windows of the rooms (which were long and narrow and raised scarcely a foot from the ground), that dark north aspect seemed to him more gloomy than usual; the rank, harsh grass grew up to the house and under the windows of this wing.

He dismounted and began to trace out the ground, thinking of flower-beds and a terrace, something to make it brighter and more cheerful if his wife chose to remain in these apartments.

The curtains of her rooms were drawn, but the sound of his horse's hoofs must have been audible within, for they were cautiously put aside and old Rachel looked out.

The old woman's face had on it a look which made Sir Michael start; a look of fear, of one who lived in daily terror. That expression was unmistakable, and the thrill it shot through Sir Michael's heart drove every drop of blood from his face. What did it all mean?

(To be continued.)

NEWS FOR CITY GIRLS.

By ANNE BEALE.



On the 14th of May, 1886, we had the pleasure of seeing the Lord Mayor of that year open the new premises of the Finsbury Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, at 14, Finsbury Square.

We gave a short account of the proceedings in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

As most people want more than they actually possess, the desire then expressed was for the acquisition of certain premises at the back of the new Institute. Great things were to be effected, if only we could obtain and utilise them. In less than three years they have been acquired, and on the 15th of January, 1889, another Lord Mayor came to declare a fine hall and gymnasium, with a variety of useful accessories, open to any of the twenty thousand girls at work round about who might like to use them.

In spite of deep snow, through which a way for the carriages had to be cut, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress arrived in state, accompanied and followed by numberless friends of young girls. We hope they will show their sense of the interest taken in them by leading Christian lives. It was a bitter day, and the red carpeting spread for the feet of the guests was well sprinkled with snow; still, they filled the large hall to overflowing. Its wooden walls were prettily adorned with red and white drapery, and a gigantic "Y.W.C.A." was

amicably placed on their four sides; while a huge "Welcome" stood above the platform, and the words "Jehovah Nissi" faced it.

Many good wishes were expressed from this very platform for the girls, by the Lord Mayor, the Bishop of Bedford, and others; and speakers and audience rejoiced to hear that there were over 800 members belonging to this particular branch, while more than 1,400 names were on the books. We hope they will increase, and that "Our Girls" may become a power in the land by means of their good conduct and good example.

When the meeting was over, its members wandered through the new premises; and certainly much has been done for the enlargement of the Institute. In addition to the hall and gymnasium, which is a very important, lofty, and spacious place, there is a new classroom. Two hundred girls have joined the educational classes, of which a brief notice was given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER not long since; and this apartment, fitted up with desks and other appliances, is appropriated to them. A refreshment bar, lavatory, cloak-room, and a quaint little place full of small private cupboards for gymnastic costumes, are also additions to the original Institute. Assuredly much pains has been taken to give our city girls opportunities for muscular development, as well as for that mental and spiritual improvement at which the Y.W.C.A. chiefly aims. Classes for gymnastics, musical drill, calisthenics, etc., are held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, from 5.30 to 7.30, and from 8.0 to 9.30; while the large hall will be utilised for other purposes as time goes on.

On the opening day it was utilised by some hundreds of girls, who met to enjoy a happy evening beneath its high dome. Despite the inclement weather, many lady friends joined in their mirth, and it is pleasant to know that neither unseemly jest nor boisterous manners alloyed the assembly. The old members influenced the new and such guests as were non-members, and seemed to show by their conversation what "a week of consecration" meant. Previously to the opening, the pre-

mises had been consecrated to Almighty God by a week of prayer-meetings, and a building thus devoted to the Great Giver of all good gifts can scarcely be desecrated by unholy conduct.

We visited it a few days ago, and found Miss Baldwin—who has superintended the good work for twenty years, and is looked upon by the girls as their mother—hopeful if anxious. Any inquiries concerning it may be addressed to her; she will gladly give information about educational classes and gymnasium, which are open alike to members and non-members. She was pleased and thankful to have so many responses to the short appeal in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER of last year, and hopes for more from this brief notice. Fifty girls have already joined the gymnasium, and we write about a month after its opening. But what interested us still more was to see the large drawing-room prepared for the Sunday Bible Class, and the other rooms ready for the reception of the girls. It all looked homelike and restful. If any element were lacking it was supplied by a magnificent tom cat, who certainly was "at home," and followed us from room to room as if he were "monarch of all he surveyed." He is the pet of the establishment, and is called "The Mouse-trap of the Square," for although domestic when indoors, he is an inveterate sportsman outside, and if he does not exactly "bag" his game, he brings it in his mouth, to No. 14, from the neighbouring preserves. We felt much honoured by his taking us under his special protection, and ending his march through the rooms on our lap.

Any of our girl-workers in the City who have no home in London, would also find the Institute "a happy hunting-ground;" in other words, a refuge in the great London wilderness. Should they like to see for themselves, Miss Baldwin will gladly give them personal information any evening after six o'clock, or on Fridays after two p.m. We earnestly hope that the members of the Young Women's Christian Association may increase a hundredfold, both in town and country.

VARIETIES.

ETIQUETTE RUN MAD.

The etiquette observed in the royal palaces of Spain used to be carried to the point of absurdity, monarch and courtiers alike preferring to fall martyrs to their pride rather than break the rules of etiquette, and so lessen their grandeur. Philip III. being gravely seated by a chimney, where the firemaker of the Court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair, and the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the etiquette.

At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the King ordered him to damp the fire, but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the fire burned fiercer; and the King endured it rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood became heated to such a degree that an erysipelas

broke out in his head the next day, which being succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

CATS IN OLD ENGLAND.

Cats are supposed to have been brought into England from the Island of Cyprus by some foreign merchants who came hither for tin. In the old Welsh laws a kitten from its birth till it could see was valued at a penny, when it began to mouse at twopence, and after it had killed mice at fourpence, which was the price of a calf.

Wild cats were kept by our ancient kings for hunting. The officers who had charge of these cats seem to have had appointments of equal consequence with the masters of the king's hounds.

IN A DISCUSSION.—People are apt to mistake the strength of their feeling for the strength of their argument. The heated mind resents the chill touch and relentless scrutiny of logic.

HOAXING THE PUBLIC.—A successful hoax was practised by a wag in the reign of Queen Anne, and is thus noticed in the newspapers of that period: "A well-dressed man rode down the King's-road from Fulham at a most furious rate, commanding each turnpike to be immediately thrown open, as he was a messenger conveying the news of the Queen's sudden death. The alarm instantly spread into every corner of the city; the trained bands who were on parade furlled their colours, and returned home with their arms reversed; the shopkeepers displayed their sables; and many were desirous of purchasing mourning before the news should become more known." The author of the hoax was never discovered.

FAMILY LIFE.—The family is the miniature commonwealth upon whose integrity the safety of the larger commonwealth depends. It is the seed-plot of all morality. We express the noblest longings of the human heart when we speak of a time to come in which all mankind will be united as one family.—Felix Adler.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

COOKERY.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Parmesan cheese is manufactured in the neighbourhood of Parma and Pavia (Lombardy), and is made of skimmed cow's milk, and flavoured with saffron; but Gruyère—from the Canton de Fribourg—is made of a combination of goat's and sheep's milk. Roquefort is a French cheese, and is made altogether from sheep's milk. The Dutch cheeses are made from skimmed cow's milk—sometimes skimmed three times. The variety most esteemed is called Schapekase, or sheep's milk cheese. The Dutch cheeses called Gouda owe their flavour to the use of muriatic acid, which is employed in their making instead of rennet. The Camembert is a French cream cheese, and Gorgonzola is a fine Italian one, somewhat resembling one of our own rich Stiltons.

J. W.—The way to wash out vermin from celery or any kind of vegetable is to dissolve a small piece of soda in a wineglass of hot water, and pour this into the bowl of salt and water in which you have placed the vegetables to steep after they are washed. This will effectually get rid of all worms. Those in celery are so small and thread-like that they might easily be overlooked, and plain water, or even salt and water, does not suffice to expel them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IGNORAMUS.—Certainly the lotus (*Nymphaea lotus* of Linnæus) is a real and existing flower. It is the water lily of the inundated land of Egypt, and is revered as a sacred plant in Hindostan, Thibet, and Nepaul. There are endless Buddhist and Hindu legends connected with it, as well as in Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Arabian, and Asiatic Russian sacred traditions. The collar of the Star of India is composed of the heraldic rose of England, two palm branches crossed, and a lotus flower, alternating one with another. 2. *Paul Pry* is the name of a comedy by John Poole, and it is likewise that of the hero of the story.

STUPIDITY.—St. Nicholas is the patron saint of boys, as St. Catherine of girls; he is otherwise known as Santa Claus. There is a legend that an Asiatic gentleman having sent his three boys to school at Athens, they were murdered by an innkeeper at Myra for the sake of their luggage. But their father having bidden them to call on St. Nicholas for his blessing, the good saint had a vision of the horrible tragedy, went to the inn, extracted a confession from the host, and raised the murdered boys to life again. He is also the patron saint of thieves, because he once induced a gang of them to restore their plunder.

BEE.—We regret that we could not insert your verses in our paper. We do not admit little girls of "sixteen" to be members of our staff of experienced writers. The verses are very incorrect in composition, and have no originality.

GERTIE H. complains that "all her double teeth have decayed within a few weeks and are hollow all through, and papa says he should think it was the scurvy!" This is a new and very original idea. What you could do for them we are unable to say, for if "all be decayed," to cure the cause now would be unavailing. Perhaps some might be stopped by a skilful dentist. Get your ears syringed by a doctor, and possibly the deafness may be cured.

DOVEDALE.—The word angel means "a messenger." The texts which appear to relate to the employment of them as guardian angels are Heb. i. 14, Matt. xviii. 10, Luke xv. 10, Acts xii. 15, and many others which you can look out for yourself. We must be guided by God's word, which says that in obedience to His will they are employed in carrying out His designs. They are not to be worshipped (Rev. xix. 10), and they are not intercessors, but yet they present the "prayers of all the saints"—Rev. viii. 3. Our knowledge of them is derived wholly from Revelation, and in Heb. xii. 22, 23, they are said to be the future companions of the heirs of salvation. See the article on "Angels" in "Eadie's Bible Cyclopædia."

A. GENERAL SERVANT, NORWICH.—We think a dark-blue serge would be a useful and pretty dress, and if you get a fairly good one it has endless wearing qualities. You could have blue, flat braid put on it for trimming, and all gowns are now made in the plainest manner.

A. B. C. will destroy her dog by so much over-feeding. A dog should be fed once a day; but an earthenware pan of water with a piece of brimstone in it should be always within his reach. Never give him meat; he may play with a bone, or he may have a few chicken bones occasionally. A plate of porridge, or some crusts of bread, with a little broth poured over them, or dog biscuits, would give him an excellent meal. "A. B. C." inquires, "What is the best way to cure a bad temper, caused by teasing when he was a baby?" If he were "a baby" when you got him, we must ask, in our turn, what did you do to change him into a terrier dog? Perhaps you are an Indian juggler, or it is all the bad effect of the meat, and the milk, and the three meals a day.

CROWDED AND CRUSHED allows her "very fat" dog to lie on her bed at night, and naturally she is "crowded and crushed." As it has a very loathsome disease, we are the more at a loss to comprehend how she can keep it in her room at all at night, not to speak of its lying on her bed. Let her see what we said to "A. B. C."

"Miss INQUISITIVE" is advised not to "risk any money" on studying phrenology with a view to making money by it. She should study spelling, and get instruction to render her efficient for household service, or as a shop-assistant.

NAILS.—Wear gloves in the house, or put some strong bitter, obtained from a chemist, on your finger ends, to remind you of abstaining from putting them to your mouth. Tell the chemist the purpose for which it is required. "Medicus" has given an article on the care of the nails.

VENUS.—There ought not to be any "confusion on arriving at the table at a dinner party." Each person's place should be indicated by his name, and the servants in attendance should guide him to his seat, then by the time all are placed the hostess will be in hers, and grace should be said before anyone sits down. Many are irreverent, and sit when they should be standing humbly when giving thanks to their Divine Master, who provided all, of which they were utterly undeserving. In paying a visit, let the lady of the house find you standing—certainly advance to meet her, and take the seat she proposes for you.

A. J. SCHOFIELD.—We are glad to hear of any homes for persons of small means, who desire change of air, and have pleasure in naming Oak Tree House, Matlock Bridge, Derbyshire. In this case the home is exclusively instituted for ladies, and the limit of residence to two months; terms, 15s. 6d. to £1 2s. 6d., inclusive, with the exception of a fire in the bedroom. Only six or seven ladies can be accommodated. The foundress will not allow her name to appear, and those who apply must direct to "The Lady Superintendent," and send a stamped envelope.

IRISH MOLL is quite free to print or embroider the verses she names, and frame them as a wedding present. To republish is quite a different matter. We thank her for her pleasant letter, and so far from thinking she would be ineligible for a secretary on account of her handwriting, we consider it exceptionally good—free, well-formed, legible, characteristic. She ought to be as capable with pencil as with pen.

CASHIER.—If you "sit at a desk all day" we do not know what to recommend you to wear on account of your projecting shoulder-blades; but you might correct the unnecessary habit of stooping over your desk by wearing a face-board. It has often been described by us, so we will only say that it is a flat, slight deal board, shaped like a battledore or lawn-tennis racquet, with the middle cut out to admit the eyes, nose, and mouth. This must be stuck into a waist belt.

LILLIE will probably improve herself more by reading history, literature, and good tales, writing from dictation, and copying some good handwriting, at her age, than by regular lessons. 2. We never advise any of our girls to try for Continental situations, unless under very exceptional circumstances. 3. The Order of Merit of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" is described on page 8, vol. ix., Oct. 1st, 1887.

T. M.—We think you should pay half the rent of the house, as the furniture is your friend's, and share the profits of the letting of the room between you both.

EUPHORIA.—She would sign the register in her mother's real name, not the assumed one.

ETHEL MAY.—Cold hands and feet, if cold in the daytime, may be cured by putting them into hot water, and afterwards rubbing them briskly with a rough bath-towel or a coarse flannel. It is well also to wear woollen stockings and silk ones under them. Much can also be done by gymnastics, diligently practised every morning. See "G.O.P.," page 510, vol. v., "Physical Education of Girls."

HUMBLE SIXTEEN's poem is lacking in originality and poetic feeling.



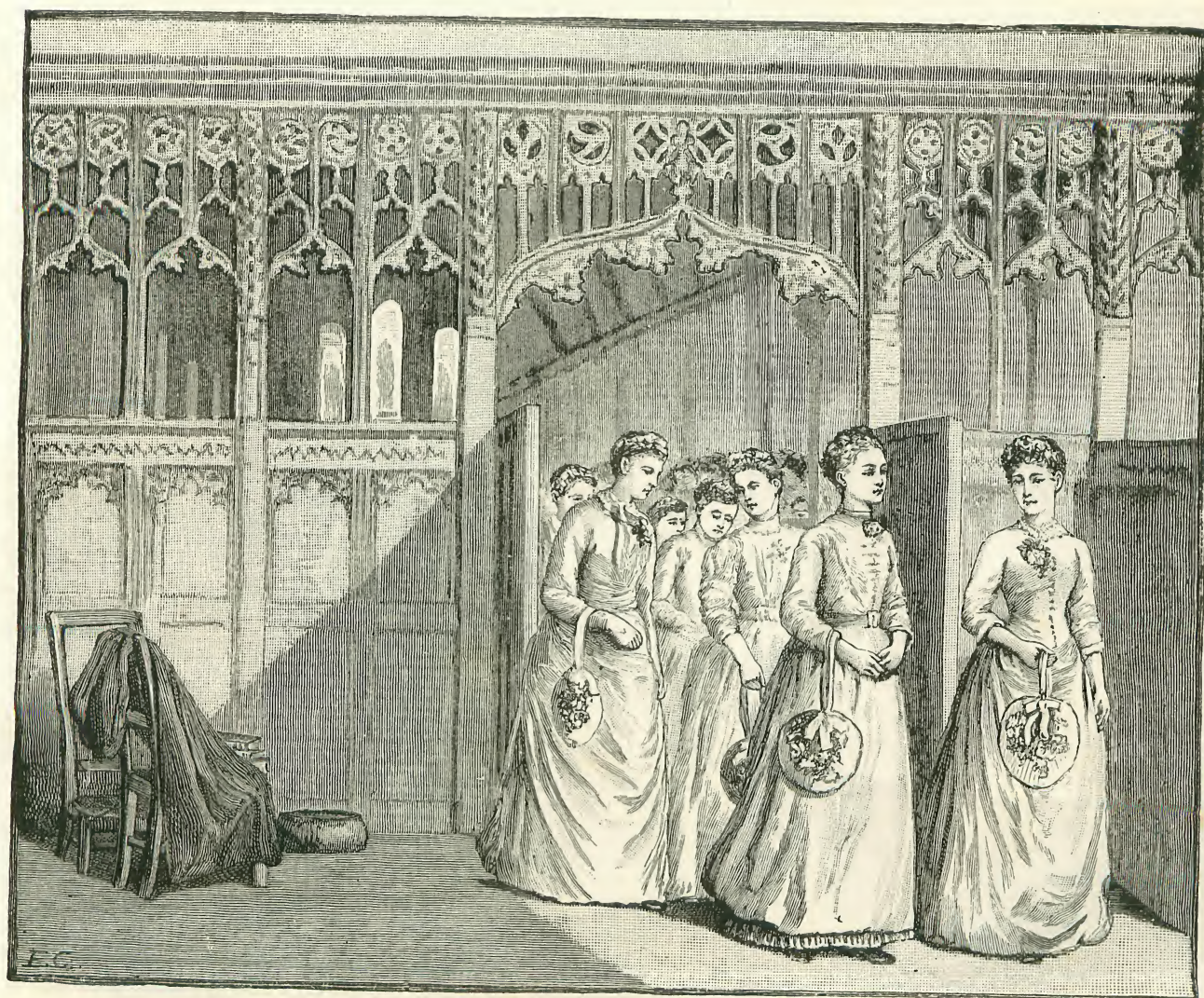
VOL. X.—No. 486.]

APRIL 20, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

PROFESSOR RUSKIN'S MAY-DAY FESTIVAL.

By THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE, Principal of Whitelands College, Chelsea.



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THE PROCESSION LEAVING CHAPEL.

PERHAPS one of the most characteristic features of the art teaching of Professor Ruskin, founder and first master of the Guild of St. George, is that it is the duty of women and girls—of girls especially—to be as pretty, and as prettily useful, as ever they can. Like all men of great mind, he is an implicit and explicit believer in the Divine influence of girlhood, of womanhood, and wifehood. And in various ways he has let this appear—in his devotion to his own mother; in the personal pleasure he has taken with and for many of his pets; in his teaching; in many of his writings, notably "Queen of the Air," "Ethics of the Dust," and "Fors Clavigera"; and besides all these, in his May Queen Festival at Whitelands College, Chelsea, of which we are to say a few words for the amusement, edification, and, we hope too, the improvement of our girl readers.

The Professor's first attempt at having a May Queen was made in a village, through some rich young lady, and it failed, either because the parents of that young lady interfered, or because she got married and left the village, the would-be May Queen, and the Professor to look after themselves. But when the attempt was made at Whitelands, it turned out a complete success, and Mr. Ruskin was delighted with it in every way, or in every way but one, that one being the dress of the May Queen; which has never pleased him, not

even when, as last year, it was designed by Miss Kate Greenaway, at his personal request, and carried out by the Ladies' Working Guild, with all the care and pains that Lady Eden could give to it. "She is," said the master, "like Madge Wildfire." That was the May Queen.

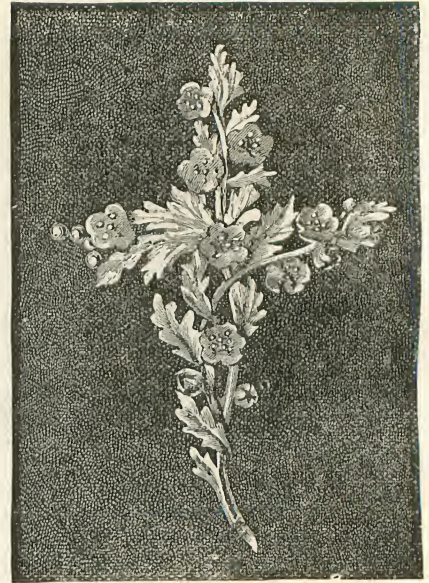
Chelsea is famed in many ways. It has been and is the residence of literary men and artists, and is now being rapidly converted into Queen Anne houses and flats; but it is long since it could furnish forth space for a Rural Queen of May, so the college May Queen has to be elected, and all the rites and mysteries thereto properly pertaining have to be performed within doors, but nevertheless flowers are sent up from all parts of the country. Flowers and evergreens are bought, and by the 1st of May the chapel, the college rooms, and the students present such an appearance of May, and May morning, and going a-Maying, as would do anyone's heart good, who likes flowers, and greenery, and pretty smiling faces, and white dresses, better than bricks and mortar, gas lamps and pavements.

Our first illustration shows the procession leaving the chapel after the bright and beautiful morning service. The students proceed at once to the class-room, and elect the May Queen. A balloting paper is given to every one, on which the name of the May Queen proposed by the voter is written. These are collected,

and the governesses enter the votes on a prepared sheet, and the junior who has the majority of votes is Queen of May. Only once has there been a tie. The Queen elect is then taken to be robed, and with her maidens assigns to which of the senior students Mr. Ruskin's gift of about forty volumes of his books should be presented, one volume to each. The Queen herself has by right "The Queen of the Air." Each volume is given at the Queen's absolute will and pleasure, but always for good reason assigned, which reason is written in the book; and if by chance it express rather what the girl ought to be, than what she actually at present is, she has a life-long reminder of what she must strive to attain.

Each book contains a label, with the signatures of the Professor and the May Queen. During the assignment of these prizes or gifts, as they are to be called, the students sing various choice May Day songs, or recite passages from Shakespeare, or dance round the May pole; and the Principal makes an address, taking each year some topic connected with the sports, or derived from the Professor's books. Thus, last year he gave some account of "Merrie England" as it was once, and as it shall be again when the writings of Professor Ruskin are more widely known and his teachings more extensively followed.

The text, if we may say so, was this: "To please is woman's work." Women and girls can give and make pleasure. All right pleasure is praise and praiseworthy. They can give pleasure by making rooms clean and pretty, by kindly sympathy with all with whom they come in contact, and by carrying about the "Human face Divine" with a smile on it. "God has made you girls to take pleasure in the use of your eyes, and of your wits, and of your bodies. And foolish creatures are continually trying to live without looking at anything,



THE MAY QUEEN'S GOLDEN CROSS.

without thinking about anything, and still more without doing anything," says Mr. Ruskin, and of course they fail, and become soured and discontented and miserable; and what is worse, they make everybody else miserable also.

The Principal pointed out how girls could, in their daily lives, not only be pleased themselves, but give pleasure—good and right pleasure—to others. And he concluded thus, almost in Mr. Ruskin's words:—

"The angel of beautiful life is sent to all of you, hidden in the simplicity of daily life, daily duty. The root of all the evil in the world is the diabolical hunt after pleasure, apart from its use and the necessary price that must be paid for the right thing. It is a hunt on phantom steeds after a phantom hare with phantom hounds; it is pursuing death and not life, and death can be overtaken."

The grand procession is now announced, and the Queen takes her place on the dais surrounded by her maidens; more songs are sung, all her subjects do obeisance, and then the fortunate ones whose names are called, come up to receive their gifts, which they do in the manner shown in our picture.

But we have omitted the giving of the gold cross and necklet to the May Queen, which is usually done by some personal friend of the Professor. Our illustration shows the cross which was given last year. It is of pure gold, and of unique design.

When all the books are given, the procession is re-formed and the students march out after the Queen has proclaimed a holiday. She and her maidens are then photographed.

In the afternoon a large number of students take down the wreaths, make them into bouquets; and as the large baskets are filled they are taken by two or more girls to all the hospitals in the neighbourhood, and distributed to the patients; so there is May Day also kept, with flowers at hundreds of bedsides.

All our readers who want to know more about Mr. Ruskin and his teaching should read some of his books.

Perhaps one of the happiest features of the Whitelands May Queen Festival is the fact that nearly every student tries to have a May Queen in her school; and to try is to succeed. No one knows what help she will have in giving pleasure to others until she begins. All our girl readers cannot be Queens of May, but they can all be queens in their own homes, diffusing brightness and joy and happiness.



MAY QUEEN.

Dress designed by Miss Kate Greenaway.

A DAISY CHAIN.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

A LARK upspringing from crimson clover,
Trilling his song at the morning's gate,
Where dew-wet blossoms and grasses cover
His cosy nest and his patient mate.

Young leaves dancing and kissing each other,
Brown bees humming young buds among,
Young lambs sporting beside their mother,
O fresh fair days when the world is young!

A baby beck in the hedgerow shadow,
A beck new born of the sweet spring rain;
And children out in the wide May meadow,
Gaily stringing a daisy chain.

Dear little voices! I hear them calling
Now and again in their childish glee;
Ripples of laughter, rising and falling,
Now and again float back to me.

Thoughtful Mary alone is straying
Along the beck by the meadow bars;
"Here's a big daisy!" I hear her saying,
"This is the moon, and the rest are stars!"

Then came towards me with laughing faces
Three little daughters, a goodly band,
Linked together by daisy traces,
Which wee Ted holds in his dimpled hand.

My daisy chain—yet a link is broken—
My eyes grow wet with a mist of tears,
For still I hold in my heart unspoken
A grief that fell in the bygone years—

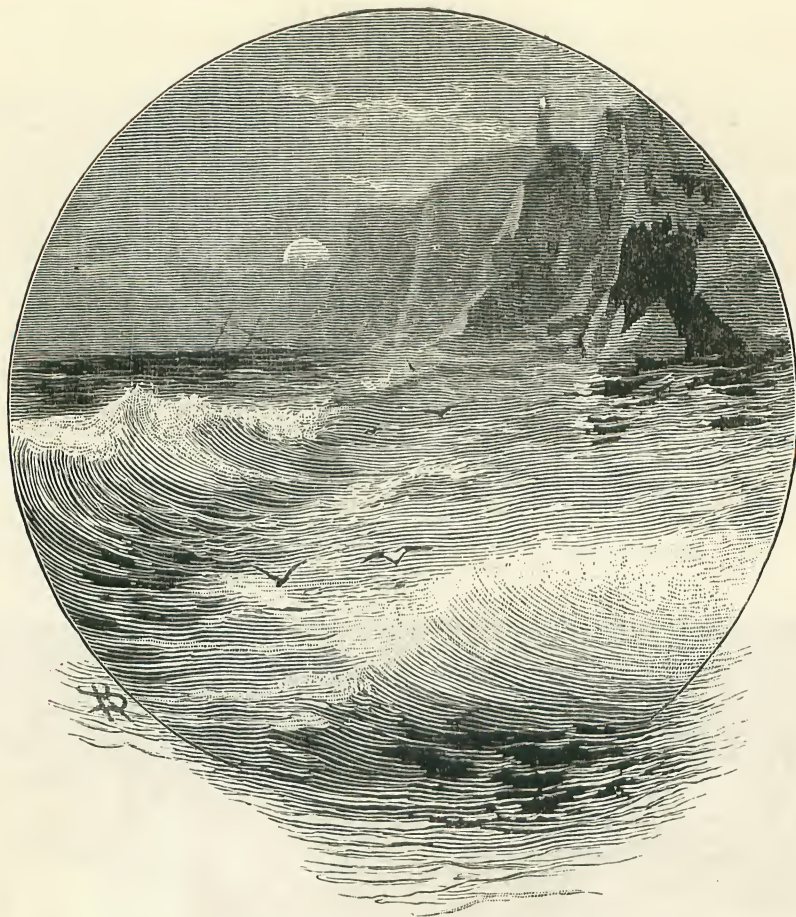
One little daughter has long been growing
To girlhood fair beneath Eden's palms—
Where crystal streams through the meads are flowing,
In yon far Heaven's eternal calms.

Of her I think when I hear the others
Laugh and shout in their careless mirth,
For lost lambs live in the hearts of mothers,
Side by side with their lambs on earth

Despite the pain when the links are riven,
God's hand will gather them all again,
And He will help me to knit in Heaven
The broken strands of my daisy chain!



MAY QUEEN DISTRIBUTING MR. RUSKIN'S GIFTS OF HIS OWN BOOKS IN PURPLE CALF AND GOLD.



BLUE AND GOLD.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER III.

"WHY, JACK, OLD MAN, THAT WAS POOR PERRY'S SHIP!"

ONE of the guides entered the tent in which Perry was sleeping very early next morning to wake him that he might see the sunrise.

He shook the gentleman once. The gentleman muttered "Blue and gold." He shook him a second time, and he murmured "Scarlet," but when he shook him a third time Perry grasped the situation at once, and was quickly up and dressed.

Early though it was, and dark, the ladies were waiting, and a brisk, somewhat fatiguing walk of half an hour brought them well up the hill, just as the first flush of dawn was spreading upwards over the sky.

All rested now to wait the coming of the sun, and watch one of the grandest transformation scenes to be beheld anywhere in this beautiful world of ours.

All were silent.

It was a time for silence, a time even for adoration. One feels under such circumstances as if he were indeed in the company of angels. He feels his own littleness; feels something of heaven's great majesty, gratitude that he is allowed to live; wonder that he ever doubted the goodness and wisdom of a Higher Power; thankfulness that it has been his lot to witness such a sight, and pity for those who live down yonder on the darksome earth, and have never had this wondrous experience.

The sky tints, the sea tints—who could paint, who describe them, or the thousand magical atmospheric effects, as day hunted

night in her sable trailing garments, from hill and glen, from land and sea?

Blue and gold and scarlet! There the colours were, and a hundred shades besides, all blended into one marvellous but harmonious whole.

No one appeared much inclined to talk until the tents were reached once more, and they had sat down to breakfast.

They succeeded in reaching the summit of the peak that day—for what is it, I want to know, that healthy British maidens cannot do if they try?—and reached their camping-ground some time before sunset.

It would not have been difficult to get back to the ship that night, but Jack did not, he said, recognise the use of turning pleasure into pain.

Had Perry proposed on the peak?

Certainly not in a way that was either very wise or very whole-hearted.

He had culled his two bouquets of flowers before starting, and taken them with him. Just before leaving the summit of the mountain he took them from his button-hole. He was going to tempt his fate.

Did Aileen love flowers? Would she accept a bouquet? and which would be her favourite colour—blue and gold or scarlet?

Now Aileen O'More came of a good old Irish family; she was therefore a maid with a mind of her own. She probably knew what Perry meant as well as he did himself, if not better, but she somehow now felt a little piqued, and being a wilful girl determined to teach Lawrence a lesson.

"My favourite colour?" she said. "Oh, the little scarlet bouquet; I do love scarlet!"

She dared not look up though, or meet his gaze, as she fastened the wee crimson flowerets in her breast. So she did not observe that with a kind of despairing glance at her he crushed the other bouquet between his fingers and threw it on the ground.

Poor Perry! He did not converse a very great deal at dinner that day, and he never once permitted his eyes to rest on Aileen. Will it be believed that this wilful Irish maiden's pillow was damp with tears that night?

Before luncheon next day the party was back again in the ship, and the vessel ran round to Santa Cruz.

For the first time during the cruise Perry complained of feeling tired, and not his usual self. He elected, therefore, to remain on board next day, as did also Aileen, as well as the "invalid" Nugent. Jack, with his wife and her maid, went on shore, and were absent quite all day. About seven o'clock in the evening Perry got up from his sofa and, simply in dressing-gown and slippers, prepared to go on deck the better to see the moonlight effects on the water and town.

He was probably the last one in the world who would willingly have constituted himself eavesdropper, but walking quietly up the companion, even before his head was on a level with the deck, he became aware that Nugent was there by the bulwark couch, talking low and earnestly, pleading his cause with Miss O'More.

Having heard so much, most men would have listened a moment or two longer. What suffering it might have spared poor Perry!

But no, he took everything for granted.

Nugent had proposed to the only woman that ever he, Perry, could have made his wife. It went without saying, he argued, that she would accept him. Well, he would not remain on board to be in their way, to mar either their happiness or his own. He went quietly back to his cabin, lit his candle, and packed a few things. Then he wrote a letter to Jack, simply saying he had gone on shore, and would not return that night. This letter he placed on his friend's table, then as soon as Aileen, whom he dared not see again, had retired to dress for dinner, he slipped away up on deck and got a boat to row him on shore.

Half an hour afterwards he was on board the *Polynesia* steamer. When did she sail for England? "That very night," was the reply. That would suit. He would be a passenger.

So he remained on board. He wrote another letter now to Jack, which would not be delivered until he was far away at sea.

He wrote to Aileen too. And this letter was a kind though a very sad one. He told her all—all he had felt for her, all he still felt, and should feel while life did last. But he added he would ever pray for her and—on her account—for Lieutenant Nugent too.

He did not read it over, but simply sealed it and sent it.

Next morning both letters lay on the breakfast-table of the saucy *Esmeralda*.

Of late years it has become the fashion for men who not only possess wealth alone, but courage as well, to have large yachts built for themselves, and to sail away in quest of the adventurous and the picturesque to out-of-the-way corners of the world. I trust I may not be misunderstood; I do not refer to what are sarcastically called "globe trotters," your round the world in so many days men, who go to make a record to enable them to assume the airs of travellers in the drawing-room, but who have no more knowledge of the countries and people they have caught a hurried glimpse of than they have of the domestic economy of the man in the moon, and not half so much as a little boy gleams from his first visit to a panorama. For people of this class I have all a sailor's honest contempt.

But the men I refer to are heroes, in a manner of speaking, and if you are a traveller yourself you may find them anywhere toiling along in boats or sledges under the Northern Lights, far away in the dreary and dangerous seas of the Antarctic regions, in the wilds of Central America, the forests and woods of the Dark Continent, the mountainous regions of the Andes, or the Pampas of Patagonia or plains of Siberia, anywhere and everywhere even to the uttermost regions of the earth.

Need we marvel, then, at finding Lawrence Perry, whom we left at Santa Cruz, walking the decks of a "doubly fortified" brig bound for the Arctic circle and far beyond it?

Many months have passed since he left the *Esmeralda*. His languor the day after he returned from the hills, and his illness, were but the outposts of a strong attack of jungle fever, by which he was prostrated soon after the *Polynesia* had sailed for English shores.

Even after he had landed and was sent to a naval hospital, he lay for weeks in bed, literally hovering betwixt life and death. But as soon as he began to rally—thanks to his youth and a splendid constitution—his recovery was a very speedy one indeed.

He soon regained strength, but not spirits, for his memories of the cruise of the *Esmeralda* and of Aileen could not be quenched. He must do something; he must undergo some great "spell" of activity, far more exciting than he can meet with in the service in time of peace, else he feels that he will go mad or die. He was a man of intense sensitiveness and nerve, and to be idle now while in grief was more than he could bear.

Help came from a quarter least expected, and just at the right moment. An expedition was to sail away to Northern seas in search of that dream of the Arctic traveller—an open Polar ocean; an ocean which in some mysterious way or other is always warm, and in whose midst are lovely green and wooded islands, inhabited not only by strange flora and fauna, but by peoples and animals such as we dwellers in the south can form no conception of.

The whole force, three beautiful sailing brigs, belonged to a wealthy American millionaire, whom Perry had met in New York, and he was speedily installed as captain of the second best of the three.

On a beautiful morning, early in March, the three brigs cleared away from Brassy Sound, and stood northwards with every stitch of canvas set, even to st'unsails 'low and aloft, for the wind was light though blowing steadily from the south, with a slowly falling glass.

People who dwell in the midlands of merrie England, or in and around London, feel a difficulty in associating beauty of landscape, seascape, and cloudscape with the far-away lone islands of Scotland while winter still binds them in his icy grasp. They shudder as they think of the cold, and of the tearing and unsympathetic winds that go sweeping over the bare hills of the sea-girdled peat-mosses of Ultima Thule. And yet, truth to say, no greater mistake could be made. There are times, indeed, when wild winds roar, and mountain waves dash and clash against the strangely fantastic cliffs that guard the seashores—days, indeed, when literally birds can scarcely fly. There is a grandeur, however, in even such storms as these, and a spirit which engenders in the mind feelings that cannot be expressed, and cannot be experienced elsewhere in any part of the world where I have been. But, again, there are often long weeks of stillness and quiet beauty, weeks of sunshine and frost without so much wind as to lift a feathery snowflake, when the sea-birds float on the calm heaving waves as they do in the Indian Ocean, and the tiny seas break and lisp and gurgle among the rocks with barely force enough to crumble the rainbow-tinted icicles that make every rocky cavelet a fairy's bower.

In seasons such as these the glory of some of the sunsets, if witnessed but once, can never be forgotten while life lasts.

Those three bonnie brigs seemed loath to leave the land, and even when the sun was slowly sinking, there were islands far astern that borrowed his rosy-tinted rays.

But the glass went more quickly down towards midnight, and as the mercury sank the wind and the sea rose higher and higher, sail after sail was taken in, till at length scarce a stitch of cloth was left aloft, and the brigs went staggering on through the storm and the darkness, under all but bare poles.

Yes, three bonnie brigs, with bold and happy, hopeful crews in them had left the Shetland shores, and three days afterwards there were but two. Where was their mate? Go ask the waves that break and boom and leap high over the cliffs on one of the wildest norland capes of the bleak Norwegian shores. Go ask the sea-birds that flew shrieking and frightened away from the rocks as a mad, despairing cry rose from the decks of that foundering brig, as the moon cleared majestically up from the rifted clouds and silvered all the sea.

Life at Glen Lyon Towers was very pleasant in the sweet summer-time. Glen Lyon is nowhere in Scotland, though the name would lead one to suppose it was. It was the English residence of Captain Fairbairn, R.N., and stood away down among the waving woodlands of Berkshire. Jack's father—now dead and gone—had built the

mansion, and, with fond memories of dear auld Scotia, had named it Glen Lyon. Its tall, red chimneys and rounded brick gables peeped upwards through the greenery of the trees in the prettiest way imaginable. There was a fine old park around the house, with a lake in its centre, in which beautifully coloured, wee foreign ducks played and paddled in the sunny season of the year, gorgeously-plumaged pink-billed mandarins, or fairy-like Li-chi-kies, and the brown-bosomed crested ducks of Carolina; a lake with boats on it, and a boat-house where a mermaid might have lived happily; a lake, however, that in winter, when the ducks were all frozen out, and the frogs asleep among the reeds, was given up to merry skating parties and games of curling, in the sunshine or even by torchlight.

In the more immediate vicinity of the house were spacious gardens and terraces, lawns, rosaries, and verandahs half hidden in a wealth of climbing plants, from which flowers seemed never absent, where even in winter the wee golden flowerets of *Jasmina nudiflora* peeped wondering through the snow.

Jack's carriage, with its pair of spanking blues, might have been met almost anywhere all over the country in summer, and it is not going too far to assert that the ladies—Jack's wife and her sister Aileen—were favourites wherever they went. Especially were they so among the humble village poor, for all unobtrusively they managed to do those people many a kindly turn, and bring quiet joy to many a fireside where pain and poverty had lingered before.

It was generally remarked by the villagers that "the young lady" was, although always pleasant, always somewhat sad.

Not much of company keepers were the Fairbairns, although friends dropped down many a time and oft to hunt or shoot or fish.

A frequent visitor to Glen Lyon was Nugent, the "red marine," as poor Perry used to call him. He was of a very irrepressible and sanguine nature, this Nugent, and though Aileen had refused to listen to him once, he never doubted for a single moment that she would eventually become his wife.

Nugent and no other guest was present one morning at breakfast in the east parlour, when the boy came round to the lawn window with the letter-bag. Taking the liberty of a favourite visitor, Nugent jumped up, and, receiving the key from Jack, shook out the contents upon the table. There was something for everyone to-day. Nugent put his letters carelessly in his pocket; they were only epistles from bachelors friends and his business agent, so they would keep. Aileen went presently and sat down behind the curtain in a cosy window-corner, and began to read an eight-page letter—crossed, so it is needless to say it was a lady's.

While Mrs. Fairbairn lounged in an easy chair, Jack stood by the casement manufacturing a little cigarette.

Suddenly Nugent, who had been reading the *Times*, sat erect in his chair.

"Here, Jack, listen," he exclaimed. "'Loss of an Arctic brig with all hands. News has reached us from Christiansand of the foundering of a brig with all on board, in a terrible gale of wind, off the coast of Norway. From wreckage subsequently swept on shore it has been discovered that the name of the unfortunate vessel was the *Fortuna*, and that she was bound for the Arctic seas on an exploring expedition.' Why, Jack, old man, that was poor Perry's ship!"

Just one short, frightened cry came from the window recess, a cry such as you may hear from someone in an ugly dream; and when Jack, springing forward, took Aileen in his arms, her head drooped backwards like a little dead bird's. She looked as pale and still as if life itself had fled.

(To be concluded.)

THE MICROSCOPE AND OURSELVES.

PART III.

WHEN last we interviewed our microscope we asked him a great many questions about various things, and amongst others our skin. He was giving us a faithful and true account of that structure when he was interrupted by

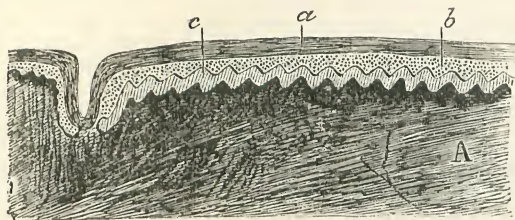
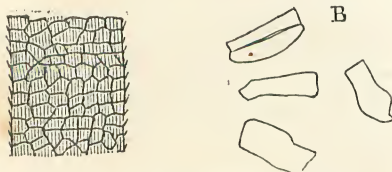


FIG. 1. TRANSVERSE SECTION OF HALF A NAIL.

(a) Nail Substance. (c) Papillae of Nail-bed.
(b) Rete Malpighii. (A) Corium.

the termination of the article. We learnt what was meant by epithelium, and we learnt that the surface part of our skin was made up of a variety of epithelium, arranged in rows, or "stratified." This only gave us a very limited knowledge of the structure of part of our skin; the most important part remains to be inquired after and examined into. Let us take up our specimen of skin, and proceed again to examine it, beginning where we last left off.

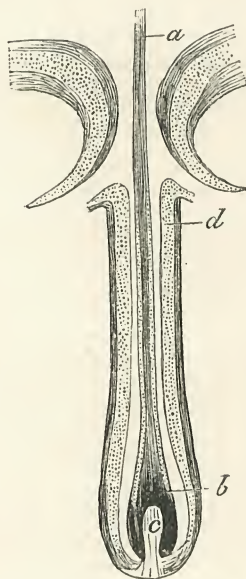
Our last inquiries were all directed to the subject of the upper layer of the skin, which is called the "epidermis," "cuticle," or "scarf skin." Passing this, and going further down in our specimen, we come across a series of elevated cones (Fig. 4a), consisting for the most part of white fibrous tissue; these constitute the uppermost part of the next skin to the cuticle, which is termed the "true skin" or "corium," and forms by far the greater portion of the skin. If you have a good specimen you will see, however, that there are other structures in this "true skin" besides that of white fibrous connective tissue. This part of the skin is the feeling, sensitive part, and therefore carries in it sensory nerves; these nerves end in a kind of bulbous enlargement in the "papillae," as the elevated cones of the corium are called, and these bulbous endings are called "tactile corpuscles," their special function being to receive the sensation of touch. In a specimen in which the blood-vessels have been injected you will see tufts of them in the papillae, and a great number in the true skin generally. And is it not a gloriously conceived idea, magnificently carried out, that this sensitive, delicate true skin should be protected by a layer of epithelium cells, and that that layer should be thickest on the points most exposed to incessant contact with foreign bodies

FIG. 2. (A) SURFACE OF A HAIR.
(B) DETACHED SCALES.

—the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet? The whole skin rests in a cushion of fatty connective tissue, which preserves it in a great measure from the result of violence, and is called the "subcutaneous connective tissue."

You will be certain to have noticed in your

specimen other things in the corium, the construction of which we will inquire into presently. Meanwhile, whilst the memory of the epidermis is still fresh in our minds, let us ask about our nails. Few things are so important to the pleasant appearance of anyone as nice nails, and while I shall presently describe the anatomy of these natural adornments, let me digress for a moment, to give a piece of general advice; that is, never swerve from your loyalty to the nail-brush, never let the penknife approach your nails for the purpose of cleaning them; when you do so your troubles begin. There is a little space between the finger tip and the free edge of the nail, and it is on the absolute cleanliness of this little space that the beauty or otherwise of the nail depends; now, the smaller and shallower that space is, the less easily does it allow dust or dirt of any kind to lodge in it. If you pass a penknife under the free edge of your nail, the probability is that you roughen the under sur-

FIG. 3. (a) STEM. (b) HAIR NOB.
(c) PAPILLA. (d) HAIR FOLLICLE.

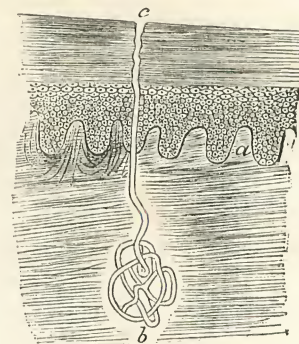
face of the nail, and the certainty is that you deepen the little space between the nail and finger. The nail-brush, however, cleans the little space without enlarging it or injuring the nail. Never forget this, as—in England at any rate—a good deal depends on it.

For the information of those of my girl readers who may not already know it, I will say that that part of the nail which is concealed in a groove by the skin is called the "root," the uncovered part is termed "the body" of the nail, and its termination "the free edge."

Every one of my readers must have noticed near the root a somewhat semicircular white patch in the nail; this is called very suitably the "lunula" (Lat. "little moon").

Let us now, having described roughly the nail, take a microscopic view of the state of things in its construction. Look at Fig. 1; here you see a section, including the nail and the subjacent part in which it lies. Here we have a corium (A) just as we have in ordinary skin, but the upper strata of epithelium are

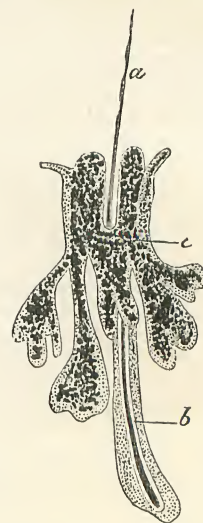
much hardened and condensed, and go to form the nail proper. The part of the corium in which the nail lies is naturally called its "bed," and the part of the corium which generates the nail is called the "matrix." The nail really consists of solidified epithelium,

FIG. 4. (a) PAPILLA OF CORIUM. (b) SWEAT GLAND.
(c) OPENING OF SWEAT-GLAND.

which is always being ultimately thrown off and replaced from behind.

The "matrix," if uninjured, has a wonderful power of reproducing a nail; and if through any misfortune a person loses his or her whole nail, as may result from a severe pinch, provided the "matrix" remains, he or she will have a new nail in the course of time. I daresay many of you have noticed, if you have injured a nail in any way, that the spot which bears the mark of injury gradually works its way to the surface, and at the end of a few weeks is at the "free edge" of the nail. It may be interesting to note that the average growth of a nail is 1-32nd of an inch in a week. One observer called Berthold found out some curious facts about the growth of the nails, amongst which were the following.

Nails grow rather more quickly in summer

FIG. 5. (a) HAIR. (b) HAIR-FOLLICLE.
(c) SEBACEOUS GLAND.

than in winter, and in the right hand than in the left; of the fingers the quickest growing nail was that on the middle finger, the slowest the nail of the thumb. From these facts the girl with a mathematical turn of mind will readily be able to calculate the time necessary

to reach a standard of excellence in beauty in China. Our readers will see a curious picture of "A Chinese gentleman with long nails," on page 84, vol. i., G.O.P.

If you take your specimen of skin, and look carefully through it, your attention will almost certainly be arrested by the presence of one or more hairs which show their extremities at the surface. If you now focus a hair carefully, you will see that it consists of various parts. Raise the lens of the microscope till you can only just dimly make out the hair, you will then by slowly lowering the lens have an opportunity of seeing the surface of the hair, which will be the first part to come into focus; the appearance presented will be much the same as that portrayed in Fig. 2A, *i.e.*, a number of scales like those on the skin of a fish; and indeed this part of the hair is called the skin of it, or "hair cuticle." Now focus down still further, and you will look deeper into the hair; this process of focussing deeper parts is called "optical section"; by this means you will realise that the hair is mainly made up of a fibrous substance which is faintly striated in a longitudinal direction, this part

is called the "fibrous substance" of the hair, and in dark hairs especially is permeated with a colouring matter called "hair pigment." If the hair be a large one, you will find yet another structure forming the central part of the hair, and this is called the "hair-pith," or "hair-medulla"; this part, however, is not present in young small hairs, only in large hairs. This, then, is a general survey of the "stem" of the hair; the stem is that part which is above the surface, and it tapers gradually to the "point."

But a very important part of the hair remains for examination; that is the part which is below the surface, and which is called the "root." This terminates, as you see in Fig. 3, in a rounded extremity, which is embraced by the surrounding structures, and which itself receives a little conical elevation into its interior from below; the extremity of the hair is called the "hair-nob," the conical elevation is called the "hair papilla."

If you look at Fig. 3 you will see that the hair is received in a sort of fold, made for it in the skin; this fold constitutes the hair-follicle. The inner part of this hair-follicle is of the

same construction as the Rete Malpighii of ordinary skin, the outer part is simply corium. The "papilla" is merely an ordinary cutaneous papilla, such as we have studied in skin; and in animals such as cats, who have tactile hairs, this papilla is very evident, and is remarkably well supplied with nerve fibres. From this papilla the hair grows and gets its nourishment.

As to other structures which one may see in skin, Figs. 4 and 5 show roughly their structure; they are both what are termed "glands." Fig. 4 shows a "sweat gland," *i.e.*, an organ which secretes "the perspiration." Fig. 5 shows a sebaceous gland, which secretes a kind of natural oil for the hair; when one of these latter organs gets blocked it gives rise to one of those little nuisances called "comedones," of which Medicus has told you; so that you see there is a great deal to be seen in and learnt from a specimen of skin; and when you see the beauty and elegance of the structure of that skin, does it not prompt you to bestow all care and attention on one of the most beautiful blessings the great Creator has given you?

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

VARIETIES.

THE PICTURE AND THE ORIGINAL.

The question has been often asked whether painters should represent the persons who sit to them adorned with more charms than they really possess? The following anecdote may serve as an answer.

A young man in a country district of France received the picture of the lady whom his friends had destined for his future wife. Struck with the beauties which the portrait presented to his eyes, he hastened immediately to Paris, to see the enchanting original. He found, however, on arriving that the young lady was void of every grace, in short painfully plain-looking.

For that reason he wished to withdraw his pretensions. The parents of the lady became indignant, and pressed him to perform his promise.

"I will marry the picture you sent me, with all my heart," replied the disappointed swain.

CONTENTMENT, BUT NOT SLOTH.—Contentment is a good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

PROFITLESS.—What shall it profit anyone if she discover the origin of species and know exactly how earth worms and sundews conduct themselves, if all the while she grow blind to the loveliness of nature, and is unable to lift her soul to the Divine and Eternal?

BAPTISM IN HELIGOLAND.—A very pretty and interesting custom attends a baptism in Heligoland. While a psalm is being sung, from a side door a procession of little boys and girls troops in and passes in front of the altar. Each carries a little cup or pannikin of water, and pours the contents into the baptismal font. Thus the child's kindred and future playmates contribute the water with which it is admitted into the church.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SMALL THINGS.—No one need hope to rise above her present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a farthing because it is not a shilling.

KIND WORDS.—There are never too many flowers in this world, and not one kind word too many has ever yet been spoken.

A PRUDENT ANSWER.

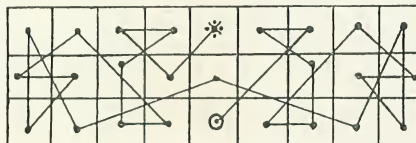
A little girl in Manchester had been corrected by a mild punishment, and was asked if she would do as her parents wanted her to in the future.

"Yes," replied the penitent, "but you mustn't ask me to do anything I don't want to do."

PRAY ALWAYS.—She prays without ceasing who suitably unites prayer with action: for active duty is an integral part of prayer. The whole life should express "Our Father who art in heaven."

SYMMETRICAL PUZZLE.

Key to No. II.—follow on from the star.



No. III.

Construct a symmetrical figure that will indicate the order in which these syllables must be read to form a passage from the *Faerie Queene*.

like	He	as	o	must	bey
die	or	doth	tures	crea	the
dain	they	ev	er	voice	all
live	nor	High	Most	lie	of
y	they	er	Mak	the	their
ask	an	rea	the	great	of
son	eth	why	all	pow'r	in

HOW TO FIND OUT A PERSON'S AGE.

The age of any person and the month in which she was born may be found out as follows:—

Ask her to take a piece of paper and write so that you cannot see what she sets down. Then say, "Write down the number of the month in which you were born, multiply it by 2, add 5 to the sum, multiply the total now by 50, add your age to the result; then deduct 365, and after doing that add 115. Now tell me the answer." The answer will be in three or four figures. Of these the last two indicate the age, and the figure or figures preceding these the month in which she was born.

Suppose she is 17 years old and was born in May, the calculation will stand thus: $5 \times 2 = 10$, $+ 5 = 15$, $\times 50 = 750$, $+ 17 = 767$, $- 365 = 402$, $+ 115 = 517$. Here 5 indicates the number of the month of May, and 17 the age.

MURDER WILL OUT.

"I remember," says the famous Lord Eldon, "in one case where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not seem to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated that the murdered man had been killed by a shot, a gunshot in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood was gradually softened a piece of printed paper appeared, the wadding of the gun, and this proved to be the half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the pocket of the prisoner when he was taken. He was hanged."

PRUDENT COUNSEL.—No one can hurry through early and middle life, filling her days with exciting work, and much of her nights with exciting pleasures, and hope to enjoy a vigorous and valuable old age. Moderation, temperance, a calm mind, and an unburdened conscience are the first essentials.

HOW TO OVERCOME SIN.—Sin is to be overcome not so much by maintaining a direct opposition to it as by cultivating the opposite principle.



"THE LIGHT FELL WHITE AND PITILESSLY ON A WOMAN'S FACE."

KATIE AND ANNIE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

I KNOW them and love them, and tell
Of their goodness wherever I go;
And all in the parish as well
The squire's two fair daughters well know.
They live to do good, and to cheer
Lives lonely and sad in their gloom,
To weep with them sympathy's tear,
And tell of the sorrowless home.

To the young they are idols of love,
In the school, in the playground, and hall,
So brightly amongst them they move,
With a smile and kind word for them all.
And the old at their coming rejoice,
For sunshine encircles their way,
And whisper with quivering voice—
"May blessings go with them each day."

In the life which they live, lives their creed—
No mere "form of words," howe'er true—
Trust in God, love of man, and the deed
Which the generous soul loves to do;
Self-forgetting their service of love,
Their thought only how to please God,
And so blest and blessing they move,
Unresting o'er life's dusty road.

Dear girls, your ambition be this,
As through life you move joyously on,
To do good, and shed some rays of bliss
Into hearts that are dreary and lone.
There are many around who but wait
For the touch of love's finger to rise
From earth's sin and defilement and fret,
To the brightness and calm of the skies.

FOR THE KING'S SAKE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, Author of "Bessie's Sacrifice."

CHAPTER VIII.



THROUGH the length and breadth of Bartonshire fresh rumours began to arise, rumours that kept everyone on the alert and made tongues wag eagerly, half

in excitement, half in terror. People said that Captain Bob, the boldest, most daring gentleman of the road that had ever travelled for the King beyond the sea, had been seen again, that he had made a daring onslaught on a party of travellers, and had this time taken from them a large sum of money.

The usual exaggeration was afloat; the stories grew and grew till the consternation in the neighbourhood amounted to panic. It was further rumoured that John Mowbray was losing the nerve that had stood him in such good stead for many years of cunning espionage, and that such was the dread that the very name of Captain Bob inspired that he dared not proceed to London with the papers he had collected.

Sir Michael heard it all, but paid not overmuch heed; he knew better, he knew that the gallant young leader's short stormy career was over, that somewhere, he knew not where, he was lying deep in mother earth, and his twin-sister was breaking her heart for lack of him. Some spurious impostor had no doubt arisen, probably one of his old followers who knew his ways, and the trick of his manner and dress, even to the short black plume that always marked his hat.

He took every precaution in his power to prevent the rumour from reaching the ears of his wife, but in vain.

One day when Sir Michael was sitting as usual with his sad eyes resting on Eleanor, she half rose on her couch suddenly, and said—

"What are they saying about him? I heard my nurse last night when she thought I was asleep; they spoke of Captain Bob."

"She must be admonished not to speak so loud," said Sir Michael, severely.

"But what was it? What do they say?" cried Eleanor, feverishly.

"The old panic has revived again; someone is doubtless personating him who is no more. Let it rest, sweet-heart."

"And this pretender, what do they say of him?" she asked, eagerly.

"What has he done?"

"He has succeeded in one bold attempt. John Mowbray has lost his nerve, he moves nowhere but with an escort; he is a special object of distrust just now to all the gentlemen who still have a leaning to the old cause. However, knowing the truth, I will not give in to his fears. On his ride to London to-morrow night I shall but allow him two men; it is a foolish terror. Dead men cannot return."

He spoke hastily, but started at the effect of his words on Eleanor; she sat up, the colour glowing in her cheeks.

"For a good cause," she cried, "the dead have indeed sometimes come back."

Sir Michael was startled by his wife's strange words, and for the first time a thrill of suspicion passed through him. Was she deceiving him? Was it all a lie to account for the strange plight in which he had found her on that miserable

night? Was her brother alive? and did she know it?"

For an instant his gentleness forsook him, and he seized her arm in a grip of steel.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, "was it all a lie? I insist upon the truth."

She gave a faint cry, and the tears poured down her cheeks.

"Why do you hurt me so?" she cried. "Is it not enough that I have lost him? Why do you drive home the steel? Robbie is dead—dead! Would God this life were over for me, too!"

He was on his knees, passionately kissing the white arm his fingers had pressed so harshly, and pouring out broken words of love and remorse.

She seemed exhausted, and before long he went away, torn with regret for having wounded her, and with a kind of passionate rebellion in his breast against the fate which ever seemed to stand betwixt himself and his suffering wife.

The days passed and nothing was heard of Captain Bob. John Mowbray, who, with timidity quite new to him, had postponed his journey from day to day, at last mustered up courage to set out.

The time was kept a secret from everyone except Sir Michael, who ordered out two armed men to act as his escort, and mounted them from his own stables.

John Mowbray was to travel by night, and as the night drew on, a stern resolution came upon Sir Michael Newport. He thought of the little party of three men riding through the dark, over-shadowed road in Black Jan Wood, and a conviction came upon him that there would occur a fight for life and death, for the outlaws seemed to possess most strange and unaccountable knowledge of every movement of John Mowbray's.

Sir Michael took with him four or five

men, mounted and armed, and rode out in all authority of the law to guard the king's highway.

It was a moonlight night, not clear and brilliant, but over-cast and stormy; the pale moon sailed through mighty banks of clouds, now emerging suddenly in a burst of wild, white light, now passing fretfully out of sight, leaving the world in darkness.

Black Jan Wood was thick with foliage; the leaves rustled and whispered together; the silence was so profound that at a great distance could be heard the measured trot of the travellers approaching and the champ of their horses' bits.

They rode in absolute silence, the three men close abreast, going at a good round trot, with right hand each on the pistol at the holster of his saddle, and with watchful, wary eyes peering into the dense thickets on all sides.

The moon passed behind a cloud; it was very dark, so dark that the three men drew rein to ride more cautiously, when suddenly, with a rush as if of a whirlwind, they found themselves attacked.

It was too dark to distinguish the number of their assailants, and the rapidity of the onslaught gave no time. John Mowbray's horse lay weltering in his blood, and two dismounted men were fighting over his body.

The struggle waxed fiercer; this would be no easy victory for the gentlemen of the road; both assailants and assailed were desperate.

Now, full on the ear came the

measured tread of disciplined men, a hoarse voice shouted "In the King's name!" and Sir Michael Newport and his men rode up at full trot.

The outlaws saw themselves surrounded, but they fought on as men only fight when hope is extinct.

At the very moment of his triumph a cold fear was in Sir Michael's heart. What if after all his terrible suspicion should be justified, and Captain Bob yet lived! How could he face his wife with her brother's blood upon his hands?

Duty first, the duty that he owed to his country and her laws, he would not allow himself to pause or think.

The moon came out once more, and poured her light on men struggling for dear life. Sir Michael's eyes lit on one of them, a slender figure closely masked; he saw that on his hat he wore the short black plume of Captain Bob.

"God help me!" he cried, with a bitter groan as he fired and shot him through the heart. One bound, not a sigh, not a gasp—the pistol had done its work surely.

Sir Michael returned it to his saddle-bow, and sat grimly waiting on his horse till the *mêlée* should be at an end.

It was over; two shot, two fled; the still, slender form lying flat on the sward, with one hand thrown outwards from which the pistol had dropped, was the body of the leader who had been the terror of the roads.

They would have shown it no tenderness, would have torn off the mask relentlessly, had not Sir Michael interposed.

"Be gentle," he said, hoarsely. "He was a gallant fellow; perhaps some spark of life yet lingers."

"Better not," growled John Mowbray, fiercely. "If you feel compassion for him, the pistol is kinder than the cord."

Sir Michael did not answer; he was off his horse, and was kneeling now beside the dead man.

The moon shone out brilliantly, remorselessly; the clouds rolled away in two great curtains, parting right and left; the light was strong, implacable, stern as truth.

Sir Michael on his knees undid the dead man's mask, shrinking from the blood that stained his hand. The ribbon was twice knotted, and he was uncertain in his movements; he stooped and cut it; the ribbon divided and a mass of long dark hair fell loosened on his hands. Shuddering, he shrank back on his knees.

All the spectators had gathered round, struck with awe. No one spoke, only Sir Michael breathed heavily like a man hissing through his teeth. The long hair hung about his hands, he could not disentangle it.

John Mowbray did not understand, but he felt some instinctive deep compassion; he stooped forward and with a reverent hand drew off the mask.

Then all drew back with a muffled cry, for the light fell white and pitilessly on a woman's face. Only Sir Michael fell forwards, face downwards, on the body of his wife.

(To be concluded.)

POETS OVER-SEA.

A GOSSIP ON THE RECENT POETRY OF AMERICA.

By GLEESON WHITE, Author of "Some Poetry we Read," "Ballades and Rondeaux," etc.

PART II.

THE YOUNGER MEN.

ALTHOUGH in the previous chapter full apology was offered for its desultory arrangement and arbitrary quotation from the authors noted therein, yet before proceeding to glance at the work of the younger men in the same fashion, it is needful to reiterate the purport of this gossip. In selecting names to be included, a certain number chose themselves, as it were, and could not be omitted. But of the crowd of those termed "Minor Poets," whether that disdainful adjective applies to the quality or quantity of their work, there is little definite reason to offer in explanation of the choice of one in preference to another. Accident and opportunity, the parents of so many events in this world, must be responsible for this selection. The easy refuge of alphabetical sequence too lightly scorned before, is now welcomed, for the schools into which the groups must otherwise have been sorted so interlace and subdivide, that in the limited space no such classification seemed practicable. The extracts quoted, however, are by no means at haphazard, but the result of some years of study of the volumes; yet it dare not be claimed that they are in each case the best example of the poet, or the finest specimen of his work; all sorts of reasons, the mechanical limits of the space required (for it was held

best to show a complete poem rather than extracts deprived of their context), being powerful factors in the choice. Again, in the columns of a journal devoted to home-life, many subjects admissible enough in the general reading of the day were not quite in harmony with its mission.

These reservations are stated in justice to the authors represented, all of whom have given me the most helpful aid in the matter, so that the inadequate fulfilment of a scheme that involved years of preparatory work must be blamed to the writer, not to his subject.

The in-gathering here makes a poor show when the mighty crop to be reaped is considered; but the field is very wide and the granary all too small for even the choicest ears of that vast harvest, and the reaper knows only too well how scanty the results of his store.

The definite purpose being to include only the less known men, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, and the rest of those who are as household words, were at once set aside, otherwise the space would have been filled by the first half-dozen. Mr. E. C. Stedman's "Poets of America" (Chatto and Windus, 1885) gives a very full account of these, and a list well nigh exhaustive of the minor poets. From this book the date of birth following the author's name has in each case

been taken. Had space allowed, a short biography of each would have been interesting, especially would it have been valuable in judging how far the habitat of the poet's home influenced his work. For America is not, as we sometimes think and speak of it, all New York and Boston. Nor is its literary outpour from those two centres alone, any more than London and Edinburgh are our only sources of book production. In a country spreading from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and almost from the Tropics to the North Pole itself, the locality of each poet might be expected to influence his work more definitely, than the evidence the majority of the poems actually prove.

It is rather to be suspected that the poet's true influence is the work of former singers, and that his study is not dissimilar wherever the English tongue is spoken. It would be hard to say that the want of local colour forbids the poetry itself to be ranked as pure inspiration, since the work of so many great men is full of subtle and open allusions to their surroundings. The truth is, probably, that the Anglo-Saxon character is much the same everywhere; the mere introduction of whip-poor-will, or katydid, in place of English wild birds, is not enough to change the song into an exotic melody. The evidence of loyalty to the poets we enshrine as our greatest is

rather another proof of the intimate relationship between the old country and its cousins over sea. In face of the fellowship and brotherhood, that in all its literature shows a mood responsive to our own, and a heart that is moved by just the same feelings, and has its standard of right and wrong identical with our own, a happy omen of the united future of the whole English-speaking race may be found. Dreamers, poets, and such feeble folk have a knack of swaying the destiny of nations, in spite of statesmen and armies, and if the great band of those who write and sing are true to a common purpose and work side by side, the most brilliant future for the whole world may be found in the onward march of the two great divisions who speak our common tongue.

But to proceed to the subject. The first on the list of those to be noticed is Aldrich. Yet, to include Thomas Bailey Aldrich among either the "younger men" or the "minor poets" of America would be absurd. For, although born in 1836, and still, as his friend Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet and historian *par excellence* of poets, phrases it, "in his sunny prime," his reputation is not young; for years past his poetry has been published and loved in England. Still less could he be accounted a minor poet. His works may be small, but they are little masterpieces. Like one who fashioned a Greek gem, he brings to an intaglio of exquisite finish all the best qualities of colossal work. Within his self-prescribed limits the ideas and thoughts are as large and the execution as free as though an epic were being wrought. Yet with rare lyrical faculty and exquisite restraint he obtains "infinite riches in small room." His "Thirty-two Lyrics and Twelve Sonnets" (Sampson Low, 1881) might be each quoted in proof of this assertion, and one is included in defence, should it be needed, of the praise that is ungrudgingly bestowed on his work by all who are familiar with it.

IDENTITY.

Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—
In Twilight land—in No-man's land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

Oscar Fay Adams, the author of handbooks to English and American poetry, and editor of a delightful series of booklets, "Through the Year with the Poets," is also familiar as a frequent contributor to those Transatlantic magazines that are in every English home. His one volume yet published, "Poet Laureate Idylls," takes the stories of the old nursery rhymes, and re-tells them in happy imitation of the cadences of Tennyson. These are gracefully wrought and entirely charming, but too lengthy for quotation. From a group of sonnets and lyrics in the same work a dozen might be culled, yet one must suffice—a rondeau that has graver thought within its bonds than most rondeau writers attempt, although it has no hint of the humour and fancy of the lighter work of the pieces that entitle the book.

WITH A PRAYER BOOK.

In Common Prayer our hearts ascend
To that white throne where angels bend.
Now grant, O Lord, that those who call
Themselves by Thy dear name may all
Show forth Thy praise in lives that tend
To noble purpose, lofty end,
And unto us Thy blessing lend,
As low upon our knees we fall
In Common Prayer.

In this dear book past ages blend
Their voice with ours; we do commend
Our souls, in doubt and sin held thrall,
To His fond care, and cot and hall
Alike to him petitions send
In Common Prayer.

Mr. Oscar Fay Adams must not be confused with Charles Follen Adams, the author of "Leetle Yawcob Strauss," and "Dialect Ballads," that by their homely pathos and quaint humour have won friends all over the world. They are hardly within the limits of this chapter, discursive and catholic though it be. But for lovers of cleverly reproduced dialect, and the fun of homely life, they are, in their way, worthy of very high praise.

The two volumes, "Berries from the Briar" and "Sonnets in Shadow," by Arlo Bates, are marked by many of the characteristics of the best modern work. Each number has its central idea, and the thought is expressed in cleanly wrought, delicate lines; they are perfectly successful so far as they essay; and in this hurried, overloaded day there is need for such easily-grasped poems, in place of the dull epic or long-spun ode of an earlier fashion. The danger is that the public who judge by mere quantity of material may not observe the excellence of the work of this school of poets, whose aim is to give a complete work of art in a tiny space. Here is a little "impression" that surely has the light and colour of nature with a human touch that makes it no mere instantaneous photograph, but a poem.

A WINDY DAY.

As silver 'neath the smith's quick beat
Gleam the reflections in the bay,
Pale, trampled fires that have no heat
By the wind crushed from gold to gray.

The volume, "Sonnets in Shadow," contains a stately sequence of sonnets that are in memory of a lost one, and, in their sad despairing sorrow recall Tennyson's "In Memoriam," but the gloom of this poem is almost unpierced by the hope that lights the earlier elegy. To extract one from its rightful place would fail to do justice to the well-thought-out plan of the whole group. Yet since Mr. Bates uses the sonnet form so frequently, here is an example from his "Berries of the Briar."

CONTENT.

Contented lie the noontime resting herd;
Content are dotards, nodding heads of snow;
Content are prattling babes, too young to know
The hopes by which the mother's heart is stirred.
But strong men, fired with zeal unswerving,
gird
Their loins with patience, and to battle go;
Their souls with yearning filled, little they know
Of lotus-fed content! The soaring bird
Sees still new deeps above, and longing sends
Her song aspiring toward those loftier skies
She may not reach; and heroes, unto ends
Beyond attaining, strive with eager eyes
In godlike effort that as far transcends
Poor dull content as heaven an earthly prize.

The one volume of collected poems by H. C. Bunner ("Airs from Arcady," Charles Scribner & Sons, 1884) has found an English edition, but is yet not so well known as it deserves to be, although, thanks to the inconsistency of international copyright, much of it has been familiar in the corners of our provincial newspapers and journals that exist for the sake of collecting the flotsam and jetsam cast on the shores by the great ocean of literature.

The poems are lightly touched, and have a

vein of bright humour that is distinctly original, and well within the limits of the most rigorously exact taste. Like all true humorists, the singer has pathos in equal degree, and to quote but the one side of his verse is hardly fair. Yet while many are sad in this world, and can convey their sadness in expressive lines, it is given to fewer to be able to impart their humour in as scholarly a fashion. And just because the refined fancy and fun that infuses Mr. Bunner's rhymes is so far beyond the highest average, some of it must be quoted in proof of the bold assertion.

CANDOR.

(October.—A Wood.)

"I know what you are going to say," she said;
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall.
"You are going to speak of the hectic Fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you are going to say," she said.
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said,
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run in rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?
Why, everybody has seen it here!—
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say, you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

The volume has some charming examples of rondels and other forms; some very dainty pathetic verse of an exceedingly high order. Among its lighter things in "The Wail of the Personally Conducted," a very clever burlesque in an exceedingly difficult rhythm, are some extremely happy stanzas that plead for quotation.

Integral were we in our old existence,
Separate beings, individually;
Now are our entities, blended, fused, and
founded—
We are one person.

We are not mortals, we are not celestials,
We are not birds, the upper ether cleaving;
We are a retrogression toward the monad—
We are Cook's Tourists.

All ways we follow him who holds the
guide book,
All things we look at with bedazzled optics;
Sad are our hearts, because the vulgar
rabble

Call us the Cookies.

* * * * *

Mr. Bunner's *tour de force* of the Chant Royal, "Mrs. Jones" is an unparalleled flight in modern burlesque art, and may outlive even the historic form it parodies—possibly hand down the legend of its existence to antiquarians of the remote future.

In "The King's Garden," by James Berry Bensell (Lothrop), there are some poems notable for their fancy, and instinct with the subtle essence of true poetry; but although the initial poem, and others—"The Statue in the Wood," "About Myself"—might well be quoted here, inexorable restrictions of space forbid. So, too, of "Clover Leaves," by Ella Baker, a posthumous volume of collected verse, with much of the fervour and graceful feeling that have made Miss Havergal's poetry so popular; yet it is hardly correct to attribute such a result to the poet's art alone, for when a subject dear to the writer and reader is set forth in easy lines, the art is overlooked, and the subject alone fascinates readers who do not analyse the source of their emotions.

"Point Lace and Diamonds," by George A. Baker, jun., is, as its name suggests, a volume of lighter verse, done in neat graceful way with much of the local colour required by *vers de société*. As an example of a happy treatment of a subject that might in its handling easily offend the prejudice of worthy people, the following may be quoted as characteristic of the author's work, which it may be said is more distinctly American in its tone than many others of the same school; its slang is the slang of the States, and its society allusions redolent of customs and fashions that we only know by hearsay.

THOUGHTS ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

Love your neighbour as yourself,
So the parson preaches;
That's one-half the Decalogue
So the Prayer Book teaches.

Half my duty I can do
With but little labour,
For with all my heart and soul
I do love my neighbour.

Mighty little credit then
To my self-denial;
Not to love her, though, might be
Something of a trial.
Why, the rosy light that peeps
Through the glass above her
Lingers round her lips:—you see
E'en the sunbeams love her.

So to make my merit more,
I'll go beyond the letter;
Love my neighbour as myself?
Yes, and ten times better.
For she's sweeter than the breath
Of the Spring, that passes
Through the fragrant, budding woods,
O'er the meadow grasses.

And I've preached the word, I know,
For it was my duty
To convert the stubborn heart
Of the little beauty.
Once again success has crowned
Missionary labour,
For her sweet eyes own that she
Also loves her neighbour.

John Vance Cheney (1840) is a familiar signature to dainty poems in the American magazines. In his volume, "Thistle Drift," there are many lyrics felicitously turned, and spontaneous in their clear, easy expression, Light as the thistle drift he so aptly christens them they are, but the art is there although concealed. There are a dozen that might be quoted, any one of which would show the same careless grace and facile movement. "The Way of It" has a delicious lilt in it, that yearns for musical setting; and one a shade more serious, showing how a new treatment of a theme so well worn as "The Arrow and the Song" may yet shape a distinctly fresh lyric.

THE WAY OF IT.

The wind is awake; little leaves, little leaves,
Heed not what he says—he deceives, he
deceives;

Over and over
To the lowly clover
He has lisped the same love (and forgotten it,
too)
That he'll soon be lisping and pledging to you.

The boy is abroad; dainty maid, dainty maid,
Beware his soft words—I'm afraid, I'm afraid,
He's said them before
Times many a score

Ay, he died for a dozen ere his beard pricked
through,
As he'll soon be dying, my pretty, for you.

The way of the boy is the way of the wind;
As light as the leaves is dainty maid-kind;
One to deceive
And one to believe,
That is the way of it year by year,
But I know you will learn it too late, my dear.

THE LOST SONG.

Upon a summer day
I sang a little song,
And something soft did say,
"It won't, it won't go wrong."

I sang it high and clear,
Right cheery to the last;
But freighted with a tear,
It down the summer passed.

I sang it brave and loud,
The tear quenched not its flame;
'Twas caroled to the crowd
In long applause of fame.

Now many years had gone,
The heralds went and came;
Alas! it was not on
The mighty wings of fame.

"Well, let it go," I said,
"The idle little song;
The tear was foolish shed—
It did, it did go wrong."

Then, sweet with love's own art,
A mother sang and smiled:
She'd kept it in her heart
To sing it to my child.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER III.

FRITILLARY GATHERING. KITTY LEARNS BETIMES THE
SERIOUSNESS OF LIFE.

THE years which were so full of growing excitement and coming strife to the English nation passed gently over Kitty Dacre in the calm retreat of Oriel, and changed her from a child of ten to a girl between fourteen and fifteen. Her father never talked, if he could help it, on the political troubles which already had the country in their grip, and least of all would he have dreamt of speaking of them to Kitty, as has been seen.

Mrs. Judy, if she attended to much beyond her household economy, did not confide what rough inking she had of the brewing storm to her charge.

Lady Ottery, taught by bitter experience, was equally reticent.

Nay, "Jackie," who had attained the promotion of becoming, after the example of his cousin Anthony Walton, of Islip Barnes, who was as much older

than John Dacre as John was older than his sister Kitty, a demy or scholar of Magdalen College, had suddenly developed a similar silence. Yet the subject on which he was silent unquestionably deeply interested and rent into two opposing parties all the young scholars of Oxford of the time, just as it kept surging up in the minds of the greater proportion of their seniors, engrossing their thoughts to the detriment of art and letters.

The four years difference of age between John and Kitty Dacre had assumed, for the moment, what would probably be the most prominent aspect it would bear throughout their lives. For when is there a greater gap between a boy and a girl than when a boy is an intelligent, precocious lad between eighteen and nineteen, fired with the desire to assert his independence of thought, and claim his heritage of action, and the girl has not long entered

her teens, is kept back by the retirement and subjection in which she has lived, and finds her daily tasks and amusements quite sufficient for her latent powers; in short, when she is a docile, simple creature, if neither silly nor trifling?

Somehow Kitty and her old Jackie, whom she was tutoring her tongue to style Jack or John, had slipped a little apart, and she was conscious, with a dull pain at her contented, cheerful, yet most affectionate heart, that they were not so much to each other as they had been. This was not merely because they no longer lived in the same house, as Kitty sometimes tried to tell herself, for not even when they met, which of course was frequently, did her brother tell her his stories as he used to do, or find leisure to listen to her stories in return. He did not fail in kindness, but he was more or less occupied with his books or his college friends, which after all was natural enough, if Kitty had understood human nature. It

seemed as if he preferred their cousin Anthony, a young man of two and twenty, to whom Jack Dacre had attached himself with the enthusiastic regard which some lads feel for their chum, or mate, among their school or college companions.

Kitty did not like to be superseded in her brother's friendship even by their cousin Anthony. She was hurt, and inclined in consequence to look coldly on Anthony, though the eclipse which she had suffered might be no fault of his. But she did not yield to her indignation more than she could help. She even tried to be satisfied when she heard her father praise Jack's diligence at his books, commend his gravity for his age, and say that he owed some of his steadiness and industry to Anthony Walton, who was a sensible fellow, and a zealous, indefatigable student.

What appeared to Kitty to be the greatest work of the last year was the rebuilding of Oriel, with its ogee battlements and square tower.

A pleasant custom which still survives at Oxford was already in force when Kitty Dacre was growing up. It was the gathering baskets full of the dusky crimson and white fritillaries or snake's-head lilies, which are largely peculiar to the meadows, and in their subtle beauty not without a mysticism of its own, exert a fascination over their spoilers.

Kitty was gathering fritillaries in the Merton meadows on a sweet spring day in 1640. She was not alone, of course, for in spite of all the chancellor's efforts, Oxford was still too much beset by idle evil-doers, dissolute refractory students, and their hangers-on at the colleges, tramps, disbanded straggling soldiers, for any young maid of Kitty's degree to be suffered to venture so far afield unattended. She was accompanied by her two cousins, Prissy and Alice Walton, sisters of Anthony Walton, from Islip Barnes, while a man-servant, whom the Waltons had brought with them into Oxford, kept at a respectful distance behind the girls as they filled their baskets.

Kitty had learnt to love her cousins like elder sisters in those visits to Islip Barnes, where she was made much of by them, and duly introduced to the denizens of the stable, the cow-house, and the poultry-yard. Prissy and Alice, rather than their half-invalid mother, had tried to teach little Kitty notable country habits and ways. When Jackie would attend Anthony to the harvest field and the barn, the sheep-washing and the horse-shoeing, Kitty would join in the cheese-making, the fruit-picking, the apple-storing, and the pastry-baking. The brother and sister were growing too old for such pursuits to be unmingled delights, and without stopping to ask the reason why, had been less at Islip Barnes during the last year and a half. John Dacre had been elected a demy at Magdalen like Anthony Walton, and dwelt in college. Kitty had been kept, according to Lady Ottery's and Mrs. Judy's sense of propriety, more strictly at her embroidery frame and at the practice of reading the many-volumed French romances aloud to an inattentive listener in the person of Dame Tabitha.

But what did it signify though the dame's wits went wool-gathering and she did not hear, so far as the sense went, a single word of the interminable histories of *Cleopâtre* or *Praximène*, when the exercise was solely for the purpose of Kitty's learning to pronounce and understand French, that she might grow up a gently nurtured young lady according to the ideas of the day! For Lady Ottery was determined that her god-daughter should "be bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, and honourably." Dame Tabitha took care that her wits should stay at home when Kitty read her a lesson out of the Bible and the prayer-book, or from one of Dr. Jeremy Taylor's sermons, but it would be a waste of wits to give more heed than was necessary for the sound to the French romances. Still, though Kitty had gone less to Islip Barnes than formerly, she continued to love all the family there with the exception of the delinquent Anthony, who had lost her good graces for the present, and to welcome every occasion like this visit of the Waltons to Oxford, of being with them. Later in the day the girls were to be met by their respective brothers, who knew what was in the wind, but in the meantime they found each other excellent company.

Kitty had no crow to pluck with Prissy and Alice as she had with Anthony. They and their mother were the only near female kindred she had known. The sisters were just the two or three years older than their cousin, which enabled her to look up to them with the respect and admiration which a very young girl feels for nearly grown up companions of her own sex, who are, as she is ready to believe, so much better informed and fitter to act in the world than she is, while they still condescend to receive her into their friendship, and are yet young enough themselves to share her occupations and amusements, and the disproportion of cause and effect in her gladness or sadness—when she is sad. Of the sisters, Kitty was fonder of the elder, Prissy, though she had a big enough heart for both. Alice was certainly the prettier, but there were other people besides Kitty who thought there was something in Prissy's dark-haired, dark-eyed, kindly, intelligent face, granted that the complexion was pale, and the features irregular, like her brother Anthony's, which had an attraction, at least, equal to that of Alice's beauty. Alice had a straight, clearly-cut profile, and a fine colour, which in its owner's private opinion was only too fresh and bright. Alice had a secret hankering after an interesting delicacy of complexion and an equally interesting fragility of constitution, knowing nothing about either, happy girl! She was well-disposed and good-natured, but much more pre-occupied and self-conscious than Prissy, and for that reason just a little silly. She was tempted to cultivate airs and graces, to which her mother was over-indulgent. For Madam Walton was a gentle-natured woman, subdued betimes by her widowed state and by her suffering in reality from those invalid weaknesses which Alice in her ignorance and dash of folly coveted.

Prissy, too, indulged Alice, who was the youngest of the family. It was only her brother who laughed at her and put his foot down relentlessly on her various absurdities.

The Waltons were dressed as became young gentlewomen, the daughters and sisters of squires of a moderate, though not large, estate. In Alice's case there was some little coquetry of ribands and lace, very natural to her sixteen years; but the sisters' toilets were on the whole plainer and graver, with less of the silken embroidery, and nothing of the gold or silver braid which was to be seen on Kitty's dress. For Lady Ottery and Mrs. Judy both entertained a fancy for its being rich in texture and bright in colour. Even Dr. Dacre liked Kitty to be girlishly gay. "I wot my little bird should have as pretty feathers as the other birds," he would say, when his attention was called to the subject. But either because there were two girls instead of one to dress at Islip Barnes, and Madam Walton was a prudent as well as an indulgent mother, or because Prissy's taste insensibly influenced her younger sister's, there was the difference described, which Kitty for one person scarcely noticed in the clothes of the cousins. Kitty could not put less weight on the distinction than Prissy put. Her sweetly serious cast of character, and the degree to which she was engrossed with promoting the happiness of others, left her little inclination or leisure to pay more attention to dress than harmonious suitability and scrupulous neatness required.

The Oxford which existed before the great rebellion was not less beautiful than it is now. Nay, its walls with their occasional bastions, its fortified gates and high narrow bridges, in one or two instances surmounted by bridge-houses—the Grand Pont bearing the old tower known as Friar Bacon's Study—gave it additional quaintness. The many-towered city showed its crowd of stately towers and spires, like trees in a forest, then as now. The square tower of Magdalen beyond the walls, the pinnaled tower of Merton, the crowned twin towers of All Souls, the towers of St. Michael and the Castle, the mass of buildings at Christ Church, the spire of St. Mary the Virgin, were conspicuous.

The heron-haunted Cherwell met the broad sweep of the Isis, and the two rivers more than half girdled the meadows and colleges with their brimming waters. The river walks and groves were already the shadiest and sweetest of scholarly haunts, though the Magdalen walks were yet unmade, and Addison's foot had still to tread them. "The Bonnie Christ Church Bells" were waiting for Big Tom and their poet, but as it was, they broke ever and anon on the stillness.

It was too early in the year for even the first summer outburst of blossoming may and budding roses, and such wealth of greenery as could not be surpassed in England. For all around Oxford the remnants of the great forest in which the town once stood—of which the Nuneham, Blenheim, and Wych Woods, with

the Wytham and Bagley Woods are detached fragments—lingered in coppice and hanger, in rows of elms here, and groups of oaks and beeches there, and osier beds every where.

But in anticipation of later May and June, there was perhaps a still tenderer more exquisite light on the powdering of green on bush and tree, with the purple tinge marking the swelling of the bourgeons. There was a like charm in the grass under foot beginning to grow longer and more vivid in its green, as if to hide the swaying golden kingcups, the knots of pale primroses and freckled cowslips, the drooping bells of the dimly-red or greenish-white fritillaries, which the seekers came to find.

"Mother says it is a little like mere gadding to bring the coach into Oxford just to pick a basket full of such useless things as snake's-head lilies. We could have plenty of cowslips for the gathering at home, and after we were tired of looking at the best bunches, we might make the rest into cowslip wine, which would be a useful way of spending our time," said Prissy; she gave a little sigh, in a sensitive conscience's remorse for being so idle and so happy in a world which needed all its work, and was sadly often a suffering world to boot.

"Ay," chimed in Alice, who was a trifle lazy, and inclined to sink down among the fritillaries, doing nothing more than hold a long, slender flower-stalk by the tip and tickle her nose with the bell, while Kitty Dacre was hunting as ardently as ever, and collecting a greater sheaf each moment, "and brother Anthony says we might chance to find fritillaries at Islip if we looked narrowly enough for them; but I know not, and I care not to take the trouble. It is wearisome enough driving over a road that hath not been mended since last spring, without wading through all the boggy places in the meadows at home. Cousin, dost mean to leave one lily for the unfortunate creatures who are to come after us?"

Kitty stopped in consternation.

"Oh! am I taking them all? I did not mean to be greedy. But no, cousin Alice, thou art twitting me for thine own amusement. There are ever so many more yonder, and yonder, and there are heaps just springing. But I am sorry if Aunt Walton grudged your coming, for you know I should not have had you, which is such a pleasure to me, if you had either contented yourselves with cowslips, or found fritillaries out at Islip. It is like cousin Anthony to think of such a thing," she ended, with a sudden flash of hardly-repressed exasperation.

"But mother did not grudge us our visit," interposed Prissy, always the peacemaker, and quick to explain away a misconception. "She never grudges us anything if it be not absolutely wrong, and she wearies to hear news of you and Dr. Dacre."

"And why should it be like Tony to seek to keep us away?" inquired Alice, half inquisitively, half lazily. "Sure he may be glad we've come, for we've brought in such a basket of the best mutton, hams, and cream cheeses, and

home-made cakes, as no college cook could think to equal. He and Master Jackie will have a treat; but they don't deserve it if either is so wedded to his books as not to hurry forth to welcome a sight of his kindred."

"The lads will be pleased enough to seek us here," said Prissy, with her pretty sedateness and precocious motherliness, for she was her mother's deputy and the chief housekeeper out at Islip Barnes. "And I writ and promised beforehand that we should go back with them to their rooms and rest and try what they could provide for our entertainment. I hope your father and Mrs. Judy will not expect you back much before supper-time, Kitty, since we went first to your house and paid our respects to our uncle."

In spite of her grievance against her cousin Anthony, Kitty was nothing loth to beat up what was also her brother's quarters at Magdalen, in the privileged company of her cousins Prissy and Alice. She was pleased to spend a merry afternoon among young people like herself, instead of drowsily stitching beside Mrs. Judy, or stumbling through French romances to Lady Ottery.

"It is all so nice," said Prissy, in her thoughtful, half-dreamy way, letting some of the fritillaries drop through her slender fingers as she spoke. "The grass and the water and the sky so clear and warm to-day, and you, Kitty, in the meadows with us, and the happy meeting with our brothers anon. Who would think that the times are so out of joint, and that there are such heavy clouds hanging over this poor country of England, which ought to be happy and prosperous if men would but do their duty?"

"But how are the times out of joint?" asked Kitty, wonderingly. "And what men are refusing to do their duty?"

"Why, cousin Kitty, do you know nought of the troubles that are abroad and are threatening more and more to swallow up all our pleasant days and quiet nights?" questioned Prissy, surprised in her turn. "Maybe thou art full young for such considerations, but Alice here is only two years and I three thy senior."

"And I have heard enough and to spare of tiresome politics," put in Alice, with an assumption of a pout, as she tore a fritillary bell to pieces. "Thou art younger than I, at the same time thou art not a baby neither. There now, have you good people in Oxford not learnt from the news letters that little Princess Mary is to be married in a year's time to her cousin, the Prince of Orange? Fie upon thee, Mrs. Kitty! she is five years younger than thou art; and as for Prissy and me, we are regular old maids beside her, and ought to be leading apes in chains presently. Aren't you interested to hear what the little bride will wear, and how she will behave herself? Will they give her a few pinafores, think you, among her bridal suits?"

"I did hear of that, Alice," Prissy defended herself from the accusation of crass ignorance. "My Lady Ottery did tell me, and I was very entertained and interested. But I agreed with my lady

that it was a pity, and a very bad thing for the poor Princess. What sort of wife and helpmeet to a man should I make? So how can a child like her be wise enough to marry?"

"Good lack! an it need such stores of wisdom, then I had better make up my mind to living and dying single," said Alice, in mock humility.

"You are as good as an only child among grown-up people," answered Prissy, still in bewilderment. "And you have always been old-fashioned and noticing. Have you not hearkened to the talk of your father and Lady Ottery?"

Poor Kitty looked as if she had been guilty of heedless omission.

"I never meant not to listen, cousin, when I was by, for sometimes they have sent me out of the way, but I cannot call to mind that they have ever talked of anything lately beyond ordinary talk—what is happening to their friends in Oxford here, and about my lady's leases, or concerning the roguery of her last bailiff, for I am sorry to tell you Giles Crossley hath proved a rogue, though my lady was unwilling to believe it at first. If she speaks of anything further to my father, it is of how she saw things managed in France and the Low Countries when she was in exile with Sir Jasper."

"Ah! then, Kitty, there is much for thee to learn before thou art many years older, which will grieve thee to hear," said Prissy, shaking her womanly head. "Perchance it is kinder to leave you in ignorance."

"No, no," cried Kitty, with all the eager, healthful interest of a child who has been kept out of a secret, with which she has at last an opportunity of becoming acquainted. "Tell me what bad fortune is looked for; unless, indeed, you have been forbidden to speak to me," she added, reluctantly.

"Nobody did tell us to hold our tongues," said Prissy, hesitatingly.

"And they would be very clever an they could make us," put in Alice.

"Be quiet, Alice. You are not doing yourself justice; you know you could be as silent as most, if you thought your speech would bewray your friends," said Prissy, smiling kindly at her sister, as if the two were mother and daughter at least, and not sisters with but a year between them.

"I don't know where to begin, cousin Kitty," went on Prissy. "I am frightened that I may say things which will startle you. People who do know maintain that the King is going beyond his prerogative, and ruling unconstitutionally. They say that the Star Chamber and the Council, which are High Courts up in London, are both abuses that have crept into the Government. Many of the King's true friends and faithful servants as well as his enemies say so, and that he doth quite wrong to assemble Parliaments, and then dismiss them because the members will not vote according to his pleasure, and to levy taxes and exact loans without the consent of the Lords and Commons. He hath also sought to make the Scots worship against their consciences, as he, or my Lord the

Archbishop for him, hath tried to force thousands of the English to do ever since the King's accession."

"I thought His Majesty knew best, and that whatever he did was sure to be right," said Kitty, simply.

"Not right if he should break his coronation oath, and violate the law of the country," said Prissy, solemnly.

"But he will not do that," protested Kitty, stoutly; "he will think better of it, and everything will come right forthwith. He is not a wicked tyrant, such as one reads about; everyone says he is good and kind."

"He may think no evil, and yet have bad councillors," said Prissy, shaking her head again. "The Petition of Right to set matters straight hath come to nought. Master Hampden hath been arrested and tried for non-payment of ship-money, which he had no call to pay. If he had been thrown into the Tower like Sir John Eliot, he might have died there. Master Prynne has again been **had up** for another of his violent books; and, oh, the horror of it, Kitty! he hath had the stumps—all that was left of his poor ears—cut off afresh, been branded on the cheeks with the letters S T., short for 'Seditious Traitor,' been fined anew to his utter impoverishment, and sentenced to lie in prison for the rest of his days."

Kitty stood aghast. She still remembered the terrible tale by which her childish pulses had been stirred, when she heard it incidentally as a running commentary on "the merry play without offence," acted before the King and Queen in the hall of St. John's.

"But the Chancellor will not suffer such cruel deeds to be done again, and the King and everybody will be sorry, and it will all come right soon," persisted Kitty, wistfully.

"Alas, Kitty, my Lord the Archbishop is known to be fully consenting to such work, not because he doth not seek to serve God in his own way, but because he desires uniformity of creed and worship. And my Lord Strafford—didst ever see or hear of him, cousin?" the speaker paused to ascertain.

"Yes," said Kitty, hastily; "he was a swarthy man, who, as I heard tell, only scowled when other people praised the play at St. John's—that grand time the King and Queen were there, you know, Prissy."

"Well, though he spoke powerfully in favour of the Petition of Right when it was first presented, he is all against the Commons now. He hath been sent by the King to meet the Scots, who are up in arms for the defence of their form of the Protestant religion. If he fail to beat them and trample them down as he hath treated the Irish, the whisper goes that his head is not safe on his shoulders. He will be impeached the moment he returns, and men think he will be brought to the block without fail."

"I am very sorry," said Kitty, with scared eyes, "and I spoke ill of the poor gentleman not a moment gone. But it is no business of ours," protested the girl, standing at bay, as it were, in defence of her happy, untroubled girlhood, which was in danger of passing

away from her. "Father says we are bound to leave it to those whom it doth concern, and content ourselves with doing our little duty, which is none too easy even for the youngest of us, as Alice and I can testify. It is the King's matter and his Ministers. He loves his people, as nobody will deny, and if he hath made mistakes, or other people have made them for him, he will amend them—trust him for it. Oh, yes, and it will all come right without our troubling our foolish heads, even if father had not laid his charge upon me long ago, not to be meddlesome. It is neither loyal nor safe," insisted Kitty. "Of course we are only girls, and could do nought; it would be a deal worse if we were boys. Still, it do sound hateful and high treasonable, and not in the least like you, cousin Prissy, to speak thus, so, if it please you, we'll have no more on't," ended Kitty, with considerable spirit and independence considering her fourteen years, and her admiration for her cousins, especially Prissy.

"You may say that, Kitty," acquiesced Alice, with a "heigho!" between a sigh and a yawn. "Mind, I believe as I have been taught, and that sister Prissy speaks true, but I don't see that girls who can do nought should mope and run the risk of a fit of the spleen, because men, with Tony and Jack among them, get into scrapes. I daresay, as cousin Kitty thinks, they will scramble out of them again."

"I protest I had no desire to spoil your pleasure," said Prissy, hastily, with the tears coming into her soft, dark eyes; "but I cannot help it. Will it not be our business, everybody's business, saving Dr Dacre's opinion, when our men, our boys, too—Anthony and John among them, as thou sayst—are driven to draw their swords, every man against his neighbour and brother, and to drench England in blood?"

"Oh, that can never be," cried Kitty, shivering, and drawing back appalled. As she did so her glance chanced to fall on some of the fritillary flowers which were past their bloom, and beginning to wither and shrink. She caught the fantastic resemblance to the head of the snake, which gives the plant its popular name. There were the projecting tongue and the fangs, with the quick, stealthy movement, as the wind fluttered the thin petals. The flower looked for a second as if it were a living creature grinning and mocking at her, and Kitty recoiled anew.

"Well," said Alice, speaking in a voice of awe in spite of her late inclination to side with Kitty in making light of Prissy's concern at the signs of the times, "they do say that my Lady Eleanor Davys, who hath the gift of seeing into the future, predicted six years ago that the Queen would have but sixteen more years of greatness and happiness, and that the Lady Eleanor did spy scores and hundreds of men uncoffined, in bloody armour, looking up with unseeing eyes at the sky from trodden-down battlefields, and that not across the sea, but here in England."

"I pay no heed to my Lady Eleanor's ravings," asserted Prissy, with girlish

dignity. "It is what I have gathered from the edifying conversation of such scholarly and wise men as brother Anthony bringeth about the house when he is at home. They are all older than he, and some have attained middle life, but they do not despise his youth, or decline to take up with him. There is Master George Wither, who was himself a demy of Magdalen; and little Master Robert Blake, who was of Wadham, which he visits when he can spare time, for he was recalled to Bridgewater to look after his mother's affairs. It was a shame that he had not the Fellowship in Merton for which he tried, but the Warden liked not such little men, as if a man's brains had aught to do with his stature! If he had ever heard Master Blake speak against the national *backslidings*, he would have known that the little man hath the eye of an eagle and the courage of a lion. Even Master Hampden has deigned to come and see Anthony, though he is a man of far greater estate than ours of Islip Barnes, and he is a distinguished statesman to boot. He is frank and genial in speech, and as it happens, he also was a demy of Magdalen. But mercy on me! What am I doing, mentioning names?" broke off Prissy, in lively distress. "You will forget them, Kitty, for my sake, for all our sakes."

"You have not spoken one name, sister Prissy," Alice interrupted Kitty's willing promise to do her best to forget what she had no mind to remember. In spite of the impression which the last part of the conversation had made on Alice, she could not refrain from a piece of private girlish mischief. "Why not give Frank Windebank's name along with the others? Dost keep it back out of a slight or of a compliment? I warrant he merits mention, for I am certain if it were not for the long, doleful discourses you and he hold together on the unhappy state of the country, you would not take it so much to heart."

Prissy coloured crimson, and was more put out than ever.

"Oh, Alice, how canst thou be so rash," she reproached her sister, "when thou art well aware that Colonel Windebank holds a commission in his Majesty's army, in which he has always comported himself like a gallant soldier and an honest gentleman," she added proudly. "But if the smallest suspicion of disaffection to the Government were to attach to him, not only would his whole prospects be jeopardised, he would be in danger of being tried by court-martial."

"Oh, but Kitty will keep her own counsel," asserted Alice, evidently a little frightened at what she had done. "If she decline to damage the reputation of Master Blake and Master Wither, and her own cousin Tony, she will not, sure, employ herself in blackening the military character of your friend Colonel Windebank."

"Why persist in calling him my friend?" asked Prissy, tremulously.

The situation was getting a little strained, but just then the two brothers arrived and made a welcome diversion.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—We are always happy to answer suitable questions from our girls. Your first step is to apply to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, Westminster, S.W., for the papers issued. Bad spelling is the cause of the failure of the majority of candidates at the preliminary examination. Arithmetic, handwriting, spelling, English composition, geography, and English history are the subjects in which you will have to pass.

MISS FRANCES sent us, some time ago, a request to notice her correspondence classes, connected with her Society for the Study of Algebra, French, and English; and we may observe that prizes are given annually in each department. She must be addressed, "Care of Mr. Howard, 62, Green Lanes, N." From extracts of letters from members of this society it seems to be a popular one.

ISABEL.—Write to our publisher for the illustrated volume brought out by the Religious Tract Society, "The Midnight Sky," price seven shillings and sixpence; he will give you information about the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, price five shillings. Ours is the editorial, not the publishing, department.

EARNEST INQUIRER.—We have given a considerable series of articles on good breeding, the "Art of Conversing Agreeably," and how you should conduct yourself under every circumstance of life, and the special duties devolving on you in its various relations; read these. Writing fairly good and legible.

LYDIA.—There are many correspondence classes for preparing students for University exams. For the London University, Cambridge Higher, Durham, etc., write to the secretary, E. S. Weymouth, Esq., 38, Christchurch Road, Brondesbury, N.W. For Newnham College, Cambridge, write to Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge. For a similar scheme of instruction by correspondence there are St. George's Hall Oral and Correspondence Classes, giving also assistance in home study to those who do not wish to become candidates for the exams. Apply to Miss M. R. Walker, secretary, St. George's Hall, 7, Randolph Place, Edinburgh. 2. Your English needs attention; for example, in the use of "would" and "should." Also, you confound the conjunctions "if" and "whether"; and again, you cannot say "I am twenty years," nor "I am twelve months," but you may be twenty years of age. We wish you all success, and thank you for your kind letter.

HASSIE.—No hospital would receive you at your age. At the Children's Hospital the age is upwards of twenty-one years; at others the age is twenty-five. Uniform, board, lodging, and washing, together with a small rising salary, are granted from the first at nearly all the hospitals. If you want a little cheap manual to prepare you for such a vocation, you had better obtain one entitled "Sick Nursing at Home" (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.).

C. M. R.—No, we do not think you could learn to read the Greek Testament without a master, you having no previous knowledge of the language.

KATHLEEN GRAHAM.—In the first place you are not eligible for admission as a "probationer" (either as lady pupil or ordinary nurse) at your age, nor for five years to come. In the second place, are you planning the leaving of your home with the full sanction of your parents? If not, a little girl of "sixteen," not yet fit to be out of the schoolroom, and dependent on her parents for bread, home, education, and protection, should be ashamed of herself! "Things are not going smoothly" indeed! Probably your parents have had to reprove you. You forget the duty you owe to them.

WORK.

MICROSCOPE will, we fear, be disappointed at the results of our inquiries for her. There is no demand for such drawings unless they be done to illustrate some book or periodical; and the only way of getting such work would be by taking a series of drawings to some London publisher, who is in that line of publishing; or of becoming acquainted with some scientific man, or with a society which would give you such work to do.

DUM SPIRO SPERO writes to say, with reference to answer on page 192, vol. x., that the stalk of the sunflower even may be utilised, as they may be placed, when stripped, in the bed of a running stream, and allowed to remain till the vegetable pulp has partly decayed. This will be accomplished in about a fortnight. The fibrous portion remaining, after being well beaten and cleaned, may be used as a substitute for flax or hemp, in the making of coarse cloths and cordages.

M. H.—We think you must mean the knitted method of doing rugs, patented some time ago, for which you may inquire at any fancy work and wool shop.

ANNIE SAUNDERS.—In sending verses for criticism, writers are required to name their respective ages. This you failed to do, so that we are unable to judge of the merit of yours. At least they are in themselves superior to the great majority sent to us by our correspondents, and the sentiments expressed are fully in accord with our own.

MATILDA.—It is quite impossible for us to suggest a means by which a delicate girl could make money, being utterly ignorant of her acquirements and her family circumstances.

J. R. TAYLOR.—We thank you for giving your experience in regard to certain instruments sold for the use of deaf persons, and they may be glad to have your warning that such appliances are not lent for trial, but must be purchased.

ROSEMARY.—You might give the new-looking brooch an old appearance by having it oxydised, and given a dull grey shade. Ask to see some oxydised silver ornaments, and judge for yourself.

LUCY JORDAN and MOLLY K.—Your respective letters and verses show very good feeling. We thank you both for the former, and regret we cannot avail ourselves of the latter for our magazine.

AN AFFLICTED ONE (General Servant).—We do not recommend you to make the experiment of going through an operation. The chances of success are too few, and injury to both eyes might result, such is the connection and sympathy between them. Some good result may be obtained in very early childhood by putting a bandage over the good eye, and by leaving all the work to the one that is tied; it is forced to turn, and the facility increases with the continual effort. Your letter does you much credit; well expressed, well spelt, and well written.

"MISS E. CORNER."—You need a good tonic; "Coca wine" might do you service, procured at a chemist's. Your health and strength seem generally run down, and you should avoid fatigue. Perhaps magnetic baths might be tried with advantage. Your complaint seems of the same character as that of a friend of ours, and she was told it was temporary paralysis of the glands of the throat, and was ordered champagne. She recovered.

MAUDE and AUGUSTA.—We thank your father for his proposed contribution to the Religious Tract Society. We are pleased with his approval of our paper. The 11th of February fell on a Saturday in 1871.

B. R.—Your cat appears to have the mange. Do not touch her, or you may become mangy yourself. Go to a chemist and ask him what you should give her. If a bad case, you

had better pay him to get rid of her for you. **MRS. BLANCHARD.**—We were much gratified by your very kind letter, and assurance that our paper has been of service in your family. We regret to hear of your husband's serious accident, and trust he may soon recover. The picture would travel safely if a sheet of white paper were laid over the face of it, and on that a piece of flat pasteboard, or the back of an old book, and then all well wrapped up in a piece of brown parcel-paper, and tied. Write "per Parcel Post," and direct to the Editor, "Girl's Own Paper Office," 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. No favour will be shown; the best work will win the prizes.

78TH HIGHLANDERS.—We have just given the best advice and prescription we possibly could for the cure of gout. A change of residence might benefit you, especially to the seaside. If you had any seafaring relative who could take you for a voyage, or if you could pay for a long passage out somewhere, and back again, it might be of some use. Look for our answer already given. It is very bad for boys to smoke.

ALINE.—Your question has been so often answered we hesitate to reply again. No; the bride provides nothing. Her father gives her a trousseau, consisting of her own clothing and toilet essentials, either in money or kind; but none of this is designed for the new home. No man has any business to propose to a girl if he have not a suitably furnished home prepared for her reception. It is the custom of the poor but thrifty French peasantry for the woman to provide such house-linen as she can afford to procure, while the man provides furniture and everything else. But this rule does not obtain in England amongst our peasantry, any more than the rule that the husband is selected by the girl's parents, and he himself cannot be legally married without the consent of both his own.

SAMMO may recite any of the poetry published in this magazine. You were right in inquiring.

RULES.

- I. No charge is made for answering questions.*
- II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.*
- III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.*
- IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.*

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

A WORKER with a great quantity of pieces of silk of the same size, colour, and shape, is advised to purchase several yards of various colours, suitable for mixing with them, and to make a quilt, using the box or some other pattern of the sort. See our article on patchwork, illustrated, at page 207, vol. i.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MURIEL.—Your sister's case is not one either for a lunatic or an idiot asylum. They would make her worse by the surroundings. It would be better to remove with her, say to the sea, under the care of a special "nurse for mental cases," who could be obtained for you by your medical man. She would then have a good prospect of ultimate recovery, when away from all painful associations. Of course we understand that her condition is the result of mental shock from the grievous family affliction, and that there is no disease of the brain.

ELSPETH would find the water employed for washing very much improved and softened by putting a little oatmeal into it.



VOL. X.—No. 487.]

APRIL 27, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FOR THE KING'S SAKE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, Author of "Bessie's Sacrifice."

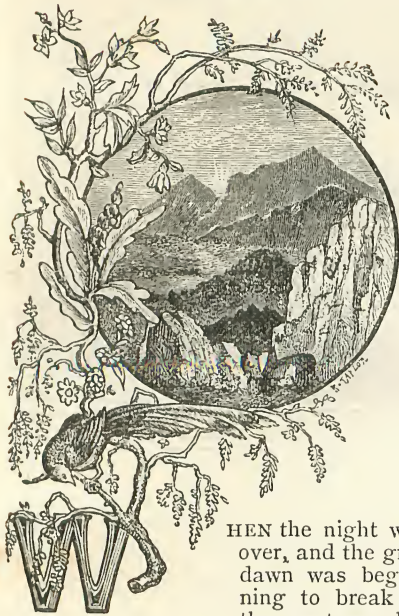


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"'ROBBIE! MY ROBBIE!' SHE CRIED ALOUD."

[See page 403]

CHAPTER IX.



WHEN the night was over, and the grey dawn was beginning to break in the eastern sky, they were able to rouse Sir Michael from the terrible lethargy in which he had been kneeling, and take him home. Two men had to walk, one on each side of his horse, for now and then he swayed in the saddle, and would have fallen but for their prompt assistance. But when they reached Beckenham he dismounted without help, and went at once with a firm step to his wife's rooms.

His knock and shaking of the carefully locked door produced a shrill answer from the old nurse within—

"Who is there? None can come in; my lady sleeps."

A yet louder summons producing only the same querulous answer, he put his shoulder to the door, and with a strange, almost superhuman strength, burst it open.

Old Rachel was waiting within, her hands clasped, her grey hair flying in an abject state of terror. She clung to her master with desperate fingers.

"For heaven's sake, Sir Michael, do not enter my lady's room; she sleeps at last, and to wake her would be most dangerous. Think, sir, it is her reason

that is in danger, her precious reason, more precious than her life!"

But he never noticed her words or heeded them, but thrust her aside and went straight on without a pause.

The men who had followed him to the door hung back and waited with awe in their faces.

He went alone into his wife's room, a horrible misty dreaminess stealing over him, a kind of wonder whether he should find her there.

The shutters were closed, a night-lamp was flickering out its small remnant of life; as the draught from the opening door rushed in, it flared up and went out.

Sir Michael went to the window and opened it; the cold, grey light stole in. He dared not turn round, dared not glance at her bed. Was she there? He did not know, he could not tell.

He crouched down on a chair by her toilet table and pressed his fingers on his head. Was he going mad? This frightful uncertainty of what was real and what false brought the cold drops out on his brow. Once he started up; he did not know that the mirror was before him, and his eyes rested on his own face, so haggard, so grey, so full of horror that he did not know himself, and shrank back shivering with fear.

The room was in dainty delicate order; the coverlet on her bed had not been displaced; on the table lay glittering diamond rings.

What was it that had happened? He sat motionless, trying to disentangle his thoughts, growing ever more puzzled. A breeze came in at the open window and circled round him; it was bitterly cold.

The men waited outside, waited long and patiently, then they grew impatient, then anxious.

They went in at last; he was sitting looking at his right hand, with a look on his face that froze their blood.

The full horror of the situation had not struck them till that moment. His own hand had destroyed his wife.

For many long weeks reason and madness battled hard for their prey, but the least kind prevailed, and Sir Michael Newport returned to the full agony of reality.

One of Captain Bob's men who had been captured was tried for his life, and

before expiating his sins upon the gallows he shed some light on the strange story.

He told of Lady Newport's oath to her dying brother to do his work, and of the marvellous skill with which she had evaded discovery. Old Abel's name was fortunately concealed, but the man told how a horse used to be concealed in a thicket not far from the house, and Lady Newport, dressed in her brother's clothes, used to steal out through the long windows of her room. Twice she had been actually present at a fray, and had behaved with desperate courage and coolness; her brother's men had almost the same superstitious faith in her that they had had in their lost leader.

The great anxiety was to obtain John Mowbray's papers—nothing else signified. They were obliged to take money and jewels sometimes, so as to keep up the story that they were common highwaymen; but it was but a feint.

John Mowbray had papers of the utmost value, and to save those Captain Bob had lingered on in daily increasing danger, and had at last sacrificed, not only his own life, but that of his twin-sister.

The papers were not saved. The roads were safe again, and when John Mowbray reached London, many a trusty gentleman expiated in exile and on the gallows his trust in the invincibility of the cause.

People said of Sir Michael Newport that he never lifted up his head again. He never spoke of his short married life, never alluded to the past, and when Mistress Betty, in paroxysms of weeping, would fain have consoled with him, he would leave the room.

No one knew when Lady Newport was carried to the grave; it was done secretly, in fear of the law. She was laid by her brother in a spot hastily consecrated in the depths of the woods; beech trees hung over it, tall bracken unrolled its delicate fronds, wild hyacinths scented the air. Half concealed in tangled grass and flowers, her husband placed a small stone cross bearing the Christian names of the twins, the date of their birth, and these words: "Died May the fourth, and August the twentieth—For the King's sake."

[THE END.]

BLUE AND GOLD.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER IV.

NORTHWARDS WENT THE "STAR OF HOPE."

ARE you a believer in the reality of dreams, reader? I do not mean of all dreams, but of some rare and particular dreams? I myself am.

Such a confession from a medical man may savour of the romantic. I do not care if it does. I do not mind even ridicule. I can live even after being laughed at, but from experiences of my own, which I cannot here

relate, I am driven to the conclusion that there are times when, the body being wrapped in slumber, the soul may tread with silent footsteps the boundaries of another world.

A whole year passed by after the incident related at the conclusion of last chapter. The year passed slowly to all concerned in this tale, for Aileen was ill. For a time she had come home to her father's house. Not improving there, she came back to live with her sister. To speak about what she called "old, old

times" was to Aileen the only pleasure left; to speak of old times, but never of Nugent. She was of too kindly a disposition to hate anyone, but somehow she connected this man with all her grief and trouble, and she never let her mind rest upon him.

Doctors were consulted as to the girl's complaint. But what could doctors do? Only look wise, talk scientific gibberish, choke anxiously inquiring friends off by bringing out big words, which they were supposed to know

the meaning of, and pretended to in order to screen their ignorance; send that ubiquitous boy in buttons, with his basket of bottles; and finally, as a last resource, recommend change.

Then Jack with his wife and poor Aileen went away to the Continent, and kept wandering hither and thither like the dove first put out of the Ark, but finding no rest for the sole of the foot, though plenty of din, dust, and glare, obsequiousness everywhere, bedrooms with no home look about them, jargon round the dinner tables, and dinners evolved from—the chef alone could tell.

But one autumn evening at Cannes, Aileen sat by her open bedroom window for a short time before retiring. It was still, and almost sultry, and the sea, asleep yonder under the starlight, was very calm and still, only it seemed to be telling the beach its own beautiful name in the Greek—*Θαλασσης* (thalassais).

Yes "*Θαλασσης*!" that was all the sea said to-night. But it was a sweet and soothing sound.

Aileen slept; slept there in her easy chair, the lightest of breezes fanning her brow and toying with her bonnie hair.

When her eyes closed she had been gazing southwards across the waters, on which here and there lights were twinkling from boats, perhaps returning from pleasant little voyages and filled with merry, thoughtless passengers.

She hardly knew her eyes had closed till she awoke again, though it was a good hour afterwards, for the seascape had faded away, only for another of a different sort to take its place.

She thought she was alone on a vast level icefield, and wearily toiling on and on and on, seeking something she knew not what, seeking something that it appeared impossible to find. High overhead was a vast belt across the sky, a belt of aurora through which even the stars shone with lessened splendour, the belt itself quivering and flickering and dancing like a gigantic fringe of many-tinted lights.

But the field of ice all around was as silent as the grave itself. It was a silence unspeakable, a silence that cannot be described, a silence in which one might hear a snow-flake fall.

She has no other wish except to keep walking wearily onwards. Someone or something seems to be guiding her footsteps westwards, ever westwards. After a time that feels interminable she comes in sight of two ice-bound ships, dark against the background of snow, looking like ghost ships in the glimmering light of the aurora.

And now she sees figures on the ice. They are lying quiet and still and helpless. Perhaps they are dead figures. She cannot tell at first. But see, one disengages himself, and rising slowly, as if in pain, totters towards her with outstretched hands. It is he! It is Lawrence Perry!

But how weak and worn he looks—and how old!

She takes his damp, cold hands in hers, though they cause a shudder to steal through her frame. Perry points to the ships, and he points to those recumbent figures in the snow. "Can you save us?" he whispers. "Can you save us?"

She awakes with a start, and the vision slowly fades; but "*Θαλασσης! Θαλασσης!*" still sings the sea to the sandy beach. To Aileen's ear, however, the waves are saying something else with a similar sibilant sound: "Can you s—save us—s?" "Can you s—save us—s?" thus, runs the sound. Was it this lisping whisper, I wonder, that caused her strange, strange dream! Physiologists would tell us so, but psychologists would read the riddle in a different light.

Jack and his wife were sitting in their room quietly talking, when, after a little premonitory tap, poor Aileen entered in her dressing-gown,

her hair somewhat dishevelled, and looking pale and scared withal. She knelt beside her sister near the fire of wood, and, placing her head on her lap, burst into tears. It was some time before she could speak, but she got out the words at last—

"Oh, Katie, I've had—such—a terrible dream; and he lives—Lawrence Perry lives—I know it. Oh, Katie, I know it!"

Then in brief but graphic sentences she told them all the dream.

Long after his wife and Aileen had retired that night, Jack strolled up and down the verandah, smoking and thinking. He was a strange being this Jack, and, like most sailors, just a trifle restless when on shore.

"Why shouldn't I?" he said half-aloud to himself at last, as he stopped and gazed longingly away over the darkling sea. "Yes, why shouldn't I? I really am tired of *terra firma*. I'm getting a regular old landsman, and a voyage towards the Pole, as they call it, would do me a world of good. Poor little Kathleen, she wouldn't hear from me for a bit, but reunion would be like the commencement of another honeymoon. Then, though there isn't the ghost of a chance of Perry's being alive, seeing that it was his ship the *Fortuna* that foundered in that terrible gale, and seeing that, according to the newspapers, the other two vessels belonging to what they are pleased to call 'a foolhardy private expedition' have been crushed in the ice, nothing is likely to come of my voyage. Never mind, I can afford it, and it will tend to restore the health of that poor child Aileen. Yes, I'll do it."

He pitched away his cigarette and strode into the house.

Next morning he broached the subject to his wife at breakfast. She smiled a pleased and happy smile, and something akin to the old glad sparkle came back to Aileen's eyes.

"Of course," she said, with a little flush on her cheeks, "of course you'll take us."

"Take you, child! An English girl in the Arctic Ocean! Why, it sounds like a romance!"

"Ah! but, brother, Katie and I are Irish. And whatever an Irish girl dares she can do."

Aileen could laugh now, but she looked very self-willed.

"Aileen is right enough," said Mrs. Fairbairn, with a quiet smile. "We'll go."

"Well 'pon my word, here's a pretty kettle of fish! I am almost sorry that I spoke."

"But I am not, brother," said Aileen; "and mind this, I should die if you left me behind."

"Dear sissie," returned Jack. "Your going with me or your staying behind if I do go, is but a small matter compared to your building hopes on a silly dream. It is sad to think, and I am grieved to say, that not a doubt remains that poor Lawrence went down in his brig, for oh! Aileen, not a soul was saved. Nor could there be on such a night as that, and in such a fearful sea."

"Perhaps," said Aileen, after a pause, "there may be other poor suffering creatures on the ice that we may be in time to save, and at the least, dear brother, I shall know the very, very worst."

"Well, Aileen, as I've always been given to believe that there is no use arguing with a woman, I must bow my head and give in. We cannot start till spring, and I trust you'll be stronger before that time."

Then impulsive little Aileen must needs jump up and kiss her brother, and assure him that from this very day she should begin to get well.

And, strangely enough, she did too.

Jack went north to Dundee a month or two after this, and bought a schooner, and had a regular Greenland-going skipper to see to all alterations, and have her thoroughly fortified around the bows for ice work.

He had also powerful engines put in her, and a beautiful and most comfortable saloon constructed, in which the most tender lady might feel as much at home as if sitting in her boudoir at home.

Then there was a crew of experienced hands to be got, and special boats and sledges to be built, and all the stores and extra canvas and spare spars to be put in her, so that, one way or another, it was well on in February before the *Star of Hope* found her way into the basin.

The power the mind exerts over the body during either health or infirmity is little short of miraculous. When Aileen arrived at Dundee with her sister and Jack, no one who had last seen her sad, pale, and wasted form at Cannes would have known her. The roses had come back to her cheeks, the carmine to her lips, and her eyes carried now a happy instead of a driven and haunted look. She it was who took the principal part in naming the ship. In her dress of snowy white, with flowers bedecking her sunny hair, she stood there on the platform the observed and admired of all observers.

Northwards went the *Star of Hope*, northwards and past the beetling cliffs of Mearns, northwards along the sand-dunne shores of Aberdeen, then steamed away and away into the wide wild Northern Ocean.

And no more land would be visible now for months and months to come.

So early in the season was it that the vessel seemed to be heading for the regions of perpetual night. The days grew shorter and shorter, till for barely two hours did the sun gleam angrily across the waters.

Colder and colder, stormier and still more stormy grew the weather too, and the wind blew strong and bitterly from the north and east, but still the ship kept on. Often the green seas leapt high over the bows and made a clean sweep along the ice-clad decks; at times the vessel dived headlong down a hill of water into a black and yawning chasm from which it appeared impossible she e'er could rise again, while the screw went rattling round in empty air; at other times she heeled to the stern till her jibboom pointed high above the silver aurora, and the swirling waves came rushing up the screw well, and washed around the legs of the two sturdy seamen who held the wheel.

The head-way she made now was painfully nominal. If the officer of the watch succeeded in making a knot an hour he felt he was doing well. When the good ship left Dundee she was as pretty as a yacht. See her now, she looks a water-logged Dutchman. Her bows are so laden with ice that she is down by the head, every rope and stay seems made of glass; the funnel itself is a pillar of salt, formed from the dashing spray.

Ah! but better days and longer days came in time; the sun shone in a sky of vivid blue, and the winds went back to their caves, and now all day the men were employed overboard and inboard with picks and other tools of iron, clearing the bows of ice.

And now, too, both Aileen and her sister could walk the decks, well muffled up in furs, and enjoy to the full the marvellous seascape that stretched all around them from horizon to horizon.

Then came fields of slush and half-melted snow, through which the *Star* could scarcely force her way.

Then streams of baby icebergs of all shapes imaginable, with at times a seal asleep on a green transparent couch, on which surely a mermaid even might have rested.

The ice-streams got more numerous and still more numerous, and the individual bergs grew bigger and bigger, and settled and cannonaded along the ship's sides with a noise like hurtling thunder.

It was time now to send aloft the crow's-nest, a barrel attached to the main truck and near it, in which some outlook must stand and shiver all day long.

Porpoises and narwhals came up to stare at the stranger, and at times the sea for miles around them would be covered with round black heads and wondering eyes, for no animal that swims or floats is half so inquisitive as the Greenland seal.

Then one morning, when Aileen came up before breakfast, lo and behold! she found that the *Star of Hope* was close beside the great ice-pack itself, the waters that laved it looking inky-black by comparison.

At her own request, Jack assisted her a little distance into the rigging, and she gazed anxiously away towards the west. Ice—ice—ice, snow-clad, level ice, with here and there a little hill or hummock as far as the eye could reach.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "it does so remind me of my dream!"

The *Star* went northwards and eastwards, now steaming along the pack edge, till the ice grew higher and more dangerous-looking, and at last the silver cliffs of Spitzbergen were sighted miles ahead.

"There is something black lying just in there, sir," said the mate one day, entering Captain's Fairbairn's cabin. "It may be a walrus, sir, but I think it is a boat."

The ship was stopped, and presently away went the whaler, Jack himself holding the rudder ropes. They soon reached the ice, and leaping on shore made their way to that something black.

It was a boat, and sad and ghastly was the sight that met their gaze when they came alongside it. Two corpses—sadly attenuated ones they were—lay dead and frozen just as they had fallen off the thwarts. That they were English sailors who had died of starvation was evident at the first glance,

and the name on the boat's bows was that of one of the missing ships—the *Leander*. The frozen hands of one still clutched a little notebook, with a morsel of lead pencil attached to it by a string. The poor fellow must have died as he was writing.

This notebook Jack took charge of, and after the men had been accorded a sailor's burial, he went alone into his cabin to read.

What a mournful tale it was! A story of shipwreck and sufferings, such as no one who has not been down to the sea in ships, in regions round the Pole, could have any notion of. There was heart-rending simplicity in every detail. Indeed, the very matter-of-fact language in which the brief entries were couched gave them a graphicness which no imagination could have supplied.

The writer, however, had not been dead a week, this was evident from the dates. He and seven others—all gone somewhere—had left the far interior of the ice-pack, where probably their other shipmates now lay dying; intending if possible to drag their boat to open water, but had failed and fallen, where Jack had found them, even in sight of the sea they had suffered so much to seek.

As nearly as possible—making every allowance for the drifting of the ice-pack—the latitude was given of the ships beset.

All was bustle and stir on board now, all was hard work too for a while, but hope beat high in every heart. A kind of harbour was made for the *Star* among the heavy ice, and here she was fixed for a time.

Then sledges were got out and provisioned, and one sunny morning, with the thermometer standing unpleasantly near to zero, the party went over the side, and the journey westwards across the ice was commenced.

Both Aileen and Kathleen had insisted on coming, and Jack had not the heart to say them nay.

A description of that long and toilsome march and drag across the pack, with its numerous attendant dangers, would form a story in itself, and one that could not fail to be read with interest.

Suffice it here to say that early one day they sighted the standing masts of a brig, and that soon after noon they were near enough to shout and cheer.

To their joy they now saw smoke, and a sadly faint echo of their own wild "Hurrah!" was borne back to them on the light ice air.

And see yonder comes a dark figure to meet the advancing sledge. How slowly he walks, how feeble seems every movement.

Aileen clutched at her sister, else she would have fallen, for the advancing figure was that of Lawrence Perry. It had not been his ship after all that had gone down in the gale off the Norwegian coast.

Of all the brave fellows who had gone to sea on that foolhardy and ill-fated expedition, eleven only remained alive, and careful indeed was the nursing they required to woo them back to health. One of the ships had been nipped flat in the ice, her masts still left standing; the other was burned to the pack edge so quickly that hardly provisions enough to last for three months had been saved.

In three weeks time Jack was something like his former self again, but he appeared still to require Aileen's support to aid him in walking along the decks. I say he appeared to require it, and doubtless he enjoyed it. But there was a perfect understanding now between happy Aileen and him, though he often referred to that day on the Peak of Teneriffe, when in wilful wantonness she chose the scarlet bouquet rather than the blue and gold.

And here let my story end, for the simplest of all reasons: the reader can easily imagine the rest.

[THE END.]

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A YOUTHFUL COMPANY.



THE first thing Anthony Walton did was to catch his sister Alice by the arm and pull her up from the not over-dry grass.

"Are you working for a fit of the ague, Alice? What will your mother say to

you, or to Prissy there, for suffering you to be so imprudent?"

"As if I could not take care of myself! As if I were at Prissy's beck and call; or at yours either, Tony!" protested Alice, in laughing defiance, shaking herself from his unceremonious grasp.

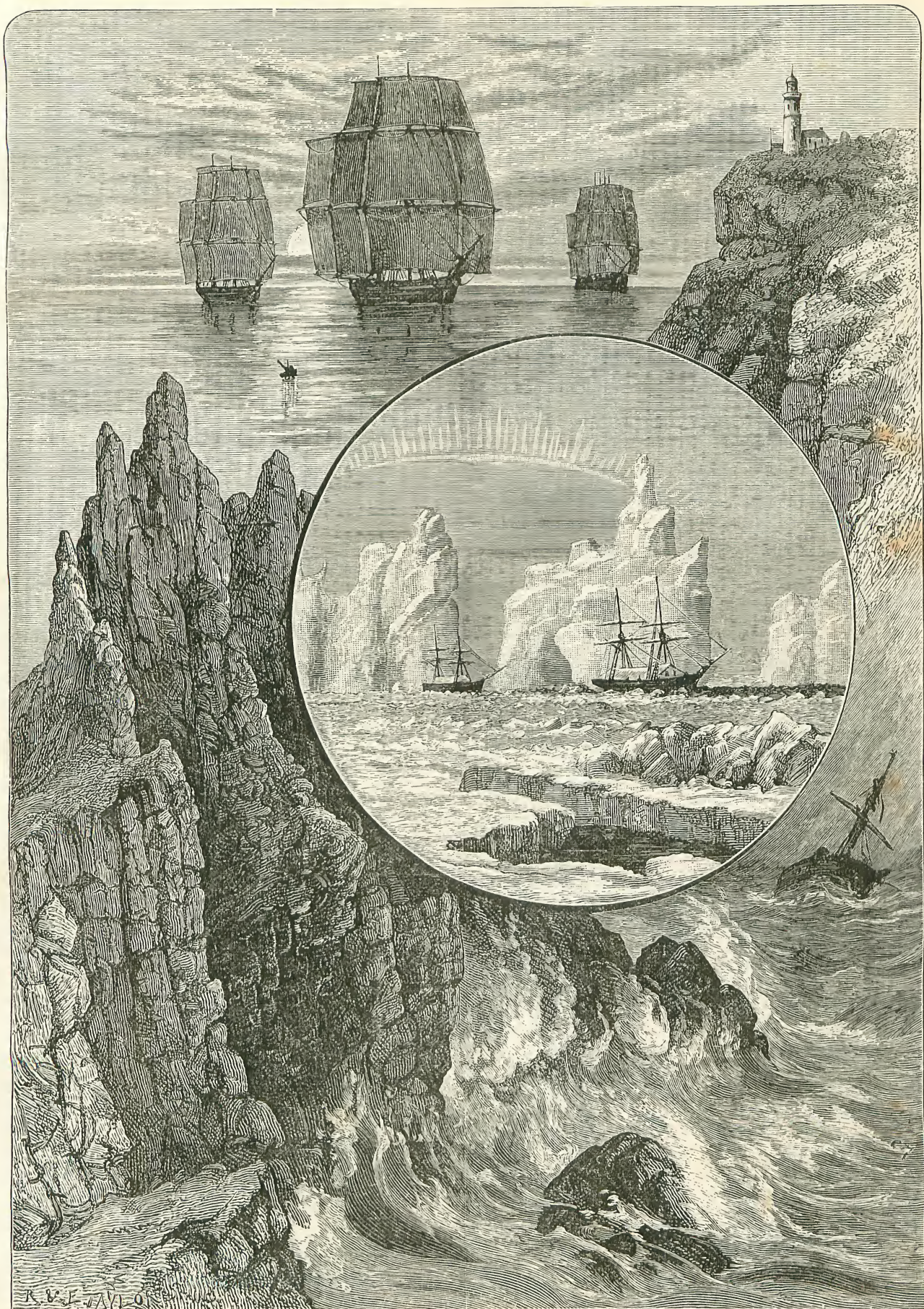
"I must say, madam, that you do not give a promising example of your powers of self-government, and as I am your elder brother and guardian, I summon you by the word of command to repair to yonder stile, and perch yourself on the topmost bar, supposing you still have an inclination for a seat. It will afford you a better view, if the question of views enters into your limited reasons for your behaviour; per-adventure the gain may make up for the loss of that precious jewel, your free will."

"Sit like a bird on the highest perch," cried Alice, "when the least height maketh me dizzy, you cruel fellow! I have a singing in my ears, and a fluttering at my heart at the bare thought." And Alice began to favour the company with some of her languishing affectations.

"Nay, don't think to take us in, sister; I'm thankful to see your colour is as good as a milkmaid's, and the last time you and I tried a race together, you beat me hollow," declared the incredulous, unflattering brother.

Although he spoke laughingly there was a certain masterfulness about Anthony Walton which, if it had not been combined with great kindness of nature, would have gone far to render him a tyrant of the first water; as it was, he could never see wrong done without interposing and striving to set it right, incurring many a grudge for his dogmatism and officiousness. "Wrong is wrong, and right is right," said Anthony, stoutly. "There cannot be two opinions by any save wrong-minded persons on the point. If I am persuaded at any time that a particular course of conduct is right, how am I to refrain from enforcing it to the best of my power? Beshrew me, if I do not think I should deserve the worst to happen to me if I did otherwise."

The words, "the liberty of the subject," in the sense of a man being permitted to do such evil as was not outrageous if he



NORTH AND SOUTH.

chose, were not so often spoken in Anthony's day; yet he had a burning love of liberty in the light of a man's freedom to do what he saw to be right, and was ready to support the principle with his life if need were.

Anthony Walton was like his sister Prissy on a much larger scale—not exactly handsome, but very manly, as she was very womanly. His scholar's gown and cap became him, lending dignity to his size and strength, to the breadth of the brow and the depth of the eyes under the square cap.

John Dacre, four years Anthony Walton's junior, was fair-haired, with a sanguine complexion, such as Kitty had, but the resemblance between the brother and sister ended there. People were wont to say that he ought to have been the girl and she the boy; not that Kitty was masculine or John feminine in the respective traits which characterised the two. But even as a very young girl she gave indication of the happy balance of intellectual qualities, the calmness of judgment, the very cheerfulness of nature which all make for sound moderation of mind and for reason's having its due in being heard in its turn, when the voice of passion is in danger of drowning every other.

As a matter of fact, John Dacre was not only cleverer than Kitty, his ideas were already far better trained and developed than hers had any chance of being. But, like his father, he was exceedingly, even morbidly, sensitive, and apt to be carried away by the feeling of the moment. He was tall and slight, not very strong, though brave to rashness, and restlessly impatient of any bodily impediment to whatever pursuit he had in hand. Anthony Walton wore his dark hair cut short, in a new fashion, which Kitty did not like; but John Dacre had not copied his friend in this detail. His light brown hair was left long, except where it was cut straight across his forehead, and was apt to get dishevelled and to stream rather wildly over his beardless, girlish, blooming cheeks, and on his shoulders. In other respects there was an extreme daintiness, a sort of scholarly elegance about his person. He was really glad to see his sister with his cousins, as Kitty felt, and she would fain have taken him aside to ask him about the violent headaches to which he was subject, and to tell him her home news. But she knew he would hate to have any physical weakness of his brought forward; and he was at once pounced upon by Alice, who always claimed his company, on the ground that if they two were not the nearest in age of the cousins, they ought to be, for she was certain they had the most in common. Alice had a girlish admiration for Master Jackie, instinctively recognising in him an intangible something, which she vainly aimed at for herself. She was disposed to exhibit, for his benefit, the little fancies and caprices at which her brother Anthony openly laughed. John Dacre did not laugh at them, though they wearied him a little. He could not hurt any person's feelings by turning that person into ridicule, however well

deserved, for his own feelings would be rather the more hurt of the two in the process.

The young men would have the girls go at once to Magdalen in order to have the longer time for them to rest and be refreshed. Kitty, with her private grudge against Anthony Walton, had to walk with him, let him carry her basket, and listen to his good-natured kinsmanly questions. Why had she not been to Islip Barnes lately? Whether she did not grieve to lose all the country sights and sounds, the rooks beginning to build and the little birds to seek their mates, lambs on the uplands, and calves on the lea? Was she not forced to confess that even Oxford, with its grey colleges and their choristers, some of whom sang well-nigh as sweetly as the birds, could not be compared to one hour on the open pasture or in the dim recesses of the woods?

Magdalen was familiar ground to the girls. They had not to stop to examine the echoing cloisters with their quaint little figures, the ivy-hung Founder's Tower, or the stone pulpit from which a sermon was preached each Midsummer Day in honour of St. John the Baptist, when the quadrangle was strewn with grass and rushes, in fanciful imitation of a wilderness. Prissy, indeed, would have lingered to recall the devotion and skill which had called the beautiful college into being, but the others were already entering one of the doorways and ascending a narrow, steep stair not particularly distinguished by cleanliness or savouriness, which took them to their destination.

Anthony Walton's room had been selected as larger than John Dacre's, though in the matter of plainness it left nothing to be desired. But who thought of plainness where a generous banquet had been prepared of all that the two caterers could get together on short notice—trout from the river and wild duck from the neighbouring fens, caught and shot by the hosts for the grand occasion, a pasty and a capon in considerable excess of the day's "battels" from the college larder, a special cake for which the college cook was famous, in rivalry of the homemade bread and cream cheese which the Walton girls had brought from Islip Barnes, mild ale and mulled claret, in addition to French chocolate and Turkish coffee?

The talk had no lack of animation, turning as it did for the most part on such Oxford customs and traditions as were likely to amuse the visitors. The men of Queen's were summoned each day to dinner by a trumpet, in order to keep them in constant remembrance of the last trump on the Day of Judgment. At their Christmas festival their chief dish was a boar's head in honour of the scholar who slew the great wild boar at Cowpath by the might of his single arm wielding his copy of Aristotle. On New Year's Day each fellow was presented by the burser with a needle and thread, accompanied by the significant injunction, "Take this! and be thrifty." At All Souls there was a mallard, or drake "gaudy," in commemoration of the monster drake found in digging the

foundation; but there was no attempt made to preserve the fame of the cat slyly said to have been discovered starved to death in the library. At Lincoln College, on Shrove Tuesday, each freshman had to deliver a humorous speech or lecture. If he pleased his audience he was rewarded with caudle cup; if he displeased them he was punished with "salt drink"—beer well salted, and "tucks," or sharp pinches, with the finger and the thumb, of the chin, just beneath the under lip. The founder of St. John's had been advised in a dream that he was to build his college where he should see three elm trees growing from one root, and there sure enough he came on the triple trees and the single root in the ruined court of old St. Barnard's College, and if the girls would go to St. John's they would see the triune tree flourishing in the gardens to this day. As for the Latin hymn sung at sunrise on May morning on Magdalen Tower, or that other ancient carol in mingled Latin and English, beginning

"In dulci jubilo,"

"Let us our homage show," given in Magdalen Hall on Christmas Eve, there was no occasion to mention them, since both Anthony's sisters and Jack's sister had heard often of these ceremonies, and even assisted at the first.

Nor did the young men fail altogether in time-out-of-mind students' tales of light-hearted pranks and simple practical jokes; of how this lad had emptied a secret store of flour, and that lad of feathers over the staircase on a conclave in hot dispute on the landing below; how this wag had smuggled a couple of toads into his companion's riding-boots, and that dressed up a travelling bear in the college proctor's gown.

It was all so happy and bright, and even Prissy looked so gay for the moment, that fourteen-year-old Kitty could but recall the grave talk in the meadows as a bad dream; and always her cousin Anthony would not see that she was displeased with him, but would pet and tease her by turns. Nay, she must own the superiority of this his College of Magdalen over all the other colleges, and admit that Oriel was nowhere in comparison.

"No, I will not, cousin Anthony." Kitty refused to make the concession. "We have a king and queen for our founders."

"Humph," muttered Anthony, "some people would say you are none the better for that."

"And such a queen as she whose arms in the Spanish pomegranate are all over the college," went on Kitty. "Her son Edward was but a poor king, I grant, and let himself be murdered by his traitor servants; but I wis you have no lady on your foundation like our Queen Eleanor. You do not discredit her story, sir, do you?" urged Kitty, so much in earnest that she forgot to whom she was speaking, and addressed him almost beseechingly. "You do believe that when her lord, King Edward I., had a poisoned wound dealt him, as he was fighting in one of the Crusades in

the East, she knelt by his side and sucked the poison from his wound, saving his life at the risk of her own?" And Kitty's eyes looked as if their blue was borrowed from the heavens above her, while she told the story.

"And prithee, Kitty, what kind of cur was he who suffered her to run the risk for his unworthy sake?" he startled her by inquiring, in a deep voice, which sounded like a growl.

"Oh!" said Kitty, after a moment's reflection, "the poison was thought not to hurt when swallowed into the stomach and not let into the blood. I suppose he knew that, though I had not thought of it before. Besides, he was her king as well as her husband, and at the worst it would have been right and good to die for her king."

He looked at her in silence, and then he said something in an undertone, which she did not quite catch, about dying being one thing and aiding and abetting in wrong-doing another. Then he hastened to add, "Whether I believe thy legend or not, cousin Kitty, I will say this, I do believe I have known women who would do as much as your Queen Eleanor was said to do, for their husbands, or fathers, or brothers in extremity."

He glanced for a second at his favourite sister Prissy, who was talking to Alice and Jack, and then Anthony's look seemed to fall for another instant on Kitty herself. But she was not a woman, she was only a girl, and he could not know what she would do when she was grown up, if she were ever tried. However, to dissipate a little awkwardness and tremor of pleasure which she could not help feeling at the bare chance that her cousin Anthony, whom she had been blaming so severely, who was so much older and wiser than she, should think so well of her as that came to, she hastened to renew their dispute.

"And Sir Walter Raleigh, who was the most gallant knight at Queen Elizabeth's Court, who would have written a history of the world if he had not been beheaded before he could finish it, studied at Oriel, cousin Anthony."

"And William Tyndale, who translated the Bible and died a martyr for his good deed, studied at Magdalen, cousin Kitty," he said, imitating the solemnity of her statement. She thought he was laughing at her, and she was at the age which objects most strongly to being laughed at; but she considered it wiser and more dignified to take no notice. "I have one of Sir Walter's 'golden birds,' do you know, cousin. I had it from Lady Ottery, and she says it was one of a hatching of Lady Anglesey's birds, and that the first of the Anglesey canaries was a present from Queen Elizabeth, who had the parent birds direct from Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from the New World."

"And does your royally descended

canary sing better than his common brothers and sisters, Mrs. Kitty?"

"I cannot say that, sir," answered Kitty, in a reserved tone; "but I like that he should sing in Sir Walter's old lodging. If I had my will the piping of canaries should be heard all over Oriel."

"Pity on the splitting headaches thou wouldst have to answer for, worse than after the Whitsun cakes and ale! Didst never hear from my respected uncle that scholars' fine nerves are easily upset? Thou wouldst put a stop to another sort of piping which the pipers are vain enough to think is worth all the birds' songs in the world. Men are so weak, my dear Kitty, that I fear me they could not study to purpose to the playing of a pipe and tabor, or even to the shrill piping of a canary."

"I know, cousin Anthony," said Kitty, demurely, "that silence is commanded in the great library which Sir Thomas Bodley hath given to Oxford, and father likes to read there above all things. But even there, when I've been taken to see the wonderful heaps of books, I'm not sure that men do not speak when they've a mind to. They make the laws, and then they break them when it suits the law makers."

"Hear to cousin Kitty's criticism on men's mode of government! Are we to look for more consistency and stability from women?"

Once the conversation took a serious turn, when Jack suddenly addressed Anthony, as if fain to get rid of a burden on his mind.

"Have you heard that a maypole is to be erected again at Carfax?"

"Thou dost not say so, Jack. The madmen!" cried Anthony, knitting his brows, and evidently containing himself with difficulty.

"Why not?" put in Kitty, in innocent wonder. "A maypole with its garlands is one of the prettiest things I ever saw; and sure, men and women have not so much time on hand to dance that they should be forbid when they have the opportunity. I read part of a sermon to Lady Ottery on the text, 'A merry heart doeth good like medicine,' and she said it was right wise as well as Christian."

"I wonder at my Lady Ottery, when Master Prynne hath condemned maypoles along with stage plays and Christmas feasts and dancing, and singing too, for aught I can tell, in his book, which was hung round his neck when he stood in pillory, and afterwards burned by the common hangman," said Alice, drily.

"Hush, Alice!" cried Prissy.

"You don't know what you're speaking about, Kitty," said Jack, ignoring Alice. He did not speak unkindly, only brusquely. But it vexed his sister to think that he should believe and show these cousins that he believed her so stupid

as not to know about a maypole. Why, she remembered a maypole having been erected in the quadrangle at Oriel, and her father and Mrs. Judy had allowed her and Jackie—a small boy and girl—to join, to their great glee, in skipping round it.

"My dear little Kitty," said Anthony, dropping his bantering and speaking to her very gently and gravely, "thou art not old enough for such disputes; but when thou art of sufficient years to enter into them, though I would fain hope they will be silenced before then, thou wilt comprehend thus far. If the dancers round the maypole were like thee or Alice, aye, or even like Jack here, with no more harm in your hearts than there is at this moment, you might dance till you were weary, and neither Master William Prynne nor any other would have very great cause to complain. Or if it were a matter of inclination and not of compulsion, something might be said for the 'Book of Sports' itself. As it is, though it hath the approval of my Lord the Archbishop, it is highly distasteful to many a godly clergyman of the Church of England. These men are giving up their livings in scores and hundreds sooner than enforce the practices which are enforced in the book on the Lord's Day; and their parishioners who are like-minded are relinquishing their attendance at church rather than offend their consciences in this matter."

"Men of their opinion," said Prissy, quietly, "have another text which they quote in support of their views. 'The people sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play.' The Bible telleth us what the end of that play was, when Aaron was compelled to make the golden calf that the Israelites might fall down and worship the idol withal."

"It was a sorry sight when Lame Giles cast off his gown and danced with the rest last Whitsunday," said John Dacre, in accents of sharpest reprobation, which, while it pained him to utter, he could not for the life of him keep back. He was referring to the eccentric rector of St. Martin's, the most eccentric of his cloth in that or any day.

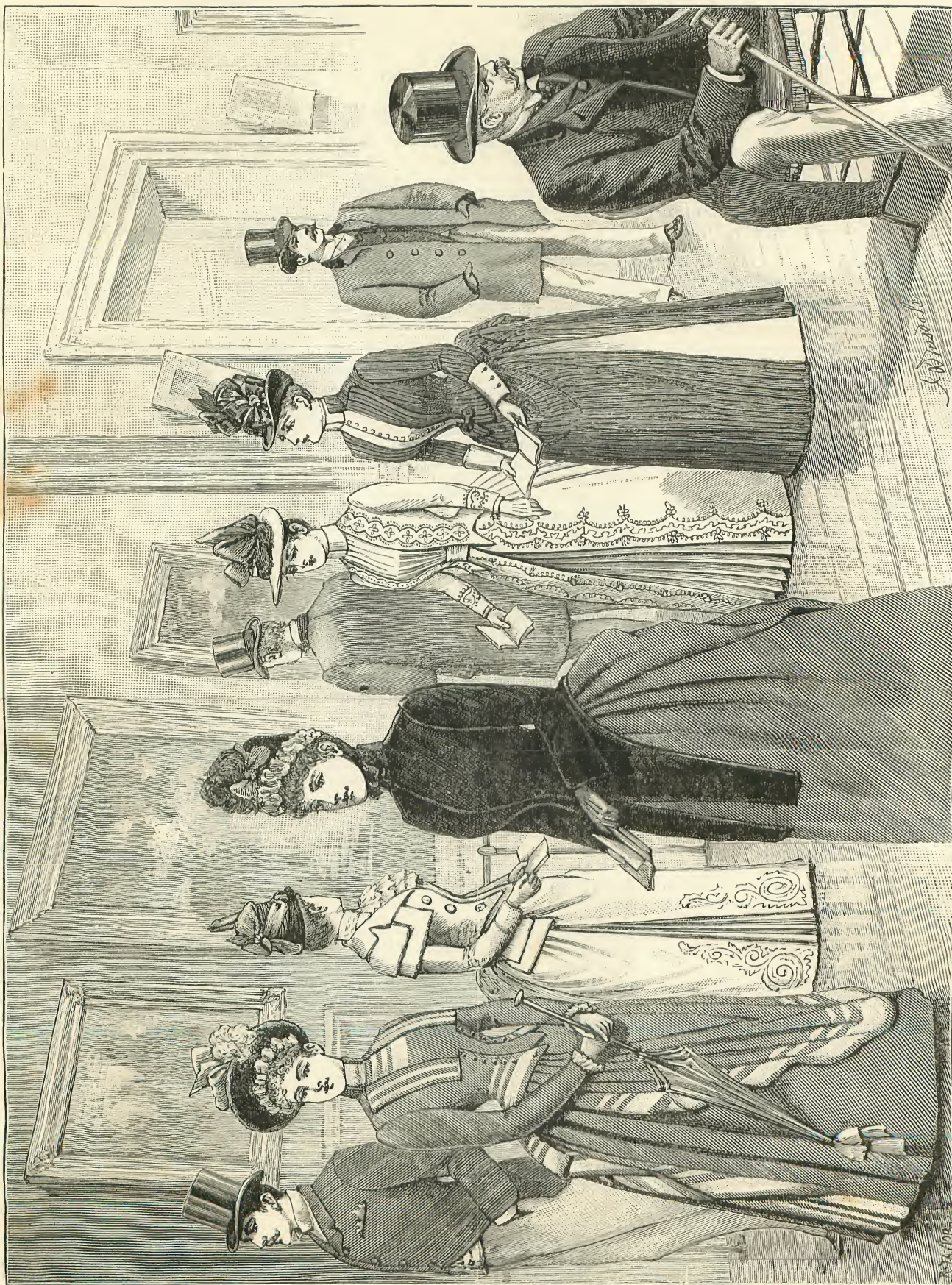
Anthony shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Prynne and he were at Oriel together under my excellent uncle. Now they are sworn foes, and we have 'Lame Giles, his Haltings' from Prynne's intemperate pen. Suppose, then, Jack and I fall out and come to be at such odds! Suppose I live to write a book and call it 'Long-legged Jack, his Leaps'!"

When the laugh at the absurdity of the idea died out it was time for Prissy and Alice Walton to take their places in their coach, and for Anthony and Jack to see Kitty back to Oriel in the early dusk of the spring evening.

(To be continued.)





THE NEWEST GOWNS AT THE PRIVATE VIEW.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.



THE NEW COURT BODICES.

IN the sketch of "The Newest Gowns at the Private View," I have done my best to gather together everything that is now known of the future spring styles in dress. The cold and inclement February kept every idea of spring in the background, and so there is perhaps rather less of novelty than usually to be observed at this time. Although there are many dresses of the "Directory" style still being produced, I do not imagine that we shall have quite as much of it as during the winter. The long coats can be so well imitated by the skirts with large pockets and kilted backs and bodices, that they will, I think, fall out of favour; while the more simple "Empire" costume will, very probably, be more worn than anything else. Many people are rejoicing that we shall cease to consider square shoulders a feminine beauty, and that we shall return to the sloping shoulders which our grandmothers admired and cultivated. It is always a puzzle to those who think on the matter, where all the sloping shoulders have gone to, and what the people did who had them when they went out of fashion, and were said to be ugly twenty-five years ago. No amount of padding would quite account for it, and the only explanation lies in the suggestion that the moving up of the sleeve to its proper place on the shoulder, where the arm really does enter the shoulder, has hidden the shape of the shoulders, and we do not notice them, as we did when the seam on the shoulder was carried several inches down the arm; a truly dreadful fashion, when no one could lift up their arms to their heads without tearing the dress! No wonder that we needed the strongest of cords to prevent continual disaster.

In spite of the constant abuse of what is termed the angular masculine style of square shoulder, I must confess I admire the latter more than the figures we have been lately seeing in the Grosvenor Gallery, in the styles of the last century, with sloping shoulders and long, swan-like necks; and I think that our generation, and the nineteenth century of trim, neatly-cut gowns and straight shoulders, are much more up to our present day opinions and manners. To-day women are more useful, and take more part in the world's labour than they did; and no style of dress, such as that of the seventeenth century, would do for us, active workers with hand and brain.

and useful hygienic ideas; and it is quite certain that our stout boots and woollen stockings, woollen dresses and jackets, mackintoshes and waterproofs, are calculated to produce in the end handsome and healthy women, able to take their share in the world's work. Whether sloping shoulders were beautiful or the reverse, it is quite certain that, even at that period, they were considered indicative of great delicacy of constitution, if not of inherited disease, and quite as much so as a narrow pigeon breast. But those were the days when they admired ill-health, and glorified a poor appetite into something angelic; when the poor women and girls did not dare to eat in public, for fear of being thought vulgar and ill-bred; when everything that was healthy, strong, and beautiful was "hoydenish," milk-maidish, and not *à la mode*. These ideas are quite on a par with Chinese notions of women's feet.

In the way of colours for this spring we seem to have a wide choice, though, from all appearance, green will hold its own. There are so many shades of it that all complexions can be suited, while some skins will look better with the cool greens than they ever have looked before. By cool greens I mean those with grey in them, so that they resemble the old *réséda*, or *mignonette* colour, which will be more used than ever this spring. Greys, as they appear at present, have a great shade of pink in them, one of the darkest being called a "Russian grey." One new grey-green is called "lizard skin," and there are one or two others, more or less pretty. The new tan is called "pigskin," and is very decidedly yellowish in its tone; and "Parchment"

is the new name for cream colour. "Olive" is yellow in its hue, and there is a true emerald-green come in, that I cannot fancy will be much adopted.

In browns we have "Robin brown" and "Robin red"—to be worn together—and a pretty madder that ought to be called a brick-red. Boulanger makes his appearance in English society as a dark, rich red; and there is a handsome yellow-red hue, called "Venetian." There are many touches of terra-cotta here and there in the cinnamon-browns, fawn-browns, and yellows. There are several blues, which deserve to be called "greys," but some of them will be sure to be popular, for they are so very cool-looking and summer-like, and will show well if trimmed with gold or silver braids. The newest are "lapis lazuli," "Wedgwood," and a dark blue called "Austrian." In the violet shades there are some of very lovely and pure colours—"pansy," "plum," "dahlia," "mulberry," and a colour which copies the French anemones, which we see in such quantities for sale in the streets of London.

In the way of spring mantles there seems to be nothing novel, but all the old shapes with modifications will be worn. Nearly all are short at the back and have long ends in front. The new jackets have wonderfully embroidered fronts, with a long, straight-cut *revers* at either side, the linings being of moiré silk. The latest models seem to be in black plain cloth, with plain black moiré facings in front. But there are plenty of dark stone, brown, grey, twine, and cinnamon colours. The fronts are braided on white, with a braid to match the outer colour, or else with a braid having either gold or silver mixed with it. There are some novel *redingotes* with a wide *revers* in front and a triple "Garrick cape" on the shoulders at the back. One of the novel ways of putting on braid is to lay it on in stripes that follow the seams of the jacket, and finish it off in loops, arranged like trefoil at the edge. This style will add length to the figure, and become short people. Some new small mantles have appeared, which are of the cape order, the fronts being long and pointed. They are very becoming, and are made in plush, velvet, and *matelassé*. Black velvet has quite come forward as a material



THREE BODICES FOR SPRING WEAR.

for mantles, and is to be trimmed with gimp and cord, or a tasselled fringe. We shall still retain the large cloaks, to all appearance, during the summer, but we shall change the material of which they are made. Cinnamon *foulé*, scouring cloth, and the bordered materials used for dresses are all adopted, the borders of the last named being arranged so as to go down the "Russian fronts," and also down the under fronts, which are now frequently gathered or pleated at the neck, and are tied at the waist by a ribbon, or confined by a belt.

The show of materials is not very great as yet, and plain cloths seem to be as popular as anything else. Serges, cashmeres, Indian cashmeres, with a fishbone weaving pattern on them, "Angola cloth," "Vicuna cloth," "camel's hair," and some pretty cloths with a return to the "snowflake," or knickerbocker

In silk the best shops are now showing large brocades, which are to be made up with plain materials. All the new silks are soft and thick in texture, and there are many new ideas in fanciful weaving, and *matelassé* patterns. There seems to be a feeling for stripes in silks, and many of the newest are woven in designs that look like lace, or even macramé lace, or crochet lace, laid on in stripes. I cannot say that the effect is pretty, but they will probably be used as trimmings; so the somewhat stiff effects will not matter so much.

The greatest change which has taken place is in the bonnets of the spring. They are shallow, flat at the sides, and low in the crown. The front of the brim is often depressed and square, and the trimming is put on so as to give a coronet effect. The ribbons used for trimmings are very wide and handsome; and sad to say, the rage for the poor birds and their feathers still continues. But we see that the fancy for flowers, which generally appears in the spring, is coming on. The newest are violets in all shades; mimosa, marsh-mallow, lilac, aconite, and kingcup; and they are one and all beautifully made and coloured. The Alsatian bow is very popular, and so is the knot bow, which stands up. Many of the new bonnets have the bows sewn on at the back and pointed to the front of the bonnet—and all bows are rather obtrusive. There are many styles of hats, both large and small. The smaller shapes have the brim very often turned up at the back, and not in front. And there is a very ugly hat which has a round brim, caught up to the crown in several places at equal distances all round. The crowns and brims are often of different materials in various colours, and the ribbons for trimming hats are as wide as those used for bonnets.

The newest skirts are those with small tucks in front, or are gathered for several inches down. The backs of these are laid in folds. The "Empire skirt" does not need either steels or a mattress; but the folds of the dress itself are slightly wadded, either underneath or in the folds themselves, to make them stand out. As the season goes on we shall have flounced muslin put at the back of the skirts, in order to hold them out softly.

Zouave jackets are immensely popular, for either day or evening gowns; they are both square-cornered in front, or are very short, and cut-away, so that they resemble a Spanish Gitana's jacket. They are worn over jerseys, silk blouses, pointed bodices, or anything that is not a jacket itself, for then they would lose their *raison d'être*. One evening bodice was very pretty. It was one of the loose blouses of last summer, in dark red or crimson, and a small Zouave was worn over it, cut so short as to come only to the centre of the back, and rounded off in front. This was made of black velvet, with handsome beaded trimmings all round it.

In the "Private View" we show the new method of making up the striped materials on the left-hand side. Next to that is the Directoire jacket, and in the front the new sleeved mantle, in plain black velvet. Of the two gowns at the back, the one is a Directoire jacket, with embroidery, and the other a tailor-made gown, with white panel and waistcoat. The different shapes and trimmings of the new hats and bonnets are also represented.

The "three bodices for spring" show the use that will be made of folds this season, and how two materials—a figured and a plain—will be used in the same gown. The braided front is also a pretty style.

I am sure that many of my readers will like to see the new Court bodices which the Queen has lately authorised, as a protection to those who cannot wear the ordinary round Court bodice, that has been worn during Her Majesty's reign. The bodice represented as open can be filled in with white

tulle or net, quite up to the throat, if preferred, and transparent sleeves can be used instead of thick ones. It is reported that they were not very generally adopted at the first Drawing Room held this year; but they are new, and are, moreover, intended for invalids, and those advancing in life; for though a doctor's certificate is no longer needed, the permission of the Lord Chamberlain has to be asked.

The "Empire dress," which has been selected for our paper pattern for this month, gives the last idea which has come out for the spring. It consists of two paper patterns in reality—the "Corday skirt," which we had in December, price 1s., and the new Empire bodice, which is both a novel and pretty one, to be used with the *revers* in front or not, as preferred, price 1s. The two patterns can be had apart at 1s. each, or together at 2s. "The Lady Dressmaker" has thought it better to give the bodice a skirt in the sketch, as so many people may not know how to manage the putting of the bodice on the skirt at the waist.

The front of the skirt is laid in small tucks, which are run in neatly to about half a yard down the skirt. The back is set in either in folds, gathers, or flat pleats, as preferred. There are three pieces in the skirt.

The bodice consists of two parts of sleeve, cuff, puffed top, folded piece for front, collar, *revers*, front of bodice, back, and two side pieces. Both patterns (price 1s. each) can be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale, and one pattern given each month. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each pattern. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, including the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire or Zouave jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, Directoire redingote, bodice instead of stays, Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" bodice with folds in front, braided bodice with *revers*, and the "Empire" dress (consisting of a bodice and a skirt, which may be had separately at 1s. each).²



EMPIRE DRESS.

manner of some years ago. This is used in two colours, and is the only very new idea that I have seen. There is to be again an effort to bring in alpaca, and it is to be found with lace stripes and in plain colours. There are plenty of the new woollen damasks, which will be popular for mantles and cloaks; and we have the pretty old-fashioned, "de Laines" which came out last year, but are a thousand-fold more charming this year, with their girlish designs of grasses, sprigs of flowers, and small leaves. They will be very pretty for making up the "Empire dresses," which will be the last idea for girls this year, and which we illustrate this month as our paper pattern. It is new, without being remarkable in any way, and is extremely graceful.



BIRD LIFE IN MAY.

By A NATURALIST.

"BIRD, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow!
Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow!"

Thomas Heywood.

THIS month is the best of all the months for observing the migrants, the insectivorous ones, in a state of activity, and for listening to their various notes and songs. The woods and the moors, the brook-sides and the fens, are all awake with tune. Good old Izaak Walton, writing in the spring-time, says: "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

They have come from far, these delicate-looking birds, through mountain passes and sandy tracks, keeping—who can tell how, or by what rule?—to the line of coast, more or less, which will ultimately bring them to the narrow silver streak that parts England from the Continent. Take, as a single instance from the many insectivorous ones, the very delicate wood-warbler or wood-wren, a butterfly of a bird—one that you can barely hold for a few seconds in your hand without his showing most pitiful signs of distress; and yet he has come the same long journey that his family have travelled, who can say how long? That little mite, the chiff-chaff, or least willow-wren, crosses and recrosses nearly the same tract of country; delicate creatures, soft-billed and soft-feathered, they come to enliven our woods, coppices, and hedgerows with their slim forms and cheerful voices.

As a songster, first on the list is the blackcap. He and his companions prefer the tops of the trees, or the top twigs of high bushes, to perch on whilst giving out that beautiful song of theirs, second only in our opinion to that of the nightingale. The willow-warbler adds to the concert, but the garden-warbler, with his

full rich notes, is the one that will most attract your ear. With one or two exceptions the insect-feeding migrants are shy, retiring birds; their haunts are as a rule quiet places, moist and warm. Insect life is best nourished in such spots, and food plentiful therefore. You may often see them on the topmost sprays of the trees surrounding these haunts, flitting hither and thither, hardly at rest for a moment, busy feeding on the insects that in warm weather quit their retreats and luxuriate in the sunshine. If you notice their forms, you will see a family likeness run through the whole group. No matter what the difference in plumage may be, there is something in their movements and habits that stamps them as near allies.

The white-throats—the large and the small species—are very busy, flitting and diving in and out the tangle of the hedgerows. The large white-throat is particularly noticeable for his scolding chatter, as, with crest erected, he chides away at a most furious rate; to think that anyone should have the impudence to pass by that spot, his notes seem to say—a spot he had selected for his home. No matter where you find him, he is a most talkative little fellow.

The grasshopper-warbler, that most shy and curious mouse-like bird—mouse-like in all his actions, which seem to be done by fits and starts—I must describe. Picture to yourself a strip of plashy ground on the borders of some common, covered with furze and hollies. I say plashy, to distinguish it from bogland. Here and there are runs bordered by miniature banks—in fact, little watercourses, where the sun shines brightly the greater portion of the day. Vegetation is at its best in such spots, and there is a tangled undergrowth that wraps itself about your ankles as you try to force your way through it: long trailing brambles that will be covered in September with fine fruit, the joy of the children of all classes. Jagged and stunted sloe bushes grip the soil, and furze bushes are inextricably entangled with wiry-stunted heath, laced and interlaced with coarse, wiry grass, which even the half-wild ponies that range the common will not

eat. Such is the home of the grasshopper-warbler, a small brown bird very like a wren, with a rather long and rounded tail. If you wish to see anything of him, come out of the tangle on to the higher ground, and sit very quiet. When he thinks you have gone away you will hear a few notes like the chirrup of the great green grasshopper. Presently you may see him scuttle up from the matted undergrowth with wonderful nimbleness, and after he has got to the top twigs of his favourite bushes you will hear his song, such as it is—after all, very much in keeping with his surroundings. Then, as though he fancied he had made himself a little too conspicuous, down he dips into the tangle again, which you will not persuade him to leave if he is in the least alarmed.

Some of the rustics are very incredulous about the grasshopper-warbler. "What are ye listening to, so deedy like?" I was once asked by a man in leather gaiters, who passed the spot where I had been hidden, to observe the bird's movements and to listen to his notes. "The grasshopper bird," I replied. "No, no! no such thing; somebody's bin making game on ye, knowing as ye're allus bird-hunting. That ain't no bird; I've heerd that 'ere noise hundreds o' times; doan't ye believe it. It's one o' them 'ere big locusses, what comes now an' agin. 'Tain't no bird." I did not contradict him; he only expressed the general opinion the rustics hold about the grasshopper-warbler.

Near the streams the nightingale best loves to make his nest, which is usually begun about the beginning of May. It is formed with coarse weeds and dry oak leaves outside, and horse and cow hair and little roots within—and it is usually built near the ground. The instinct of migration is very strong in the nightingale, and those kept in captivity—an Italian lady I know in Pisa, kept and reared a great many young nightingales—show great uneasiness and distress at the season when they ought to be on the wing.

Ford, in his "Lover's Melancholy," calls the nightingale "Nature's best skill'd musician."



PERUGINO (NO. 288).



THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

ROOM VI.—THE UMBRIAN SCHOOL.

LET us now take our stand before the picture which has faced us in the distance from the first moment that we entered the Gallery. It

has seemed to be drawing us on towards itself all this time. I mean the famous Raphael from the Duke of Marlborough's collection, known as the "Madonna degli Ansidei" (No. 1171), the picture that cost the nation the amazing sum of £70,000.

"Is it worth all that money?" one often hears asked; "and if so, what are the special beauties that give to it such an extraordinary money value?"

Let us see what answers can be given to these two queries.

In answer to the first query, something must be said about the subject—viz., the Madonna and Child. We must bear in mind that Raphael obtained a very great reputation for his treatment of this particular theme. He was the first painter who attempted to modify the stiff and conventional attitudes in which the Virgin had been always represented adoring the Infant Saviour.

He was the first to bring home to us the sweet feeling of the real human infancy of our Lord. At the same time, by the reverent expression on her face, we feel that the loving earthly mother is filled with a humble joy, as of one "who knew that she was most highly favoured amongst women." No other artist has been able to represent thus graciously the pure young mother who so loved her child even while she revered her God.

Raphael painted this subject often—perhaps most often in his youth. In the Vatican we may see the lovely Madonna di Foligno, painted for the Foligno family; in the Dresden Gallery the superb Madonna di San Sisto,* in which Pope Sixtus IV., who gives the name to the picture, is introduced. The Louvre in Paris boasts several exquisite versions of the same theme. No public National Gallery considers itself complete without at least one such treasure, and, I need scarcely add, having obtained it never parts with it. But until the Duke of Marlborough announced his willingness to part with this picture, it seemed as if our English gallery was to be the one gallery in all Europe insufficiently represented in this respect; the small picture known as the "Garvagh Madonna" (No. 744), though a very sweet little work, being hardly of sufficient importance to fulfil national requirements.

Thus the extreme difficulty of obtaining a much-valued subject explains to a great degree the extravagant price set upon it.

And now a few words with regard to its peculiar beauties as a work of art.

Let me here pause to remind my young readers that Raphael, in the course of his short lifetime, painted in three **distinct and** very markedly different styles. The first he acquired while he was the pupil of Perugino, in whose school he was trained, and in whose manner he painted until he visited Florence, he being then about twenty years of age. His second style lasted from the time of his first visit to Florence in 1503 until 1508, when he took up his abode in Rome, and is known as his Florentine manner; after that time he changed again very materially. His last is known as his Roman manner. He visited Florence, as I have said, first in his twentieth year, having previously painted many pictures, which have become famous, in Perugino's manner, and there fell at once under the influence of more advanced artists than those of the Umbrian School, amongst

* A tracing of which, made by a distinguished German artist, has been placed in the National Gallery.



VIERGE AUX ROCHERS.
(By Leonardo da Vinci.)

whom up to this date he may fairly be classed.

Hanging close by the Madonna degli Ansdei in the Gallery is one of the best works by Perugino (No. 288)—“The Virgin adoring the Infant Christ, on either side the Archangel Michael; the Archangel Raphael with the young Tobias” (see illustration). Here we recognise the formality of treatment of the central group and the two side compartments as characteristic of the early school, yet with considerable charm both of the colour and the sentiment.

Turn we now to the Raphael (No. 1171), “The Virgin and Child, attended by St. John the Baptist, and St. Nicholas of Bari.” We see the Madonna seated on a raised throne, under a canopy; she holds the Infant tenderly and reverently on her knee, while he pores over an open book, which she holds for him, with a sweet childish gravity; St. John the Baptist, on the left, gazes up at the Divine group with a rapt expression of intense love and devotion; on the right, St. Nicholas of Bari, in episcopal robes and holding his pastoral staff in one hand, bends over a book which he holds in the other. The formal composition of this picture is strictly in accordance with the mode of arrangement designed by Perugino. It is said that the commission was given to Raphael before he left Perugia, with the condition that the arrangement should be in Perugino’s manner. Such conditions were often made for pictures that were designed for altar-pieces, where a certain formality of style is proper and suitable.

Our other pictures by Raphael hang in a line facing us as we enter the room, with a fine altar-piece on either side by his early master; so that we are well able to compare the teacher with the pupil. We note the similar tones of pearly grey in the backgrounds in both artists, the formal arrangements of the figures, united with a certain similarity in the tender devotional expressions and attitudes, which are characteristic also of the other works of the School of Umbria by which we are in this room surrounded. But in Raphael’s pictures how much more character in the heads! How much more nature in the positions!

The “Madonna degli Ansdei” was painted in Florence in the year 1506: Raphael has inscribed his name and the date on the Virgin’s robe. It belongs, therefore, to his second or Florentine period. An art critic says justly of Raphael that “though he absorbed all that was excellent in the style of Perugino, he avoided its affectations, and seemed to take departure for a higher flight from the most exquisite among his teacher’s best paintings.” There are some critics who prefer this, Raphael’s Florentine work, so highly finished and so deeply devotional, to the larger style and the historical subjects of his later years.

The lovely “St. Catherine of Alexandria” (No. 168), which hangs near and is dated 1507, was also painted during his four years’ residence in Florence. Compare the sweet natural grace of the “St. Catherine” with the very similar action and sentiment in Perugino’s figure of the young Tobit in the side compartment of his famous altar-piece (No. 288), hanging near, and note the “little more” that just makes the difference between the natural grace in the Raphael and what I will venture to call the stilted sentimentality of Perugino.

The portrait of Pope Julius II. (No. 27), who sent for him to Rome in the following year, 1508, was probably painted soon after his arrival in the Holy City. There is a replica, or copy, of this portrait in the Pitti Palace in Florence.

“The Vision of a Knight; or, Duty and Pleasure” (No. 213). This exquisite little miniature picture (with the careful pen and ink study for it which hangs below) is believed to have been painted when Raphael was but



COPY OF ANGEL'S HEAD.

(From Leonardo da Vinci's “Vierge aux Rochers.”)

seventeen. We therefore have before us a specimen of the three different epochs of the painter. At the South Kensington Museum there is a room set apart for the famous cartoons; and there we can best realise the later style of Raphael, for by those works, and by his frescoes in the Vatican, he is perhaps most known to fame. We learn from them to admire him as the founder of the Roman School of painters, most of whom were his immediate pupils and assistants in his larger works. But here in the National Gallery we can best appreciate the great genius first trying his young wings. And looking round the room, we clearly understand what was the nest out of which he sprang. Around us hang the pictures of Giovanni Santi, his father, and of Pietro Perugino, his master, besides works by Pinturicchio, Lo Spagna, and others, who were his companions and fellow-students in the *bottega* or workshop of Perugino. We see to what degree his early work resembled that of the painters of the lovely secluded Umbrian valley where he was born and bred, “shut off from the rest of the world, as if it had been one large convent garden.” Its stiff conventional manner was already becoming antiquated in the rest of

Italy, and the highly-wrought tone of religious sentiment with which it was so deeply imbued was also considered somewhat old-fashioned and affected by the scholars and artists of Florence and Rome.

One great advantage has come to Raphael through working in the studio of Perugino—namely, that he there had the opportunity of thoroughly acquiring the Flemish art of painting in oils, discovered by the Van Eycks of Bruges, and but lately introduced into Italy. Perugino was among the earliest of the Italian painters to appreciate the value of the discovery, and to teach the method to his pupils.

A small picture, a “Madonna and Child” (No. 181), painted in tempera by Perugino, hangs near to his other altar-pieces, already referred to, and is very curious for comparison.

In this same room, near to the best work of Perugino and the youthful works of Raphael, hangs a picture (No. 1051) which has a great charm for me, as it seems to me to have a personal and interesting story of its own. The catalogue does not identify the artist further than to call him “of the Umbrian School.” He was probably some fellow-student of Raphael, very likely painting with

him under the same master. The grey tone which pervades the work, one of the especial charms of Perugino, indicates clearly his date and country.

"Our Lord, St. Thomas, and St. Anthony of Padua." Let me attempt to write its history. My first guess would be that the picture was painted for a gentleman of Padua; this I infer from the fact that the donor, who kneels in the corner, is introduced to our Lord's notice by St. Anthony, the saint who was supposed to take the city of Padua under his particular care. The latter is represented in white robes, bearing the white lily, his emblem, in his hand. May we not imagine that the donor, like St. Thomas, has been a doubter, and that, like St. Thomas, he has been rescued from the pangs of doubt? In commemoration of his renewed faith he has ordered this picture to be painted to serve as encouragement for others in like mental trouble, and as a thank-offering for his own deliverance.

The reverential action of St. Thomas, as he moves forward to touch the wounds of our Lord, is very fine. Very beautiful, too, is the effect of the rich reds and dark olive-green of the draperies against the pale grey of the background. The mountains of Umbria lie beyond, distance beyond distance, in delicate aerial tints. The painters of that Umbrian valley never tired of reproducing its features in the backgrounds of their sacred subjects. It has been said that "both Perugino and Raphael often repeat their native scenes in the peaceful mountain valley in which they represent their youthful virgins cradling the infant Saviour."

St. Francis of Assisi was the favourite saint of the whole district. He had wandered in his lifetime, not two centuries previous, among these very hills and vales, a voluntary outcast from wealth and pleasure, chanting his pious canticles, dreaming dreams and seeing visions, and gaining followers to his ideal life of poverty and abnegation. His meagre form and gentle dreamy face reappear again and again in these Umbrian pictures. Now, overwhelmed with grief, he clings to the foot of the cross in representations of the Crucifixion; or again, he introduces some acolyte to the notice of the Virgin and Child, as they sit enthroned above.

Pinturicchio, in three highly decorative architectural pictures (Nos. 912, 913, 914), tells the story of the peasant maid Griselda, doubtless in honour of Poverty, Patience, and Meekness, the attributes of the much-loved saint whose marriage with the maiden Poverty was depicted by that great early painter Giotto, and sung of by Italy's greatest poet.

But while these paintings of the fifteenth century, so full of humble, tender, devout expression, tell us of the aspirations of men's hearts towards a new ideal of life, how different was the actual state of society by which they were but too frequently surrounded!

History describes this peaceful smiling valley, which we recognise in the background of so many sacred works, as "that Umbria which the Baglioni and the Popes laid waste from time to time with fire and sword." We read: "Often and often have the steps of the Duomo (the Cathedral of Perugia) run with blood. Once the whole church had to be washed with wine, and blessed anew, before the rites of Christianity could be resumed in its desecrated aisles." "No Italian city illustrates more forcibly than Perugia the violent contrasts of the earlier Renaissance. To many travellers the name of Perugia suggests at once the painter who, more than any other, gave expression to devout emotions in consummate work of pictorial art. They remember how Raphael, when a boy, with Pinturicchio, Lo Spagna, and Adone Doni, in the workshop of Pietro Perugino, learned the secret of that style to which he gave sublimity and freedom in his *Madonnas di San Sisto*, *di Foligno*, and

del Cardellino. But the students of mediæval history in detail know Perugia far better as the lion's lair of one of the most ferocious broods of heroic ruffians which Italy can boast. To them the name of Perugia suggests at once the great house of the Baglioni, who drenched Umbria with blood, and gave the broad plains of Assisi to the wolf, and who through six successive generations bred captains for the armies of Venice, Florence, Naples, and the Church."*

The contrast seems a violent one, but it is one that we are constantly reminded of; for to these ever-renewed ferocious wars do we owe the loss of so many achievements of art. The works of Raphael have been fortunate, but those of his great rivals and contemporaries, Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, have been far less so.

Raphael died in 1520. He did not, therefore, live to see that terrible sack of Rome, when

"The Bourbon came over
The Alps and their snow,"—

when "in the year 1527 the Constable de Bourbon, at the head of an army of 40,000 men, composed for the most part of the completest ruffians in Europe, assaulted, entered, and sacked with every circumstance of atrocity, the city of Rome."

Raphael's works, possibly because they were chiefly on the walls of the sacred precincts of the Vatican, a spot which even the wildest soldiery would respect, were not damaged. But how many priceless pictures then disappeared! How many artists and literary men vanished after that dreadful time—died, no one knew how or where! Amongst the works that perished were those two splendid cartoons that the young Raphael had seen on that first visit of his to Florence in 1504, which had impressed him to such a degree that he at once set himself to change and enlarge his style in emulation of those noble masterpieces. And what were the works that he saw? you will perhaps wonderingly inquire.

They are thus described by Benvenuto Cellini, who was an ardent admirer of both his great contemporaries:

"Here was the first *chef d'œuvre* in which Michael Angelo evinced his great genius. He was working in rivalry with Leonardo da Vinci. Each of these cartoons represented an episode from the war (of the Florentines) with Pisa. The admirable Leonardo had chosen for his subject a group of horsemen contending for a standard . . . He acquitted himself of his task as divinely as it is possible to be imagined.

"Michael Angelo Buonarrotti represented some Florentine soldiers bathing in the Arno, when suddenly the trumpet sounds and all fly to arms. The hurried gestures, the excited movements of these figures, are such that neither the ancients nor the moderns have ever produced anything so perfect. . . . As long as these cartoons existed they served as models to the entire world of artists."

These two works had been commissioned by the Gonfalonier (or Governor) of Florence to adorn the two ends of the great Council Chamber in the Palazzo Vecchio.

We can fancy the young Raphael hastening, immediately on his arrival in Florence, to the Palazzo Vecchio, where these much-talked-of works by the two great artists, already so famous, were exhibiting. We imagine his astonishment at the vigorous drawing, the immense variety of figures in movement, the marvellous composition. Here was an art quite different from the highly-finished but tame works of Perugino and his followers, whose ideas of grouping were usually limited

to the two central figures (of the Virgin and Child), always in much the same positions, with a saint or two on either side, carefully arranged to pair with each other, in some quiet and quite conventional attitude. These works are known as "The Cartoon of Pisa" and "The Battle of the Standard." We have cited Benvenuto Cellini's testimony to their great merits, to the estimation in which they were held. But a few years passed, and after exciting all this admiration they vanished; it is said they were cut in pieces in the wild times that were hanging over the city of Florence. They are now only partially known to us by copies, or engravings, of small portions of each work.

What the effect of these splendid works was on the mind of the young Raphael the immediate modification of style in his Florentine and subsequent work remains to show. His Cartoons, his Transfiguration, and all his noted works in the Vatican, bear witness, and justify the remark of Pope Julius II. made to a rival artist, some few years later: "Look at the works of Raphael," said the Pope, "who when he had seen the works of Michael Angelo suddenly forsook the manner of Perugino, and approached as near as he could to that of Michael Angelo."

Leonardo's works must, however, at that time have had as great, if not an even greater influence upon him.

Michael Angelo was only a few years his senior, but Leonardo was then in the very prime of his powers, and had lately executed two of his masterpieces at Milan. His wonderful *Cena* (or Last Supper) he had lately finished on the walls of the Refectory of the Convent of the Madonna delle Grazie. It had been painted at the request of Ludovico il Moro, Duke of Milan, as an offering to the memory of his lost wife, Beatrice d'Este, whom the Duke had loved and passionately mourned. The noble grouping, the pathetic moment chosen in that famous work ("And one of you shall betray Me"), the varied expressions of the twelve Disciples, stamp the work as one of the world's masterpieces. It is too well known for it to be necessary for me to do more than refer to it. Leonardo had also just completed another splendid work, the equestrian statue of the same duke, when Milan was invaded and conquered by the French king, Charles VIII. Duke Ludovic was put in prison, where he died miserably, and the French soldiers made the noble statue a target for their arrows. Milan was no longer a place where artists, or any who lived by the arts of peace, could live or find work to do, and Leonardo and his friends and pupils fled to his native Florence, where, as we have seen, he was at once employed by the Government to adorn the Council Chamber with his great thoughts.

The picture we have by this master in the National Gallery, "The Virgin and Child, with the infant St. John and an Angel" (No. 1093), was painted before he left Florence for Milan, when he was about twenty-three years of age. It shows a power of modelling and a knowledge of grouping which are something quite different from the conventional arrangements of Perugino and his predecessors. A glance at my two illustrations (of the Perugino and Leonardo) will at once explain my meaning. In Leonardo's picture the figures do actually occupy the landscape in which they are placed. It is not simply painted in behind them, like a scene in a theatre, as in the earlier pictures. Then, again, look at the modelling; the heads stand out, they are really round. Again, the grouping; see how naturally the four figures place themselves round the Divine Infant. All eyes are directed towards Him, and as we look from one to another, each one leads our attention to the central figure: the mother, who leans tenderly

* See "Sketches in Italy and Greece," by Prof. Symonds; also "History of the Renaissance in Italy," by the same author.

over him, as if she said, "hear Him;" the angel, who turns towards us to draw us into the heart of the picture, and seems to echo the mother's words; and the little Baptist, who bends his knee and clasps his chubby hands together in reverence—all turn towards Him; while He, with a look beyond his years, as if conscious of the Divinity within Him, raises His baby hands in benediction. The shadows of the rocks close in the group, but we see the River of Life sparkling in the distance. It flows to the feet of the Infant Saviour, and breaks into flowers at His feet.

There is a replica of this picture in the Louvre, known as the "Vierge aux Rochers" (see illustration), in which there are some small differences from the picture of the same subject that we possess, the chief variations being the position of the right hand of the angel, which is raised in the one picture but not in the other, while the reed cross, against the shoulder of the little Baptist is wanting in the Louvre version.

In Leonardo's journal there is the following entry: "In the autumn of 1478 I began the two Madonna pictures." This apparently refers to the "Vierge aux Rochers," meaning probably the studies from life preparatory for the painting of the pictures. Some of these charming studies are in existence. One, evidently for the angel's head, is in the Royal Library at Turin. The study for the head of the little John Baptist is in the Louvre. That for the Infant Christ, in red chalk, is in the Windsor Collection, and a second of the same is in the Louvre.

Leonardo was in the habit of making most careful studies previously to commencing any work, trying the attitudes over and over again with slight differences, so as to attain to the utmost perfection in his work that was possible.

I have given a larger sketch of the head of the angel in this picture, to attempt to render the indescribable charm of the smile which seems about to play upon the lips. It is said of Leonardo by Vasari, that quite in his early youth "he used to make models of women smiling." Vasari adds, "Two ideas were especially fixed in him, as reflexes of things that had touched his brain in childhood beyond the measure of other impressions—the smiling of women and the motion of great waters." I do not know of any picture existing which shows us the motion of great waters; but his portraits of women are illusion itself, more skilful in modelling than that of any artist before or since; and one of the most noted, the portrait known as Mona (Madonna) Lisa, or La Gioconda, in the Louvre, has been called the portrait of a smile, "of a subtle, shadowy, uncertain smile." Vasari continues to speak of him thus. He says: "Truly admirable indeed, and divinely endowed, was Leonardo da Vinci, in whom—to say nothing of the beauty of his person, which yet was such that it has never yet been sufficiently

extolled—there was a grace beyond expression, which was rendered manifest without thought and effort in every act and deed, and who had, besides, so rare a gift of talent and ability that to whatsoever subject he turned his attention, however difficult, he presently made himself master of it."

After awakening our curiosity and enthusiasm about this wonderful man, it is distressing to read the following in a later biography. "A singular fatality has ruled the destiny of nearly all the most famous of Leonardo da Vinci's works."*

The same writer who makes this observation has, however, edited and translated the journals and precious MSS. of Leonardo, which have fortunately been preserved to this day, and he thereby lets us into the secret workings of that great artist's mind, and makes us know him as the profoundest thinker and observer of his time. He continues: "It is due to nothing but a fortuitous succession of unfortunate circumstances that we should not, long since, have known Leonardo, not merely as a painter, but as an author, a philosopher, and a naturalist. There can be no doubt that in more than one department, his principles and discoveries were infinitely more in accord with the teachings of modern science than with the views of his contemporaries. For this reason his extraordinary gifts and merits are more likely to be appreciated in our own time than they would have been during the preceding centuries. He has been unjustly accused of having squandered his powers, by beginning a variety of studies, and then, having hardly begun, throwing them aside. The truth is that the labours of three centuries have hardly sufficed for the elucidation of some of the problems which occupied his mighty mind."

"Those who can judge, describe him as anticipating long before, by rapid intuition, the later ideas of science," while those who have learned to study the phenomena of nature in Ruskin's works will find the method and insight anticipated, three centuries ago, in these memoranda of the mighty Florentine, who was the contemporary of Perugino and the predecessor of Raphael.

The new rooms give us a very complete survey of the rise and progress of the great Tuscan or Florentine School of Painting—such a survey as we could obtain in no other single gallery in all Europe. We see its infancy in the second room, its cognate branches of Ferrara, Bologna, and Umbria in the fifth and sixth rooms, while its progress to perfection is shown in the first and third rooms.

The artistic aim of this school, from first to last, was to realise the perfection of form rather than colour, and profound religious feeling was throughout its characteristic.

* Preface to "Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci, compiled from the original MSS.," by Dr. Jean Paul Richter.

In its earlier phase the artists were imbued with the teachings of St. Francis of Assisi; in the time of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, the Dominican monk, Savonarola, the great Reformer (who may be called the precursor of Martin Luther), swayed men's minds when he lifted up his voice against the corruptions of the age in which he lived. Many artists, Sandro Botticelli amongst others, were so affected by his preaching that they actually brought their own pictures and flung them into the flames of the great bonfire in the public market-place of Florence, which was kindled in answer to Savonarola's call to destroy the "vanities" of life; some, as Fra Bartolommeo, abjured their art altogether and became monks, thinking to please God better so than by painting pictures.* Some, like Michael Angelo and Luca Signorelli, devoted their great artistic powers to illustrating the preacher's burning words, and, penetrated by horror of the wickedness and corruption which they saw in the high places, show us upon canvas all the terrors of the awful last judgment that shall descend and punish the wickedness of the world. These subjects we may see and shudder at over the high altar in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, and again on the walls of the Cathedral at Orvieto. Neither of these two great artists can be known in their full strength by the works we possess by them in the National Gallery. As well could we judge the size of a giant from seeing his little finger. Still, we cannot fail to recognise in the two unfinished works of Michael Angelo the largeness of style and the grand simple naturalness of the drawing of the figures in No. 790 and No. 809. We can quite imagine his indignation when Perugino ventured to criticise his drawing; and may excuse his retaliating by calling the latter "an artistic dunce" (*un goffo nell' arte*), an anecdote told of the two men by Vasari, the friend of Michael Angelo, and the historian of the Florentine School of painters, to whose delightful pages I would refer my young readers. I think they will find the book as interesting and amusing as a good novel.

Vasari was a Florentine, and is accused of unduly favouring his fellow-townsmen in his history, and of being unjust in his estimate of the artists of other schools than his own. He has also been called a sad old gossip.

I will, therefore, conclude with the hope that a perusal of his biographies will stimulate a desire in the minds of my young friends to dip deeper into the pages of history. If they do, they will certainly be rewarded by finding an increased interest in the pictures painted by the artists of the Renaissance, for the pictures and the history help to illustrate and to explain each other.

E. F. BRIDELL FOX.

* See "Romola," by George Eliot, for an admirable and truthful description of these scenes.

VARIETIES.

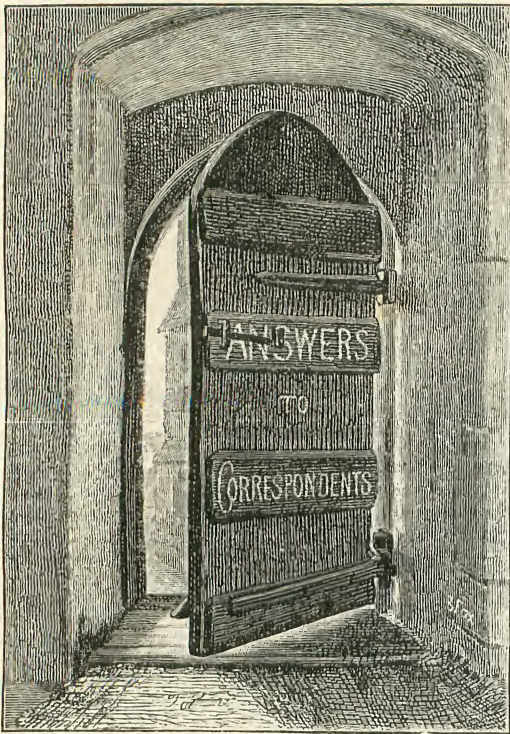
CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS.—"Cleanliness is next to godliness" is a proverb. Some hold the statement as of biblical origin, but it is not. Others attribute it to the famous John Wesley who, perhaps, put it into the terse form in which it runs; but it is ages older than Wesley, for it came down in the tractate Mishna from an old Jewish book where it read, "Outward cleanliness is inward purity or piety." It is so; and if by some magic spell England could wake to-morrow morning physically clean, she would wake also pure in spirit and godly in comprehension of goodness.—*Dr. Richardson.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.—"I remember," says Lord Eldon, "a case of a murder in which the guilty man was taken up twelve years after the deed. He had made his escape, and though every search was made he could not be found. Twelve years afterwards the brother of the murdered man was at Liverpool in a public-house. He fell asleep, and was awoke by someone picking his pocket. He started up, exclaiming, 'Heavens! the man that killed my brother twelve years ago!' Assistance came to him, the man was secured, tried and condemned. He had enlisted as a soldier and gone to India immedi-

ately after the deed was committed; and he had just landed at Liverpool on his return, when his first act was to pick the pocket of the brother of the man he had murdered twelve years before. It was very extraordinary that the man, waking out of his sleep, should so instantly know him."

INJURING ONESELF.—No one ever did a designed injury to another without doing a greater to herself.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.—Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.



HOUSEKEEPING.

D. A.—We are delighted to hear how well you succeeded in decorating your own "studio," and making it pretty; so much can be done in that way by clever heads and willing hands.

IRENE.—We strongly advise you to send your silk and wool tapestry tablecloths and curtains to a cleaner, as the probability is that they will be ruined at home by inexperienced hands. Cleaning is so inexpensive, it would cost you less than to buy new ones to replace what was spoilt.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER is thanked for her kind letter. We gave a full account of washing with paraffin oil in the Answers to Correspondents, page 783, vol. ix. We have seen lately in an American paper that half an ounce of soap and one teaspoonful of paraffin are the proper proportions to a gallon of water. Therefore when washing it would be easy to add water with these quantities of oil and soap. You must always keep a good lather. Opinions differ so much with regard to this recipe; many people consider it excellent, while others think it worthless. It certainly does help many people like yourself to manage washing at home who never have done it before.

DAISY may produce the *écru* colour for her curtains by using a strong coffee rinse. The depth of the colour will be produced in proportion to the strength of the coffee. But just at present it appears we have returned to old ideas, and are using pure white in preference to either *écru* or cream. But perhaps in London *écru* has advantages in not showing the effects of smoke and fog.

PENELOPE.—You can obtain any kind of stain and varnish for your floors. We prefer stain and beeswax dissolved to the substance of butter in turpentine, and rubbed in with a hard brush, so as to polish instead of varnish them. But you must beware of the inflammable nature of this mixture in melting it. All you require can be had at a good oil-shop. The depth of the floor exposed to view round the room must depend on the size of the central carpet or rugs employed. You might stain and polish the whole floor if you liked. Such floors must always be in good taste, or as you term it, "fashionable." If you have a large table in the drawing-room, do not place it in the middle of the room, nor arrange the books all round it, so as to give it a starfish appearance.

COOKERY.

PENN.—We gave a recipe for "Queen Cakes" in vol. ii., page 303, but in case you have not got that early volume we now give a fresh one. Take half a pound of dry flour, half a pound of sifted white sugar, six ounces of currants (well washed and rubbed in a coarse cloth), six beaten fresh eggs, half a pound of good butter, dissolved, but not in oil, the grated rind of half a lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of brandy. Mix all these ingredients together in the order in which we have given them, and beat the mixture for ten minutes. Then pour it into small moulds, and bake in a quick oven for about a quarter of an hour. We object to gigantic writing.

DOROTHY and SYLVIA.—You will find our recipe for "Maids of Honour" at page 255, vol. vii.; and for Trifle at page 727, vol. vii. For Potato Cheese Cakes at page 95, vol. v.; and for Apple Cheese Cakes at page 23, vol. v. You should consult our indexes; or if you failed to procure them for each volume, you should look through our recipes yourself, as it is a lazy and thoughtless thing to ask us to give our time all over again, either in writing recipes twice or three times, or in hunting through our volumes, which you could do for yourself.

ART.

SARAH.—No picture has been sold from the Pitti Palace, nor is it likely any will be sold, for the Italian Government prohibits the exportation of works of art. The "Holy Family" you mean was purchased from a well-known private gallery in England.

HOPE.—Your drawings do you great credit, if you have had no lessons; they show much talent. We hope that those around you will get you some lessons as speedily as possible; it will be such an additional amusement and pleasure to you. We admire your cheerful patience under your affliction. A two years' illness is a long one, but you have had time "to draw near to God," which quiet time in private is denied to many others in this busy restless life, and "He is a very present help."

STUDENT OF ART.—You should get a biographical dictionary of the great Italian masters. There is a small inexpensive one "by a Lady" (Maria Farquhar, edited by R. N. Wornum) which would be very useful to you, especially in your studies at our National Gallery. Titian, or Tiziano

Vecellio, died of the plague at the same time as his son Orazio, a good portrait painter, at Venice, August 27th, 1576, being then ninety-nine years of age. He and Giorgione often worked together, and their respective frescoes and portraits were scarcely distinguishable one from the other.

MARCELLINA.—The pebbles may be painted on the rough surface without polishing; a smooth, even place, free from holes, being selected, and the stone washed thoroughly and dried; then fill in the small unevennesses and holes with a mixture of parchment, size, and whiting, applied with a palette knife; lay on smoothly, and when dry rub down with a piece of sandpaper to make it level, and paint over with flake white for the ground colour. When dry, take a lead pencil and trace out the chief lines of your drawing on the pebble, and then go on with the painting in the ordinary manner. We have given these directions in a very recent series of answers.

DENDRON and A GALWAY GIRL are both thanked for their information that thick, uncrumpled, brown paper, oiled with ordinary linseed oil, and then carefully painted with a background or foundation of "Aspinal enamel," will, when dry, offer a suitable foundation for painting a subject, either for a hand screen or any other article with a flat surface. 2. There are many German and French papers published in England, which could be ordered at any railway bookstall. 3. Do not meddle with a hen when hatching; they dislike even to be looked at, and might desert the eggs. If proposing to rear chickens you should always prepare a comfortable dry nest in a secluded corner, on a shelf or cupboard off the ground, of which the hen will probably take advantage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JESS.—You will find the two characters, called "Minna" and "Brenda," in Sir Walter Scott's "Pirate." The "God of Thunder," so-called in the heathen mythology, was "Jove."

A. E. LORD.—There is some promise and poetical feeling in your verses, but they would not suit our magazine. We are gratified by your appreciation of our work.

LILLIE ROSLIN.—We should not attempt to write books until we had been inspired with original ideas, or with a new method of reproducing old but valuable ones. If you have not such an inspiration we could not assist you to one. You are too young to publish your own little fancies; it is, on the contrary, the time for learning. Make the most of your opportunities for improving yourself in the schoolroom, and learn to spell.

ONE OF A THOUSAND could obtain all our early volumes if she advertised for them. She had better write to our own publisher, Mr. Tarn, first, and obtain from him any still in stock. We are glad that you value our paper so much, and send us our best wishes. The verses do not quite suit the "G.O.P."

CANTERBURY.—A doctor recommends ablutions in boracic acid—one part of acid to twenty parts of hot water—for the excessive perspiration. Boracic acid pulverised and mixed with starch is also a useful dusting powder.

A. B. E.—Your puzzle, "If a hen and a half laid an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs would six hens lay in seven days?" can be easily answered. Tell your inquiring friends that their hens would have laid forty-two eggs in a week.

HUNGARIAN GIRL.—We read your well-expressed letter with much interest. You are at liberty to make any extract from our paper, provided you state whence it was taken, for the purpose you name. We are, indeed, glad that you like it so much.

SPERANZA (Riviera de Genoa).—Your letter has gratified us much, and your English does you credit, but it is not sufficiently correct in its idiom, and the use of certain words and tenses of verbs, to write verses. At the same time you have done yourself credit in what you have accomplished. We regret they would not suit our paper.

TROUBLED ONE.—You should find a way of making restitution to anyone you have defrauded. Send the amount due in money, making a guess at the probable debt, and write (in a registered letter) a few words, unsigned, stating that the money was due from one who repents of some petty acts of dishonesty committed in childhood, and wishes to make restitution, as becomes a believer in Christ, and one penitent for her misdoings. The sin you name of ascribing the miracles of Christ to devil-possession instead of the Holy Ghost within Him, involves the rejection of Christ persisted in. We have many times explained this.

FIREFLY.—We advise you not to leave your father alone. You might arrange, perhaps, to go for an hour's instruction in housekeeping to your aunt; and if not you might obtain a great deal from articles in our paper, such as "She Couldn't Boil a Potato," which begin at page 36 of vol. viii., and continue through the paper.

LADY BETTY should cut the over-long claws of her canary, or they may become entangled in the bars of the cage, and the legs be broken, or at least the toes. But she must be careful not to cut them too much; only take off a little at the ends.

EAGER FOR KNOWLEDGE.—Hereward the Wake (or, the Vigilant), Lord of Born, Lincolnshire, who resisted the Conqueror, the Earl of Morcar uniting with him, supplies the name and the subject to one of Kingsley's novels, and is popularly called "Hereward."

C. H.—To manufacture *papier mâché* you must employ, as the name signifies, waste paper repulped, and press it into moulds to take the form you desire. Get old "wall posters" if you can; because the paste will render it the more suitable for the purpose. When the article is made it must be varnished, coating it with successive coats of Japan black, in which thin slices of mother-o'-pearl should be embedded, so as to form an ornamental design. Many coats of the Japan black will be needed to bring up the foundation to a level with the mother-o'-pearl. Then the surface must be smoothed and carefully polished and finished with a coat of colour or of gold, and one of transparent varnish. When very fine varieties of *papier mâché* are produced, sheets of paper glued together are employed instead of pulp, which are damped and moulded in the same way as the latter.

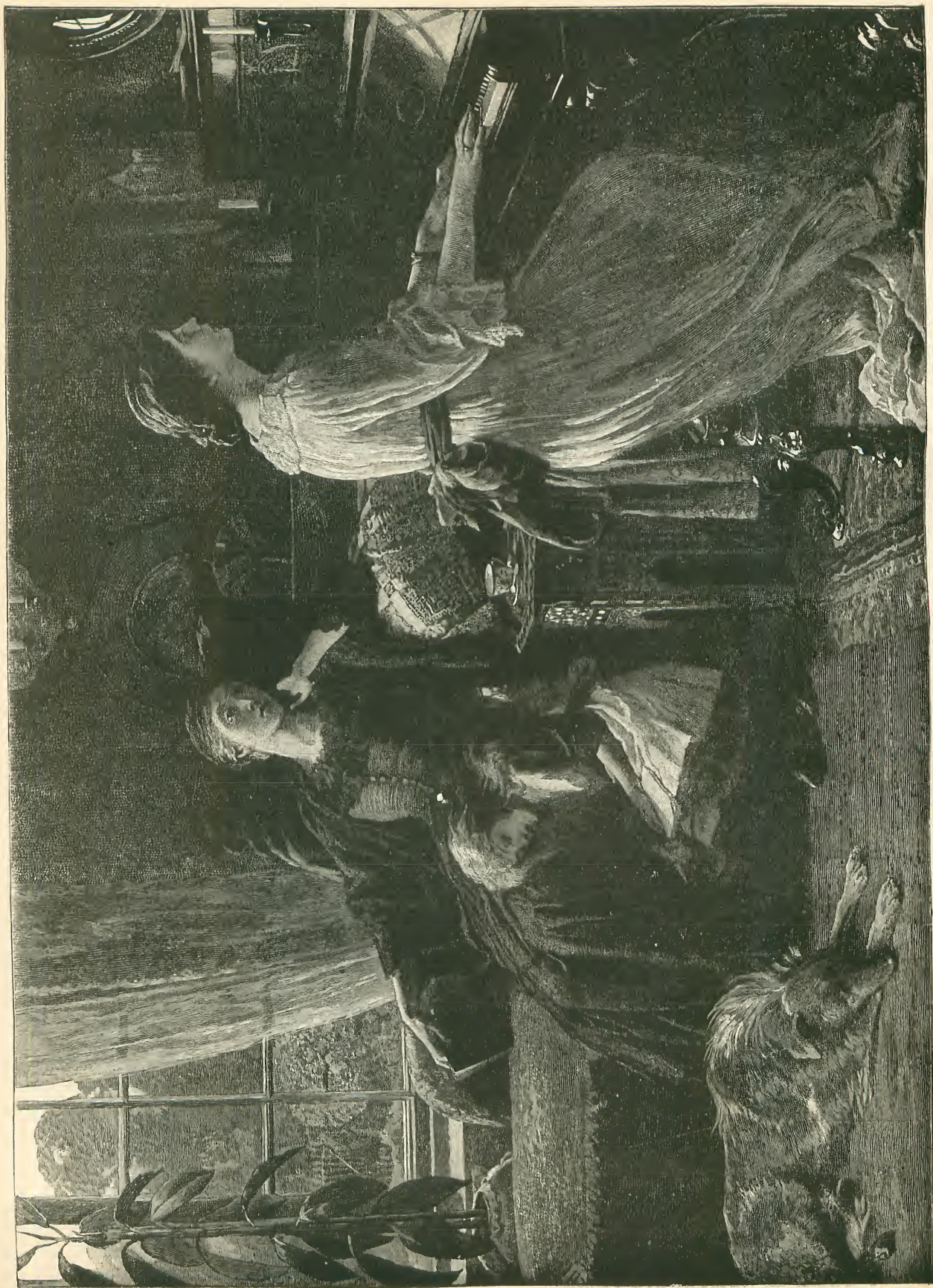
A READER.—"A morbid state of mind" may arise from a disordered state of the liver, or some other physical trouble. Consult a doctor, as no one could prescribe for a stranger, whose age, constitution, and circumstances of life are utterly unknown. Good food, moderate outdoor exercise, early retirement to bed, and active work by day, are the best methods for ultimate cure, always provided that any particular physical disorder be attended to in the first place.

ANCHOR.—Perhaps you read at night, or try your eyes with fine needlework. We have no means of knowing the cause, which precludes our giving advice, excepting that you should show them to a doctor or an experienced apothecary. Perhaps you have a cold in them, or the redness may arise from a disordered state of constitution. Your cousin, perhaps, makes herself sleepy by reading after dinner.

CHEYRON.—Certainly you can purchase a coat of arms, chosen for you at the Herald's Office, if you care to buy what has no family interest, nor reference to gallant deeds of arms which won them, as hereditary distinctions, on the field of battle. We refer you to our series of articles on "Heraldry" and "The Days of Chivalry" in our last year's volume. But in these modern times, of course, you can "honourably use" what you have purchased. A son cannot take the arms of his mother's family unless he change his name for hers, and purchase a legal right to bear them. Possibly the persons to whom you refer obtained a legal right to the arms and liveries by purchase, which is very commonly done on the acquisition of property. It must be entirely a matter of personal feeling, and, under special circumstances, one of expediency and worldly advantage.

A WARY ONE.—In such a case the proper person not only to give you advice, but likewise permission to send the birthday card to your "bosom-friend's brother," is your mother. Supposing we thought you might send it, she might think it inexpedient; and her will should be a law to you.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—September 5th, 1847, was a Sunday; July 18th, 1850, was a Thursday; December 1st, 1858, was a Wednesday.



MEMORIES.
(From the Painting by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.)



VOL. X.—No. 488.]

MAY 4, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.
(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND PARLIAMENT.)
By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

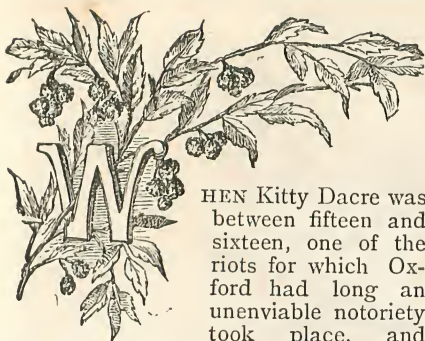


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"TRYING TO HOLD HIM BACK."

CHAPTER V.

THE ALARM BELLS OF ST. MARY'S AND ST. MARTIN'S.



WHEN Kitty Dacre was between fifteen and sixteen, one of the riots for which Oxford had long an unenviable notoriety took place, and the was fraught with misfortune to the Dacres. Kitty had often heard of these tumults, which frequently arose from the most trifling causes—customers finding fault with a vintner's wine, or quarrelling among themselves about the cast of a die or the length of a feather, or scholars sallying forth in bands at the hours when they ought to have been in their respective colleges, roaming in search of idle excitement or bound to revenge some fancied insult, till chancellor and proctors, mayor and aldermen were all drawn into the fray. On one occasion the fray lasted not merely for the dark hours of a single winter's night, but broke out again and again, day after day, till halls and hostels, and the private houses of the citizens were sacked as in a siege, the streets and lanes encumbered with the slain. And the wrath of the King and his council fell heavily on those who were proved to have been the first assailants in the chronic strife. What Oxford maid who knew anything had not heard a tradition of the great riot on St. Scholastica's Day, the 10th of February, 1354, when three "clerks of Owsenford," hot with bad wine, if you would believe them, came to blows, not with each other, unfortunately, but with the owner of a tavern called "Swyndlestock," opposite St. Martin's Church, and rushed out shouting the students' war-cry, "Gown, Gown, into Town!" Roger de Chesterfield, one of themselves, led the students, and John de Beresford, the mayor, the citizens, who were reinforced to the number of two thousand men by the inhabitants of the villages in Bucks, Berks, and Oxon nearest to the city. These allies came pouring in by the north, south, east, and west gates, till the riot assumed the proportions of an insurrection in the eyes of the alarmed king, then at his neighbouring palace of Woodstock. The conflict lasted for three days, the students fighting with bows and arrows, swords and staves; the townsmen and their supporters with pikes, axes, and such rural tools as scythes and reaping hooks which came readily to hand. Whenever the fury of the onset slackened the bells of St. Mary's, the students' church, which should have rung—

"Peace and goodwill,
Goodwill and peace,
To all mankind,"

clamoured to summon fresh batches of students to replace their beaten-back brethren, and were met by the answer-

ing clamour of the bells of St. Martin's, the citizens' church,* calling for more men from the shops, and stalls, and boats, the plough and the thrashing-floor, the forest and the fen, to stand by the people. Forty students and twenty-three townsmen were slain, besides many hurt and wounded, while the city was given over to the rioters.

When peace was restored, the King and his council, judging, rightly or wrongly, that the town, which had shown itself dangerously in the ascendant, was most to blame, inflicted on it a sharp chastisement and a protracted humiliation. Annually, at St. Mary's Church, the mayor, city bailiff, and citizens, to the number of the original quota of victims slain on either side in the riot, attended to help in the celebration of a mass for the souls of the slain students, and to pay each man a penny, to go to the maintenance of forty poor students, and the increase of the curate's income. The mass had been exchanged for prayers and a sermon at the Reformation, and these had dwindled into the Litany alone. Once the service had been intermitted for as long as fifteen years, and then resumed, with the payment of a substantial fine to make up for the withheld pennies. In Kitty's day, the transformed and shorn rite which had lasted, off and on, for nearly three centuries, was still performed. She had seen with her own eyes the chief magistrate of Oxford and a procession of the townsmen walking, in sullen ceremony and hardly-concealed chafing, two and two, bound for St. Mary's, there to atone for their predecessors' wrath and prowess on the fatal day of St. Scholastica.

The town might have been supposed to have learnt its lesson, for though there had been many a fierce tussle between town and gown in every generation, there had been nothing at all equal to the battle of classes in the Middle Ages. There had not been anything Kitty could remember, though a sword continued to be part of a gentleman's dress, whether for morning or evening wear, and was not unfrequently present beneath a scholar's gown; while a cudgel was in every apprentice's and countryman's hand, when he went abroad after work hours. So it was with no thought of anything wrong that Kitty, as she sat at her seam one January morning, about noon—for she was looking for her father's making his appearance at dinner—in the year 1641, the year following that in which she had gathered fritillaries with her cousins in Merton meadows, heard a sudden clash and discord of bells over the sounds of Oriel Lane and the streets beyond. The peal and tinkle of bells was no unusual sound in the city, of monks first and scholars afterwards, but as a rule they rang one at a time, or else in tune and harmony.

"Hark! Why are the bells ringing together and out of tune?" cried Kitty, flinging down her work and running out to Mrs. Judith, who was in the small

* The tower of St. Martin's was lowered in the reign of Edward III., because the citizens galled and annoyed the students with arrows and stones directed from the top.

ante-room that served for household stores, and such washings up of glass and china, and making and mending of household linen, or supplementary cooking and brewing as did not come within the province of the college servants. "There do be more than one bell ringing wildly; can his Majesty the King be come to Oxford? Or can there be great news of some glorious victory, though I wot not that we were at war, Mrs. Judy?"

Mrs. Judy was not listening to the girl. She was harkening to the bells, with one hand holding back her hood behind her right ear, though she had never admitted herself to be so much as dull of hearing before, and with a scared look on her comely, cheery, elderly face.

"Alake! alake!" she said; "if it be not the bells of St. Mary's and St. Martin's sounding the alarm against each other, and not knowing which shall get out their fearsome tale the loudest and the fastest! There's bad blood between gentle and simple in Oxford town this day, Mrs. Kitty. I heard the college and the town bells ring like mad against each other once before, and that was when I was a young wench no older than thou art, and my mother could call to mind a worse bout just before I was born; but that was more between my Lord Norreys, who had given offence to one of the colleges and the college he had offended, than between town and gown. But my lord was the King's lieutenant at the time, and what should hinder the town from taking his part until the chancellor and his company flung themselves between the young masters and my lord and his servants, and hailed the lads back to their desks and books, not without bloodshed."

"You do not think the bells mean two raging mobs, and mayhap Jackie in one of them?" asked Kitty, under her breath, with her rosy cheeks beginning to pale and her lips to tremble.

"God forbid!" prayed Mrs. Judy, fervently; "though he's so venturesome a slip of a scholar, and so set on upholding what he judges to be the right, that a body cannot depend upon him. His clothes will be torn from his back at the least."

"Nay, never mind his clothes; their destruction will be nought. You said 'bloodshed,' Mrs. Judy," cried Kitty, with a gasp.

Then Dr. Peter Dacre came into the room from his bedchamber, which was his study for greater privacy, since even Mrs. Judy's retiring room and pantry were lined with bookshelves.

"What's agog, Judy?" he demanded, with some vehemence. "These mutinous rogues and villains of New and Magdalen are not at their rebellious tricks, are they?"

"Father," protested Kitty, in amazement and dismay, "have you forgot that Jack is at Magdalen now, and so is Cousin Anthony? You don't class them with rogues and villains?"

Ever since that day in the Merton meadows last spring, when the truth had been broken to her, Kitty, though still so young, had become more and

more conscious that her countrymen were divided. They had been united and strong in their union when the mass of the people became Protestants in the days of King Henry and Good Queen Bess, when they defeated the Great Spanish Armada, and rejoiced from the one end of the land to the other, Catholic striking hands with Protestant over the national deliverance.

They had still been outwardly united when with one voice they had called King James to succeed his cousin on the throne; when they welcomed King Charles to fill his father's seat, and declared that, for personal virtue and a refined taste in learning and art, he even surpassed his lamented brother, Henry Prince of Wales. Yet here was this once united England rent asunder by conflicting factions, with the whisper waxing louder and louder every day, that the time was coming when they must fight out their quarrel to the ghastly end. Still Kitty was not prepared to hear the students of Magdalen, of whom her old Jackie was one, defined as miscreants.

"If it be not so, what meaneth the scandalous reports which are rife of disgraceful brawls, in which harmless maypoles are pulled down, and well-warranted effigies of snivelling Puritan preachers—rank raisers of ill-will and dispeace—wrested from the hands of honester men than their assailants, who belike are bearing and burning the images in maintenance of the honour of the church? If the students of Magdalen and New keep company with traitors, fledged or unfledged, in order to aid and abet them in their felonious practices, the misguided fools must even abide by the consequences," stormed Dr. Dacre.

A great change had come over Dr. Peter Dacre. He had been by nature a quiet, pacific man, half suspected of timidity. He had lived buried among his books, troubling nobody and counting on nobody's troubling him. The great shock and overthrow of his earlier life, caused by the death of his wife, had rather intensified than altered his character. To the last he had refused to take into account the signs of a new era, and had contented himself with opposing abounding evils by a passive resistance, and with enjoining on others to do the same. Wrong would right itself, if one but waited long enough for the process. A hereditary monarchy was the central principle of English politics, and loyalty to the reigning monarch forbade the slightest doubt of his ability to cope, sooner or later, with long-standing abuses, bad advisers, constitutional prejudices; and with this new tumultuous element in the situation, this sudden growth of the Commons, hectoring and obstreperous as all young forces which had broken their bounds were sure to be.

Dr. Peter's fine, scholarly head was bald, and his face shrunk and pallid—the effect of a long and severe course of brain work, and much confinement to the exhausted, musty air of his college rooms. But he had never seen in his whole experience any good come of a sudden subversion of right rule and lawful

supremacy—indeed, of violent changes of any kind. Like many peaceable men pushed to an extremity and driven to resistance, he showed himself passionate and reckless after a certain point, totally unlike his old self.

He had been pleased with his son's progress at college, and had entertained a kinsmanly regard for his nephew, Anthony Walton. But within the last few months these sentiments had undergone a decided modification. It had become notorious in Oxford that the Mitre Tavern was not a better known rallying-ground of Papists and Jesuits than were Magdalen and New Colleges nests of Puritanism.

Dr. Dacre was an absent-minded man, leading a retired life. He was much more conversant with the different currents of politics in ancient Greece and Rome, at any time, than with their parallel in mother England and Oxford in the seventeenth century. Thus he, a staunch supporter of Church and State, discovered the strong bias of Magdalen too late to prevent his son being first enrolled on the college books, and afterwards obtaining one of its demys, as Anthony Walton had done before him. The father took it ill of his nephew that he had not delivered a warning in time, and, in the room of the Doctor's old liking, he bore a bitter grudge against the offender, and was on the road to conceiving a violent antipathy to him. Men like Dr. Dacre, slow in taking offence (for that matter deliberate in mental movement of any kind, and gentle in temper), are in danger, when fairly roused and brought to bay, of showing themselves like women—passionate, unreasonable, implacable. But, in fact, the time had come when a woman such as Lady Ottery, though, like most elderly persons, inclined more and more to be conservative in her views, was at once more liberal and more forbearing than her learned friend, Dr. Dacre, appeared likely to prove. Certainly she too had changed in some respects, but it was rather in a mellowing than in a souring and fermenting of the old strongminded, outspoken nature. She was more of a king's and queen's woman to-day, when the monarchy was affording every symptom, to clear-sighted eyes, of passing under a cloud, than she had been five years before, when Charles and Henrietta Maria had come with undiminished state and splendour, and hardly a premonitory shadow over the bright picture to grace the chancellor's rule, and be feasted and entertained by their university of Oxford. It was not merely that the days of the old plots and persecutions were farther off with the memories of their sufferings dimmed; all the woman's generosity was aroused by the first muttering of the impending storm. At the same time she could not forget what she had learnt in her own adversity; she could not be unjust or inveterate either in her loves or her hates.

Dr. Peter Dacre, when he had become apprised of the danger, had done what he could to defend his son from the contaminating influence of his college, and,

doubtless, of his cousin, since he had been guilty of permitting Jack's introduction into what, to Anthony's knowledge, must by that time have been a hotbed of sedition. But not only had the son passed beyond the father's control; in a large measure there had arisen between them in their very likeness that sensitive reserve and suspicion which not infrequently separate disastrously those who, under the galling restraint and bewildering misconceptions they have imposed upon themselves, are still by natural affection and kindred ties strongly attached to each other.

Dr. Dacre was calling for his hat and gown, and preparing to go out into the streets to ascertain for himself the extent of the disturbance, and Kitty was clinging to him and trying to hold him back; was it not enough that her brother might be in the tumult? must her father expose himself too? She begged him to stay with her and Mrs. Judy, at least till the members of Oriel were summoned, and he should go out with the others at the call of duty. Her distress was not caused by mere cowardice; she was by far too healthy in body and mind, and too sensible for her years to be a prey to hysterical panic; she was brave enough to have been a soldier's instead of a scholar's daughter. Poor Kitty was haunted by an apprehension which was sufficiently terrible to have daunted a woman of any age—lest her father and her brother should find themselves on opposite sides in the fierce quarrel—lest Dr. Dacre should openly denounce his son, and John Dacre should publicly defy his father. For what will not men, when their blood is up and they are in the thick of a fight, say or do, which they may live to regret to their dying day?

"Let a-be, Kitty," Dr. Dacre angrily forbade his daughter's further interference. "How often am I to tell you that women have no call to meddle in such matters? Keep thyself quiet here with Judy, shut thine eyes and ears as far as thou canst. For me I must out, and be at the bottom of this pestilent business."

Time was when Dr. Peter would have counted himself in the light of a man of peace and of letters, as exempt from any call to interfere in a scene of strife which had nothing to do with his college as Kitty could be. But the man was changed; he was now feverishly anxious to vindicate all he owed to King, Church, and State, by defending them furiously from the most distant approach to an attack.

Kitty was left behind, and as she sat listening to her father's hurried, somewhat uncertain step descending the stair, and mingling with the clang of the bells, she sank down in a dejected attitude on the window-seat, and mechanically watched the stragglers making their way to the fray.

"Now, don't take on so, Mrs. Kitty," Mrs. Judy proceeded to comfort the girl in the old woman's brisk, encouraging tones. "It may all blow over, and nought come of it. I could wish I had bitten my tongue out before I told you which were them bells and what they were saying."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Judy!" said Kitty, with the impatience of a young girl at being kept in the dark and with a natural inclination to assert her supremacy as her father's daughter and Judy's young mistress. "Of course I'm bound to know everything. I'm not a baby any longer; what would be the good of my remaining in ignorance? Oh, Judy, Judy, what is that? Are they coming this way? What are they doing?"

"Be still and hold back from the case-mistress," cried Mrs. Judy, exerting all her old authority on the instant. "Neither thou nor I, my poor lamb, can do aught either to stay or to help them, and it may be best both for thee and them, not only now but in the time to come, when somebody must be called to account for this day's work, that there be not any sign that either good or bad was heard or seen from my master's windows."

By some chance in the warfare a party of rioters, closely pursued by their enemies, had rushed down Oriel Lane, and were struggling in a free fight past the college. As yet the townsmen were only using their fists and such cudgels as were *among them*; while the students, who were seeking to rout their hereditary foes, laid about them with canes and the flat sides of the few swords which had seen the light. But the spectacle of the wedged-in, buffeting and buffeted crowd, surging hither and thither, as if driven by the wind, and incapable of staying itself, with here and there a man or a couple of men falling with a crash, and rolling over on the stones; and those who were behind and those who were before swaying backwards and forwards for a moment, and then closing over the blank in their ranks—was enough to startle and horrify eyes unaccustomed to such sights. In their least ghastly shape they still present the spectacle of raging wild beasts rather than of men—fathers, husbands, brothers, beside themselves for the instant, striking and tearing at each other in terrible forgetfulness of all save the delirium of the fight.

Once and again the shrill scream of a

woman rose above the roar of the men, and some poor, weak creature, rendered a virago by the danger of one of those nearest and dearest to her, her woman's clothes fluttering wildly in the winter wind, fought to stem the tide and to force a passage into the throng, that simply thrust her aside and rushed on unheeding.

The townsmen in their doublets and hose, some of them wearing the tall beavers of gentlemen, instead of the caps of tradesmen and apprentices, were to the front, not so much chased against their will by their assailants as tearing along with an object of their own in view. They were declining to be stopped by the troop of students and university men, many of them beyond their first youth, wearing the hoods of doctors and the velvet sleeves of proctors in addition to the ordinary scholar's hat and gown.

"Gown, gown, into Town," the old rallying cry rose and rang, while the conflicting bells of St. Mary's and St. Martin's jangled and clashed as if they meant to bring down their respective church roofs on the peaceful dead sleeping below.

They were not all Romans who were with Rome in the riot. Among the gownsmen there were many gentlemen and substantial burgesses of the town, who were not university men either in dress or in anything else, who took what was held to be the cause of the King and Church, the nobles and gentry, against the side of the Commons and the upholders of Puritanism. On the other hand, among the citizens were not a few of the gowns and trencher hats of those scholars of Magdalen and New against whom Dr. Dacre had inveighed so wrathfully.

Did Kitty and Mrs. Judy see anyone they knew among these stern men and fiery lads who were staunch to their deepest convictions at the very time that they were reviled as renegades from their ranks?

The woman and girl, withdrawing from notice, looked eagerly with shrinking

eyes, unwilling to find what they sought. For little as the gazers knew of the riot, they had both of them shrewdness and judgment sufficient to comprehend that to-day's outbreak was like a declaration of war, which would bring to light smouldering suspicions, discrepancies and divergences, sever men into hostile parties, and range them as declared foes thenceforth.

Alas! alas! there they were, rushing on with the faction of the town, in the very heart of it, John Dacre and his cousin Anthony Walton. They had evidently not contented themselves with lending the passive support of their presence to their political allies. Jack had lost his hat, and his long fair hair, which he still wore cavalier fashion, like the great Puritan, John Milton, was streaming half over his boyish face, which was hard set, the teeth clenched and the blue eyes not *seeming* to see his old home of Oriel, or to call to mind who might be watching him from behind one of its casements.

"Oh! Jackie, Jackie," Kitty could not help murmuring in a piteous undertone.

"Master Jackie," echoed her old nurse, fain to clench her fist under her apron and shake it unseen at her former wayward charge.

What if his father should see him in such guise? What if father and son should look into each other's eyes declared enemies?

As for Anthony Walton, his gown was in tatters, and he was shouldering his way with such a frown on his brow as Kitty had never before seen on the face of her big, bantering cousin.

The strange sight, with its hubbub and clamour, did not last many minutes. The mob streamed past in the direction of Corpus Christi and the great buildings of Christ Church, and vanished like any other pageant, leaving the little street absolutely deserted, and the silence, but for the bells, something to be felt after the late wild medley of flying feet and shouting voices.

(To be continued.)

EVENINGS AT THE OBSERVATORY.

By SIR ROBERT S. BALL, F.R.S., Astronomer Royal for Ireland.

It is well known that in the United States there are many more opportunities for educated women to gain useful and remunerative employment than can be found in our own country. I was particularly struck with this when I saw on a recent visit to America ladies employed in doing work in the astronomical observatories, which in our country would be almost exclusively performed by men. The work they had to do was eminently suited to ladies; it required neatness and care, and a conscientious determination to do the work with unremitting accuracy and attention. That they have done this work well is known to all astronomers who have made themselves acquainted with the great volume of excellent astronomical research that flows from the American observatories.

I am specially led to make these remarks at the opening of a series of papers on astrono-

mical matters in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, because I was much interested and entertained lately by reading a paper written by one of the American astronomers to whom I have referred. Two years ago a new astronomical observatory was opened at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, and at the laying of the corner-stone an appropriate—a most appropriate—address was delivered in celebration of the auspicious event. When I add that this address was given by a lady it will, I think, show that America, in respect to such performances, is much in advance of the countries on this side of the Atlantic.

The address was published in the *Sidereal Messenger*, and has been copied into the *Observatory* for December, 1886. It is signed Mary E. Byrd, and is well worth reading. It admirably expresses the wide diver-

gence that there often is between the presumed nature of the work that is performed in an observatory in the popular imagination, and the routine of somewhat prosaic detail that is the actual fact.

I cannot resist quoting a passage from this address as the best introduction to our present subject.

"It is commonly fancied that there is a great deal of poetry and romance within the walls of an observatory. All have read the ancient legend of Tycho Brahe, how he went to the observatory in robes of state, as if the presence of the stars was the presence of princes. And people fancy that here at midnight, in starlit domes, you almost hear the music of the spheres. They picture to themselves the observer seated at his telescope hour after hour looking down, down, into deep lunar craters, feasting on delicate nebulae and swift-flying

comets, or revelling in gorgeous star clusters. Here they think night after night before his rapt vision there passes all the panorama of the heavens multiplied and glorified a thousand fold by his powerful lenses. I have sometimes wished that it were so; but it is work that goes on in an observatory, work as stern as that of the factory."

The actual fact is, indeed, widely different from that supposititious view of the duties of the astronomer which are here so humorously portrayed. The popular notion of the way in which astronomical discoveries are made is also very wide of the truth. It seems sometimes to be thought that the astronomer in search of some crowning triumph sits gazing with ecstatic rapture through the tube until suddenly some majestic, and hitherto utterly unheard of, celestial body soars into his view, and he immediately records an immortal discovery. The fact is that when an astronomer goes into his observatory for his night's work he finds it usually convenient to leave all the ecstatic and most of the poetic portions of his constitution outside. He arrays himself in costume, not with a view to the sublimity of the universe, but he thinks of what will best keep out the cold. It is not the stupendous size of the celestial bodies that so often appals him; he is rather straining his attention to the effort of hiding a tiny star behind the spider web of his micrometer.

But though it may be generally true that the work of the observatory is essentially a routine almost of a prosaic character, yet the astronomer must indeed be of a callous nature who does not feel the noble character of the occupation to which his nights are devoted. I propose in these papers to write a sketch of what the visitor to the observatory may reasonably expect to see, if his or her visit be appropriately timed. It must be remembered that the celestial objects are not always to be observed. It is no doubt true that Saturn or the great nebula in Orion are like the Matterhorn or the Falls of Niagara, always to be seen if the visitor will only go to the right place. But very often no terrestrial observatory can be the right place for seeing either of the objects named, and this for various reasons. In the first place it may be that the season of the year is wrong. There is, for instance, no use in going to look for the great nebula in Orion in summer; nor is there any possibility of seeing Saturn when, as happens every year, he is situated near the sun on the surface of the heavens. In general, indeed, there is no use at all in coming to look at objects unless you know as a matter of fact that they are above the horizon at the time.

Then, too, it must be remembered that some objects never rise at all in our latitudes. You need never expect to see the Magellanic clouds by going to any observatory in England. Nor can the astronomers in Australia ever observe the companion to the pole star through the great reflector at Melbourne. Even when the body you want to see is "up," it may be in a very unfavourable condition for making observations. If it be the moon that you wish to see, and even if it be up, and high up, it may be quite unsuited for telescopic scrutiny by the simple fact that it is "full"; a condition in which the varieties of light and shade which give to the moon pictures their

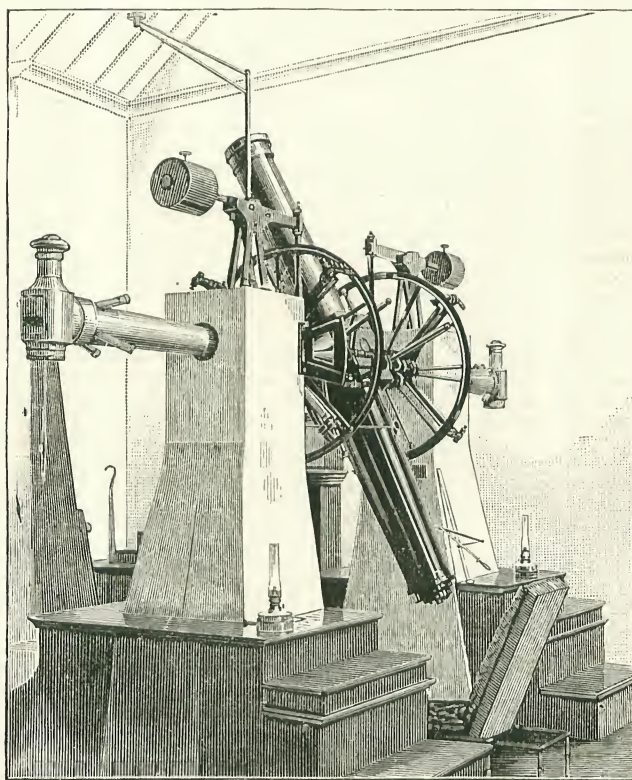
beauty and their instructiveness is altogether wanting.

The planets, too, will often be accessible to the telescope, but still be very unfavourably placed for disclosing their real beauty as compared with the seasons when they can be observed to good advantage. The ring of Saturn may be presented under an aspect in which it is too much foreshortened, or the opposition of Mars may be one in which his distance from the earth is still too considerable to admit of a truly effective telescopic picture being produced. It will thus be obvious that to observe any of the celestial bodies effectively not only must good instruments be available, but a careful forethought must be exercised in choosing the appropriate times for each object. But even when the best moment for observations has arrived and we are all ready to secure the examination of the celestial body under the most favourable auspices, there is still the very

work those produced by the atmosphere are the most vexatious, because they do not admit of being predicted. The astronomer may sometimes have even gone to the other side of the earth to observe some rare phenomenon like a total eclipse of the sun, or the still more occasional transit of Venus across the sun. The time when such an event will occur admits of actual prediction; all may be in readiness, when the incalculable clouds overcast the sky, and the whole object of the enterprise is frustrated.

But even when not charged with clouds the atmosphere is baneful to the practical astronomer, for air when clearest and purest still obstructs a great deal of light. It makes the stars appear fainter than they would otherwise do, while rays from very small stars are extinguished by it, though those rays would have been quite sufficient to render their source perceptible in our telescopes if we could observe without the intervention of the atmosphere.

An airless globe like the moon would, for merely telescopic purposes, present the most favourable condition conceivable, though how it would fare with the astronomers involves questions of a different character. We have not only the opacity of even the purest skies to contend with, but there are other difficulties. Even under the stillest and clearest sky it is of the essence of the atmosphere to distort the places of the celestial bodies. To see a star we have to point the telescope, not at the star, but in a somewhat different direction. Astronomers speak of this derangement as refraction; they are obliged continually to bear it in mind, and their observations have to be corrected for it so as to place the star in its true instead of its apparent position. The amount of the displacement of a celestial object depends, among other things, upon the temperature of the air. If the temperature changes the amount of the displacement will change. While, therefore, there is any fluctuation of temperature the place of the star will appear to be continually deranged. The astronomer will say that "the stars are very unsteady to-night." As long as this lasts the value of his observations is appreciably impaired; sometimes the unsteadiness is so great that he must desist from



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important consideration of the weather. For astronomical work a clear sky is indispensable. When we find that a cloud or two can obscure from us the direct image of the sun, we need hardly expect that stars or planets or objects still fainter and more delicate shall be perceived through a dense curtain of watery vapour. Fogs and mists, no less than more extensive clouds, must be absent, and even nights that seem tolerably clear to the ordinary spectator may, from atmospheric causes alone, be very ill-adapted for any careful astronomical work.

From all these reasons it will be seen that the hours in which really excellent work can be done in an observatory are but few in comparison with the whole number of hours in the year. When such hours do arrive astronomers greatly prize them, and it may be readily believed that during the opportunity for which they have waited so long they are often not too well pleased to be disturbed by visitors who come on a star-gazing expedition.

Of all the impediments to astronomical

working altogether.

To escape from the pernicious influences of the atmosphere is at present the pressing need of practical astronomy. In this respect of course there will be great differences between one climate and another. But the best method of evading the severe tax which the atmosphere imposes on every astronomer's time and the injury that it inflicts upon his measurements is to carry his observatory to the top of a lofty mountain.

The ocean of air that lies over our heads is perhaps one hundred miles or more in thickness. It is, however, in the lowest mile or so that the mischief is done of which the astronomer so sadly complains. A lofty mountain peak which reared its head a mile above the earth's surface would protrude through all the densest, the most opaque, and the most troublesome portion of the atmosphere. An observatory perched on the summit of this mountain will therefore be in a position to observe the stars almost free from the atmospheric anxieties of the astronomer at the

bottom of that turbid atmospheric ocean on which the mountain astronomer can now look down.

At the present moment the attention of the astronomical world is largely fixed on the bold experiment which has been made in America to locate a telescope of perhaps unsurpassed optical perfection on the top of a mountain in one of the most exquisite climates on the globe.

Mr. Lick, a Californian millionaire, committed to the care of the Lick Trust a great sum of money, and directed them "to erect a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope ever yet made, with all the machinery appertaining thereto, and also a suitable observatory."

To carry out this trust a careful search was made to obtain the most suitable locality, and an expedition was sent to the top of Mount Hamilton, near San José, in California. The observations showed that the air was remarkably steady, and that there was a continued succession of nights of almost perfect definition. Then, too, it was found that observations of objects very low down in the sky were practicable to a far greater extent than in other observatories in similar latitudes. Mr. Burnham, a distinguished American astronomer, who conducted these preliminary tests of the capabilities of Mount Hamilton, made many valuable discoveries of new double stars, many of them being exquisitely beautiful and delicate objects, during the six months that his stay lasted. These trials proving eminently satisfactory, Mount Hamilton was decided upon as the seat of the Lick Observatory. Then commenced the arduous task of constructing and equipping a vast astronomical establishment on the summit of a mountain four thousand feet in height, and twenty-six miles distant from the nearest town. With true American energy these difficulties have been severally vanquished. The county of Santa Clara provided, and now maintains, a magnificent road, which runs by a gentle slope the whole way from San José to the top of Mount Hamilton. Then the top of the mountain had to be cut off to make a level platform large enough for the buildings. To do this no less than 70,000 tons of material had to be removed. When the question arose as to the erection of the telescope, the first point to be settled was whether it should be a reflecting telescope or be a refractor. That is, whether it should—like the great telescope of Lord Rosse at Parsonstown in Ireland—consist of a large and brilliant mirror at the end of a long tube, from which the rays of light from the stars were to be reflected; or whether it should be founded on the more familiar principle of refraction, in which powerful glass lenses are made use of to concentrate the light and render faint objects visible. There was much to be said on both sides, but finally the trustees, after taking counsel with the wisest astronomers all over the world, decided to erect a great refractor.

The preparation of the object-glass was the next great work to be accomplished. It was to consist of two pieces, one of crown glass and the other of flint glass, and it was to have a diameter of the unparalleled dimensions of thirty-six inches. The fabrication of the actual pieces of glass on which the opticians could work was a matter of the greatest difficulty, and sorely tried the patience of all concerned; to obtain the rough discs of glass alone no less than six years were required, and they were only finally adopted after twenty unsuccessful trials. At last, however, when Messrs. Alvan Clark, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, did obtain suitable pieces of glass whereon to employ their optical skill, another year of assiduous work was necessary to give to the glasses the exact shapes that would

render the vision through them perfect. For the execution of this great object glass the Lick trustees paid to Messrs. Alvan Clark a sum exceeding ten thousand pounds. The length of the tube in which this pair of lenses had to be mounted was adapted for a focus of fifty-six feet two inches. On the 1st June, 1888, the celebrated Lick Observatory was formally pronounced ready for work, and handed over to the charge of the regents of the University of California.

I take these particulars from the first volume of the publications of the Lick Observatory. The charges of the future publications will be generously provided by the State of California, while the United States has presented the site. With consummate astronomical equipment, with a staff of practical astronomers that cannot be surpassed in the world, we may confidently hope that the Lick Observatory will fulfil the generous intention of its founder; indeed, we have already in some exquisite photographs and in other ways received earnest of its success.

I have entered thus fully into the account of the Lick Observatory, partly on account of its novelty and its importance, but also because in one aspect of its work it suitably illustrates the title at the head of these papers. Professor E. S. Holden, the accomplished astronomer who presides over the Lick Observatory, has generously arranged that the resources of the great telescopes shall, under suitable regulations, be available to those visitors who may spend an evening at the Lick Observatory.

I propose in these papers to sketch out some of the objects which a visitor to an astronomical observatory should specially wish to see. He will first of all desire to learn by actual examination something of those marvellous instruments by which the astronomer has detected the movements and learned the actual character of the heavenly bodies. He will see the fundamental weapon with which inaccuracy is driven from the field of astronomy. That weapon is the transit instrument, or rather the more complete apparatus which is found in all our modern observatories, and is known as the meridian circle. This consists of a telescope of considerable but not of the largest dimensions, mounted in a particular way for a particular purpose. A view of the meridian circle at Dunsink Observatory is given in the adjoining sketch. The telescope is attached to an axis about which it can revolve, just as a cannon can be turned up or down in its bearings. The axis also carries two large circles. On these the utmost refinements of mechanical skill must have been exercised. The circles in the instrument at Dunsink Observatory, the establishment over which I have the honour to preside, are about three feet in diameter. There is a rim of silver let into the margin of the wheel; this silver is graduated by fine marks—marks indeed so fine that they require a microscope for their detection. When the telescope is pointed to a star, the position of the marks shows the elevation of the instrument, and thus the height of the star above the horizon is determined. The telescope is carefully adjusted so as to move in the plane of the meridian. It can be pointed to the due north, then it can be raised up to the point of the heavens vertically overhead, then it can be turned downwards to the south. But it is of the essence of the meridian circle that it admits of no other movements; it cannot be turned to the east or to the west in the slightest degree. A star or a planet, the sun or the moon can therefore only be observed with the meridian circle at the very instant of crossing the meridian. In fact, one of the purposes of observing with the meridian circle is to determine the time at which the celestial body is on the meridian. To obtain the requisite accuracy, it will not be sufficient merely to observe the star in the field of view

of the telescope—we must have some means of readily indicating the precise line down the field which represents the meridian; a thread or wire has to be stretched across for this purpose. The magnifying power of a large meridian circle is, however, so considerable that any ordinary thread would look like a coarse rope, and would be utterly unsuited for work requiring nicety of observation. We must therefore employ some fibre which shall be extremely fine, and which shall yet be strong enough to admit of being stretched into a perfect straight line, while a certain degree of elasticity is also requisite in order to preserve the straightness of the line with any permanence. These various conditions are most completely complied with by the beautiful thread of the spider. It is a somewhat delicate task to stretch one of these exquisite filaments properly over the little circular framework at the eye end of the telescope, but when it has once been done the web of the spider is sufficiently durable to see many years of service.

The method of observing the transit of a star will consist of noting the time by the astronomical clock when it passes behind the spider web. The due estimation of this time taxes the skill of the practical astronomer; it depends on the appreciation of the fractional part of a second at which the transit takes place. Here, as in so many other departments of science and of the arts, the aid of electricity is invoked to give a subtleness to the work that cannot otherwise be obtained. As the star passes behind the spider web the astronomer taps a key which closes the current, and impresses a mark on a revolving cylinder. Thus a record is obtained which makes the closest approach to absolute precision.

But for the purposes of the continuous observation of a celestial body the meridian instrument is quite unfitted. It merely gives us a flying glimpse of the object as it hurries through the field; a glimpse sufficient for the determination of the place of the object, but quite inadequate to enable us to examine the object with any close attention. A totally different form of mounting for our telescope is now required, which shall enable us to follow the object persistently for hours together. Of course the facility of movement in the telescope which this implies can only be obtained by the sacrifice of some other qualities. The equatorial—for so this form of mounting is termed—is quite unsuited for the rigidly accurate purposes of measurement, which it is the sole object of the meridian circle to obtain. In the stand of the equatorial, clockwork is placed, by which the instrument, after it has been once pointed to the star, is constrained to move so that the object under examination shall continue steadily in the field of the observer's view.

It is the equatorial that we are to visit when we come to spend our evening at the observatory. We shall find ourselves usually in a circular room covered by a dome. This dome reposes on wheel work, so that it can be made to revolve. In it is a shutter, which can be opened so as to allow the telescope to be pointed to the sky. There is, of course, no glass window in the opening; even the most transparent of plate glass would impair the perfection of the image. Nor will it be allowable to have the building warmed by artificial heat. If the temperature inside were raised appreciably above that which is found outside, the heated air from the interior would pour out through the opening, and the disturbance thence arising would produce a mixture of air of different degrees of density, which would be quite sufficient to impair the delicacy of the telescopic images. Need we add that the sky must be quite clear, for seeing that a cloud can hide the sun at midday, it is obvious that even the very slightest thickness

or haze in the atmosphere is at all events prejudicial, if it does not even offer an insuperable obstacle to observation. Wind, if unattended with clouds, is not usually injurious to good seeing, though the comfort of observatory work is greatly promoted by a tranquil atmosphere.

And now as to the objects which the visitor to the observatory should specially ask to see. It must be borne in mind that many of the most interesting objects to the astronomer are almost completely devoid of effectiveness from the merely spectacular point of view. A grand nebula, for instance, will often have portions so faint, that however we may find it necessary to represent them in drawings, they are in the field of the telescope only to be seen by most assiduous attention with an eye specially trained for such work. The visitor will hardly feel contented if he be desired to look at something which he may only have a chance of seeing after he has steadily gazed for several minutes at one place. There are, however, some splendid objects in the sky against which no objections of the kind can be alleged, and it is to these that we specially commend the attention of a visitor who is anxious to see some of the wonders of the heavens.

The celestial objects which I have now specially in view are four. There is first the Moon, and then come the planet Saturn, the star cluster in Perseus, and the great nebula in Orion. Anyone who shall have had the gratification of witnessing these objects on a cloudless sky, and through a telescope of adequate dimensions, will have obtained a fair notion of the glories of the heavens. Nor is it often possible to compass all these objects during a single visit to the observatory. The moon, as if jealous of the other celestial bodies, drenches the skies with such a flood of light that the glories of the lesser bodies become well-nigh invisible. In fact, just as the sun at midday prevents us from seeing any of the stars, so the beams of the moon pale

the smaller stars to invisibility, and largely detract from the lustre of the brighter ones. Avoid also making your visit at the time of full moon; this is the very worst occasion for going to an observatory. Not only does the moon extinguish lesser beauties, but in this phase the satellite has herself lost all her telescopic attractions; we merely see a huge ball of bright light, with some slight diversity of hue. All these exquisite details of lunar scenery are indistinguishable, they can only be brought out by the relief which shade as well as light gives to a picture. When the moon is full the mountains on its surface cast no shadows, the hollows are invisible, and the picture has no interest. The best time to see the moon is at the period of the first quarter, when she looks like a half completed circle. Along the borders of light and shade an exquisite relief is given to the wild and desolate scenery of the moon, and we have the most striking telescopic picture of the details of a celestial body that this universe can afford us.

The chief feature which immediately arrests attention on the moon is the presence of a multitude of remarkable circular walled plains or rings. Sometimes the included area is comparatively level, sometimes the interior is diversified by a lofty mountain peak near the centre. These rings are of very various sizes; some are objects so minute as to tax the powers of the greatest telescopes; others are about as large as the area occupied by London; while others again are as large or larger than any of our English counties. The rampart or wall by which this plain is encircled is a chain of rugged and precipitous mountains, often towering into lofty peaks. No more striking spectacle can be shown on the moon than the view of one of these great craters, such as Plato, when the aspect of the sun is suitable. The most favourable conditions are found when the sun is just rising or just setting to an observer who is supposed to be stationed on the crater. Then the mountain peaks throw long and deep

shadows, which stretch across the level floor of the interior. The relief given by this light and shade make of Plato a truly remarkable object.

There are many other features on the moon of special interest to astronomers. There are the long chasms by which the solid crust appears to have been riven in those days, countless ages ago, when its volcanic fires were in action. Now, however, it would appear that all the signs of active volcanic energy are absent. The volcanoes have become silent and extinct, just like several of the mountains on our earth, which were once active volcanoes, but are now extinct, so far as eruptions are concerned. I need only mention one instance of an extinct volcano on our globe; it will be familiar to all who are acquainted with the Scottish capital, or to those who have read Walter Scott's novels; it is Arthur's seat, the well-known feature in the environs of Edinburgh. There was once in prehistoric ages a great volcano, of which the well-known mountain is a relic. The difference between the earth and the moon, in so far as the presence of volcanoes is concerned, may be thus stated. On the moon *all* the volcanoes have become extinct; on the earth many of them have become extinct, but some still retain their pristine energy.

We must not delay too long over the aspect of the moon. It will require a number of visits to become acquainted with the whole of its appearance, for the border of light and shade is the only part which is suitable for observation. The position of this border is constantly changing, and accordingly the moon must be observed during several periods in its revolution by one who desires to become adequately acquainted with its glories; but the study of our satellite will amply repay the utmost devotion which any astronomer can award.

A favourable night for the observations of the planet Saturn must next be chosen; and perhaps this will come soon.

(To be continued.)

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER I. A NIGHT early in June!

This calls up visions of peace and tranquillity, still pastures lying beneath the dim moon, with the forms of cattle couched here and there, and the trees "laying their dark arms about the field," the fresh scent of earth stealing up into the silence, and the only sound the murmur of a distant brook or the rustling of foliage stirred by wandering breezes.

For this picture a Londoner has to substitute the glare of lamps, the ceaseless roar and rattle of carriages, the hurry of foot-passengers, all bent on business or pleasure. These fill his summer night, instead of rest and calm.

In Piccadilly the uproar seems at its greatest. The spacious courtyard of

Burlington House is usually quiet, comparatively speaking, at this hour; a spot apart from the river of life that rushes hard by. But on this special night the stream is overflowing into its precincts with sound and fury. Carriage after carriage rolls up to the entrance on the right, whence the light that pours forth shows revelry is going on within.

It is not exactly revelry after all, for it is the "Ladies' Conversazione" of the Royal Society, and Science, though for one evening she condescends to lay aside her sterner aspect, is Science still!

There is a great variety of dress in the room where the lady guests are laying aside cloak and shawl. Fashionable women, who take the conversazione as one item merely in the season's round, and are on their way somewhere else, appear in full evening dress, with perchance the flash of many diamonds; others, again, less experienced, have considered a black silk, adorned about the neck with scraps of white lace and ribbon, sufficient tribute to the occasion. Between these two extremes might be classed one little group of three at the end of the room.

The most noticeable figure of the trio is a tall and graceful girl clad in clinging white cashmere, with her head well set upon her shoulders. Her brow is clear and intelligent, and it is remarkable that at a period when Fashion orders her to conceal her temples with her hair, she wears the wavy brown locks brushed back high above her forehead, and coiled in a plait behind. Her dark blue eyes, set deep in their sockets, are candid and large; her complexion is of a healthy paleness, and her lips are full and red. It is a pleasant though not a marvelously handsome face; the chief attraction in it comes from a certain light in the eyes and on the brow that speaks of imagination.

Evelyn Hope was accompanied by her aunt and cousin, Mrs. Lancaster and her daughter Dorothy, alias Dottie. The latter, a dark-haired, dark-eyed little creature in yellow Pongee silk, was a contrast in every way to her *svelte* cousin, excepting in the sweetness of her expression. Two thoroughly "nice" girls would the pair have been called by any attentive observer. And the mother, round, florid, panting, in a wonderful



dress of dark crimson brocade, was evidently good-natured, evidently also a little less accustomed than her younger companions to the haunts of fashion and science.

They have had a long drive, for they have come from a suburb far away in the south-western district, and are now collecting their forces for the reception by the President of the Royal Society.

"Come, mother," urged Dot, "it's time we went upstairs."

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Lancaster, "I feel just as if I were going to be presented at Court. Tell me, Evelyn, you know best—shall I shake hands with him or not?"

"Oh dear no, auntie!" cried Evelyn, anxiously; "just bow; it's nothing at all to alarm you. I am afraid uncle will be tired of waiting for us."

Apparently this fear was well-founded, for a slight line furrowed the brow of the military-looking, grey-haired, grey-moustached gentleman outside when they joined him. To this uncle, Mr. Austin Hope, the three ladies owed their invitation to-night. He was not related to Mrs. Lancaster, and would have been greatly offended had you supposed it possible; but he was Evelyn's uncle on the father's side, whereas Mrs. Lancaster, with whom the orphan girl lived, was her mother's sister.

They mingled in the crowd ascending the staircase, heard their names shouted in a stentorian voice, and made their bow and curtsy to the gentleman of European fame, who stood with his wife to receive the guests. Poor Mrs. Lancaster thought this a very trying ordeal; which to salute first, and how to do it gracefully, she did not in the least understand; she gave two abrupt nods, and her face was redder than her gown, when she was half-pulled, half-led to a chair by Evelyn and Dot. Conscious that she had not acquitted herself creditably, she tried to hide her confusion behind a large crimson fan. Mr. Hope was busy greeting one and another acquaintance.

Evelyn, her hands clasped and an intent expression on her face, sat listening to every name, as the stream of men and women flowed past the President.

"Do come and see something scientific, or have some tea," urged Dot, in a whisper at length, pulling Evelyn's sleeve. "I'm tired of looking at the dresses; besides, we shall see them just as well in the other rooms."

Dresses! Evelyn was not looking at dresses. The names announced were of more interest to her than all the milliners' establishments in the world, that of Worth himself included. The visionary heroes of the realm in which she lived—mere names hitherto—took tangible shape now and again as she listened. For among the list of nobodies would occur here and there the name of a poet, an artist, a philosopher, a literary man, known and revered by the girl for the sake of his work, and then she would fasten her gaze upon him with eagerness. To see all these people, of whom she had hitherto only heard, was

an unspeakable delight, and she felt herself living in a new world as she sat there. But there was one name for which she listened more than any other. At length it came.

"Mrs. Allingham West," and an imperceptible movement ran through the room, while the President's welcome was obviously marked, as he greeted a tall, slight lady with great, black eyes, and a pale, thoughtful face. This was Evelyn's idol! The successful novelist of the season, she had leapt into fame by the publication of a Romance—a story, half of this world, half of an imaginary region, where the natural and supernatural were strangely mingled. It was the work of a poet, and Evelyn thought it perfect. She had dreamt night and day of seeing Mrs. West, and if she had proved stout and commonplace, the girl felt she could not have borne the shock. But this *spirituelle* personality could be reconciled without difficulty with the pages of "Transmigrations."

Oh, if she could only speak to her! Her ardent gaze seemed to devour the authoress as she moved along, accosting one and another of the men and women who thronged in her train.

"What is the matter, Evelyn?" exclaimed Dot.

"Didn't you hear? Didn't you see? That is Mrs. Allingham West!"

"Well, and what then? Who's she?"

"Dottie, how can you? Why, she's the great authoress! Everyone is worshipping her genius!" cried the ardent girl.

"Oh, I know; she wrote that stupid book with the grey and silver cover—'Transmigrations.' I couldn't read half of it."

Evelyn, in the strained tension of her nerves, felt she could bear no more. But her aunt struck in with—

"Well, I don't call her much to look at, after all, nor yet to make such a fuss about, my dear, just because she has written a tale. I couldn't read it, any more than Dottie. I'll be bound she thinks herself wonderfully clever; but there's many a one cleverer. Why, you yourself, Evelyn—"

Evelyn rose, and turning to her uncle, who stood near with amused and cynical countenance, breathed—

"Do take me, uncle—there—after her—I want to be near her."

Mr. Hope complied, and led his niece into the library, where all along the wall the men of science sat, each with his special exhibit in his little nook. The wonderful ways of ants, flies, spiders and bees, the effect of sound on colour and form, the latest improvement in telegraphy illustrated by a model, the forms of crystals—all such marvels were shown forth and explained by their exhibitors to any who would listen.

The right effect of true knowledge is a great patience and a great humility. This was apparent in the gentleness and modesty with which these men, many of them famous all over Europe, responded to silly questions, and strove to teach what they could respecting the marvels of Nature in a momentary conversation with the curious. Evelyn deigned but little attention, and tried to drag her

uncle on when he paused to address a gentleman who presided over a microscope.

"We shall lose her, uncle! We shall lose her!"

"Her! What does the girl mean?" inquired her uncle, throwing his head back and addressing his question to the ceiling.

"Mrs. Allingham West, of course! I want to hear her speak. I want to be near her."

"Look through this microscope first. Let me introduce my niece—Professor Grant."

With a very bad grace Evelyn stooped to look through the lens adjusted for her by the good-natured man of science.

"I can't see anything at all," she declared, "unless it's a bit of my own eyelash."

"My niece's tastes are literary, not scientific," observed Mr. Hope, rather grimly; "and just now she is hot in pursuit of Mrs. Allingham West."

"It would be a shame to detain her," declared the kindly Professor, with a laugh, and the two moved on in the stream. Evelyn caught a glimpse of the silken draperies of her idol in the distance, and fairly pushed her way along till she was close behind her. Oh, happiness! she was speaking to the gentleman with an order on his breast, on whose arm she was leaning. Evelyn strained her ear to catch the enchanted sounds. Could it be true that she really heard the voice of her adored author? The next sensation was a chill of disappointment, for these were the words she overheard—

"It is very hot and crowded here. Suppose we go into the tea-room." And away swept the goddess in pursuit of nectar.

Evelyn, over-excited as she was, felt inclined to cry, and slackened her pace.

"Well, what's the matter now? Are you tired of mobbing that poor woman?" asked her uncle.

"Mobbing her! Uncle! How can you? I worship her!"

"An odd way of showing it then, to try to crush her to death. Come and let us see what your aunt and cousin are doing, if you have had enough worship," rejoined his satirical voice.

Evelyn could never quite "get on" with this uncle. Until she came of age, a year ago, he had been conjointly her guardian with Mrs. Lancaster. There was little sympathy—only tolerance on the one side, awe on the other—between these widely dissimilar relatives of the orphan girl. Austin Hope lived in his own house at Kensington. A bachelor, and absorbed in his favourite pursuits, he could exercise little influence over the girl's life; he laughed at the unintellectual Mrs. and Miss Lancaster, but secretly thought them excellent companions for a romantic creature of sentiment, as he supposed Evelyn to be. He had little patience with her impulsiveness, her lack of accuracy, and scarcely rendered justice to the gifts that existed side by side with many blemishes.

They found Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie at last, not where they had left them,



“I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND TO PUBLISH.”

but enduring the loud splitting and flashing of a practical illustration of lightning. Mrs. Lancaster's expression of dismay as she sat collapsed in a chair staring round-eyed at the electric fire darting from one great knob to another, gave little indication of her delight in the pursuit of science. The two ladies were not alone. A tall, loose-limbed gentleman, with a brown beard and a mass of rough curly hair on his head, was bending over them, trying to make his voice heard through the din.

"There's Muir trying to instruct your aunt," cried Mr. Hope.

Then followed greetings and introductions, in which Evelyn observed the stranger had very bright eyes, so bright they seemed to form a line of light beneath his brow when he spoke, and that his smile was brilliant, showing white and even teeth. His dress, though spotless in respect to linen, was by no means of the latest cut, and his appearance was generally shaggy. He spoke with a Scotch accent.

"Evelyn has been disenchanted about her idol, Mrs. Allingham West," remarked Mr. Hope, as by his suggestion the party of five withdrew to quieter regions. "Would you believe it, the base creature actually wanted tea, like any other human being? And it was all the worse because Evelyn had refused to look at Professor Grant's microscopic slides, only to hear the remark, 'Come

out of this mob,' or something of the kind."

Evelyn flushed again.

"I am not disenchanted," she declared; "and I would rather see Mrs. West than a hundred slides."

"Indeed!" responded the Scotchman, with an air of interest and surprise. "You admire her book?"

"Of course I do," replied Evelyn. "Everybody does."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied her new acquaintance. "I don't altogether myself."

"Perhaps your tastes are more scientific than literary," inquired Evelyn, a little disdainfully.

"May I ask in which direction yours lie?" replied he.

"Oh, in the direction of literature. Thought is spiritual, and science is material," declared Evelyn, conscious that she was saying a very fine thing indeed.

The Scotchman held his peace after this astounding remark, though he looked as if he could have spoken.

There was a good deal more sight-seeing, followed by refreshments, and then the little party from the distant suburb were put into their brougham by the two gentlemen.

The evening had been one of stirring emotions for Evelyn, and all the way home she mused. She had recovered the shock of finding out that Mrs. West

wanted tea like any other human being, and she dwelt with rapture upon her looks—upon the evident homage she won from all. Before she laid her head on the pillow that night she drew from her desk certain sheets of manuscript tied together with pink ribbon at the corner, and read some of their contents with a kindling eye.

All the next morning Evelyn was busy in the pretty boudoir she called her own, reading, arranging, correcting the said manuscript sheets. She enjoyed strict privacy in this apartment, but frequently invited Dot to see her there. No such invitation came to-day till the hour of afternoon tea, when the cousins met. Mrs. Lancaster had gone out for a drive.

"What have you been doing, shut up all this lovely morning?" inquired Dottie, standing by the table to pour out the tea from the tiny Japanese teapot.

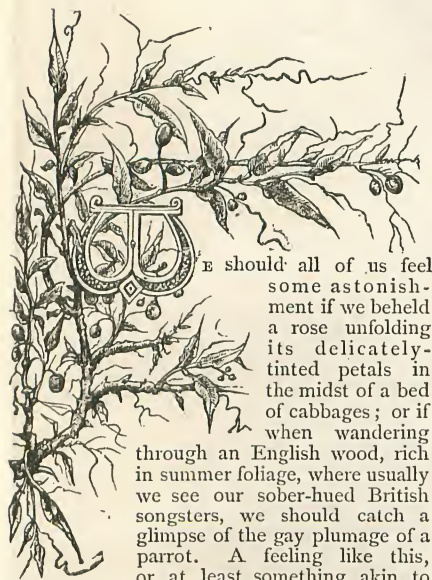
"I was busy writing—copying," responded Evelyn. "Dot, I want to tell you something. I have made up my mind on a very important subject since last night."

"Dear me! what is that?" cried Dottie, pausing with her hand on the cream jug. And Evelyn, conscious of the magnitude of her communication, solemnly replied—

"I have made up my mind to publish!"

(To be continued.)

MRS. HEMANS.



it, flashes through our minds when we hear of a poetess born in the family of a merchant; yet this fact is the first we have to narrate in the story of Mrs. Hemans. She was the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, born in 1793. There is, however, a touch of romance in the next fact which we have to tell, and this is, that her mother was of Italian descent. This strain of southern blood no doubt accounts for much of the fire and tenderness in her verse, and for the frequency with which she loves to dwell, in many of her poems, on southern scenes, which she never beheld with her bodily eyes: for in the whole course of her

life she never took a journey to the sunny South.

As is usually the case with female talent or genius, Felicia Dorothea Brown—such was her maiden name, though we almost exclusively know her as Mrs. Hemans—showed in her early childhood remarkable precocity of intellect. More especially did her imagination develop with marvellous rapidity; it outstripped the rest of both her bodily and mental growth, and unfolded into a rich and splendid flower like some rare exotic plant that springs up in a night. She literally lisped in numbers; to make rhymes seemed as natural to her as it is to other children to walk; and at eight years old she wrote a little poem which might have done credit to many a young author of eighteen.

Those were not the days of high-class education for women: though little Felicia's mental powers were, as has been said, very marked at an early age. She received no special training; she went to no lectures, and no band of teachers and masters surrounded her; she passed through no competitive examinations. On the other hand, she had access to a good library, and made good use of it, though according to our present ideas her reading was somewhat too omnivorous. Her mother was a woman of bright intelligence, and discerned early, with a mother's prophetic eye, that her daughter Felicia was more gifted than any of her other children. She did what she could, amid the cares of a large family, to cultivate and direct the girl's mind, and between Felicia and her mother there grew up a special affection and confidence, even more strong and entire than generally exists between parent and child. This love gilded the whole of Felicia's life, and was not extinguished by any after circumstances or new attachments; in all the vicissitudes and trials of Mrs. Hemans' story this love was her best earthly comfort and support.

While Felicia was still a child, Mr. Brown met with certain commercial reverses which caused him to leave Liverpool with his whole family, and seek out some quiet country retreat where they could live more economically than in a great city. He soon found such a residence as he wanted in Denbighshire, among the Welsh hills; there Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their children took up their abode.

To some girls the change from a large town to the retirement of the country would have been sad and depressing; on muddy country roads and rugged mountain paths they would have sighed for gay shop windows, and for the bustle and movement of the streets. It was quite otherwise, however, with Felicia; she rejoiced in country life; it was like a new revelation to her of the wonderful and the beautiful. Her young spirit sang with the birds and the brooks; her young eyes found daily new wonders in flowers and trees, and in the changeful play of sunshine and shadow on the mountains; her young feet went bounding unwearingly over hill and dale, her whole being seemed to have acquired fresh melody from her new surroundings.

Felicia's fancy found new and delightful food in the old Welsh legends and folklore. She was never tired of going among the people, picking up fragments of old-world superstitions, and gleaning quaint beliefs and stories. In some of these she appears to have had no small faith herself. She would seek out the fairy rings, and do her utmost to make herself a favourite and a pet of the 'fairy queen.' There was a story that a fairy hound hunted nightly in the woods near her home, and she would rise from her bed at midnight, when the rest of the family slept, and creep noiselessly down stairs and out into the moonshine, to see if she could catch a glimpse of it. She loved the

tales of sprite and goblin, and listened to them with a curious mixture of amusement and awe, that has something singularly pretty and naïve about it to our modern notions.

Thus time went on till Felicia Brown was fifteen. She was at that age as charming a picture, both physically and mentally, as ever adorned the annals of English girlhood. Her figure was as slight and graceful as if it had been moulded by the breath of the west wind itself; her hair fell in rich, natural curls on her sloping shoulders; her complexion was as delicate as the tint of a morning cloud; her eyes were full of the dawn of genius; her whole mind and character were instinct with a thousand generous impulses, with a thousand brilliant fancies, with a thousand tender dreams; her whole nature was overflowing with gracious, winsome frolics, and dainty whims, and sparkling caprices. No wonder that she was the darling and idol of her home, and no wonder that her relations allowed, and even forwarded, such an imprudent act as her publishing at this early age a volume of poems.

Loud was the chorus of exulting triumph which rang round the young authoress when that volume, which contained her brightest fancies and deepest feelings actually set down in print, appeared in the midst of the home. In those days it was no common thing for a young lady to write a book or a magazine article; authorship was regarded as something grand and wonderful, that belonged to the privileged few. They therefore looked upon their Felicia as little less than a tenth muse, and she was very much herself of the same opinion. Soon, however, the strain of joyful pride was to be exchanged for a wail of sorrow in the family. A critic, with more love of displaying his own smartness than of real literary discernment, got hold of the little volume, and cut it up most unmercifully. No doubt at the time of the publication of his article the reviewer held his head very high indeed, but he must have felt very much inclined to hide it in a corner when, in after years, he saw the poetess he had condemned shining as a star high up in public favour. For the moment this cruel attack on her poems had a most disastrous effect on the delicate organisation of Felicia; it brought on a long and dangerous illness, that caused her parents and friends the most extreme distress and anxiety.

There was, however, the vigour of a bright, hopeful temperament and of youth on Felicia Brown's side, and gradually she recovered. She did not write poetry just immediately again, but she did the next romantic thing she could—she fell in love. Those were the warlike days in which every girl in England was full of talk about battles and marches and counter-marches, and aspired to have a soldier lover. Felicia's ardent, impulsive nature did not escape the general infection. Two of her brothers were soldiers, and they introduced to her a young soldier, called Captain Hemans. An attachment grew up rapidly between him and Felicia, and she was but sixteen when she became engaged to marry him. The pair, however, did not unite their lives till three years later; he joined again his regiment, and saw much active service, and she began to write poetry again, making war her theme. With the courage born of instinctive genius, she once more made her way into print, and this time the public gave her a ready hearing, and her verse achieved considerable popularity.

At nineteen Felicia was married to Captain Hemans, and took the name by which we best know and love her, the name of Mrs. Hemans. The young pair went to live in Northamptonshire, at Daventry, and there her first child, a son, was born. Sweet was the melody which the boy's advent woke up in the poetess mother's soul.

The pair did not very long remain in North-

amptonshire, far from all Mrs. Hemans' family. She was already beginning to find that the first glamour of young love was over—that Captain Hemans was not quite the hero she had believed him to be; and she wanted again the society of her mother, so they returned to Wales. For six years, during which she became the mother of five sons, she and Captain Hemans lived on together, she doing her utmost to keep his love and believe in him, and love him as of old. Then, without the smallest shadow of ill conduct on his wife's part to warrant such a proceeding, he left her, and never returned to her again.

Captain Hemans seems to have been a man of but limited intellect, but of strong, overgrown self-conceit and selfishness. He was utterly incapable of appreciating his wife's splendid mental gifts; he grew tired of the restraints of family life, as gradually her beauty, which was the only thing he had prized in her, lost its power over him, and so he went from her, giving up his duties as husband and father in a summary, cowardly way, and thinking he could spend a pleasanter life alone abroad.

Mrs. Hemans was a woman of remarkable delicacy of feeling; throughout her life she preserved the utmost reticence with regard to her domestic troubles, and never in any of her poems alluded to them. There is no musical complaint in verse such as some women in her situation would have poured forth, which casts a light upon this part of her story. Neither in any letter to her friends now extant is there a word which touches on this bitter but sacred sorrow. We can therefore only pass over this sad chapter of her history in comparative silence. There was certainly never a downright rupture between the husband and wife, for she kept up at intervals a regular correspondence with Captain Hemans, and consulted him on every point of importance with regard to the education of their sons.

Felicia Hemans was a Christian woman in the highest, and truest, and most beautiful sense of the term. This grievous trial of her married life was doubtless brought often before the throne of Grace in prayer, and was duly spread out there, as was the letter of the heathen king by the faithful monarch of Judah, and, like him, she doubtlessly went away strengthened and refreshed. She was a most admirable and devoted mother, and brought up her sons well and nobly; she threw herself heart and soul into all the small troubles of their school-boy days, and into the greater difficulties which attended their first entry into life's battle. They repaid her love with an almost adoring affection, and were in truth, while she was on earth, her joy and her crown—a crown which is a more glorious one for a Christian woman than even such pure literary fame as was hers.

The genius of Mrs. Hemans was very prolific, and her circumstances rendered it necessary that she should gain as much money as was possible by her literary work. Her writings, sometimes in the shape of volumes of short verses, sometimes in the form of long poems or of dramas, appeared before the public in rapid, bright procession, and were uniformly received with considerable favour. They have always retained a certain amount of popularity, though they are not quite as much read now as they were in her own day.

Poetry was not Mrs. Hemans' only gift; she possessed considerable musical talent, which she cultivated with great diligence throughout her life, even in the midst of all her thronging cares and troubles. When she was hard upon middle age, and had gained much fame as a poetess, she studied music under a great musical professor at Liverpool, and made such progress that she was able to set to music with much grace and ease some of her own verses, and her songs at that period were popular from the simple charm of their melody. It is a remarkable instance this of genius not neglecting

to cultivate every entrusted talent on account of the greater gift. It is a bright example, too, to us all, of never thinking ourselves too old or too richly endowed to learn.

Most of Mrs. Hemans' life was spent in Wales, the land which was always regarded by her with special love; there much of her childhood had been spent, and there dwelt her mother; no wonder that she regarded it with strong and lasting affection. She once lived for a short time in Liverpool, but the heart of the poetess turned sick in the midst of the great city, and she returned to her Welsh mountains. She had there a home of her own, but much of her time was passed beneath her mother's roof.

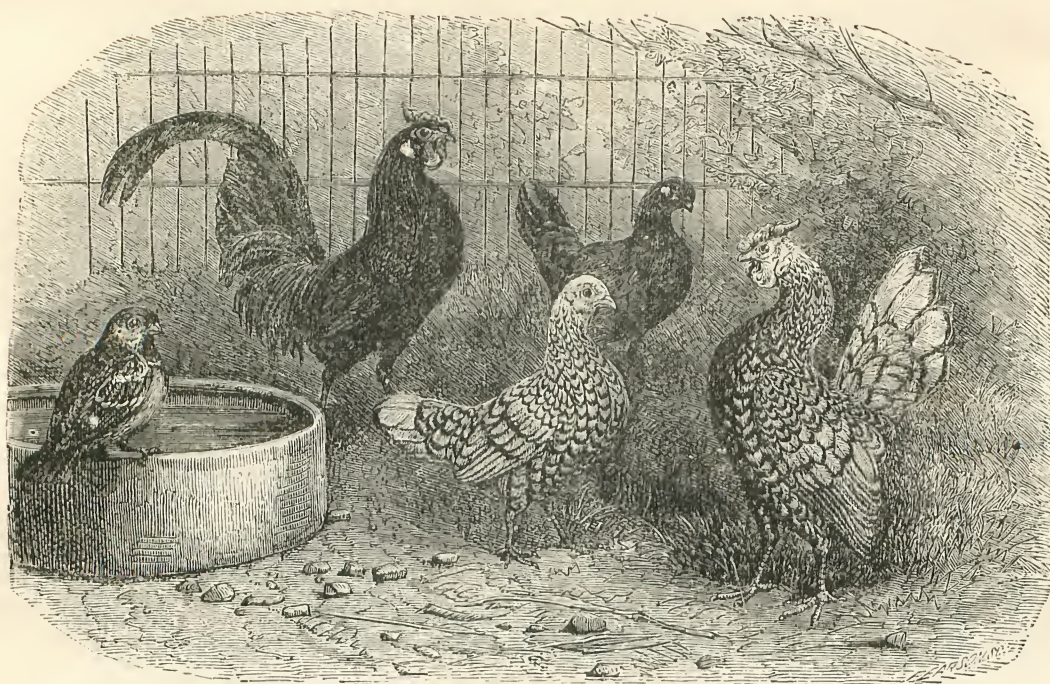
Mrs. Hemans' poetry has lived, but is not as popular in this generation as it was in the last. It belongs too much to the romantic school to suit, perhaps, our modern taste, and though in a certain way perfectly genuine, there is sometimes a touch of unreality about it that is out of tune with the feeling and thought of the present day. She seldom wrote prose, indeed her only prose writings that have been published are a series of papers on some literary subject which appeared in a periodical.

Felicia Hemans formed warm friendships with many of the men and women of mark of her day. As we gaze at the picture of her life, various are the figures which pass before us as in a magic mirror; they all pause lovingly at the side of the poetess, and all grasp tenderly her hand. There is a man of sweet and gracious presence, a man whose flexible mouth quivers with all the delicate sensibilities of a poet, but whose eyes are calm with the calmness of a Christian thinker and an active friend of man; we know him by the name of Reginald Heber. There is a woman with a striking face which tells us that she will make her mark upon her time, a mark that will not quickly wear out; and it has not worn out, for we love her still as Geraldine Jewsbury. And who is this elderly lady, who comes stepping forward with such a conscious air, whose very skirts seem full of a breeze of dignity? Her dress is handsome, but somewhat old-fashioned in cut; she speaks in slow, measured tones, as if every word she uttered was sure to be worth something? This is Joanna Baillie. And who is this little plump lady, with the round laughing face, and sparkling eyes? This is Mary Mitford. Now we see Felicia Hemans wandering along a shrubby walk, hanging on the arm of a gentleman, up into whose face of power she is gazing with a pretty mixture of deference and love, and we know she is holding close communion with Walter Scott at Abbotsford. These, and many more we should like to stop to look at, are connected with Mrs. Hemans' history; but we must hasten on.

A deep and lasting shadow fell upon Mrs. Hemans' life when she lost her mother. No one could ever fill again that mother's place, and she continued to miss her and mourn for her as long as she herself remained upon earth. Her Welsh home was too closely associated with her that was gone for her to remain in it, so she removed to Ireland, and lived near Dublin. There she made new and well-loved friends in Archbishop Whately and his family.

Mrs. Hemans was not, however, to live very long in her new earthly home. Her life, what with her domestic troubles, what with her incessant literary work, had been a hard one for a woman of her delicate organisation, and her health began to give way. She lingered for a while, fondly watched over by her sons and by loving friends. The Archbishop took her to his beautiful home in the country, and he and all his household did their utmost to cheer and revive her. She rallied for a little while, but soon began again to droop, and she passed away at the age of 41, leaving a name and story for Englishwomen to be proud of.

ALICE KING.



BLACK AND SEBRIGHT BANTAMS.

POULTRY KEEPING :

A RECREATION AND SOURCE OF INCOME FOR GIRLS.

By THEO.

PART VII.

CONCLUSION.

HAVING come to my concluding paper upon this subject, I feel that I must rack my brains to the utmost in order that I may leave nothing unsaid that may be of use to the beginner in this delightful enterprise. Let me, then, in order to be quite sure that we are remembering everything, consider again some of our chief maxims.

It is absolutely necessary, first of all, to have a dry, well-ventilated house, of the size required. The perches with boards under them to be swept daily, and clean, comfortable nests. The open run to be clean and sunny; to be dug over constantly, and to be well drained. The covered shelter to be well kept and dry, and to have plenty of sifted ashes for the hens to dust in.

Hens to be kept till eighteen months or two years and a half old—never longer. Pullets for October, November and December laying to be hatched out in March or early spring. Hot food every morning. Grain at night. Plenty of green food, sharp grit, lime, and fresh water.

The use of condiments and spiced foods is a question constantly before the poultry-keeper. She cannot take in any farming or live stock journal without having her attention arrested by advertisements, promising unheard-of results. Eggs daily—eggs always—by the simple use of a little package sent carriage paid, etc., etc. During ordinary weather, when hens are well and all is as usual, it is a great mistake to be constantly using cayenne pepper and other condiments; but during very wet weather, or hard frost, or during the moulting season, hens do require some assistance, and that assistance must be given according to the need of the time. As I have before said, I do believe in common sense, and hens, with a girl

of good common sense who has their interest at heart, will succeed far better even though in apparently more disadvantageous circumstances, than with one who follows directions blindly, or, worse still, does not follow them at all!

Let me give some examples.

In wet weather hens often stop laying, more because the shelter is damp or the roof leaks, or the food is spoiled through being thrown on to the wet ground, than for any other reason.

During the moulting time, when the poor hens rest a little after a hard summer's laying, they should not have a stimulant to force them on, but some sulphur to help them make feathers, and an iron tonic to keep up their strength.

In hard, frosty weather, remember that heat is what is wanted; therefore give a very hot meal, with a little cayenne pepper, and hot water; the hard corn may also be softened with boiling water, and animal food and grit, which cannot then be obtained from the hard run, must be supplied.

POULTRY DISEASES.

Young hens from good stock, kept in healthy surroundings, are seldom seriously ill, especially if any little symptom has been attended to.

Some people advocate killing all sickly hens, because they seldom do any good, and because amateur doctoring is usually a failure.

This advice is rather sweeping, for certain definite illnesses can be cured by definite medicines, and a good laying hen should not be thus summarily despatched.

Where, however, a hen seems never well, and mopes about without any apparent cause, and lays irregularly, the most economical thing is to kill her, for doctoring is expensive, and sixpence here and sixpence there runs away with the profit.

Where a girl is really interested in medicines,

and would rather like the trouble of effecting a cure, she should buy a standard book on the subject, have a hospital for isolating the birds, and go in for post-mortem examinations!

Every girl must have by her some disinfecting powder, to sprinkle occasionally in the hen-house; also an insect powder for use in the house and nests during the hot summer weather; a small bottle of castor oil, some tincture of aconite, a tin of good roup powder, some flowers of sulphur, some tincture of steel, and a lump of camphor.

A hen in good condition should be very red in the comb, with feathers close and compact, and in full lay; her excrements also should be very firm. The general condition of the poultry-yard can always be gauged by the latter every morning; and should there be a general appearance of diarrhoea, some powdered chalk mixed with ginger may be put into the soft food, and if it continues some roup powder may be given. Where the excrement is of a yellowish hue, it is almost certain to be that the hens have been kept short of grit. If one hen is seen particularly in this condition, she should be caught and given about a teaspoonful of castor oil, and after a little while be given some chalk and ginger.

The way to administer medicine to a hen is to catch her and hold her tight under the right arm, and with the right hand take hold of her comb, and with the left her wattles; her mouth can then be opened, and some assistant can pour down what is required. Powders are usually taken by the hen hidden in soft food.

During the moulting season hens should be fed generously, and have an iron tonic; for six hens put about three drops of tincture of steel into the drinking-water every morning, and every other day put a little sprinkling of flowers of sulphur into the soft food.

Some hens moult very hard indeed, and if neglected suffer very much, sometimes even dying; if this happens it is a pretty sure sign of bad management somewhere.

Cold is an important thing to guard against. If the hens have taken cold (and you may be sure they have done so if they sneeze and show a general watery appearance in the eyes and nostrils), don't neglect them, for they are easily cured at this stage, while later the cold might develop into roup—that horror of poultry keepers, of which you should have no experience.

A good preventive of further trouble is to put a few drops of aconite into the drinking water at night, and put some roup powder into the morning meal. It is advisable in bad weather to keep an inch square piece of camphor in the water; one piece will last a long time, as it dissolves very slowly.

Sometimes, if the day has been very stormy and rough, I give the hens a very hot meal at night, consisting of linseed and barley meal, and leave a sprinkling of corn in the run for them first thing in the morning.

On going into the henhouse at night during winter, some of the hens may be heard breathing very heavily, making a sort of asthmatic sound, but if caught and given about four teaspoonfuls of linseed meal boiled in a little water until quite sticky, they will usually be all right in a little time.

During the recent snow we brought a hen into the kitchen in a hamper: she could not eat, and could hardly breathe; the linseed was given, with some hot water to help her to swallow, and the next day she could eat a little, and was taken back to the run in a few days.

Roup is a very much exaggerated cold, though myself I do not know where the line is drawn between the one and the other.

Mr. Wm. Cook has kindly given me permission to quote anything I wish from his "Poultry Breeder and Feeder," on this and any other disease; but the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will do best by attending to colds, and saving the danger of roup. As roup is infectious, it is wisest when a hen has what would be called a bad cold, to isolate her, keeping her in a large hamper in a warm, dry place; treat her as described, and if after a few days she really does not recover, it is best to kill her.

"Liver disease is shown by yellow cast about the face, especially round the eyes, a peculiarity in their walk, appearing as though they were rather stiff, and were afraid to shake their bodies; their food does not digest, their crops are seldom empty. Insufficiency of sharp grit, to help digest the food, is one of the greatest enemies to the liver. Cayenne pepper should be avoided. When the liver is not acting properly the fowl is much more susceptible to other diseases, as when this is out of order the blood is very hot, and at other times very low in temperature. When fowls have the disease badly, their excrements are very yellow; then it is waste of time and money to attempt to cure it, unless for an experiment. Remedies: as herbs, nothing better than dandelions, watercresses, and horehound. The two former can be cut up in small pieces and given to the fowls. When horehound is used, it is best to boil it for about fifteen minutes, and give them the decoction. About two sprays are sufficient for from twelve to fifteen fowls. The best way of giving the liquid to the fowls is to mix the soft food with it in the morning."

Fowls laying soft eggs.—This difficulty is not exactly a disease, but it is occasioned by the hen being kept short of lime, or because she is in a generally weak condition. In the latter case some bone meal mixed with the food will help to tone up the system. Sometimes a very good layer will lay a complete

egg and a soft one the same day; she should then be kept on limited unstimulating food to keep her from making eggs so constantly.

Egg-bound.—Sometimes quite healthy young hens are not able to lay their eggs, owing to the passage being too small, or there may be some temporary difficulty. Castor oil given to the hen will help her through, or a little applied externally to the part is sometimes necessary. The symptom of the difficulty is the hen being often on the nest without laying. "In walking the tail will touch the ground while the head and breast are reared straight up. Fowls after being egg-bound should only have a little soft food for several days; if they are not attended to at once inflammation takes place, and the hen suffers very much pain; when this is the case the bird should be killed at once."

"Crop-bound."—A common complaint, generally caused by careless and over feeding, and sometimes for want of sharp grit. The first symptoms noticed are that the fowl mopes about, often taking up food and laying it down again, and drinking a great quantity of water. The crop turns hard, and the passage from it to the gizzard gets stopped. The best thing is to give the fowl two teaspoonfuls of castor oil and a little warm water, and some time after to gently rub the crop with the thumb and finger so as to remove every particle of its contents.

"If the crop is not softer in three or four hours, the dose of warm water should be repeated, rubbing the crop as before; and if in another four hours the crop is still hard the warm water, oil, and rubbing should be repeated, and if ineffectual the only remedy left will be to open the crop and remove the hard contents."

This latter I should not recommend readers to attempt, unless they can be shown how to do it by some experienced operator.

Feather eating.—This is a very tiresome habit that hens in confinement get into, through having too little to do generally, or being kept short of feather-making material or water. Some hens I saw last autumn were a sight to be seen, hardly a feather on any of their necks. They had a grand open range, but probably they got into this habit by neglect, and because their house was hardly ever cleaned out. We watched and watched to find the culprits, but they seemed all more or less guilty, so the whole lot were gradually changed into soup. If there happen in a yard to be one or two specially troublesome in this respect, they should be shut up separately in broody coops, and Mr. Cook advocates the following: "If a small piece is cut off the end of the top beak and the sharp edges of the same and the edges of the bottom beak also, they cannot pluck the feathers, as when they go to peck them they slip through their mouths."

Of chicken diseases there are a few I might mention:

The gapes can very easily be told. One or two chicks are noticed sitting by themselves and not running to their food with the others, while at short intervals they will open their mouths very wide as if for a good yawn. They should at once be caught and treated. Innumerable medicines are suggested for this disease, among which are allowing the chick to inhale camphor, or for a moment or two burning sulphur. It is a good thing to give a turpentine pill—that is, a few drops of turpentine diluted with double the quantity of water mixed with flour, and so made into tiny moist pills; one put down the chick's mouth, and afterwards a drop or two of diluted sweet spirit of nitre, will often bring them round again. Where tiny chicks have from the shell appeared to be weakly and ill it is best to kill them, as they will never grow into good stock birds, and where space is valuable they only take up the room of others.

Diarrhæa.—Caused by irregular and too moist feeding or lack of sharp grit. The chalk and ginger can again be applied in very small quantities, and the feeding be altered, giving milk or water to drink only twice daily, except in exceptionally hot weather. Mr. Cook says, "I have not found the chalk and ginger fail for young chickens. A brood of ten from a fortnight to three weeks old can have the same quantity as prescribed for a hen (one heaped-up teaspoonful of powdered chalk and half a teaspoonful of ground ginger)." Leg weakness in young growing chicks, noticeable by their sitting much on the ground, may be counteracted by the use of bone meal, a handful in the soft food every alternate day for from ten to eighteen young birds, according to age.

I must say a word about the tiresome habit of egg-eating. Sometimes day after day on going to the hen-house you see hens on the nests, but, alas! at night there are no eggs. Should this be so, it is almost certain that one or more of the hens indulges itself in a quiet feast, the only other alternative being that rats or other vermin take the eggs away.

If an ordinary egg is left in the run and the hens are watched, that is the best way of finding the culprit. When found—if only one solitary one—she had best be killed, else she will soon teach the rest. If there are many who do it, recourse may be had to the plan of giving a surfeit of rotten eggs filled with mustard, etc., and if still this does not answer, the house should be provided with patent nest boxes, which allow the eggs to roll away out of sight as soon as laid.

Prevention, however, is better than cure, so keep the hens well supplied with lime, so that no tempting soft eggs are laid, and so that the shell of the complete egg may not be more than the poor layer can resist.

It will, I hope, be seen after reading these pages that neglect is, as a rule, at the root of all trouble in the yard, and this neglect does not so much arise from want of time as from want of method. Some people are born muddlers, and if they were to keep hens the following would most probably happen:—

The house would leak in winter, because it was not tarred in the autumn. The hens would lay astray, because the nests were not clean, and more time would be spent in looking for the eggs than in refilling the nests with fresh straw. The rats would eat the food, because the boxes were not shut. The cats would run off with the chickens, because the runs were not properly closed. The hens would spoil the garden, and try the patience and tempers of all the household, because their wings were not cut. Feather-eating begins because the water is generally forgotten. And I might multiply instances of this kind, where great disappointment is felt at failure which might so easily be prevented.

Perhaps some of my readers living in the country may have a difficulty in disposing of their eggs when they have them, and may wish to obtain better prices for them. The parcel post has made it possible to send eggs off very cheaply, especially if the prepared wooden egg boxes are used. Boxes to hold one doz. eggs 2s. per doz., and to hold two doz. 3s. 6d. per doz. For these boxes the carriage is 6d. per doz., and 9d. or 10d. for two doz. If private customers living in any large town can be obtained, it is a great advantage, and the prices must be regulated according to the time of year. If no private family is known, an advertisement will sometimes bring one.

The way to pack the eggs is to fold every egg in a good sized piece of newspaper, and then put each into its own division. Where eggs are sent away for sitting, much more care must be taken.

The eggs as collected should be laid on their

sides and turned daily, and when packed should be embedded with the large end uppermost in bran or sawdust, and sent off by passenger train; the parcel post shakes them too much.

When eggs are very plentiful in the spring, as they should be, it is good to preserve them for the winter. If this be properly done they will be quite good for cooking, and even for poaching. They would not taste even if boiled, only that it is never quite safe to send one to table unopened in case of any accident.

A well known way, done much in Ireland, is to butter the eggs very slightly the day they are laid, and store them with the large end uppermost. Eggs packed in common salt also keep for a few months, and the salt can be used over and over again.

A still better way than either of these, where the eggs are to be kept for more than three months, is to "pot" them in lime. Get a stone or earthenware jar about one foot high and one foot in diameter, place in it about three lumps of unslaked quicklime about as big as your hands folded together. Fill the jar with water, and add a good handful of salt, and any time after the heat of the burning lime has abated the eggs can be put in. The lime should be well stirred up the day after it is put in, but finally it will sink to the bottom and form a soft mud. The first layer of eggs may be embedded in this, but afterwards just allowed to float as they will, until the jar is full. A little more water should be added from time to

time as it evaporates. Great care must be taken that the eggs do not crack when put in, or they will not keep, and will spoil the others. It is wiser to preserve in a number of small jars rather than in one very large one, in order that the oldest eggs may be used first.

I must now broach the painful topic of how to kill a hen. Some people think it dreadful for a girl to even think of such a thing, and probably many of my readers think so too. But really, if the deed has to be done and there is no experienced person at hand to do it, it seems to me rather cowardly to shrink from the act. I often run away myself, I must confess, when I have given a plump little cockerel to an old man, who is very expeditious in this matter. With him, happily, it is a brief, rapid operation, and he is going on with his gardening a few minutes afterwards. The hen should be held securely and stunned with a heavy blow on the head, and then a sharp penknife should be run through the roof of its mouth into its brain. Another way is to cut the jugular vein in the throat right across with a very sharp knife. The muscular twitching of the hen afterwards is not caused by pain, and will soon cease.

The hen should be plucked immediately after it is killed, when the feathers of young birds will come out very easily, only be careful not to tear the skin. Old birds are not so easily managed, but if boiling water be poured

over them, feathers and all, they can be plucked in a few minutes, and the feathers can be dried afterwards. I always find I can sell my chickens to my friends far more easily if I send them ready plucked.

Poulterers are always ready to buy really plump, well-fatted birds; in which case the feathers may stay on, but the price obtained will not be so great.

Before closing, a word is due about our illustration. Bantams are most charming little creatures to look at, and can be had in almost every "grown-up" variety, Bantams, Hamburgs (the black ones in the illustration), Cochins, Brahmans, Game, etc.

Some breeds lay very well, and the eggs are much advocated for children and invalids. Bantams take up much less room than hens, and of course eat less, but should be treated in the same way. Bantams and hens should not be kept in the same run together, the cock being very pugnacious and troublesome.

Where there is a very limited space a great deal of pleasure may be obtained by keeping a few of these pretty little creatures, and children enjoy them very much.

The profit from a utilitarian point of view may be small, and money is usually made out of them by breeding for show and fancy points.

I really must close now, so wish my readers every success in their undertaking, and as much pleasure as that success and their own industry will give them.

THE SILK INDUSTRY IN IRELAND AND AMERICA.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.



HE endeavour which is now in progress to found a silk industry in the South of Ireland will be looked upon with great interest by everyone. The poplin manufacture there dates from the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the enterprise of the skillful French artisans who settled in that part of the Irish capital called the "Liber-ties," and who carried with them the art of

making poplin. The original invention of this material is claimed by Avignon, once the Papal City; on which account it was called "papaline," in compliment to the reigning Pope, in the fifteenth century. It seems to have been at that time specially made for church vestments, for which its firm texture admirably fitted it. The La Touche family established the first organised manufactory in Dublin, which opened in 1693, and by the end of the seventeenth century there were 2,500 workmen in Dublin, and as many more in Limerick, Cork, and other Irish cities. During the last few years fashion has dealt hardly with this handsome and well-wearing material, and in consequence the industry, once so flourishing, has greatly languished.

With regard to the establishment of the

culture of the silkworm, called, properly speaking, "sericulture," the present attempt is not without a good foundation to support it; for Count Dandolo, the greatest authority on the subject, says that the soil and climate of Ireland are peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of silk. The late Lord Kingstown planted 30,000 mulberry trees on his estates, and sent to market raw silk of the best quality; but somehow the gallant enterprise did not pay, perhaps owing to the habits and character of the peasantry. The new "Association for the Promotion of Sericulture" was established in the South of Ireland in the year 1887, under the patronage of the Earl of Bandon, Lady Londonderry, Lady Bandon, Lady Bantry, Lady Kingstown, Lady Listowel, Lady Frederick Cavendish, and Lady Arnott; and an excellent committee, with Mr. M. H. Westropp as Hon. Secretary.

The first season closed in October last, and, in spite of great difficulties, the success has been very great and encouraging. About thirty persons undertook "educations," as the rearing of the silkworms are called, and, in spite of wet and cold weather, leaves sent long distances by post, and inexperience, the largest cocoons were produced, which spun as long a thread as the best French cocoons. The committee are now preparing for their second season, and, in addition to the first mulberry trees imported, have this year brought over 2,000 mulberry trees from France, and also new "grain," as the silkworms' eggs are called. It is to be hoped that this endeavour may be crowned with success; and lest our English girls should be overlooked, I will now try to give them some little account of the various attempts to establish the growing of silk in England, which began with the strenuous attempt of King James the First to establish it by Royal edict. The manufacture of silk really came over in an earlier reign, that of Henry VI., and we have always to thank

the religious persecutions on the Continent for its progress. In 1585 the Duke of Alva drove the Flemings to our shores, and a century after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent us the Huguenots. No less than 72,000 of these came over, one of their largest settlements being at Spitalfields, where so many of their descendants still live.

But King James had agitated about silkworms more than seventy years before, directly that he came to England as king; perhaps incited thereto by the difficulty of obtaining silk stockings for his own private use. One of the best known stories of him describes him as borrowing a pair of silken hose from the Earl of Mar, in order to make a brave show when receiving the English ambassador, when he was on the throne of Scotland. Perhaps the earl did not want to lend them, as we are told that the king entreated him much, saying, "Ye surely would not have it that your king should appear a scrub before strangers!" It was perhaps in memory of these difficulties, that when the throne of England became his by the death of Elizabeth, he tried his best to establish the culture of silk. He brought over thousands of mulberry trees from France, and had them planted throughout the country, and established a mulberry garden and silkworms near St. James's, in the county of Middlesex. To the care of this garden he appointed Walter, Lord Aston, in the year of grace 1629. The site of this mulberry garden is now occupied by Buckingham Palace. For a long time, no doubt, the silkworms were fed from the leaves of the mulberries; but the gardens became afterwards a very famous place of fashionable resort, and for at least three reigns and in the Commonwealth no place was better known nor more frequented.

Thus throughout England we find traces of King James's endeavour; and at Bisham Abbey, Berkshire, two mulberry trees are still to be seen that have lived ever since; and

there are many others also. A recent writer mentions Slough, Yately, and Nottingham as places where good silk has been produced, and one of the recent trials was made in 1846 at Knebworth, by the late Lord Lytton. The sad death of Lord Lytton's young daughter put an end to the experiment, which was begun for her special amusement, and was so associated with her memory that her bereaved father wrote to a friend to say "He had given it up as too painful, but he considered it a complete success." The silk was sent to Coventry, and was considered by the leading manufacturer there "better than any of the foreign silk he was able to obtain." These mulberry trees still remain at Knebworth, and constitute a large plantation or garden.

The most recent enthusiast on this subject was Mrs. Bladen Neill, who in 1876 hoped to establish the silk industry on a large scale in the Australian colonies, and to use England as a depôt, from whence the "grain" or silkworms' eggs might be drawn; thus supplying on both sides a new employment for educated women. Mrs. Neill spoke before large meetings at the Society of Arts, and explained that the mulberry flourishes in these colonies like a weed; and that there was every hope of founding a large silk industry in them. In January, 1878, Mr. B. F. Cobb, the former secretary of the Silk Supply Association, read a valuable paper before the Society of Arts on the rearing of "grain" or silkworms' eggs in this country. The writer of the paper showed that as an aid to thrift, and as a means of adding to small incomes, the pursuit in question was particularly suited for female work. Some practical calculations were also given, to show the highly profitable nature of the occupation, and its feasibility as an industry in this country on a large scale. Mr. Cobb's opinions were supported by Sir Antonio Brady, and other gentlemen, who had derived their knowledge from experience in the rearing of silkworms.

In 1876 several "educations" (as they are called) of various sizes took place during the summer, and up to October 21st the last worms were spinning their cocoons in London. The food for them was supplied from a magnificent old mulberry tree at Sion House, through the kindness of the Duchess of Northumberland. There was no doubt of the success of the trial made during this year. The eggs were healthy, the cocoons firm and well shaped, and the amount of mulberry leaves sent into the temporary depôt enough to feed any amount of worms, a fact showing the number of mulberry trees throughout the country, and the possibilities of the growth of the industry.

The chief difficulties that this enterprise has to contend with are very specifically stated in the American reports, and consist: 1st, in the impatience of the producers to realise profit before they have learned the art of making very good crops of cocoons, and in this way reducing the value of their industry; 2nd, the idea that it was not possible to train the English or Americans, as reeler, which is an art delicate and fine in its manipulation. The secretary of the American association quotes a specimen of the letters she has received, asking, "whether two elderly women—one nearly blind, the other with one arm and nearly helpless—could earn a living by raising silkworms?" And she pertinently inquires, "Could they do so at any industry?"

The silk industry to be properly fostered in any country needs, first, skilled culturists of silkworms; second, skilled reelers; third, cultivated groves of mulberry trees. The culture of these is a branch of horticulture little known out of silk-producing countries, but which is required as teaching how to bring the mulberry into the most perfect condition for full leaf, and keep it in that state of efficiency, also to facilitate, by proper pruning, the labour of leaf-picking for feeding the worms. The reel bears the same relation to silk culture that the cotton-gin does to cotton culture. It is the first process in preparing the cocoon for the loom; and if in America they have proved that this first cost can be reduced with good machinery and labour to a minimum, perhaps in time, here in England, we shall find the same results, and shall have discovered a work for our unemployed women, while founding a valuable industry. In the American section of my subject I shall, I hope, be able to go into this subject fully; as, thanks to the kindness of the Women's Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia, I have been supplied with information up to date of all their proceedings, struggles, anxieties, and successes, from 1880 to 1888.

The silk industry divides itself into three departments—the agricultural, which is the rearing of silkworms and curing the cocoons; the filature department, which is the reeling of silk and the preparation of commercial threads for the use of the third branch, which is the manufacturing into fabrics. The American Association—following wisely in the track of the Italian rules—does not recommend reeling at home. Thus the silk grower prepares his house and his trees for the season of growing silk, and the work of from thirty-five to forty days, during which time the worms are fed—a duty which must be attended to with the closest attention and care. When the silk crop is grown, it goes at once to the reeling

establishment, and there the hands that grew the silk reel it for the manufacturer's use.

The cocoons are divided into two classes, *i.e.*, raw silk and waste silk. The raw silk is that in which the chrysalis has been stifled (in the cocoon) before eating his way out, and cutting the strands of silk inside. Thus it is called "unpierced cocoons." The "pierced cocoons" are waste silk—that is when the moth has escaped from the cocoon. The first are the most valuable, and in Italy the cocoons are taken at once to the reeling house, where they are reeled while fresh, thus avoiding the process of killing the chrysalis. The thread of a fine French cocoon will sometimes measure 1,350 yards.

Waste silk has, within the last few years, become an important article of commerce, as a use has been found for it; and it has taken root and prospered in Yorkshire, chiefly through the wonderful enterprise of Mr. C. L. Lester, the inventor of the utilisation of silk waste; and the founder of an entirely new branch of the silk trade, *i.e.* that of spun silk. The waste silk is that from the filature husks, or knubs, and the pierced cocoons, and it is manufactured and macerated in mills, much after the same processes as the woollen and cotton mills, into spun silk, train, organzine, and the various threads of commerce. This new industry is said by Mr. Thomas Wardle (the chairman of the silk section of the Manchester Exhibition) to be a happy illustration of the facetious Yorkshire saying—"that any fibre can be spun, if it only be long enough to have two ends."

And now what is the practical end of our story about the new Irish industry and our own attempts in England? And "what can I do?" asks some earnest one amongst our women and girls. You can, if you live near any mulberry trees, try a small experiment. Watch the habits of a few silkworms, to begin with. Once learned, by the care of a few of them, you can see whether you think you could manage more, so that failure would be impossible, unless heavy rain or chilly weather should interfere. Or else, if you have land, you could plant a few mulberry trees, and remembering that no process of nature can be hurried, you can occupy the three years they will require for growth in learning how to rear the silkworms to eat their leaves. In England the great majority of mulberry trees are those of the black mulberry, the leaves of which are coarser than the white mulberry, the latter being the true food of the silkworm. But the leaves of the black will do very well for us, in our experiments, and if we want to do more, we must plant the white mulberry to guarantee still greater success.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WEE QUEENIE.—In face of the doctor's opinion that you are doing too much work, your parents should see that you leave off something, or shorten your hours. The most objectionable part of your whole day, to our mind, seeing that your heart is said to be weak, is the railway journey to and from school; that is enough to do you harm, by hurrying you, and probably injuriously affecting digestion in the morning. You had better try to take a long rest this summer.

F. M. W.—"Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for him," the line you quote from Tennyson's "Aylmer's Field," in Averill's sermon, has reference to the practice of the worshippers of Baal. See 1 Kings xviii. 28.

MAY DAY HILLS (Victoria).—The "Erl king," a spirit of mischief, is said to haunt the Black Forest of Thuringia. There are two ballads dealing with the subject, Goethe's "Erlkönig," and the Danish ballad of "Sir Olaf and the Erl King's Daughter," which was translated by Herder.

HOUSEKEEPING.

D. T. B.—The use of kerosene oil, or some description of oil from petroleum, is said to be destructive to insects in furniture, as well as to act as a preservative to the wood.

MARGARET.—To clean gilt frames take a gill of good vinegar in a pint of cold water, a large, soft, clean, old shaving brush, and clean soft cloths. Brush the dust from the frame, dip the brush in the liquid, squeeze it slightly, so that it may not be too wet, and brush the gilding, doing a small piece at a time, lightly up and down, till it be quite restored. The brush must be constantly washed and the liquid renewed when dirty.

SITTINGBOURNE and MADGE WILDFIRE.—An article on "laying the table" will be found at page 106, vol. vii., with full directions, and "Table Decorations," page 819, vol. viii. "How to Wait at Table," page 488, vol. viii. Now that flowers are so much used, very little fruit is put on the table for dessert; sometimes only the preserved fruits and bonbons.

COOKERY.

MAGGIE MAC had better buy the ginger preserved; it is very moderate in price. 2. White straw hats are bleached in sulphur fumes. Send to a proper cleaner.

C. A.—On page 383, vol. vii., is a recipe for making biscuits of all sorts, and you can purchase the charcoal ready prepared to add to them. 2. The foods to be avoided in case of flatulence are, potatoes, cabbage, and all that tribe—including cauliflowers; no pastry, and no recooked foods; little tea, only three meals a day—nothing between. Rest for half an hour after meals; take daily exercise, and keep early hours.

L. E. C., NAOMI, WISHEE, R. S. V. P. and PHILLIS.—You will find recipes how to make and ice cakes of all kinds in an article on the subject, vol. vi., page 716; also see "Icing for Cakes," pages 174, 800, in the same volume.

M. J. D.—Many thanks for the "home-made wine" recipe. It is not full enough, however, for such a process.



MUSIC.

HOPEFUL.—We do not think it likely that you could obtain pupils as a teacher of music unless certificated. But were you qualified to act as a daily governess, in the several branches of an English education, sometimes a little music might satisfy your employer, at least for a time, were the children young. You might get employment as a shop-assistant if you wrote a better hand.

A CONSTANT READER (Mansfield).—Op. 24 means composition or work 24; op. being short for opera, the Italian word for work, which has the same meaning, wherever it is used, of labour, action, work; in Italian it would not apply exclusively to music any more than our word "work." We say, the greatest work of Handel, or the greatest work of Shakespeare, applying "work" to art, music, or sculpture.

IDDIE STANLEY.—The musical term Arpeggio is Italian, and signifies playing the notes of a chord quickly one after the other, as on the harp; the "g's" in the word are soft and are pronounced as in the word "hedge" or "ledge," not as in "egg." "Fine" at the end of a piece of music is also Italian, and is pronounced fe-ne, not "fine" as in "fine" weather. "Melody" consists in a succession of single tones, harmony in a succession of chords. "Melodic" only means of the nature of melody, or made up of melody. "Harmony" has two meanings—1. As we have quoted above, a succession of chords according to the rules of progression and modulation. 2. The science which treats of their construction and progression. A harmonic triad is the chord of a note with its third and fifth, the common chord. Harmony is music in parts, sounds heard at the same time. We hope you understand, but you are not the first person we have known in the same hopeless confusion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Possibly the aged man for whom you desire a home might be received in one of the Aged Pilgrims' Asylums, which are at Camberwell, Hornsey Rise, Brighton, and Stamford Hill; secretary, Mr. W. Jackson, 29, Marlborough Road, Upper Holloway, N.

A SHY GIRL.—The only cure for shyness is to be found in the attainment of self-forgetfulness; and this latter is to be found in devoting your thoughts and practical attention to others. To wait on them, to please them, to listen to and learn some good thing from them—their words, manners, and appearance—if engrossing your attention as it should, would involve that charming self-forgetfulness which, strange as it may appear, is consistent with a due amount of self-possession. Self-consciousness is an outcome of personal vanity and desire for admiration; self-possession has to do with seemingly conduct, not vanity.

LUZ, LAPROFESSORA, and NINA (Habana, Cuba).—We could not undertake to give you instructions on the process of paint-making—gamboge, for example—from the time of the extraction of the gummy juice from the tree. You should visit a manufactory for that. You and "Laprofessora" write beautiful hands. In England, clerks belong, as a rule, to what is called "middle-class society"; in the colonies it is otherwise; all depends on whether a man be a gentleman by birth. Many of the sons of the aristocracy, even in England the younger sons of the aristocracy are often clerks at the Admiralty, or Horse Guards, and are in the highest society; there are clerks and clerks. Freckles are natural to some skins. Bathing with sage-tea is good for sunburn. Girls often grow till they are of age, when the soft bones of early youth have attained the hardness of maturity. We thank you for your kind letters.

ELGIN.—We should think that all house dogs living in the rooms should be washed. But it should be done carefully, so that they do not take cold, and the dog should be well rubbed, and kept warm, or given a good run afterwards.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We have quite recently given an answer on the subject of squinting. If in an infant or very young child, some benefit may be derived from lightly bandaging the eye that is not affected, so as to force the other to work, and so bring the contracted muscles into play. Your second question we fail to understand. Do you mean "snoring"? If so, tie up your chin at night, and perhaps that may lessen the noise.

SNOWDROP had better refer to the article called "Spots and Stains" in the series called "The Fairy of the Family." 2. She might lay a piece of blotting paper on each side of the grease spot, stretching the material (of the dress) quite flat, and then hold a smoothing iron over it, to draw out the grease, or pass it gently over the spot. Of course she must use as cool an iron as she can; that would extract the stain.

SCHEEWITTCHEN.—The "Seven Ages of Man" will be found in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, act ii., scene 7; the sentence begins, "His acts being seven ages."

MAUDE FERRER'S verses have some merit, but lack original thought, and are transcribed in very bad handwriting. The latter she should try to improve without delay, and if she derive enjoyment herself from writing the verses, there is no harm done.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR PLANS.

By A. M. HARLEY, Author of
"Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy,"
"Fairview Rest," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Little we knew of the lives
that waited
Hidden for each in the
coming years."
—*Lillias C. Davidson.*

THE trees were decked with their luxuriant leafy robes, the hedges were draped with delicate wreaths of convolvulus and wild rose, lovely flower jewels and fern plumes peeped from many a cranny and crevice of a lane turning from the main road in the immediate vicinity of Rochgate.

Two young girls sauntered leisurely along, one carrying a basket laden with spoils from nature's treasure-house, and opening a gate they crossed a meadow to a rustic bench which stood in the shade of some elm trees. Seating themselves, they gave their basket a toss, and a shower of wild flowers fell at their feet.

"I dare not show my face to Connie without taking her the garland I promised her," said the elder of the two, as she began arranging the blossoms and foliage, and deftly tying them together with thread. Presently she looked up with a sorrowful expression, saying, "Oh, Ruth, I can't bear to think that by this time next month you will be on your way to the other ends of the earth."

"I can't bear to think of leaving you," said her companion, resting her head on her friend's shoulder; "but," she added, after a pause, her bright brown eyes sparkling, "it will be glorious to see waves, waves, nothing but waves around one."

"That depends," uttered
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"HAVE IT! HAVE IT NOT!"

matter-of-fact Muriel Egerton, raising her eyes and eyebrows in a comical way.

"Then there will be such a crowd of new experiences," continued Ruth Stacey, not deigning to notice Muriel's unpleasant suggestion, "and Tasmania is such a charming place, so a gentleman tells us who has been there, the scenery so delightful, I can't help enjoying the thought of it."

Muriel went on weaving her flower-chain in silence.

"You know, dear old Mu, I'm awfully sorry to leave you—I am indeed; but four or five years will not seem so very long, perhaps, and father has promised me that if I keep in the same mind, and go on studying steadily until I'm eighteen, he will send me home to Girton the very first opportunity that offers."

"Very likely you will alter your mind."

"No, that I'm sure I shall not. I'm perfectly determined to fit myself to take some good position." And a very determined little body Ruth looked. Then she gave a merry laugh. "Become Lady Principal of some high class college for ladies, a professor of something or other; who knows?" And she waved her hand in dignified style.

Muriel now joined in the laugh.

"Well, Ruthie, you may don the student's cap and gown; all I want is to wear the nurse's livery. I'm trying to persuade father and mother to let me be trained for a sick nurse, when I'm old enough. I should love it. It is glorious work!"

"Yes, of course, very good and useful, but I could not fancy spending my life making gruel and poultices," rejoined Ruth.

"My father says he believes many a patient's life has been saved by skilful nursing. I would rather be engaged in such work than in cramming people's heads with learning that may never be of any use to them!"

"How you talk, Muriel!" ejaculated Ruth, jumping up and facing the would-be nurse. "Is not the mind worth more than the body? Did not Miss Chubb tell us one day that every scrap of knowledge worth gaining, thoroughly acquired, must be of benefit not only to ourselves, but no one can tell to how many others?"

This oration was delivered in Ruth's own emphatic manner, and with suitable gesticulation.

Muriel smiled; she was used to these outbursts, and, being in a somewhat satirical mood, answered—

"Well, Ruth, since I'm not half learned enough to understand how the mind could get on here without the body, or the body be worth anything without the mind, we will divide the work between us."

"Ah! laugh away, Muriel; I expect we shall both get our wish."

"I am not very hopeful about it."

"Why not? I thought Dr. Egerton approved of girls being brought up so that they could earn a living if it were a necessity."

"So he does, and it certainly is likely to be a necessity with us—such a number of us—but he seems to think I cannot understand the hardships of a nurse's work, so he will say nothing definite yet, and I am to go on with my studies just as if I were going to be a governess, which I'm sure I shall never be!"

Growing near them were a few dandelions that had dropped their golden petals and stood erect, their light seeds looking fit balls for baby fairies.

"Let us see what the fairies prophesy for us," said Ruth, plucking one of these and beginning with "Have it! Have it not!" until with Have it, the last tiny feather was wafted away. Giving another to her friend, and taking the wreath from her hands, "Now, Muriel," she cried, "try your fate." The fairies being equally kindly disposed towards Muriel, she was seized by the waist and waltzed around the staid old elms by lively Ruth.

"You'll see, Muriel, the fairies will grant us our desires."

"Then some day, Ruth, there will be an announcement in the *Times* to this effect: 'We regret to say that the second of the course of lectures being delivered at the Royal Institution by Professor R. Stacey, on "How to Sweep the Cobwebs from the Sky," is unavoidably postponed in consequence of the learned professor having a severe attack

of clergyman's throat.' Nurse Muriel will then make the 'gruel and poultices,' and generally fuss over the body of the said professor until the patient has sufficiently recovered to resume her work of filling other folk's brain boxes again."

The garland being completed, it was stowed away in the basket, and, warned by the sound of a gong, the girls scampered off to a small iron gate in a wall and let themselves into the grounds of the Rochdale Grammar School, of which Mr. Stacey had been for some years head master.

Dr. Egerton and Mr. Stacey were friends of many years' standing, and between their two eldest children, to whom we have just been introduced, a similar bond of friendship had been formed, when very young, and, strengthened by school companionship. This friendship was to be tried by a long parting. Mr. Stacey, who was not a strong man, had accepted the appointment of principal to a new college founded in Tasmania, and he, with his wife and family, consisting of two boys and a girl besides Ruth, were shortly to sail for their new home. Muriel was now paying her farewell visit to Rochdale, and three weeks later the sad "Good-bye" was said, amid many tears and protestations of unchangeable affection and promises of religiously kept-up correspondence.

Dr. Egerton was a medical man in a thickly-populated eastern suburb of London, and, as Muriel said, the father of a large family—three were schoolboys, two little girls were under the tuition of a daily governess, and a tiny boy and girl were still in the nursery. Seeing, therefore, that the doctor had no private property, it was not surprising he felt the desirability of his daughters being prepared to earn a living. But he wisely decreed that Muriel, being a bright and clever girl, should have all the advantage it was in his power to give her in the matter of education. Hence she returned to the Misses Chubb's care for another two years, leaving school then to take up a daughter's home duties before beginning still graver responsibilities.

(To be continued.)

MITTENWALD AND ITS VIOLINS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOW.

"His grizzly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddlestick;
For he to horse-tail scorned to owe
For what on his own chin did grow."

Hudibras.

WE now come to the magic wand or bow, whose influence over our violins is so mysterious and absolute. Strangely enough, it has no affinity with that over which it dominates; indeed it is a thing quite apart; it is not born in the same class, neither has it any previous acquaintance with the characteristics of the creature it is to rule, and yet the whole training of the violin has been to ensure obedience to this despot which should one day sway its destinies. It is in a measure owing to this training that the wand has been able to take it from among the mass of musical instruments, and place it in the forefront as their king.

The maple and the pine, as they grew up in strength and beauty in their forest home, would scarcely have believed it had the wind whispered as it passed them that in the future they would owe their position, development, and

influence to a reed or a sugar barrel. It is often the mean and the unlikely which bring out the beautiful and grand in a character—the very contact between the opposites will effect this.

A thing of so much power as the bow must have a history, but, like many another great influence in the world, its origin is enveloped in mystery. Many men have had many opinions about it, and yet beyond a certain point they have left us to grope about in the dark, if we care to do so. This, however, would be unprofitable, as it certainly would not clear away the clouds from its birth. Of this we are sure, that the ancients did not possess it and we do; they may have had something like it in shape, but the power, grace, and magic, which are characteristics of the present bow, had no existence in days of old.

Just as our violin is scarcely recognisable as a descendant of the old clumsy triangular sort of *rebec* or *crowd*, so it is difficult to believe that the bow of the present day is a child of the clumsy, crooked reed bow, with a strand of coarse hair rudely stretched between the extremities, which our forefathers used.

A few illustrations and some remarks of travellers in the East are all the information we have concerning the early life of the bow, and whether it be of Arabian, Syrian, or Welsh origin cannot be decided. It did not rapidly throw off its original ungainliness, and the violin was ready for the bow before the bow was sufficiently graceful to prove an efficient ruler. Indeed, during a hundred years of the violin's palmiest days the bow was inartistic and clumsy, and the union of the two was another illustration of "Beauty and the Beast."

We owe a great deal of the power and efficiency of the bow to France, which produced as great enthusiasts in the art of bow-making as Italy in that of violin-making.

What is the special work of this bow, so masterful, so absolute, so mysterious in its power, as to have deserved the name of *magic wand*? First and foremost, it is to make the violin, which up to this point has been dumb, speak. It endows it also with the power of thought-reading, of receiving and conveying the sentiments and feelings of human beings; of expressing prayer and praise, love and anguish, joy and sorrow, better even than can

be done by the human voice. It develops the hidden powers of wood and strings, and puts them in touch with our hearts; it is the medium, so to say, by which we can express thoughts and feelings, often too deep for words. It renders the violin an instrument of peace and contentment, of gentle suasion and harmony among the whole human race.

Its method of performing its work is very simple; guided by a human hand, it sweeps across the strings, it may be, a feeling or a love message, a prayer or a shout of joy just fresh from some heart; the strings, trained to perfect obedience, take it up in a second, and by their vibrations wake up the two tables of the violin, connected with them by means of the bridge, to add their vibrations and take up the sound. Almost before you can draw a breath the vibrations have set the air in motion, which in its turn is alive and eager, never resting till the message which it carries reaches its destination. The power of the bow is seen, therefore, more in that which it makes the violin do than in that which it does itself.

The violin, as handed down to us by the *Amatis*, by Straduaris, Guarnerius, and Stainer, is so perfect that neither the ingenuity nor the fault-finding characteristic of man have been able to find a flaw in it.

This cannot be said of the bow, which has only quite lately approached its perfect stage. It is just possible that the ancients excited their strings to vibrate by other means than hair. Paganini, as we know, sometimes used a slender rush. Its origin is, as we have said, enveloped in mystery. I wonder if it was the result of watching certain insects, for in a book of Knight's published in New York in 1875, he says—"Grasshoppers, crickets, and the like are frequently spoken of as singing, yet they do not sing—they *fiddle*. By rubbing legs and wings together, each in the manner peculiar to the species, these insects produce the sounds which characterise them. Locusts are fiddlers; their hind legs are the bows, and the projecting veins of their wing-covers the strings. On each side of the body, just above and a little behind the thighs, is a deep cavity closed by a thin piece of skin stretched tightly across it like a banjo cover. When a locust begins to play, he bends the shank of one hind leg beneath the thigh where it is lodged in a furrow designed to receive it, and then draws the leg briskly up and down several times against the edge and veins of the wing-cover, the leg being the bow." It is just possible that this suggested the bow.

Some three or four men stand out from among the bow makers as worthy the thanks of all lovers of the violin; they are Francis Tourte, J. B. Vuillaume, Francois Lupot, and John Dodd, an Englishman.

The first of these is among bow makers what Straduaris is among violin makers. He was born in the year 1747, in Paris, and died in 1835. He was perfectly uneducated, and when apprenticed to a clock maker at an early age, he could neither read nor write; indeed, I do not know if at any age he could do so.

At the close of his apprenticeship he gave up a trade he had no love for, and took to that which filled him with enthusiasm, viz., bow-making. It is more than probable that during his eight years of apprenticeship he gained that skill and delicacy of hand, and that marvellous accuracy of measurement, which when applied to his new work made his reputation.

His first attempts at bow-making were made on old sugar barrels, which he was able to pick up cheap, and the bows so made he sold for about one shilling each. Every bow he made was a step forward on the field of discovery, and his great desire now was to find a stiff light wood which would do credit to his work. He decided that Pernambuco wood* would be the very best, but it was dear, and he was poor. This wood was sent to France in billets for drug purposes, and it was rare to find a piece with straight grain and long enough to make a bowstick, and it was this difficulty which compelled him to ask so much money later on for his bows.

He did not shape the bow out of a thick plank, as the violin maker did the back and belly of his violin; had he done so he would have cut the fibres across, instead of keeping them intact throughout the length of the bow. His method was to heat the stick right through the inner fibres, and then bend it to the shape required.

Nor did he confine his attention to the wood only, he was equally careful about the hair; in this part of his work he was ably seconded by his daughter. He preferred the hair of French horses, he said, to any other, as being larger and stronger. He rejected all hairs which were not perfectly cylindrical and equal throughout their length, and he found that not more than one-tenth of any given number of hairs possessed these qualifications, most of them being flat on one side.

Having obtained those that pleased him, he subjected them to a thorough cleansing by soap and bran, and last of all passed them through clear water tinged with a little blue. He did not use quite so many hairs as we do now. As a rule our bows contain from 150 to 200.

He frequently mounted his bows in tortoiseshell, mother-o'-pearl, and gold, and obtained for such eleven guineas; they are much coveted in the present day, and command very high prices. He spent the latter part of his life very quietly, and divided his time between bow-making and fishing.

The next best bow-maker to Tourte was J. B. Vuillaume, born in Paris 1799. He lived to the age of seventy-six, and was one of the most perfect copyists and imitators that ever lived.†

He took immense pains to discover the secret of Tourte's success. He measured every one that passed through his hand, and never lost an opportunity of watching Tourte as he cut up the billets of Pernambuco wood, and of seeing how careful he was to get the grain straight and its curl in the proper direction. Yet with all his care and watchfulness he does not seem to have guessed the secret. He brought, however, to the making of the bow the same spirit of scientific inquiry which he applied to the making of the violin, and we are not surprised, therefore, to hear that he remedied one or two very serious inconveniences under which the bow laboured.

One was the difficulty in arranging the hair so as to form a perfectly even surface throughout its length, and the other was the constantly changing position of the nut.

It was, however, his wonderful power of

copying which made him so famous, and in nothing is this power better shown than in the copy he made of Paganini's Guarnerius, which, to the great distress of the owner, fell from the roof of the diligence as he was entering Paris. He took it at once to Vuillaume, knowing that if anyone could repair the damage done to the thing he loved best on earth, he could.

It was while this violin was under his care that Vuillaume felt an irresistible desire to make a copy of it which should defy detection. On the day when Paganini was to receive his treasure back from the hands of the mender and healer, Vuillaume put two violins on the table before him, saying, "I have succeeded so well in restoring your violin, that I am quite unable to distinguish it from the other Guarnerius which has been entrusted to me, and which seems to me exactly like it—you of course will know your own in a moment."

Paganini was greatly agitated; he took up first one and then the other, he took them one in each hand, but to no purpose, he could come to no decision. One hope remained, he snatched up his bow and sent it flying over the strings, first of one and then of the other—all were equally obedient to its command; he was distracted, and his perplexity increased every moment. It is said he strode about the room with his hands clenched and his eyes on fire.

Vuillaume, content with his triumph, begged Paganini to be calm. "Here is your violin," he said, taking up one; "and here is the copy I made of it," taking up the other; "keep them both, in memory of me."

Vuillaume was an extremely honest man, otherwise there is no knowing where this power of imitation would have landed us.

England is not without its celebrated bow-makers, among whom John Dodd stands prominent. What he might have been had he not been poor and fond of drink it is impossible to say, for with these drawbacks he made a great name, and is often called the English Tourte.

"His bows," says Fleming, "are remarkable for their magnificent wood and workmanship, and for being exceedingly light and graceful." One fault they had, which probably was the result of poverty—they were too short. He never would have an apprentice, declaring he did not wish to teach anyone his method of making bows, and, poor as he was, he refused £1,000 for making known his secret.

Dr. Selle, of Richmond, who knew him well, says: "In his person he was very small, and waddled rather than walked; he was negligent in his attire, wearing an old threadbare coat of the most miserable description, smalls, and a broad-brimmed hat."

He visited the public-house with great regularity four times a day, and he died at Richmond Workhouse of bronchitis on the 4th October, 1839, at the age of eighty-seven. His bows sell very well in the present day, two or three sovereigns being the usual sum paid for them.

And now that we have our violin and its bow as perfect as we can get them, we will wait until the next chapter in order to find if among our women and girls master-hands may be found to draw out the sounds with which to charm and influence us, and in this we shall not be disappointed.

(To be continued.)

* Brazil wood, and a particular kind of snakewood which grows in Demerara, are also used for bows.

† Heron Allen.





MAZURKA in C Minor.

ETHEL M. BOYCE.

Tempo di Mazurka.

PIANO.

Sheet music for a Mazurka in C Minor, composed by Ethel M. Boyce. The piece is marked "Tempo di Mazurka" and "PIANO." The music is written for piano, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is C minor (three flats). The time signature is 3/4. The piece includes various musical notations such as triplets, pedaling marks (Ped.), and dynamic markings (p, pp, poco rit., rit.). The music is divided into four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes a piano (p) marking and a series of pedaling marks. The second system includes a piano (p) marking. The third system includes a piano (pp) marking and a ritardando (rit.) marking. The fourth system includes a piano (p) marking.

MAZURKA IN C MINOR.

501

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The key signature is C minor (three flats). The music is in 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

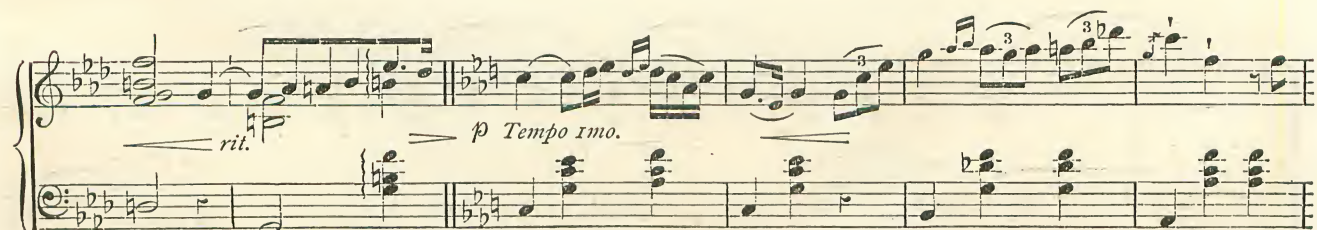
Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The right hand continues the melodic development. The left hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics "cre - - - scen - - - do." are written below the right hand staff, with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking at the end of the system.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The right hand has a more active melodic line. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a trill in the right hand and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The lyrics "Sua. loco." and "L. H." are present.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The tempo marking *molto rit.* (molto ritardando) appears at the beginning. The right hand is marked *Cantabile.* (cantabile). The left hand is marked *sempre legato.* (sempre legato). A *Ped.* (pedal) marking with an asterisk is placed below the left hand staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The right hand continues the melodic line. The left hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics "cre - - - scen -" are written below the right hand staff.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The right hand continues the melodic line. The left hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics "do." are written below the right hand staff. A *p* (piano) dynamic marking is placed below the right hand staff.



3 3 3

poco rit. *pp* *rit.* *p*

p

cre

scen - do. . . f

Sva. loco.
L. H.

pp molto rit. lento.

WHITE CLOVER.

By CLARA THWAITES.

A FIELD of white clover,
Of bonny white clover!
A couch for a dreamer to lie,
Where the bees ever coming
Will soothe us with humming,
And chant us a lullaby.

And the lark in the azure
Shall sweeten our leisure
With songs of the glad and the free;
When his rapture is over
He will drop to the clover
And rest in the valley with me.

And honey of clover,
When dreaming is over,
We'll share with the bees at their feast,
For a signal is flying
Where nectar is lying,
And "welcome" it cries to the guest.

Oh, were I a fairy,
Yon pinnacle so airy
I would launch for a voyage through air;
There are oars for the galley
Wherewith one may dally
In the depths of the clover so fair.

No storm-cloud will gather
To darken our weather;
The clover is open full wide;
There is joy for us, Alys,
O'er hills and o'er valleys,
Where laughter and sunshine betide.

So bear on thy bosom
The clover's white blossom,—
A charm against sorrow and pain,
The shamrock of gladness,
The trefoil for sadness,
A posy for summer's bright reign.

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER II.



O "make up one's mind to publish" is a step frequently taken by young authors; and so far as the determination goes, it is both easy and agreeable. There are, however, further steps necessary in the matter beyond the author's private decision, and it is commonly with these that the difficulty arises. Publishers are proverbially difficult to convince of untried merit, and, though they are ever on the watch for what is really good and original, they have to be sure that what is offered to them is worth their purchase-money. This very simple fact is often overlooked by the inexperienced, who think that a publisher's inveterate antagonism to publishing anything is only to be overcome by letters of introduction from somebody of consequence. It never occurs to them that publishing is the publisher's business, as much as doctoring is a doctor's

business; that he wants to practise his trade as much as other men want to practise theirs, and is only anxious to do it satisfactorily.

Dottie looked at Evelyn with her round dark brown eyes rounder than ever, and an expression of awe upon her bonny face.

"Shall you really? Oh, how splendid to have an authoress for my cousin! But what has made you decide that?"

"Last night was the turning-point," replied Evelyn; "I can't tell you, Dottie—and if I could you wouldn't understand—what I felt at hearing those illustrious names—names of men whose thoughts I have here." And she pointed to her well-filled bookshelves. "And above all when Mrs. Allingham West came in—to see how she was followed and courted, what an influence she has exerted, all through that one book! What were the men of science to her? People cared more to look at her than to see all the slides and diagrams in the world. She helps to make the thought of her age, that is the reason. Now I feel I must do the same. Uncle will laugh at me, I am prepared for that, but I don't care. I choose a literary life!"

To Dottie, who thought her cousin unutterably clever, beautiful, and fascinating, there was something grand in this announcement. She really felt as though Evelyn were in a sense a heroine, renouncing rank, fashion, amusement, for the sake of a noble career. She gazed solemnly at her lovely, animated face.

"But you will not write for money, will you?" she inquired.

"Certainly not," returned Evelyn, with dignity; "it is not necessary, and I should not think of it for a moment in any case. I have been looking over my poems all the morning, and I shall take

them to a publisher at once; I think I shall call them 'Day-dreams.'"

"And by what name shall you call yourself?" inquired Dottie.

"Espérance; Hope, you know—that will be most suitable in every way. Oh, to see myself in print! How enchanting! Dottie, I have dreamt of it all these years!" And Evelyn rose to fling her arms round her little cousin, who warmly returned her embrace.

"I shall never be clever like you, Evelyn, but I am proud of you," cried the warm-hearted girl. "I wonder what Algy will say?"

"Algy" was Dottie's only brother, who, after his Oxford life, was disporting himself in a lengthened tour upon the Continent.

"Algy? Oh, I don't suppose he will take any interest in it," lightly responded Evelyn. "Nothing poetical is in his line, as you know. Why should you trouble to tell him anything about it?"

The carriage wheels were heard, and the girls went down to greet Mrs. Lancaster, returning from her round of calls.

Evelyn's lot was certainly cast in pleasant places. The luxurious house in which she lived with her aunt and cousin stood in spacious grounds on a hill in a south-western suburb. The rumble of carts and carriages along the high road came but with distant murmur across the park to the ears of the dwellers in that great square pile, solid, substantial, telling of wealth in every detail, within and without.

A charming flower-garden surrounded the house, and tall elms in the park were musical with the cawing of rooks. The charms of country and town met in one, for along the road on which the lodge gates opened, Mrs. Lancaster's well-



“HAS EVELYN TOLD YOU OF HER DETERMINATION?”

appointed carriage could bowl on its C springs to the West-end in less than an hour, a fact which the good lady constantly alleged to those friends who wondered at her for living out in the Surrey suburbs. She was secretly convinced that she should die if she were shut up in one of the smoky West-end squares, and both Evelyn and Dottie loved their home. They loved the wide, open commons with their glory of gorse, their noble forest trees standing here and there, the pageant of the sunset sky spread freely out to them across that far expanse, and not for all the fashion in the world would the girls have exchanged the freedom and airiness of their surroundings. One little flaw, and one alone, there was in Evelyn's lot. Intellectual and imaginative, she would have liked to be more closely encircled by intellectual, artistic, and imaginative society. Mrs. Lancaster and Dot would not have cared for it had it been within reach, and the glimpses Evelyn could get were few and far between in comparison with her ambition.

"When I publish," thought the girl, "that will be altered. I shall obtain the *entrée* into the world of authors, and talk to all those people I saw last night on equal terms, instead of being a little nobody from Surrey."

"Has Evelyn told you, mother, of her determination?" asked Dot, after dinner. She was sitting on the balustrade of the balcony that opened from the drawing-room, with her Japanese umbrella. The low sunlight gleamed on the waters of a pool in the park—much celebrated in the neighbourhood—that was almost, but not quite, large enough to be called a lake, and that in the winter afforded untold delight to the skating community. The girl made a pretty picture with her kitten nestling in her lap, and this picturesque background in the distance.

Instead of replying, Mrs. Lancaster, stout and good-humoured, made a remark she repeated at least twice every fine day.

"Really, now, one might suppose we were a hundred miles from town."

"Darling mother, what has that got to do with Evelyn?" responded Dottie, arching her dark eyebrows; and Mrs. Lancaster smiled sleepily. Her niece's determinations were not of much interest, as a rule, to her after dinner.

"I am going to publish a book, auntie," declared the girl, in clear, distinct tones.

"Good gracious, my dear," cried Mrs. Lancaster, drawing herself suddenly upright. "Whatever will your uncle say?"

"I don't care what my uncle says!" rejoined Evelyn, a little haughtily. "I am my own mistress now, and I want the carriage to-morrow morning, auntie, if you don't mind, to go to the City."

To Mrs. Lancaster's mind publishing was connected somehow or other with poverty, dying prematurely in a garret, Grub Street, insolent patrons, and so forth. It struck her as altogether incongruous, if not improper, that a young lady, good looking, accomplished, with enough money of her own to support her

in comfort, should write books; and she was searching her memory for some illustration that would at once alarm and deter Evelyn. Dr. Johnson, who used once to come to a spot not many miles away to see Mrs. Thrale—hadn't he, now, said something about a woman writing a book, that would be just the thing to impress her niece? Mrs. Lancaster had a dim recollection of dancing bears in the observation; but how and why was that comparison introduced? The poor lady hurriedly searched her memory, and so far succeeded as to say, half timorously—

"Don't you remember that Dr. Johnson called a lady who had written a book a dancing bear?"

"He was a bear himself," returned Evelyn, rather startled at this sudden thrust, "but I don't remember anything of the sort; and if I did I shouldn't care what Dr. Johnson said—rude old thing!"

"Well, I know he said, 'It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all,'" persisted the good lady, whose reverence for the great lexicographer was one of the few results of her somewhat desultory education, and who was resolved to make her point.

Dottie, highly entertained at the little scene, and yet sorry for Evelyn, cried out from her balcony—

"Darling mother, you are all wrong; it was about a woman preaching Dr. Johnson said that, and it wasn't a bear either that he brought into the comparison."

"Well, I know he did disapprove of young ladies publishing verses, and said something of the sort," protested Mrs. Lancaster, whose attempts at impressing her young people by quotations usually ended in failure.

"Whatever it was, it isn't to the point now, is it?" retorted Evelyn. "You know, auntie, how fond I have always been of writing, and I am sure my last poems are quite good enough to publish, so I am going to town, if you will let me, to-morrow, to Messrs. Wrexham and Bird. I have made up my mind to go, so do be kind and nice about it, there's a dear."

Poor Mrs. Lancaster could never resist her niece very long; besides, Evelyn's talents and her love of writing had long been an acknowledged household fact. No thought entered the good woman's mind but that the girl was fully competent to enter the lists of authors. Her objection rose rather from the idea that it was decent to practise feminine talents within a certain charmed circle, and surround their exercise with reserve. However, she yielded, of course; and the next day, with a beating heart, Evelyn was driving citywards.

When she actually entered the sanctum of the great man whose acquaintance with her uncle had won her admission to his presence, her agitation seemed as though it would suffocate her for the moment. He sat in a very little room before a very large table, and appeared, she thought, to regard her with a certain fatherly compassion from behind his spectacles.

"Yes, Mr. Hope is an intimate friend

of mine," he responded to Evelyn's faltering introduction; "does he know, may I ask, of your visit to me?"

"No; I do not think my uncle cares about my writing poetry," she answered, trying to smile.

"Poetry? Ah, yes," observed Mr. Wrexham, taking the dainty packet Evelyn held out to him, and turning the leaves. "Most young authors begin with poetry; but it's not always wise to publish it—not always wise. Have you written anything else?"

"I have always been writing, more or less; it is my favourite occupation," returned Evelyn, attempting to pluck up dignity. "This is by no means my first attempt."

"I suppose you have had no experience of print?" asked the publisher. "Do you know that this would make a very small volume indeed?"

"I don't wish it to be large. I have no ambition to issue great books," returned Evelyn, grandly. "My idea is a delicate binding—very thick paper—plenty of margin."

"Quality, not quantity," remarked the publisher, pleasantly; and she hated him for saying it. "Poetry is just now a drug in the market," he went on; "nothing but the best will sell; and I should be doing wrong, Miss Hope, if I led you to believe we could offer you anything for these poems."

"I do not wish to be paid," responded Evelyn.

"You are fortunate; but we could not even issue them at our own risk, paying you nothing."

"Cannot you read them first, before deciding that?" asked Evelyn, who considered herself business-like, and felt she ought to stand up for her rights. She had always understood that publishers required a great deal of browbeating if authors dare only exercise it.

The publisher in question smiled pitifully. He had glanced at the poems—as Oliver Wendell Holmes somewhat prosaically says, the buyer does not need to eat, but only to taste, a cheese before purchasing it. He saw that, while they were not bad, they were far removed from being good; that they were the first crude attempts of talent, expressing for the most part borrowed thought in borrowed phraseology; correct as to metre and rhyme, very passable as amateur work, but, as yet, nothing more. He also—for he was a shrewd and kindly man—saw that the advice he would willingly have given to the elegant young lady before him would be distasteful and disregarded. Still, he made an effort, out of sheer good nature.

"I think I have read something like this before, Miss Hope," he said, and turning a leaf, he read aloud:

"When autumn winds blow chill and drear,
And dropping leaves are whirled away,
And crimson glows the parting day,

Full sadly wanes the waning year.'
Is not that rather like an imitation of 'In Memoriam'? In poetry it is necessary in these days to be original, if the poet wishes to find readers."

"That is not the best poem by any means," hurriedly interposed Evelyn.

"No, probably not; and I have no wish to discourage you. You have plenty of time before you, and I should say, as Mr. Hope would, I am sure—Wait awhile."

"Thank you. I need not trouble you any further," said Evelyn, rising, with mortification at her heart. She did not choose to suggest that Messrs. Wrexham and Bird should bring out the volume at her expense, and as they would probably have declined to do so, she was wise. She was provided with a second string to her bow, for she had furnished herself beforehand with all the information she could collect, and ere long she was mounting some steep and narrow stairs, on the way to see a member of the firm of Messrs. Dalrymple and Co.

Here a very different reception awaited

her. The stout, round-faced gentleman with the little, twinkling eyes, after a rapid survey of her appearance, glanced through the manuscript, and seemed to read a poem here and there.

"Very nice; very pretty indeed!" he remarked, approvingly. "This 'Sonnet to the East Wind' is capital!"

"South wind," put in Evelyn.

"Ah, well, just so. We have a good deal of poetry on hand just now, that is the only thing; but we could bring out an edition of five hundred for you—that will do to begin with—easily get a second edition out when it is wanted—if you felt inclined to risk from £30 to £50. Little doubt, I should say *no* doubt, but that you would recoup yourself amply out of the profits of sale, and —"

"Oh, money is not my object," put in Evelyn, charmed at this change of view; and she was very soon deep in

the discussion of binding, paper, and print.

As she was driving home she did not feel wholly satisfied with the result of her morning's work. She knew that Messrs. Wrexham and Bird occupied a far higher position in the publishing world than Messrs. Dalrymple and Co. She would like to have seen Mr. Wrexham fall back in his chair; to have heard him exclaim: "This, indeed, is genius! My dear young lady, you have a great future before you!" On the contrary, he evidently did not think much of the poems; but then, as Evelyn had remarked in one of them entitled "Misunderstood," the poet soul is not, as a rule, appreciated by the common herd.

To this she, in self-defence, supposed Mr. Wrexham, in spite of his eminence, must belong.

(To be continued.)

POETS OVER-SEA.

A GOSSIP ON THE RECENT POETRY OF AMERICA.

By GLEESON WHITE, Author of "Some Poetry we Read," "Ballades and Rondeaux," etc.

PART III.



F all the younger school of American men of letters, whose reputations have preceded a knowledge of their work on this side, the name of Edgar Fawcett is perhaps most familiar; yet although he is known amongst a few English people as a poet of no mean order, it would be hard to find many who have intimate knowledge of his poetry. When "Fantasy and Passion," published in 1878, found its way to England in privately presented copies, it won praise on all sides. Only lately the copy that belonged to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was in my hands, and its pencilled margin showed that the great poet-painter was a reader and admirer of the young American's work. One specially underlined in Rossetti's copy was this—

TO AN ORIOLE.

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendour through our Northern
sky?

At some glad moment was it nature's
choice

To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was
heard,

Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

Even this tiny lyric shows the quality of Mr. Fawcett's poetry, and exhibits several of its special features—a delight in colour and gorgeous imagery, a sense of the decorative effect of the sounds of its syllables, no less than of their sense, and above all an idea clearly set forth amid the prodigal wealth of epithet that is never redundant and destructive of the complete effect.

In "Song and Story," 1884, and "Romance and Revery," 1886, the author's powers, shown in the first volume, found stronger utterance. But owing to successes in other departments of literature, his poetry is less widely known than its merits deserve. In fiction Mr. Fawcett

has produced a long series of novels that place him in the very foremost rank of American authors, and in sharp contrast to the minutely analysed chronicles of insignificant tediously-related events, that are so evident in the school most widely read in England.

"The Buntling Ball," a burlesque in the form of an old Greek tragedy, published anonymously, took the public by surprise. Its magnificent satire, caustic wit, and ingenious workmanship caused it to be attributed to Lowell, Wendell Holmes, and other well-known names. But when another book, "The New King Arthur"—a parody of Tennyson—that was at its best an absolutely perfect example of the art of parody, was also warmly received, the secret oozed out, and it was known that the author of "Fantasy and Passion" had produced these widely dissimilar works. Of late the poetry of Mr. Fawcett has aroused much curiosity in England, and a forthcoming English edition of his poems is even now "in the press," when, doubtless, in spite of an individual standpoint that may cause some divergence of opinion among our critics, the verdict will accord him a foremost place among the poets of to-day.

The following sonnet and lyric are both from "Romance and Revery":—

TREES IN THE CITY.

When I behold how beautifully they rear
From out the engirding pavements, dull
and plain,

Boughs that for genial meadow or fragrant
lane

Have longed, perchance, through many a
lonely year,

My sympathy wakes dubious yet sincere,

Conjecturing the incalculable pain

Of lives that yearn towards bourns whence
they retain

The balm of no remedial souvenir!

But when the spirit of spring breaks cold
eclipse,

I dream that every wind which fleetly slips
Through the broad city is bearing in soft-
wise,

From happier branches under far free skies,
Compassionate tidings on æolian lips,
Of sweet affinities and tender kinships.

GOLD.

No spirit of air am I, not one whose birth
Was deep in mouldy darkness of mid-earth.

Yet, where my yellow raiments choose to
shine,

What power is more magnificent than mine?

In hall and hut, in highway or in street,
Obedient millions grovel at my feet.

The loftiest pride to me its tribute brings;
I gain the lowly vassalage of kings!

How many a time have I made honour yield
To me its mighty and immaculate shield!

How often has virtue at my potent name
Robed her chaste majesty in scarlet shame!

How often has burning love within some
breast

Frozen to treachery at my cold behest!

Yet ceaselessly my triumph has been blent
With pangs of overmastering discontent.

For there are always certain souls that hear
My stealthy whispers with indifferent ear;

Pure souls that deem my smiles' most bland
excess,

For all its lavish radiance, valueless;

Rare souls, from my imperious guidance free,
Who know me for the slave that I should be;

Grand souls that from my counsel would
dissent,

Though each were tempted with a continent!

Bret Harte, as well known here as in the United States, needs no word of description or praise. The only regret is that the super-excellence of his prose, and the world-wide fame of his humorous poetry, has resulted in his delightful work in a more pathetic key being almost overlooked. That one who has done what he has should cease from singing, is a fact to regret keenly. Yet, save an occasional dialect piece, in which he is an unrivalled master, one waits in vain for any new lyrics from the pen that gave us "A Greyport Legend," "Dickens in Camp," "The Spanish Idyls," and many another exquisitely-turned poem.

Rossiter Johnson, in his volume "Idler and Poet," has many good things, somewhat after

the school of Præd, peculiarly local in their colour, as such work should be. The one quoted below, in spite of its wide popularity, may be new to some readers, and is a good sample of its fellows to represent the volume in this limited space:—

NINETY-NINE IN THE SHADE.

O for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!
O for an iceberg or two at control!
O for a vale that at mid-day the dew cumbers!
O for a pleasure trip up to the pole!

O for a little one-storey thermometer
With nothing but zeroes all ranged in a row!

O for a big double-barrelled hygrometer,
To measure the moisture that rolls from my brow!

O that this cold world were twenty times colder
(That irony's red hot it seemeth to me)!
O for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!
O what a comfort an ague would be!

O for a grotto frost-lined and rill-riven,
Scooped in the rock under cataract vast!
O for a winter of discontent, even!
O for wet blankets judiciously cast!

O for a soda fount spouting up boldly
From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky!

O for proud maiden to look on me coldly,
Freezing my soul with a glance of her eye!

Then, O for a draught of a cup of cold pizen!
And O for a through ticket, *viz* Coldegrave,
To the banks of the Styx, where a thick shadow lies on

And deepens the chill of its dark-running wave.

The Rev. J. B. Kenyon, in two volumes, "Out of the Shadows" and "In Realms of Gold," has proved his right to sing, for his lyrics are instinct with song and musical in the lilt of their lines, besides being graceful in thought and refined in treatment. In place of praise, however, these two will speak for themselves:—

WHEN CLOVER BLOOMS.

When clover blooms in the meadows
And the happy south winds blow,
When under the leafy shadows
The singing waters flow—
Then come to me; as you pass
I shall hear your feet in the grass,
And my heart shall awake and leap
From its cool, dark couch of sleep,
And shall thrill again as of old,
Ere its long rest under the mould—
When clover blooms.

Deem not that I shall not waken;
I shall know, my love, it is you;
I shall feel the tall grass shaken,
I shall hear the drops of the dew
That scatter before your feet;
I shall smell the perfume sweet
Of the red rose that you wear,
As of old, in your sunny hair;
Deem not that I shall not know
It is your light feet that go
Mid clover blooms.

O love, the years have parted—
The long, long years!—our ways;
You have gone with the merry-hearted
These many and many days,
And I with that grim guest
Who loveth the silence best;
But come to me—I shall wait
For your coming, soon or late;
For soon or late, I know,
You shall come to my rest below
The clover blooms.

A CITY CRY.

Here hoarsely moan the floods of human woe,
And evermore, along the busy streets
The iron hoof of traffic loudly beats,
And lean-faced avarice shuffles to and fro;
How grudgingly the feet of mercy go
Where gaunt and grimy squalor sits and eats
Her bitter bread, and here, through foul retreats,

Death's noisome currents darkly ebb and flow.
O God, of those sweet airs which blow between

The emerald hills, let me e'er breathe;
Keep me

Far from the roaring city, in Thy green
And quiet solitudes, where I may see

The birds, the flowers, the grass, and sweetly lean

My heart upon the peace and love of Thee.

When, some ten or twelve years ago, a new poet from the Wild West was hailed (if the mixed metaphor may be allowed) as a rising star, those who read the impassioned song of "Joaquin" Miller, as he is termed (from the title of his first volume, "Joaquin et al"), predicted a great future. Yet, so far, it is singular how little more widely popular his poetry has grown. Its very faults are not those that stand in the way of recognition, and in the impetuous honesty of his daring cry against the platitudes and pruderies of conventional hypocrisy, it seemed that his words should have awakened an echo in many an English heart. But to say they have fulfilled in this one respect the expectations raised by "Songs of the Sierras" is certainly not borne out by facts; yet, on re-perusing any of his volumes, the poetry rouses the same enthusiasm to those who have once succumbed to its witchery. It is so unlike the work of any other man, at once so strong and so naive in its expression. "Songs of the Sun Lands," "Songs of Far Away Lands," "The Ship of the Desert," and "Mexican Songs" are among the most important of his published works. Of these, the longer poems, "Arizona," "With Walker in Nicaragua," "Benoni," and others, plead to be extracted, but as that is impossible, it must suffice to quote the following, picked almost at random, yet showing his peculiar genius:—

O thou To-morrow! Mystery,
O day that ever runs before.
What has thy hidden hand in store
For mine, To-morrow, and for me?
O thou To-morrow, what hast thou
In store to make me bear the Now?

O day in which we shall forget
The tangled troubles of to-day;
O day that laughs at duns, at debt!
O day of promises to pay!
O shelter from all present storm!
O day in which we shall reform!

O day of all days to reform!
Convenient day of promises!
Hold back the shadow of the storm.
Let not the mystery be less,
O bless'd To-morrow, chiefest friend,
But lead us blindfold to the end.

One poem, "Mother Egypt," exhibits such power that I particularly wish it to appear, yet one line has found objection by many who admire the poem, therefore I have but quoted it in part.

Dark-browed she broods with weary lids
Beside her sphynx and pyramids,
With low and never-lifted head;
If she be dead, respect the dead;
If she be weeping, let her weep;
If she be sleeping, let her sleep;
For lo! this woman named the stars,
She suckled
Her Moses while you reeked in wars
And prowled your woods, nude painted
Thugs.

Then back, brave England, back in peace,
To Christian isles of fat increase!
Go back! else bid your high priest take
Your great bronze Christs and cannons
make;
Take down their cross from proud St. Paul's
And coin it into cannon balls,
You tent not far from Nazareth,
Your camp spreads where His child-feet
strayed,
If Christ had seen this work of death,
If Christ had seen these ships invade,

I think the patient Christ had said:
"Go back, brave men! Take up your dead,
Draw down your great ships to the seas,
Repass the Gates of Hercules.
Go back to wife with babe at breast,
And leave lorn Egypt to her rest."
Is Christ then dead as Egypt is?
Ah, Mother Egypt, torn in twain,
There's something grimly wrong in this,
So like some gray, sad woman slain.

* * * * *

Here again is a very pleasantly worded lyric, that has the cry of home-sickness, which seems to come from the heart of a wanderer.

Better it were to abide by the sea
Loving somebody and satisfied;
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,
To anchor you down for all your days,
Than to wander and wander in all these
ways,
Land-forgotten, and love-denied.

Better sit still where born, I say,
Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
Love and be loved in the brave old way,
Drink sweet waters, and dream in a spell,
Than to sail in search of the Blessed Isles,
For aye and aye o'er the watery miles.

Better it were for the world, I say,
That you should sit still where you were
born,
Be it land of sand or of oil and corn,
Than seek red poppies, and the sweet dream-
land,
Than to wander the world as I to-day,
Breaking the heart into bits like clay,
And leaving it scattered on every hand.

Born in 1841, and again, if rumour is true, living far away from the busy crowd, it may be that a great poem will come from his pen. No less a subject than "Christ's Life on Earth" is said to be occupying him at present. These verses show his mood upon human questions—

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of
life?

Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart—that we war to
the knife?

God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we
feel

When a fellow goes down 'neath his load
on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: words are keener
than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

The daring imagery and unrestrained rigour that pushes poetic license to its utmost strain, and yet remains poetry, is seen in the lines from an unnamed lyric prefacing "Songs of Far-away Lands," and a slightly modified version in "Memorie and Rime," a later volume.

'Tis a land so far that you wonder whether
E'en God would know it should you fall
down dead;

Tis a land so far through the wilds and
weather,
That the sun falls weary and flushed and
red,
That the sea and the sky seem coming to-
gether—
Seem closing together as a book that is
read.

* * * * *
Oh, the nude, weird West where an un-
named river
Rolls restless in bed of bright silver and
gold.

John Boyle O'Reilly (1844) is a name hardly known in England, yet his volumes and their reception in America should make him sure of a welcome here, while his Irish birth and strong patriotic bias would gain special interest in these days—whether for or against his future readers' peace of mind depends upon the standpoint taken. His chief published works are "Songs from the Southern Seas," "Songs, Legends, and Ballads" (1882), "In Bohemia" (1884), "Statues in the Block" (1887).

His ballads have all the "go" and fire of the true type, while his Australian poems are among the best inspired by that colonial scenery which, since Mr. Douglas Sladen has brought it to English notice, has roused no slight attention. From Mr. O'Reilly's works two of the shortest pieces will attest the fancy of his muse and the quaint turn of his lighter mood, but they give no indication of the power of the larger poems.

DISTANCE.

The world is large, when its weary leagues
two loving hearts divide;
But the world is small when your enemy is
loose on the other side.

"You gave me the key of your heart, my
love,
Then why do you make me knock?"
"O, that was yesterday, saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!"

A TRAGEDY.

A soft-breasted bird from the sea
Fell in love with the lighthouse flame,
And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest
wing,

And floated and cried like a love-lorn thing;
It brooded all day and it fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light.

For the flame had its heart afar,
Afar with the ships at sea;
It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives;
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass, where at last it dashed its
breast.

The light only flickered, the brighter to
glow;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.

In "Cap and Bells," Samuel Minturn Peck (1854) has grouped poems more serious in their purpose than the title indicates, unless it be in sober earnest to show that the jester's heart is not as full of quips and cranks as his words imply. While belonging somewhat to the *vers de société* school, and using the old French metrical forms with easy grace, there is more genuine poetic work than the enemies of the "five o'clock tea school" are inclined publicly to allow. But of all volumes these lighter ones are most hard to represent by examples. A forest may be indicated by a bough, but how is a meadow ablaze with flowers to be judged of one dried specimen? Yet since it must be, these two are as fit as any for the purpose, because in the pages of the *Century* and *Scribner* many readers have

probably already made acquaintance with others that would else have claimed first notice.

THE SINGER'S REWARD.
(A Legend)

O once there dwelt a singer, in a valley far
away,
Who in the fields with loving art awoke his
lute and lay.

Now though his song, nor loud nor long,
was strangely sweet to hear,
One day he said, while on his cheek there
gleamed a silent tear:

"My note is low, my strain is weak, my
singing all in vain,
The little guerdon I desire I cannot hope to
gain.

"I do not care for lofty fame, for wealth I
do not long,
I only wish my fellow-men to love me for
their song."

The kindly zephyrs caught his lays, and bore
them far and wide.

"Such songs were never sung before," the
people rose and cried.

The great king even listened, in his palace
by the sea,
And said, "Some day we'll send for him,
and honoured he shall be."

Alas! no herald ever came, the ancient
legend saith,
But when he put his lute away, and laid
him down in death,

The people made a great ado, and reared a
column high,
In honour of the singer they had left in
want to die.

BEYOND THE NIGHT.

Beyond the night no withered rose
Shall mock the later bud that blows,
Nor lily blossom e'er shall blight,
But all shall gleam more pure and white
Than starlight on the Arctic snows.
Sigh not while daylight dimmer grows,
And life a turbid river flows,
For all is sweetness—all is light,

Beyond the night.
Oh haste, sweet hour that no man knows;
Uplift us from our cumbering woes,
When joy and peace shall crown the
right,

And perished hopes shall blossom bright—
To aching hearts bring sweet repose.
Beyond the night.

No apology is needed for noticing the "Songs and Satires" of James Jeffrey Roche. If the satires amuse us to the detriment of the songs that equally deserve attention, it is the author's fault. In a serious age honest laughter is of great consequence, and in face of such a witty trifle as the one quoted, we could spare many a poem of not absolutely the highest order. Perhaps the very success of one side of Mr. Roche's art is in no small degree owing to his mastery of the other; for in his fooling there are restraint and good form that charm while they amuse.

THE V-A-S-E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart—
The maidens four and the Work of Art.

And none might tell, from sight alone,
In which had culture ripest grown.

The Gotham million fair to see,
The Philadelphia pedigree,

The Boston mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo;

For they all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * * *

Long they worshipped, but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until one spoke—

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushing, said: "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries: "'Tis indeed a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vase!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me,

I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with the charming vaws!"

*Dies erit prægelida**Sinistra quum Belodina.*

In the section of "Debonair Verse," as Mr. E. C. Stedman has aptly christened it, Mr. Clinton Scollard has shown distinct power. His three volumes, "Pictures in Song," 1884, "With Reed and Lyre," 1886, and "Old and New World Lyrics," 1889, yield ample proof of a natural voice for singing and artistic insight, that having already done much and done it well, may yet do even better and greater things. He has the secret of that delicate trifling which is characteristic of this school of poetry, but it is not by any means mere trifling, rather the colloquial freedom of a scholar and thinker, who, as the taste of the day wills it, is more careful to conceal his learning than to set it forth to astonish his readers. To blame the younger school for not attempting mighty epics and voluminous tragedies is absurd, for few have time to read sustained efforts of that sort, even if the will be theirs. A little rhyme by Herrick, or lyric by one of our modern men, will outlast the monumental triumphs of their contemporaries who keep their solemn reputation for the most part by reason of the blind ignorance concerning the things they really wrote.

TO A CHINESE IDOL.

Once you ruled, a god divine,
In a sacred shady shrine,
Near a river dark as wine,

'Mid the trees;
And to you the mandarins,
With their smooth unshaven chins,
Prayed absolution from their sins
On their knees.

Tiny-footed Chinese maids,
With their hair in raven braids,
Sought you in your quiet shades
'Neath the boughs;

Haply for a thousand years
You beheld their smiles and tears,
Listened to their hopes and fears,
And their vows.

Now above her escritoire,
In my lady's pink boudoir,
Ever dumbly pining for
Lost repose;
You sit stolid day by day,
With your cheeks so thin and gray,
Stormy eyes and *retroussé*
Little nose.

Where the sunlight glinteth o'er
 Persian rug and polished floor,
 You will frown for evermore,
 Grim as hate;
 A divinity cast down,
 Having neither shrine nor crown,
 Once a god, but now a brown
 Paper-weight!

SUMMER NOON.

The air is full of soothing sounds. The bee
 Within the waxen lily's honeyed cells
 In monotone of mellow measure tells
 His yet unsated joyance, drowsily
 The swallows spill their liquid melody
 As down the sky they drop, and faintly
 swells
 The tremulous tinkle of the far sheep
 bells,
 While wind-harps sigh in every crown'd
 tree.
 Beneath the beechen shade the reapers lie,
 Upon their lips a merry harvest tune;
 Knee-deep within a neighbouring stream,
 the kine
 Stand blinking idly in the clear sun-
 shine;
 And like a dream of olden Arcady
 Seems the sweet languor of the summer
 noon.

But these two altogether fail to represent the charm of many facets in the brilliant crystals of Mr. Scollard's work. In the "blithe ballade" he has scored notable success, and throughout the whole range of the school in which he has chosen to abide, he is perhaps the most hopeful of its newest comers.

The collected poems of Edward Rowland Sill speak with all the pathos of a posthumous volume. Born in 1843, the rare promise of his earlier verse is only fulfilled by this scanty booklet (1887). Yet among its pages are real poems. Read in the light of its publication, "Service" has a personal note in it that deepens the pathetic expression of the idea it embodies.

SERVICE.

Fret not that the day is gone,
 And thy task is still undone.
 'Twas not thine, it seems, at all;
 Near to thee it chanced to fall,
 Close enough to stir thy brain,
 And to vex thy heart in vain.
 Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
 Yesterday a babe was born,
 He shall do thy waiting task;
 All thy questions he shall ask,
 And the answers will be given,
 Whispered lightly out of heaven.

His shall be no stumbling feet,
 Fading when they should be fleet;
 He shall hold no broken clue;
 Friends shall unto him be true;
 Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
 Shall not shatter his good name;
 Day shall nerve his arm with light,
 Slumber soothe him all the night;
 Summer's peace and winter's storm
 Help him all his will perform;
 'Tis enough of joy for thee
 His high service to foresee.

THE BOOK OF HOURS.

As one who reads a tale writ in a tongue
 He only partly knows, runs over it
 And follows but the story, losing wit
 And charm, and half the subtle links among
 The haps and harms that the book's folk beset,
 So do we with our life. Night comes,
 and morn;
 I know that one has died and one is born;
 That this by love and that by hate is met,
 But all the grace and glory of it fail
 To touch me, and the meanings they enfold
 The Spirit of the World hath told the tale,
 And tells it, and 'tis very wise and old.
 But o'er the page there is a mist and veil—
 I do not know the tongue in which 'tis
 told.

(To be concluded.)

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER VI.
A FAMILY RENT ASUNDER.

IT was an immense relief to Kitty, in addition to the pleasure of getting speech with her brother, which was becoming a rarer and rarer treat, to see Jack walk in with his father, a couple of hours after the fog end of the riot, which she and Mrs. Judy, and many more besides them, had seen from their windows.

"Come here and tell us what all the stir has been about, Jack," cried the girl, quite cheerfully. The doubt and fear were gone from her voice. She spoke as if she had not been deeply moved by the scene that had passed before her, which, young as she was, she would never altogether forget; on many a day to come the vision of the boyish

face working with excitement, the hasty hand flung up to sweep back the streaming hair, and of Anthony Walton's steady tramp and heavy frown, was present to her in its first freshness; and now, instinctively for a reason she could not have explained to herself, she referred to what she had witnessed as if it had been an affair of no moment, a piece of mere make-believe, like an act in one of the students' plays. "What a fright you are!" she went on quickly. "How will you answer to Mrs. Judy for all the mending you will cost her?" Then, as she caught a nearer glimpse of her brother's face, she gave a little sharp cry and dropped her careless tone. "Oh, dear heart, thou art hurt!" for there was an ugly bruise on John Dacre's cheek, terminating in a slight cut, which ran up among his fair hair, and had dyed and matted it with the blood which had oozed from the wound. "Shall I get water or vinegar? Me and Mrs. Judy will bathe it, and it may not want a plaster or a bandage."

"Be silent, Kitty! let the young scoundrel alone," cried Dr. Dacre, in a voice which was not the quiet scholar's voice, so full was it of bitter anger, keen disappointment, and stern determination.

John Dacre said not a word; Kitty shrank back as if she had received a blow. Mrs. Judy, who had come in at Kitty's cry to see if anything was wanted, turned hastily to the door.

"Stay where you are, Judith Pettit," her master commanded her roughly, using the full name, which he had not

given her since the day she entered his service a score of years before. "It may be as well that there is another witness to this business. I have brought here to my college—his home, to my misfortune—this young man who calleth himself my son, to put to him one or two questions of which you will hear the answers, before I have done with him for ever."

Both Kitty and Mrs. Judy were struck dumb with consternation. Jack did not utter one protesting syllable, but neither did he droop or quail in any hang-dog fashion. In fact, he held up his head and looked at the speaker, in the white heat of his fury, with a mixture of reproach and defiance in his pale, blood-stained face.

"John Dacre, will you confess or deny that you did, as my own miserable eyes can testify, in the light of the sun this very midday, in Oxford, conspire with a handful of deluded and debauched students to disgrace thyself and thy family, thy college, thy class in life, by appearing as a ringleader among the town miscreants who dispute the authority of the University and the King?"

"I was in the row this morning, father, as you say you know; why need you ask me any question thereupon?" answered Jack, half indignantly, half sullenly. "Moreover, I will tell thee something for thy better understanding if not for thy satisfaction," he went on, looking his father straight in the face, with a clear conviction and a passionate resolution in his flashing eyes, which were not unlike his father's, except that

they had the undimmed flash of young eyes, quick to take umbrage as to inflict punishment, which, when they have once begun, cannot easily leave off in any course. "It was our side that began the riot, in order to put an end to a piece of the basest extortion and tyranny, where an honest man gave goods, ay, and lent money, to a privileged member of Christ Church, and when the respectable merchant sought but his own, he was reviled and set upon by the college servants until he was beaten within an inch of his life."

"Let him appeal to the proctors, or carry his case to the University Courts, or, better still, bear his losses in silence for the credit of his calling and his town. It was no business of thine. Thou art no redresser of wrongs."

"Sir, life would be little worth," said John Dacre, with the sternness of a young Lycurgus, "if a man were not at liberty—nay, called upon by all that is sacred—to denounce and bring to justice every wrongdoer he came across."

"A man!" echoed his father, scornfully. "Heyday, we are ill off for men when boys usurp their elders' functions, and when redressing wrongs means preserving the fruits of his roguery to every scurvy tradesman."

"But, father, this is not like you!" cried out Jack. "What has come over thee? Thou wert wont to insist on justice, and to enjoin on us to be honourable in all our dealings."

"But, son, that was not to take it upon you to judge your neighbours, and to interfere in their concerns, making bad worse, till the small hurts which would have been remedied in the course of nature, become envenomed sores which no man can heal."

Dr. Peter was calmer now. The flush which had mounted to his bald head was paling, his eyes were no longer blazing in their sockets.

Kitty, who had never before beheld such a storm of household dissension, who had not dared to raise her voice, began to trust and pray that the violence of the strife was abating, and that peace would be restored. She failed to recognise that every line of her father's face was setting, not relaxing, and that his voice was taking a tone of dogged implacability, in the strong resentment of a man who is slow to be roused and still slower to be appeased.

"You have gone and done it, John Dacre. You have committed the unpardonable sin of these times which I cannot and ought not to forgive. Art aware of the trouble thy gracious sovereign is in? Of the straits of thy University, thy country? that thou shouldst choose this season of all others to go and quarrel with thy fellows, in order to bring to light and set thy foot on some peddling hardship—some paltry fellow's paltrier grievance. Prithee, is the loss of a barrel of herrings, or a keg of hollands—nay, or even a few yards of tiffany, or a piece of brocade, to disturb the peace of a town and risk the quiet of a country? Perish the goods and the pursy trader sooner, say I. I tell thee it is such as thou who fomenteth

discontent, and giveth the silly people an excuse for listening to lying knaves their betrayers."

"The people have far better excuse than any that I can afford them, and infinitely wiser leaders," said Jack, half eagerly, half humbly. "If you have read the reports of the proceedings in the last three Parliaments, if you have listened to such mouthpieces of the nation as Pym, Hampden—"

"Stop!" Dr. Dacre interrupted his son imperiously. "I do not desire to have Parliament brought into the argument. It hath been false to the King's prerogative. It is leading on the Commons to certain destruction which neither Parliament nor Commons will be able to undo, until they return to more loyal and moderate ways; that may not be either in your day or mine. But it is easy to guess with whom you have been keeping company. It is with shame and pain I recall that my shortsightedness and weakness countenanced such intercourse, though I had no ground then to believe, what I have heard of thy cousin Anthony Walton this day, that he has long held dangerous opinions, and consorted with such marked men as Wither and Prynne. I have been told that he hath even held intercourse with such an arch inflamer of the hankers after republics as the Cambridge man and London schoolmaster, Milton. He came down to his grandfather's quarters of Shotover, and hath taken a wife out of a worthy family who might have known better, the Powells of Forest Hill. However, they are punished for bestowing one of their daughters on a rank rebel, for I heard t'other day she soon tired of her bargain, and hath been back on their hands for six months and more."

"Sir," said Jack, with youthful ire and austerity commingled, "I care not if Master John Milton hath troubles in his family or no. Those are still less my business than are the public matters at which you have cavilled. I knew not till now that you could be a receiver and retailer of scandalous tittle-tattle. What I maintain from my personal knowledge is that a more honourable gentleman, or a truer patriot than your nephew and my cousin, Anthony Walton, does not exist in this England, which needs such men as he sorely. He never hath consorted with men who were not honest patriots according to their lights, though these may vary, and still more men's opinion of them may differ."

"It is a pity that your constancy to your friend is not matched by your fidelity to your King and to your nursing mother, this great and glorious University. Pity 'tis that it is not checked by your duty to your father, nay, to the memory of thine own mother, boy, who would not rest in her grave if she knew how you are prepared to go against me, against holy church—all that she held dear."

Dr. Dacre's voice had fallen and broken in the last appeal. He flung his long lean arms across the table at which he had taken a chair, and hid his face on them.

Jack stood opposite him, looking haggard and woe-begone, but he would not

give up the principles which, young as he was, were already intertwined with his heart-strings, and formed part of his faith, not merely in man but in God.

"Oh, father, don't be so hard on Jack! Oh, Jackie, say you're sorry!" implored Kitty, not knowing what to say, not understanding, though her cousin Prissy had tried to prepare her, a tithe of what it all meant.

Mrs. Judy wrung her hands. "Master Jackie," she cried, "you were always high-headed and hot and fly-away; but you were never so long, not even to your old nurse. How can you find it in your heart to vex the Doctor so? He as is your father, to whom thou owest the utmost duty, which should come before all others in thy reckoning. Make amends, Master Jackie, make amends while it do be yet time."

"How can you?" cried John Dacre, a little wildly and fiercely, for he was hard pressed. "Is it a fact that you women, in your ignorance and innocence, have been men's most cruel temptresses from the days of Coriolanus downwards? Good wot there is a text which, however you good folks may read it, seems to me to run thus: 'Whosoever loveth father and mother' (ay, or any member of his kin) 'more than me, is not worthy of me.' What! Kitty, Mrs. Judy, wouldst have me turn traitor, to myself, to God, to the truth as far as I can see it? But this I will say for the case of my own mind, whether you, sir, will believe it or not," turning to his father, who had risen to his feet, and stood like stone, "my cousin Anthony had very little to do with this morning's strife. He went into it unwillingly, and I do believe as much on my account as for any other reason. He sought to make and keep peace to the last. He was of your mind so far, that the case should be left at its present stage to the legal authorities, and that if justice failed, the failure would be on their heads, while it would be time enough then to resort to weightier arguments. But when he saw his friends were bent on instant action, he could not hold aloof from them, and leave them to pay the penalty."

"I have had enough of Anthony Walton," said Dr. Dacre, in heavy, unsubdued displeasure; "I have done with him, and with you too, John Dacre, after I also have said another word which methinks it is right you should hear. I am aware there are plenty of trimmers in Oxford and all over the country, college men and others, who are minded by cunning management to make the best of two powers to defer now to the King and now to the Parliament, while committing themselves to neither. Moderate men, they call themselves; moderate, quotha? Moderate enough where honour and service are concerned; immoderate where their own ends and interests are in question. There is something worse than this. There are gentlemen by birth—nobles, squires, and college heads—who have deliberately planned that while they shall take one side in the dispute, they will wink at their sons, or so many members of their houses, ranging themselves on the other, so that when the

crash comes they and their worldly estates or the prosperity of their colleges may go scatheless. I would have you know that I am not such a mean cur. I owe more to my gracious King and to my University and College, which have honoured me by enrolling me as one of their unworthy members, and by acknowledging my poor labours. I will not, no, I will not bear the reproach of thus truckling to their enemies, in order to escape loss when the day of reckoning arrives. John Dacre, from this day henceforth thou art no son of mine. I bid thee quit my rooms, and forbid thee to cross the threshold again."

There was a half-suppressed cry from the girl and the woman, but John Dacre simply pulled himself together and took

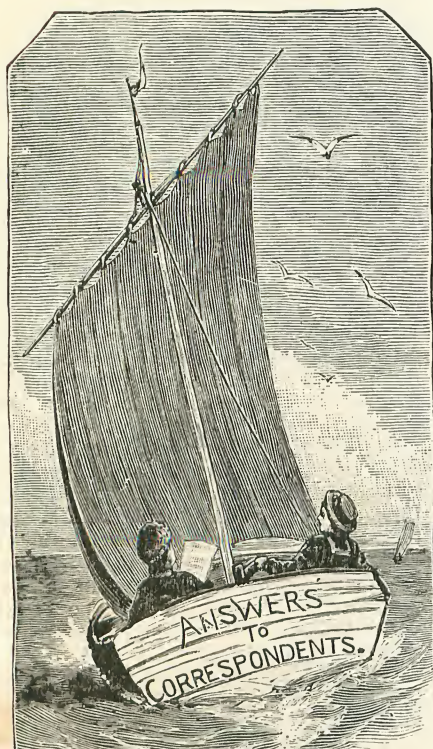
a step towards the door. Then he turned back with one vehement outburst.

"Father, I have done nought to deserve being cast off. A man's conscience and judgment are his own, else were he but the mockery of a man. You have taunted me with being a boy and not a man, yet I want scarce three years of my majority, and these are days which make men of boys; still, I will go in obedience to your command; but you will not send me away without bidding me farewell, or giving me your blessing, or suffering me to take leave of my sister? You spake of my mother a minute ago. Alack! she died almost before I had the happiness to know her, but you wis what her heart would have said for her children. Do not cut off

my mother's son from you in this fashion."

Dr. Dacre turned his back for all his answer, and Jack, who dared not face more of Kitty's simple, piteous entreaties, and the urgent remonstrances of the woman who had brought him up, put them both from him with a shaking yet unrelenting hand. He loosed the arms which Kitty, darting towards him, had thrown round his neck, and pulled the corner of his gown quietly but forcibly from Mrs. Judy's grip. He quitted hastily, with unsteady step, his father's rooms, his old home of Oriel, leaving a grievous blank where his place had been in the little circle, and a dark shadow over the blank for many a day.

(To be continued.)



WORK.

A. E. MORRIS (Canada).—The address of the Donegal Industrial Fund is Wigmore Street, W. (Mrs. Ernest Hart.)

R. A. (Scarborough).—We think you mean a "Pantagraph." They are sold at toy and stationer's shops, we think.

MRS. K. (Edinburgh).—You will find an article on "Screens and How to Make Them" at page 224, vol. iii. An ordinary good paste, made of flour, and boiled, is the appliance best for putting on scraps. A little alum will help it to keep good while you are using it.

MARGHERITA.—So far as we know there is no sale for macramé lace, and unless privately sold, no fancy work seems to be in demand. 2. There is an excellent article on "Home-made Jam" at page 526, vol. iv.

YOUNG MAEON.—A bath blanket is used to put under the bath on the bedroom floor to protect the carpet, and to afford a comfortable ground for the bather to rest his or her feet upon. During the day it is folded up and placed on the bath, not draped over it; if it need drying, it should be dried, of course. 2. For a simple way to frost glass, see answer elsewhere.

EDUCATIONAL.

FLO.—"Vathek," written by William Beckford, was composed at twenty-two years of age, in French, and took three days and two nights of hard labour to write. The author never took off his clothes the whole time. It was printed in 1787. It is not known by whom the English translation, which appeared immediately, was made. It is considered a remarkable book, from its beauty of description and power of imagination. The Hall of Eblis is taken from the old hall at Fonthill Abbey, where Beckford's father lived, and the attendants are the pictures of the domestics at old Fonthill. 2. Astaroth, or Astarte, the Phœnician moon-goddess, was represented as Queen of Heaven, Jer. vii. 18, with the crescent horns of the moon. The tradition may have been continued from this, as so many of our ideas have come from extreme antiquity.

CHUCK SOLITUDE.—The only method of arriving at a conclusion is to compare the dates of the two books, and choose the last authority on the subject. The latest manual should be up to date in any science.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.—The question would be one of shelter from the weather. The tree was unsheltered, while the hedge was in a measure so; perhaps, also, in a warm aspect.

E. L.—We are glad to read your letter. In the "Dress" article we are always endeavouring to persuade our girls to discourage such cruelty to God's feathered creatures.

MATER.—The Post Office and Telegraph are both comprised in the Civil Service, and you could not have a better "Guide to Female Employment" in both than Cassell's (price one shilling). We do not think the question of health, which you mention, would make a difference.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ZILLAH.—There are many ways of giving (outdoor) assistance to "Christian work." Perhaps a book designed for very young people would serve to give you some useful suggestions, viz., "Restful Work" (Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard), might fully meet your special difficulty. 2. If you wish to keep a dog, a French poodle is the most intelligent, and the least liable to that terrible disease, hydrophobia, which is on the increase. If ever your dog appear to be ailing, tie him up, and keep out of his reach till you know what is the matter by consulting a veterinary surgeon.

MAB.—The coin is one of the copper farthings, and the only regal money coined in Ireland in the reign of Charles I. The date is probably 1625; the value is from sixpence to a shilling.

SUNNY.—It is so easy to be a critic, is it not?

CLIPHOLME is thanked for her kind thought, and the donation which accompanied her letter. She must take courage, and cultivate a spirit of cheerfulness, and of constantly looking at the best side of things. Take each duty as it comes, and leave to-morrow's duties and cares alone. We should all of us be happier if we made this the rule of our lives. Bath and Buxton are both good places for chronic rheumatism. We should advise you to take a doctor's opinion on the question, which would be the best for your mother.

E. L. I.—We never read anything so perfectly miserable as your poem. We hope it does not reflect your own state of mind. There is some merit in it, and it will give you an outlet, if you persevere, for your melancholy thoughts.

BETA.—We think that you should be guided by your husband in the matter; or if he have no opinion, and do not mind, go to church as you have always done.

JOYCE.—There is a little book by the late Rev. J. G. Wood, "Common Objects of the Country," that we think would suit you; also a cheap little book, "Flowers of the Field," by the Rev. C. A. Johns. 2. The word "acolyte" is from a Greek word, meaning "following," or "attending." In astronomy it means an attendant or companion star; in ecclesiastical history it means an inferior attendant on the priests and deacons, whose duty would be to light the candles, etc.

WILD ROSE.—Weddings may be as simple as you please. What will answer for afternoon tea will do for a wedding—cake, fruit, tea, coffee, lemonade, ices, fruit, jelly, etc. The bride inserts the knife into the cake, and the head bridesmaid cuts it up, and the groomsmen helps her. The easiest way is to lay the dining-room table, putting the cake in the centre, before which the bride and bridegroom should sit.

CUCKOO.—The robes of the Druids were made of either linen or wool. 2. One of the primitive ways of producing fire was to have a grooved piece of wood and a pointed stick, and rub the latter up and down in the groove.

KATIE R.—We should imagine that your diet must be a wrong one, if your teeth be so bad at sixteen. Go to a good dentist.

FLOWER SHOW.—Judging from our own experience, we should think it very needful to be taught how to make up bouquets. At the "Flower Girls' Mission," 12, Clerkenwell Close, E.C., you might perhaps get a little instruction.

ANNIE S.—Perhaps a little benzine or ammonia might remove the marks, but we should advise you to try the effect on a bit of silk first, to see whether they produce a mark.

A BEGINNER, "G. O. P."—See the article on Gymnastics in 516, vol. v., "Physical Education of Girls."

BABBY.—Hattiwell gives "Duffer" as a peddler or hawker selling trashy, worthless things. In the "Oxford Journal," May 25th, 1765, there is an account of the apprehension of "an East India duffer," or fellow who pretends to sell to ignorant people great bargains of smuggled goods. In this last sentence perhaps the explanation of our present-day meaning of the term is given.

THE BISKY BAT.—We regret that we cannot help you as to the means of obtaining copying to do. We know of no way except by private interest or by continual advertisement.

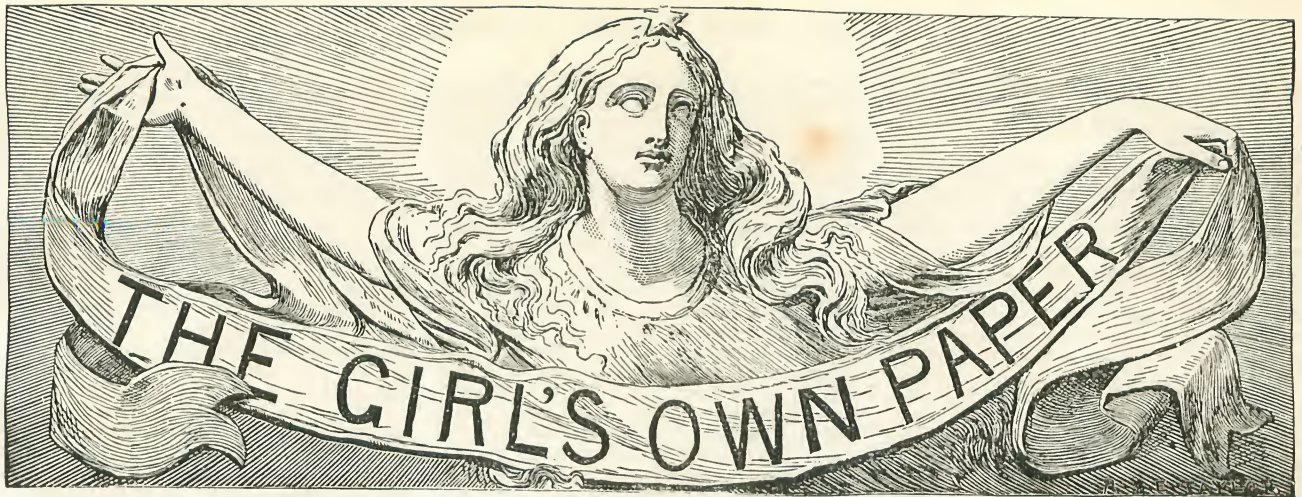
ANTI-VENUS.—We know of no way to dress such short hair as you describe, save by tying it with a ribbon at the nape of the neck. If it will plait together, and the ends be long enough to turn up, it will be firmer. 2. Very hot water used every now and then to the face is said to be needful to keep the pores open and the skin clean.

DULCE CHARTERIS.—There seem to be numbers of charities deserving of help which you might assist by needlework or visits. Send for a copy of "Our Work," price 2d., published at 5 and 6, Paternoster Row, E.C. It is full of knitting societies, missions at the docks for giving food to the hungry, and all kinds of suggestions and ways of helping and working.

WYCH HAZEL shows much tenderness in her composition, but little original thought.

A LOVER OF READING's verses lack originality.

JACK.—Jersey bodices seem to be sold in the shops at all prices, colours, and shapes, and you would do well to look for yourself. In the monthly "Dress" article we endeavour to give with the greatest fidelity the clothes actually worn, or likely to be worn; generally sketches are made from the garment.



VOL. X.—No. 490.]

MAY 18, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

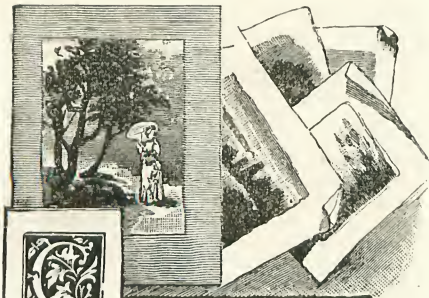
OUR PLANS.

By A. M. HARLEY, Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy," "Fairview Rest," etc.

CHAPTER II.

"He fixed thee and this dance
Of plastic circumstance."

—Robert Browning.



CORRESPONDENCE was vigorously maintained between the two friends, and a few extracts from some of their letters as time went on will show how far their early plans for the future were adhered to, how far they seemed likely to be carried

out. We begin with gleanings from Muriel's confidences.

"Behold me, a domesticated daughter and sage sister, stocking mending, pastry making, room dusting, washing and dressing little Bessie, and, prophetic work! plastering up her dolly's broken head! As for life in general, it goes on much as before. Father and mother as kind as ever, but not, I consider, giving me very much encouragement in the matter in which I am most interested. However, as you know, I came off A 1 in the ambulance class. So far so good. I go very often to the Children's Hospital, and am on intimate terms with many of the little invalids. Poor little mites! so sad to see them suffer, yet on the whole they are very happy. The nurses are so kind to them. How I long to be one!"

A few mails later took the following news to Ruth.

"Mother has quite unexpectedly come into a pretty good legacy. I'm perfectly ashamed to own that a momentary feeling of disappointment came over me when I heard her say: 'Thank God, George, our girls will be provided for!' My heart sunk to the

bottom of my shoes! I was so afraid there might be some hindrance to the fulfilment of my desires. But the next day father told me that, believing me to be really in earnest, he and mother would not feel it right to put any obstacle in my way. Now I shall certainly only go in for unpaid nursing amongst the poor. You know father's opinion is mine. He says that doing the work that another, equally capable of doing, is in sore need of, even though your motive may be the commendable one of wishing to be able to give more money away in charity, may not always be acting so much in the spirit of the Christian law, 'Do as you would be done by' as denying yourself the pleasure of giving might be. Then he spoke so seriously to me, hoping that the love of Christ would be the chief motive with me, that it made me more than ever feel the sacredness of the calling. Oh, Ruthie dear, I do pray I may be made in some measure worthy of it!"

"I am progressing. Father has introduced me to two or three very poor patients, from whom he takes no fee, and I go for an hour or two and tidy them up, and make little



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"YOU WOULD FIND CORA AND ME IN ONE OF THE CLASS-ROOMS."

things for them, and try to comfort and cheer them. I so enjoy it. Eighteen months yet before I can get into harness! Heigho! for one-and-twenty!

"I have just been having a talk with mother. I think I am beginning to be something like you, Ruth, always questioning myself and wanting to know the root of things. I have been asking myself whether, if all idea of heroism were banished from the work of nursing, I should be so anxious for it. Mother has comforted me. She says we must not put off beginning to do a right thing because we cannot hope our motive is pure as it should be, or we should never make a start. 'Pray,' she said, 'to be made more and more willing to do just exactly what God would have you do; and *should He see there* is a danger of your being tempted to an undue estimation of self in your chosen work. He will either humble you in it or give you other work, with lesser temptation in it for you.' I suppose I looked rather downcast then, for she gave me one of her loving little pats on my cheek and kissed me, and said, 'I'm not afraid you will grow proud, my child; you will see such lives of heroism amongst some of the poor, that any self-denial you may practise will seem small in comparison.' That is just like mother; she always knows the right thing to say to comfort and help me, without smoothing and glossing over my perplexity."

Ruth's letters gave like indication of her steadfastness of purpose, although her present home had proved as delightful as she had anticipated. Glowing accounts were given of rambles and excursions in the neighbourhood, and of many an interesting practical lesson in natural science, but Girton was still looked forward to as a stepping-stone to a successful career.

"As for me, I'm going on steadily, and so is Time. It seems impossible that we can have been here nearly four years. In six months I hope to be on my way to you—and Girton."

"How I wish you could pop in and have a gossip! You would find Con and me in one of the class-rooms, which is to-day spruced up with a square of carpet, for the German professor has been holding a class for ladies! He has had permission to use this room once a week for this purpose. The lady pupils have just taken their departure, and Con and I have elected to pass a quiet hour here all to ourselves. She has gone with 'Alice' to 'Wonderland,' and, I—well you know what I'm doing. But you don't know what I was doing a few minutes ago! Had you peeped in then you would have seen your friend with a huge note-book before her, on the first page of which appears, in fair characters, 'Random Notes of a Girl's Life in

Tasmania.' Now, if your eyebrows have not lost their pliability they have 'gone up' with a note-of-exclamation expression. Don't mistake, Muriel, my beloved—this is only for very private circulation; in fact, for your clear, grey eyes alone. I suddenly came to the resolve that I would look up my diaries, and odds and ends of note-books and scraps, to get them ship-shape to take home, and they looked such a confused heap that I determined to copy them out neatly. Now you know all about it. I'm afraid you will think I have given up all idea of the professorship since my style is so flighty. Not so, I am as sober, or more so, than ever over my lessons, and I have been going in vigorously for some of the 'ologies,' and botany! But, Muriel, I'm far too short to look majestic and dignified! *N'importe*—the mind's the standard of the man!—and—of the professor—of either sex, so we'll presume!"

Not very long after the receipt of that merry letter, a hurried note was sent, saying that in consequence of news received, Mr. Stacey would be obliged to go to England on a business matter. He had, therefore, made arrangements for the second master to take his duties, and would be leaving with as little delay as possible, bringing Ruth with him.

"Ah," said Dr. Egerton, when Muriel read with glee that Ruth was coming sooner than had been expected, "I fear it is hardly a cause for rejoicing."

Muriel looked up inquiringly.

"Is it as bad as you feared, George?" asked Mrs. Egerton.

"At present I do not know that the whole will be lost, but if not, only a very small amount will be saved, and in case of Mr. Stacey's death, I am afraid there is but little else for his wife and family."

"Father, what does it all mean?" cried Muriel, anxiously.

"An investment made by Mr. Stacey some few years ago has turned out a failure. I told him I did not think it wise to risk so much as he did, but he is of a very sanguine temperament."

"Still, he is in a good position now, and comparatively a young man," Mrs. Egerton said. "We must not magnify the trouble."

"No," replied her husband, but he looked troubled, for he knew more than others the constitutional delicacy of his friend, and he dreaded the effects of the shock he would receive on landing. That landing was never effected, for before the conversation just narrated took place Mr. Stacey was laid in his grave. A cold taken and, in the hurried preparations for sailing, too little heeded, resulted in death after ten days' illness. Thus the journey so joyfully anticipated by Ruth was made under sadly different circumstances.

About the same time that it was originally arranged for her to leave, she, with her widowed mother and orphaned brothers and sister, bade adieu to Tasmania and started on her voyage home.

The worst fears were realised with regard to the speculation made by Mr. Stacey. Happily he had insured his life, and this provided a small income, upon which, with strictest economy, it would be possible to live without any real distress.

During the few days spent in town, before proceeding to pay one or two visits to relatives, the friends were constantly together, and it was apparent to the doctor and his wife that a change had passed over Ruth. Her decision of character and strength of will were as evident as formerly, but softened by a gentleness and a consideration for others that had been rather lacking.

"Is it then perfectly necessary to give up Girton?" Muriel asked one morning, as the girls sat together having one of their old talks.

"Perfectly!" was the reply; "for not only must no more money be spent about me, but I must try, directly we get settled down, to earn my living, or something towards it."

"You poor old darling!" said Muriel, taking Ruth's hand in hers.

"You must not pity me, Muriel." Ruth strove to keep back the ready tears. "Listen to our plans. You know we mean to take a house in Rochdale. Rent is cheap there. The boys can go to the grammar school, where education is good and inexpensive. They are quite young yet—Hugh only just fourteen and Charlie not quite twelve. Mother and I can manage to teach Connie, and I hope to get some daily engagement."

"You are a brave, unselfish girl."

"No, no, Muriel, you don't know the battle I have had to give up my own will; but everything has looked so different since father's death. A few hours before he died he begged me so earnestly to be all the help I could be to mother, and he said he thought there might be some special work for me to do for the boys. Then he prayed that I might be willing both to see and to follow God's leading." Poor Ruth broke down for a time, but, presently checking her tears, "At first," she continued, "I was so overwhelmed with grief at losing father, I thought nothing of the loss of the money; but on the voyage home, as I lay at night in my berth, I seemed to go through it all again, and to understand more of his meaning. And now, I believe, I can see at any rate the next step, and I'm trying to take it willingly and cheerfully. But, oh, Muriel, you must keep on praying that I may not falter."

(To be continued.)

SLOYD.



SLOYD! I daresay a great many of our readers will wonder what this peculiar word means. Well, I will tell you something about it. Sloyd is the Anglicised version of the Scandinavian word "Slöjd," which in its original form means "cunning," "clever," "handy"; it has, how-

ever, another use, and is applied in Sweden to a system of manual instruction given in Swedish schools, where different kinds of handwork are employed for educational purposes. An association is now at work to introduce this system

into our schools, high and low alike. The system originated in Sweden, and has now been adopted in various European countries in different forms. It aims at making children handy, and giving them a liking and respect for manual work; at developing activity; at encouraging attention, industry, and perseverance; at training the eye and the sense of form; at fostering cleanliness, neatness, and accuracy. In Sweden the children begin their sloyd at nine or ten years of age, learning on a carefully graduated system the use of carpenters' tools. The first article which learners have to make is a little pointer, using merely a knife and glass paper; from such articles they proceed to more difficult ones; making rulers, inkstands, brackets, and other useful and ornamental articles.

Among the conditions which have to be fulfilled to carry out successfully the system, are:—(1) The work must be useful; (2) it must be executed without help; (3) it must be real work, not play; (4) the articles made should be of varied character; (5) the work should be of such a nature that it can be finished with exactness; (6) it should be in harmony with the worker's powers and physical strength; (7) it should demand thoughtfulness, and thus be more than purely mechanical work; and (8) many tools and manipulations should be employed. The great charm of the system lies in the fact that it educates morally, physically, and mentally.

It is not, as many people run away with the idea, merely wood-carving or carpentering, but it is the application of different kinds of hand-

work for educational purposes. There are several differences between wood-sloyd and ordinary carpentering. For instance, the division of labour employed in carpentering is not allowed in sloyd, where each article is begun, carried out, and completed by the same pupil; the tools used are different—the knife, the most important tool of all in sloyd, is little used in ordinary carpentering; again, the objects made are usually of a different character, and are smaller than those made in the trade; and lastly, the important difference of all lies in the object of sloyd, which is not to turn out young carpenters, but to develop girls' and boys' faculties, and especially to give general dexterity, which is valuable to one and all of us.

Sloyd is essentially a form of work which calls forth every variety of movement, brings all the muscles into play, and exercises both sides of the body. Now, to girls this is specially useful, particularly those in our higher schools, where, as a rule, there is not the variety and exercise to develop properly the sum-total of their faculties. The system is so arranged that the left hand and arm can be used as well as the right in sawing, planing, etc.

Although the exercise of the mental faculties is demanded, it is a very different exercise from that required for ordinary schoolwork; it cultivates, so to speak, the practical side of the intelligence, leading people to put two and two together, and to exercise forethought. Looked at from a moral point of view, it is found that sloyd implants respect and love for work in general, including the rougher kinds of bodily labour. It implants in people a sense of satisfaction in honest work, begun, carried on, and completed by fair means, and by their own efforts. It lightens and strengthens the bond between home and school. Everything which is made is for home use, and among the lower classes this actual use of things made by the children, in addition to the wholesome pride and pleasure they call forth, do much to reconciling the parents to allowing their children to remain longer at school.

Truancy has almost died out in Sweden since the introduction of sloyd, and we can only hope when once its meaning has been rightly grasped in our own country, that it will have the same effect here. It may not be thought at first sight that it is such a difficult matter to introduce the system into our own country; but, first of all, teachers have to be trained, and, secondly, the series of models used in Sweden, admirable though they may be for that country, do not in every particular suit our country.

It requires considerable thought and care to replace certain models by others, answering the same purpose with regard to sequence and processes. We have been particularly fortunate in gaining the gifted teacher and sloydist, Miss Nyström, directress of the Nâas Sloyd Seminary for teachers, near Gothenburg, to initiate us into this system of tried value. If it meets with the success it deserves, it will be to Sweden again we must turn for gratitude and thanks in aiding us in another progressive step in this century.

Captain Nordensköld, who in the little *Vega* first made the North-East passage, was a Swede; Pater Henrill-Ling, who has given to the world the most scientific and comprehensive system of gymnastics, was likewise a Swede; and now it is from Sweden that has evolved hand-education, which promises to supply the deficiency which our educational system at present lacks.

Institutions are being started all over England now to train teachers—that is to say, in all the great provincial centres. In the winter vacation a four weeks' course is given; when six hours a day is given to the practical work, training is only able to be given in the holidays, as it requires several hours' work a day to study and become acquainted with the system. Invitations have been received from the United States, and even Natal, for teachers to go out to those parts, so that, ere long, the word sloyd is likely to become as familiar to us in the curriculum of schools as arithmetic or geography. It will probably be taken up in

Abyssinia, through the instrumentality of the Swedish missionaries, and even far distant Japan is showing an interest in the subject.

The Kindergarten system for the very young is the precursor of sloyd, for that responds to the child's need of activity and production, brightens its school-life, and harmoniously develops the nature of the child. As soon, however, as a child is considered too old to continue the Kindergarten training, the skilful co-ordination of the faculties of touch and sight is left for the most part to chance, and the child's disposition. It is here, however, that sloyd will step in. That there is a necessity for supplying this want in our educational system no thoughtful reader will deny, for it is very desirable, in face of an ever-increasing population, that all classes, from the highest to the lowest, should be taught to use their hands as well as their heads, so that each man or woman may be placed in a position of independence, and be capable of earning a honest livelihood. Anyone who has gone through the sloyd training will find him or herself full of resources, and can with comparative ease turn to new work. We must not forget the fact that all skilled work, however humble it may appear, is brain work too. In addition to its moral and social value, sloyd is now recognised as the basis of technical education.

We hope our readers will have gathered some idea of this much-needed innovation in our educational training, and that many will be stimulated to making themselves acquainted with such an important and interesting new feature. Hitherto those who would like to receive a sloyd training have had to travel to the seminary at Nâas, on the beautiful shores of lake Savelängen; and after going through the course there, have had to face the difficulty of applying the system to British tastes and customs. Now there is no such journey needed, and the knowledge obtained is such as can be straight away imparted to pupils.

THE CHEF.

By MARY POCKOCK.

HOW A FRENCH COOK DRESSES GAME.



Faisan Roti—

Lard the breast of a pheasant, roast it before a moderate fire for forty-five or fifty minutes, baste it well; when done sprinkle with salt, and serve with gravy and cut lemon.

Faisan aux Choux (pheasant

with cabbage).—Take a cabbage that has been cut in quarters and prepared for cooking, throw it into boiling water and partly cook it; cover the bottom of a stewpan with slices of bacon, add some pieces of veal, a saveloy, a carrot, an onion cut in slices, pepper and salt; place the pheasant on these, let it cook for ten minutes, then add a little broth; when the bird is half done drain the cabbage and press all the

moisture from it, put it in the stewpan with the pheasant, and finish cooking together over a very moderate fire. When done cut the cabbage small, make a border of it with the bacon and saveloy cut in pieces and arranged on it, place the pheasant in the middle, and serve with a tureen of highly-seasoned gravy.

Salmis de Faisan (salmis of pheasant).—Three parts roast a pheasant, then cut off the legs and wings, divide each in two, cut the remainder of the meat off the carcass in slices. Put a glass of white wine in a stewpan with some chopped shalots, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, and a little stock, add the pieces of pheasant, simmer until the gravy is a little reduced and the pieces of bird are done enough, then add two tablespoonfuls of good olive oil; have ready the liver of the pheasant, cooked and pounded, add it to the gravy. Serve the salmis with fried sippets round.

Faisan à l'Angoumoise.—Lard a pheasant with truffles instead of bacon. Put some more truffles (or the remains from larding) in butter, with pepper and salt; cook them a few minutes, then let them get cold, and add twenty chestnuts that have been roasted and skinned; put these inside the pheasant, cover the breast with a very thin slice of veal, then envelop it in slices of bacon fat, tie them on, place the

bird in a stewpan on more bacon, and add two glasses of malaga; cook over a very slow fire. When done, skim the gravy, thicken it with chestnuts that have been roasted and put through a sieve, add some cut truffles, and serve.

Fillets de Faisan.—Take the two sides of the breast of a pheasant from the bone, lard them with truffles, put some slices of fat bacon in a stewpan, place the fillets on them, then pour in some light white wine (*vin ordinaire*) to just cover the fillets. When they are done, take them out and brown before the fire; reduce the sauce a little, strain it, and add some truffles if liked; serve the fillets on fried bread with the sauce round.

Boudin de Faisan.—Take equal weight of chopped and pounded pheasant, of floury potatoes that have been boiled and put through a sieve, and of fresh butter; pound all together, add eggs enough to make it into a paste, season with a little spice, pepper, salt, thyme, and pounded bay leaf; turn on to a board, and roll in flour to shape them, then brush over with white of egg, and cover with breadcrumbs; fry a pale brown, and serve with gravy made from the pheasant bones, etc., and sharpened with a few drops of vinegar. This pheasant mixture is also sometimes put in small buttered moulds and steamed; these little puddings are

turned on to a dish, and gravy is poured round, not over them.

Croquettes of Pheasant are made in the same way as any other croquettes.

Partridges.—It is well to remember in selecting a French recipe for cooking partridges that by "perdreux" is meant young birds, by "perdrix" older ones. They are *perdreux* when the first feather of the wing is pointed, *perdrix* when it is round.

Perdreux are roasted with a band of bacon fat tied over the breasts, or they are larded.

Perdreux Grilles.—Take two small partridges, cut them in halves lengthways, beat them lightly, season with pepper and salt, roll them in oiled butter, then in fine breadcrumbs, and broil for twelve or fourteen minutes over a good fire. Serve with lemon and gravy.

Salmi de Perdreaux.—Take two cold partridges; cut each in six pieces, remove the skin and backbones, pound the latter, and put them in a stewpan with a handful of raspings, sweet herbs, parsley, a little broth, and a glass of white wine; boil twenty minutes, strain, put the gravy back in the stewpan, thicken it with a little flour, boil five minutes, put in the pieces of the partridges, and make hot without boiling; arrange the birds on a dish. Pound the cooked livers with a little butter, add them to the gravy, let it boil, and pour it over the partridges. Serve with fried bread round.

Perdreux aux Truffes.—Cut some truffles in small pieces; cook them in butter, with pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg; chop and pound some bacon and some of the white meat of a fowl; mix with the truffles, and stuff the partridges with it; then braise them. When done serve with gravy with chopped truffles in it.

Filets de Perdreaux Sautés.—Take the meat off the breasts of the partridges in filets, sprinkle salt over them, and cook in a stewpan with butter. Fry in butter as many pieces of bread as you have filets, arrange in a circle on a dish, with a fillet on each toast; keep hot. Put a little sauce espagnole or good gravy into the stewpan in which the partridge filets were cooked, with a wooden spoon stir the brown from the bottom of the stewpan, let the sauce boil, and pour it into the middle of the filets, and serve.

Perdreux aux Choux.—Cut up any remains of cold partridge, warm in good gravy without boiling. Braise a cabbage, adding a little piece of pickled pork to the braise; when done chop the cabbage and put it on a dish with the pickled pork cut in small pieces, place the partridge on the cabbage, thicken the gravy with flour mixed with butter, let it boil a few minutes, then pour over the pieces of bird, and serve.

Perdrix aux Choux (partridge and cabbage).—Put two partridges in a stewpan, with a lump of butter, and brown them slightly; add some slices of bacon or bacon cut in dice, a little stock, herbs, parsley, pepper, salt, and a little spice; let all cook slowly. Take a large cabbage, cut it in quarters, throw it in boiling water, and cook it fifteen minutes; then press and drain all the water from it, put it in a stewpan, with some fat from poultry, some small smoked sausages, and a piece of pickled pork; add a little broth; when all is nearly done (the cabbage requires nearly two hours, the partridges according to age) put the partridges in the stewpan with the cabbage, and finish cooking together (about half an hour), strain, and skim the gravy in which the birds were cooked, and serve in a tureen. When done squeeze the cabbage and cut it up, place it round the dish, arrange the bacon, sausages, and pickled pork (which latter must be cut in small pieces) round on the cabbage; put the partridges in the centre, and serve.

Perdrix à la Purée.—Braise the partridges

and serve them on any purée that is liked, as à la purée de lentilles.

Perdrix de Campagne.—Take two old partridges, put them in an earthen stewpan or a jar, with half a pint of broth, two or three slices of fat bacon, a sliced onion, two carrots, a parsnip, salt, pepper, sweet herbs, parsley, and a bay leaf; cover closely, cook slowly for two or three hours, strain the gravy, skim, and serve with the birds.

Soufflé de Purée de Perdrix.—Take some cold partridge without skin, chop it very finely, and pound in a mortar; add a little thick bechamel sauce, add from three to five yolks of eggs, according to the quantity of partridge; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir them in at the last minute, put in a buttered soufflé dish, bake in a rather quick oven, and serve the moment it is done.

Perdreux en Salade (partridge salad).—Take some cold partridges, cut them up, remove the skin and the bones, season the meat with oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt; leave for an hour, then drain the pieces and place them on a bed of salad, cover the whole with good mayonnaise, surround with alternate quarters of French lettuce and hard boiled eggs, and serve. Tarragon, capers, chopped gherkins, or fillets of anchovies are sometimes added.

Purée de Perdreaux aux Œufs Pochés (purée of partridge with poached eggs).—Take any remains of cold partridge (or pheasant), chop it after removing the skin and bone; to half a pound add six tablespoonfuls of rice that has been boiled in broth, and then allowed to get cold, pound together, add one ounce of butter and four tablespoonfuls of gravy made from the bones of the game, season with salt and nutmeg; make hot without boiling. Put the purée in the middle of a dish, surround it with seven or eight poached eggs, on each of which put a little of the gravy, and serve.

Canard Sauvage (wild duck).—Put in the body of the duck a lump of butter, pepper, salt, the juice and part of the rind of a lemon; roast before a quick fire for twenty minutes, basting well with butter; serve without gravy, with cut lemon or watercress.

Canard Sauvage en Salmis.—Prepare the same as a salmi of partridges.

Sarcelles Roties (roast teal).—Like wild duck, or instead of lemon put a bunch of parsley in the body; roast fourteen or fifteen minutes, and serve with a cut lemon.

Bécasses Roties (roast woodcocks).—Woodcocks are not drawn; the beak of each bird is thrust through the two legs and the body, to truss it as if it were a skewer; a slice of bacon fat is tied over the breast, and it is roasted fourteen or fifteen minutes before a quick fire; a piece of bread is put under to catch the trail as the bird roasts, and the woodcock is served on it. The bread is basted so that it browns; a little salt is sprinkled on the birds when they are done. Some cooks put a vine-leaf over the breasts under the bacon.

Salmis de Bécasses.—Draw two woodcocks, roast them before a good fire; take the livers and the insides and some livers of poultry, cook them in butter or poultry fat, add a few sweet herbs, parsley, and some trimmings from truffles; as soon as they are done pound them and rub through a sieve; put the purée in a stewpan, moisten it with some spoonfuls of brown gravy; add a little white wine. As soon as the woodcocks are done, cut each in five pieces, take off the skin and put them in the sauce, let them get quite hot, but not boil, squeeze in a little lemon juice, and serve the salmis on slices of fried bread.

Bécasses à la Manselle.—Cut the legs, wings, and meat from the breasts of two woodcocks that have been roasted; chop the remainder and put it in a stewpan with a teaspoonful of gravy, a tablespoonful of olive oil, salt, pepper,

and the pounded livers of the woodcocks; boil for twenty minutes, put through a sieve, then put back in the stewpan and add the pieces of woodcock; let them get thoroughly hot, then serve.

Bécassines (snipes) are cooked in the same way as woodcocks.

Cailles Roties (roast quails).—Draw and truss them, put a vine leaf over the breast of each and tie bacon over that; put slices of bread in the dripping-pan, and roast at a moderate fire.

Cailles au Jambon (quails with ham).—Make a forcemeat with parsley, scallions, and mushrooms chopped with the livers of the quails; draw, then stuff the birds. Put in the bottom of a stewpan as many small slices of ham as there are quails, next put them on the ham with a little parsley, sweet herbs, and pepper, but no salt, as the ham contains sufficient; cover the whole with a large slice of bacon fat; put the cover on the stewpan with some hot cinders on it, and cook gently at the side of the stove; when done serve the quails on the ham. Put a little veal gravy and a few drops of vinegar in the stewpan; stir to detach the brown from the bottom of it; let it boil, strain, and serve.

Grives (thrushes) are much eaten in France; they are roasted like quails; some cooks draw them, some dress them with the insides in.

Grives aux Olives (thrushes with olives).—Take six thrushes, draw them, cut off the heads and feet; cook the livers, hearts, etc., in butter, and with them a few breadcrumbs, six tablespoonfuls of sausage meat, and a little chopped parsley; stuff the birds with this. Melt a small lump of butter in a stewpan, put in the thrushes, and sprinkle a little salt in, cook over a quick fire, turning them as they cook; when they are brown add a wineglassful of white wine; let it reduce to half, then add a quarter of a pint of thickened gravy; let it boil up, take out the thrushes as soon as they are done, and arrange on a dish; boil the sauce two minutes, mix with it some olives that have been stoned, make them hot, and pour the sauce over the birds.

Plovers are not drawn; they are cooked like woodcocks.

Ortolans.—The gizzards and crops are taken out, and the ortolans are roasted ten minutes before a quick fire; they are served without gravy, but with the fat out of the dripping pan.

Alouettes or Mauviettes (larks) are roasted in slices of bacon.

Mauviettes à la Minute.—Take twelve larks, cut off the heads and feet and remove the gizzards, brown them in butter in a stewpan over a quick fire; when a pale brown take them out and sprinkle with a little salt; put in the stewpan two tablespoonfuls of minced shalots, some mushrooms and parsley, all finely chopped, sift in a little flour, add a quarter of a pint of light wine, and the same quantity of broth, boil up; put the larks into the stewpan again, simmer eight or ten minutes, finish with a squeeze of lemon juice, and serve with fried bread round. The mushrooms are sometimes omitted.

Paté de Mauviettes (lark pie).—Take a dozen larks, open them by the backs, take out the insides, bone them, and remove the heads and feet; chop the intestines and cook with some fat bacon, then pound and pass through a sieve; add to this nearly a pound of sausage-meat and two tablespoonfuls of bread paade, with a little chopped parsley, sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spice, fill the larks with some of this forcemeat, and wrap each in a very thin slice of bacon fat. Put a thin layer of forcemeat at the bottom of a pie-dish; on this arrange the larks, cover them with the remainder of the forcemeat, add a little gravy, and put a crust of pâte brisée over, brush the outside with yolk of egg, and bake. When cooked make an

opening at the side or raise the crust and pour in some good hot gravy; serve. Chopped onions, shalots, and mushrooms are sometimes added to this forcemeat.

HARE.

Lièvre Roti (roast hare).—Lard the hare over the back and legs, roast before a good fire, basting it well, serve with sauce "au pauvre homme," to which has been added the gravy from the hare and the finely chopped liver.

Civet de Lièvre (civet of hare).—Cut a hare in pieces, put aside the blood and the liver. Prepare a good bunch of sweet herbs and parsley, with a clove of garlic and a bay leaf in it, also two dozen small onions (browned in butter) and a dozen mushrooms. Commence by putting a little piece of butter in a stewpan, with half a pound of bacon cut in small pieces (or a quarter of a pound of bacon and a quarter of a pound of pickled pork); when it is warm add the hare, and cook together until quite hot (eight to ten minutes), then sift in a large tablespoonful of flour, and stir until the bottom of the stewpan is dry; then add some red wine and hot water, the bunch of herbs, salt, pepper, two or three cloves and a lump of sugar; stir well, cover, and let all simmer, stirring now and then; when three parts done add the small onions, the mushrooms, and the liver. When sufficiently cooked arrange the hare on a dish, with the onions and mushrooms round it. Strain the gravy, and at the last add the blood, stirring it in like a thickening, but only let it get hot, not boil, or it will curdle. Some cooks chop the liver very finely before adding it, or pound it after it is cooked, and put it back in the gravy.

Lièvre en Daube.—(This is the best way in which to cook an old hare.) Bone a hare, and place it in a braising-pan with a piece of knuckle of veal and some slices of bacon over and under it, salt, pepper, carrots, onions, bay leaf, sweet herbs, parsley, and a lump of sugar; place over the fire for ten minutes, then add some broth and a little white wine; cook very slowly for two hours and a half, or longer if the hare is old or has not been hung long enough to be tender. When it is done take the pieces of hare out of the stewpan and arrange them on a dish, skim and strain the gravy, serve very hot, poured over the hare. This is also served cold, but then the gravy is poured into a pan, allowed to set, and served as jelly with the cold hare.

Levraut Sauté (leveret sauté).—Cut up a leveret, put it in a stewpan with some butter or chopped bacon fat, turn it about and cook it; when it begins to stick to the bottom of the stewpan sift in a little flour and some finely-powdered sweet herbs or chopped mushrooms, and moisten with one-third white wine and two-thirds broth, half a pint altogether; add a lump of sugar, pepper and salt; cook gently until the meat is done, then add a little piece of butter mixed with a teaspoonful of flour, cook for five minutes more, then put on a dish, sprinkle a little finely-chopped parsley over the top, and serve.

Levraut au Chasseur.—Sauté a leveret as above; when done mix with it some onions that have been finely chopped, cooked in butter, and then in broth until it is glaze, that is to say the broth should be nearly dried up; cook two minutes after the onions are added, and serve.

Levraut Piqué, Roti au Cresson.—Lard a

leveret; roast it forty minutes, baste it well with butter as it cooks. Serve it surrounded with watercresses seasoned with oil and vinegar. Serve the gravy out of the dripping-pan in a sauce tureen.

Paté de Lièvre.—Bone a hare; cut it and one pound of fresh pork and one pound of veal cutlet in pieces. Chop a quarter of a pound of beef kidney suet, some scallions, parsley, thyme, a bay leaf, and small clove of garlic; mix with the meat; add pepper, salt, and two or three cloves, arrange the whole in a game pie-dish or a jar; cut half a pound of bacon in thin slices, place them on the top of the meat, and put in eight tablespoonfuls of water; cover very closely with a weight on the top of the lid, and bake for four hours in a moderate oven. The cover must fit closely enough to keep the steam in.

RABBITS.

Lapereaux aux Petits Oignons (young rabbits with onions).—Cut up two rabbits, take a plateful of very small onions, skin and throw them into boiling water for fifteen minutes; put some thin slices of bacon in a stewpan with the onions (which must be well drained after blanching), and a lump of sugar; add the pieces of the rabbits five minutes after, also pepper, salt, sweet herbs and parsley; cook for two minutes; add a little broth and two tablespoonfuls of white wine, cover the stewpan, and cook gently. When done put the rabbits on a dish with the bacon and onions round; put a little more white stock in the stewpan, thicken it with butter and flour, add a little nutmeg, with more pepper and salt if required, boil for five minutes, then pour it over the rabbit, and serve.

Lapereaux à la Tartare.—Bone two rabbits and cut each into four pieces, put them into a dish with a marinade of oil, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, scallions and shalots; let them soak an hour or two, then dip the pieces in breadcrumbs, put the remains of the marinade over them, broil over a good fire, and serve dry. Send remoulade (or other sauce if preferred) to table with them in a soup tureen.

Lapereau aux Mousserons (rabbit with mushrooms).—Take a young rabbit, cut it in six pieces, put it in a stewpan with a lump of butter, add a little flour, then some mushrooms, two scallions, and some chopped parsley; in a minute or two add pepper, salt, and sufficient broth to cover the rabbit; stir, put the lid on the stewpan, and simmer until tender; serve with the mushrooms round the rabbit and the gravy over. The gravy should be moderately thick; if necessary, let it reduce a little by boiling quickly after taking the rabbit and mushrooms out.

Lapin à la Jardinière.—Cut a rabbit in pieces, put it in a jar with onions, carrots, peas, turnips, potatoes, beans, a little celery, bunch of sweet herbs, parsley, pepper, salt, and some fat skimmed off stock, or poultry fat if you have it; if not, some butter or good dripping; fill the jar up with water, and bake in a moderate oven from three and a half to four hours, then separate the pieces of rabbit from the vegetables, rub the latter through a sieve to make a purée, then put it in a stewpan to make it quite hot. Fry some slices of bacon, and put the pieces of rabbit in the pan at the same time to brown them a little, then arrange

the rabbit and bacon on a dish, and put the purée over all.

Lapereau Sauté, aux Capres.—Cut up a young rabbit, put it in a frying-pan with some lard or butter, a finely-chopped onion, salt and pepper, fry over a quick fire; when nicely coloured add two tablespoonfuls of light white wine, let it evaporate, then add a good wine-glassful more of half white wine and half water, and a little flour and water mixed together; finish cooking over a gentle fire; just before serving throw in a handful of capers.

Gibelotte de Lapin.—Cut up a rabbit, place it for two hours in a marinade of onions, parsley and vinegar; cut five ounces of pickled pork in slices; brown two dozen little onions in a stewpan, take them out and put the rabbit in the fat in which they were browned, add the pork, pepper, salt, a bunch of sweet herbs and parsley; when the meat is brown sprinkle a little flour in, and add some hot water and a little hot white wine, cook fifteen minutes, then add the two dozen little onions, and finish cooking together over a moderate fire; ten minutes before serving add some raw mushrooms; when done take out the herbs, and serve with the onions round.

Cuissot de Chevreuil Roti (roast haunch of venison).—When the venison has been hung long enough, wipe it all over with tepid vinegar, and lay it for six hours in a marinade of oil, vinegar, chopped onions and parsley; then roast it before a good fire, basting it well, first with butter, then with its marinade; roast about one hour and a quarter; salt when done, before taking from the fire; serve with a frill round the knuckle. Skim some of the fat from the contents of the dripping-pan, then add "sauce poivrade" to the gravy, and send to table with the venison.

Civet of Venison.—The scrag end of the neck or the breast does very well for a civet. Proceed the same as for civet of hare, but of course there is no blood or liver to add. Serve with fried sippets.

Emincé de Chevreuil (hashed venison).—From a joint of cold roast venison cut some thin slices; remove any brown or dry pieces from them. Cook in butter two tablespoonfuls of minced shalots; add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, reduce it to half; add any gravy that is left from the roast venison and a little stock; thicken with flour mixed with butter; cook five minutes, then add pepper, chopped parsley, and the slices of venison; make hot without boiling, and serve on a hot dish with fried sippets round.

Minced Venison.—Prepare a sauce as above, put in some minced cooked venison, make it hot without boiling, season with pepper and salt, and serve with halves of hard boiled eggs round.

In this paper I have for convenience followed the plan of most French cookery books in placing rabbits and some small birds that are not really game under that head.

I must again remind readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that the wine may be omitted from most of the recipes. I give them as they are prepared, but it is to be remembered that where a thing is cheap it is much more used and often unnecessarily; for my part I do not think rabbits would be worth the white wine often used in cooking them, at the price we should have to pay for the wine in England, but I have found most of the foregoing recipes very good without it.

(To be continued.)



THE MICROSCOPE AND OURSELVES.

PART IV.

NERVES.

How often does one hear people mention nerves in a vague sort of way, especially with

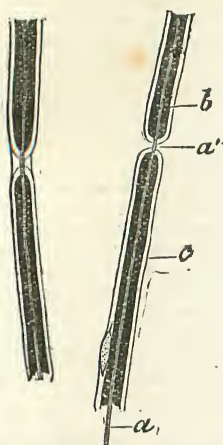


FIG. 1.—WHITE NERVE FIBRES.

(a) Axis-Cylinder. (c) Primitive Sheath.
(b) Medullary Sheath. (a') Node of Ranvier.

reference to some real or imaginary ailment of their own! In how many senses, indeed, do people use this expression? Some speak of not having "the nerve" to do such and such an action, such as the climbing of a high mountain; then using the word nerve in the sense of calmness, in preserving their equilibrium in the accomplishment of the feat, or in remarking on the presence of mind displayed by some acquaintance in meeting a sudden emergency, they speak of the "nerve" he showed. How often do we hear of people "nerving" themselves to undertake a difficult task, and how many people speak of "a fit of the nerves," and how many more are "nervous"!

And yet all these people, in speaking of these things, are unwittingly exemplifying the attributes of the so-called "nervous system," and I want in this article to give you some idea of the functions of this wonderful system of ours, and some notion of the structure of its many component parts. You must all by this time be so familiar with the terms "cells" and "fibres" that I shall have nothing new in the way of elements to introduce to you, the only novelty which I shall place before you being the structural arrangement. In this article, as in my former ones, I propose in the first place



FIG. 2.—SCHEME OF A MEDULLATED NERVE FIBRE.

(a) Primitive Sheath.
(b) Medullary Sheath.
(c) Axis-Cylinder.

to deal with the microscopical appearances of the various structures, and subsequently to indicate what special processes they subserve.

I have said that the component parts of the "nervous system" are made up of cells and fibres, but that the arrangement is peculiar. We will first take the pre-eminently fibrous part of our nervous system—I mean the "nerves."

Now nerves have been divided, from a microscopical point of view, into two great classes: the "white" or "medullated," and the "grey" or "non-medullated." Let us first notice the white or medullated nerve fibres, and as we do so you will come to understand why they are so called. Fig. 1 represents two white or medullary nerve fibres which have been teased out of a nerve with fine needles on a microscope slide, and stained in solutions of osmic acid and nitrate of silver, and then mounted in glycerine. The specimen is supposed to be under the high power. Such a specimen can always be obtained ready prepared in this particular way at the shops of most microscope-dealers.

What do we see? Let us begin at the edge of the specimen. There is here a fine tubular sheath surrounding the whole structure; this is called the "primitive sheath" (c), and

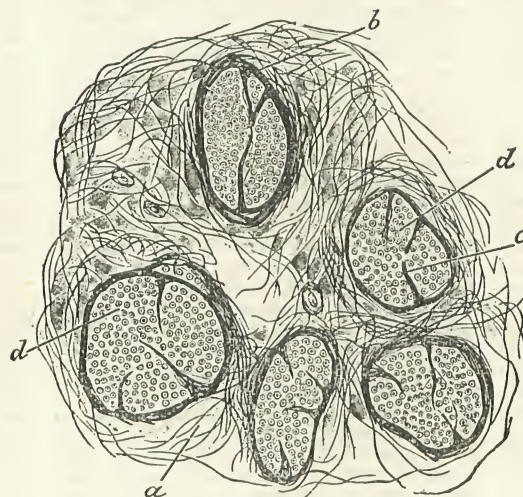


FIG. 4.—TRANSVERSE SECTION OF A NERVE.

(a) Epineurium. (c) Endoneurium.
(b) Perineurium. (d) Nerve Fibres.

serves as an outer protection for the fibre. Next we come to a part (b) which is stained a dull, almost black colour. This part is an oily, fatty substance called "myelin," and in the natural state of the specimen was white, and on this account gives the fibre its characteristic white colour, but we have used an agent, osmic acid, which has the power of blackening all fat, hence the change of colour in the part. This structure is called the "medullary sheath," hence the name given to the nerve fibre "medullated," on account of the presence of this part, or sometimes it is called the "white substance of Schwann," from the man who first demonstrated its existence. This medullary sheath serves in a great measure to protect the structure we shall next consider, and this is the "axis-cylinder" (a), the working part of the nerve. Fig. 2 shows a rough plan of the construction of a nerve such as we have just considered. But now having passed the structural elements of our specimen in review, let us look more closely into its intimate arrangement.

You will notice in Fig. 1 that the nerve

fibres are not quite continuous, and that at one place there is a modification of their calibre, and this is produced in the following manner: At *a* the medullary sheath suddenly

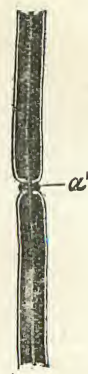


FIG. 3.—WHITE NERVE FIBRE.

(a') Node of Ranvier.

ceases, and the primitive sheath is bound tightly round the axis-cylinder itself by a ring of cement substance similar in constitution to that which we notice as joining the edges of epithelial cells. Now nitrate of silver, when exposed to sunlight in the presence of such animal matter as this, blackens it, as any of you who have had occasion to use lunar caustic must know; thus by using nitrate of silver we bring out in strong relief this constricting band, and also the axis-cylinder at *a*, giving the appearance of a cross, as seen in Fig. 3. This arrangement takes place at regular intervals in the course of the nerve fibres, thus dividing each fibre into equal segments. Each little notch is known as a "node of Ranvier," after Ranvier, a French histologist.

Just above "a" in Fig. 1 you notice a nucleus on the left-hand side; this is the nucleus of the segment of the nerve fibre.

What I have now described, then, are the elements which go to make up a white or medullated nerve, but it takes many to make up an ordinary small visible

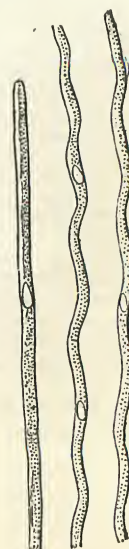


FIG. 5.—GREY NERVE FIBRES.

nerve. Fig. 4 represents a transverse section of a nerve, and there you see, first, a large amount of "connective tissue" (a)—principally white fibrous, such as I have described in previous articles; this is called the "epineurium." You will notice in the specimen five rounded patches; these are transverse sections of bundles of nerve fibres which go to make up the nerve; each bundle is surrounded by a distinct sheath, the "perineurium" (b), which sends in prolongations between the individual nerve fibres, these prolongations being called collectively the "endoneurium" (c).

The nerve fibres present a small circular sectional area with a little spot in the centre of each; the little spot represents the cut end of the axis-cylinder of each nerve fibre. The individual fibres never branch or communicate, but remain distinct, like the threads in a skein of silk. This holds them only in the course of the nerve; at its termination a different state of things exists.

As I have already indicated, all nerve fibres do not present the peculiar characters just described, and I must now draw your attention to Fig. 5, which represents, as you see, a very different structure. Here you distinguish no black masses in either side of an axis-cylinder; you merely see fibres which are in the first place more sinuous in outline, more granular in texture, and lastly, having no medullary sheath, and yet presenting distinct nuclei at certain points. We may consider these as ordinary white nerve fibres robbed of their medullary sheath, and thus consisting only of an axis-cylinder and a primitive sheath to the latter, of which the nuclei, seen so distinctly, belong. Many white nerves towards their terminations take on this character; the fibres measure from 1-8000th to 1-6000th of an inch in diameter. The nerves which give us the sense of smell are of this particular character. In some instances nerve fibres consist merely of an axis-cylinder protected neither by medullary nor primitive sheath. So much then for the fibrous constituents of the nervous system.

Now let us turn our attention to the structure and management of the cellular elements. These are found principally in what is called the "central nervous system," or "cerebro-spinal axis," that is, the part encased in the skull and in the vertebral column or "spine." These cells present very various appearances, and have equally varying functions.

Let us think again of "amoeba," as we look at Fig. 6. Again we see a cell with its processes, this time sharply defined and per-

manent, and a nucleus and nucleolus equally brilliant and distinct. Sometimes these cells have only one process; they are then called "unipolar" nerve cells; sometimes they have two processes, in which cases they are spoken of as "bipolar" nerve cells; at other times, having many processes, they are called "multipolar" nerve cells. In a multipolar nerve cell most of the processes branch indefinitely, but it is stated that one and only one remains unbranched, and this being continued on becomes the axis-cylinder of a nerve (Fig 6, a). These are the most important and interesting cells in the nervous system, but others of less import, and generally of smaller size, occur in plenty, in the brain especially.

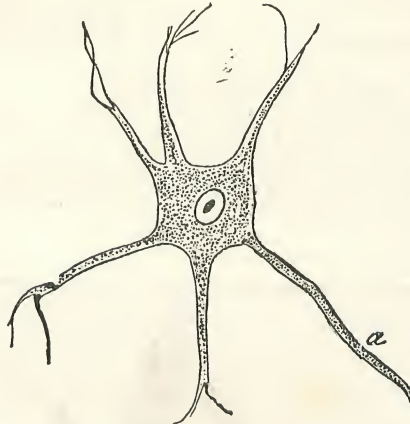


FIG. 6.—NERVE CELL.

(a) Beginning of Axis-Cylinder.

Let us now get a rough idea of the use and rationale of arrangement of these various elements.

For convenience of description and ease of conception it is as well for us at once to realise that there are two kinds of nerves, both, like telegraph wires, transmitting impulses from one part to another. These two kinds of nerves are called respectively "motor" and "sensory." First let us consider the motor, and in doing so let us take the most elementary and fundamental notion of a "motor act." Imagine then for a moment a nerve-cell, such as I have just described, with its process going to form the axis-cylinder of a nerve, and imagine this

nerve to terminate in a muscle, *i.e.*, a structure capable of movement. A "stimulus" or impulse generated in this nerve-cell travels down the axis-cylinder of the motor nerve, is conducted by its termination to the muscle, and causes a contraction of that muscle which produces movement; this constitutes a simple motor act. Not unlike an electric bell, our cell is our battery, our nerve is our conducting wire, and our muscle gives us its functional result, just as much as the electric bell would. A nerve performing such a function as this is called a "motor," "efferent," or "centrifugal" nerve.

Now, dealing with sensory nerves in a manner parallel to that in which we dealt with the motor, let us examine their mode of action. Imagine a nerve in connection with the skin of the hand, and terminating, as our motor nerve began, in a nerve-cell. Let us prick the hand; the impulse is carried up along the nerve with the utmost rapidity, and appreciated at once by the centre. Now this is what goes on when we feel pain, or heat, or cold, or when we feel a body and experience the sense of touch. A nerve that performs such a function is termed a "sensory," "afferent," or "centripetal" nerve.

The functions of these two nerve fibres are often associated, and in the following way. Our finger is pricked, by our sensory nerve conductor we feel pain, and immediately we exercise our motor abilities and draw the hand away. The centre cell has been stimulated by the pain impulse, and has generated a stimulus which has been transmitted down the motor nerve, and caused a movement. The rapidity of this complicated act is known to all of us who have felt sudden pain.

The whole of this process is called a "reflex act." The rough sketch of the structure and function of the nervous elements cannot include an account of the minute construction of the various special terminations of sensory nerves, as in the eye, ear, tongue, and nose, nor in the skin; nor can it include an account of another nervous system, the so-called sympathetic, which forms many organs in the body and the blood-vessels. But it will have fulfilled its mission if it awakens a desire in any girl's mind to learn more on this subject, and will have doubly earned its reward if it enable her to understand and decipher with comparative ease any matter she may read on the subject in books or periodicals.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

USEFUL HINTS.

SALLY LUNNS.

Put a pint of warm water into a quart jug; add two ounces of German yeast, break it up into the water; add also a tablespoonful of flour, and the same of sugar. Mix them well together. Put the jug in a warm place. When the ferment is risen and just going down again it will be ready. In the meanwhile put two pounds of flour in a basin, rub six ounces of butter into it, also six ounces of sugar, including what you put in the ferment; then pour the ferment into the basin; add one egg. Mix them into a dough, and leave it in the basin for about forty minutes, then place a few small hoops, according to the size you want them, on a flat tin; mould them in pieces that will half fill the hoops, then let them prove nearly to the top of the hoops, and bake them.

A GOOD SODA CAKE.

Take two pounds of flour, one ounce of carbonate of soda, rub it in the flour, also ten ounces of butter; then add one pound of loaf dust and one pound of currants and a little

mixed peel; then make it into a dough by adding one pint of milk and six eggs.

DUNDEE MINCE CAKE.

Make first a plain paste; take half pound flour, add three ounces of butter, rub it in the flour and make it into a dough by adding about a teacup of water, roll it out and fold it over twice; then roll it out and put it on a flat tin; spread some mincemeat all over it, about half an inch thick. Then make some cake dough as follows:—Take four ounces of butter, add four ounces of loaf dust, beat them well together with the hand, add two eggs, mix them in, also add half pound flour. Spread this dough all over the mincemeat about the same thickness as the mincemeat. When the cake is baked and cold, make a little white icing, as follows—Take one white of an egg, add four ounces of loaf fine sugar (this sugar must be as fine as flour); beat them well together with a whisk until it gets thick, and then spread it all over the cake thinly. When the icing is dry, cut the cake across each

way so as to make square blocks suitable for the table.

VICTORIA SPONGE.

Mix two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of white moist sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of flour. Add a piece of butter size of a walnut previously melted, mix well together; divide in equal parts, bake on two dinner plates well buttered, in a moderate oven. When cold spread a layer of jam, and fold together. Cost, fourpence; time to make and bake, twenty minutes.

ALMOND ROCK CAKES.

Take two pounds of flour, rub six ounces of butter into it; add also twelve ounces of loaf dust and one pound of currants and a little peel, with one ounce of almonds, chopped up. Add three-quarters of an ounce of carbonate of soda and half an ounce of tartaric acid; then half a pint of milk with six eggs, and three drops of essence of almonds. Mix it, and make it into a dough; get a table fork and fork pieces out about the size of a small egg, place them on a tin or paper, and put them in the oven.

HAYMAKING SONG.

By SYDNEY GREY.

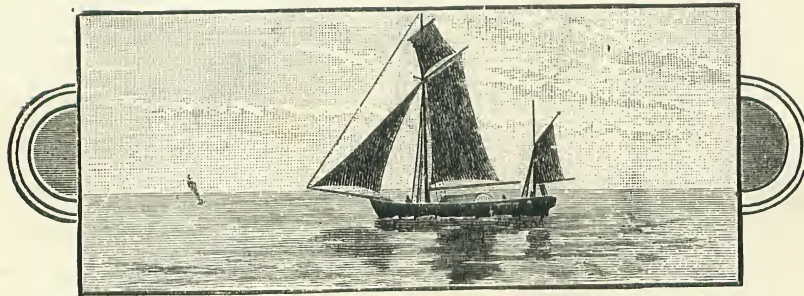
BORNE from afar, and echoing near,
There comes a ripple of mirth and song;
Summer wakens when June is here,
And out we sally, an eager throng,
Lads so busy and lasses gay,
Tossing and turning the new-mown hay.

Never a pleasanter gift she brings,
This lavish June that we love so much.
While the rose to her kirtle clings,
And earth grows fair at her gentle touch,
Fiercer waxes the mimic fray,
Fought in the midst of the new-mown hay.

Merrily, cheerily toss and turn,
The hours of morn will have vanished soon;
Rest comes only when rest we earn,
And here's a nook for the sultry noon;
See how softly the shadows stray
Over our couch on the new-mown hay.

Gaily is opened the meadow gate,
And gaily follows an eager train;
Queens might envy our royal state,
As home we ride on the loaded wain.
What to us is their grand array?
Where is a throne like the new-mown hay

Innocent pleasure, and quickly gone!
But destined yet in the heart to leave
Recollections that later on
May give a charm to life's noon or eve.
Thoughts of youth and its careless play,
Sweet as the breath of the new-mown hay.



THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK after the memorable episode of the visit to the publishers, Evelyn's boudoir presented an unusually gay appearance. It was always a pretty place, with its odd mixture of Japanese and European decoration—its fans and sketches on the walls, bamboo tables standing about, palms in blue pots, flowers in china bowls and specimen glasses, bits of Oriental tapestry; its piano and bookshelves. To-day, about a dozen girls in their light summer frocks added grace and brightness to the scene.

Although Evelyn was not surrounded by the literary and artistic clique after which her soul hankered, she had a sprinkling of girl friends in the neighbourhood—the daughters of local professional men or wealthy London merchants—who were in some sense congenial, and over whom she honestly tried to exercise an influence for good, collecting them into a society for discussion and reading. This was one of the sessions of the "Mayflower Club." At a table Evelyn, as president, was enthroned, with papers and ink before her, an important look on her face, while Dottie, unusually solemn and intent, sat by her side, holding a manuscript volume.

"The last meeting of the Mayflower Debating Club," read Dot, in a preternaturally business-like tone, "was held on May 9th. Miss Lancaster was appointed secretary, *vice* Miss Smith, retired. Fifteen members were present. The minutes were read and confirmed.

"Miss Hope then read a paper supporting the proposition that all professions should be thrown open to women. A discussion followed—"

"But you haven't put down any of my arguments," interrupted Evelyn, *sotto voce*.

The minutes had begun well, and were now falling off alarmingly.

"I couldn't remember them," whispered Dot, ruefully. "Some thought one way, some another—then there was a vote, and the original proposition was carried by 11 to 4."

Until a short time ago Dottie had insisted that she was not clever enough to have anything to do with the society. Evelyn had carried the day in persuading her little cousin to accept the post of secretary, and she had evolved the minutes out of her own idea as to what was fitting, without consulting the president.

"We usually have rather fuller minutes

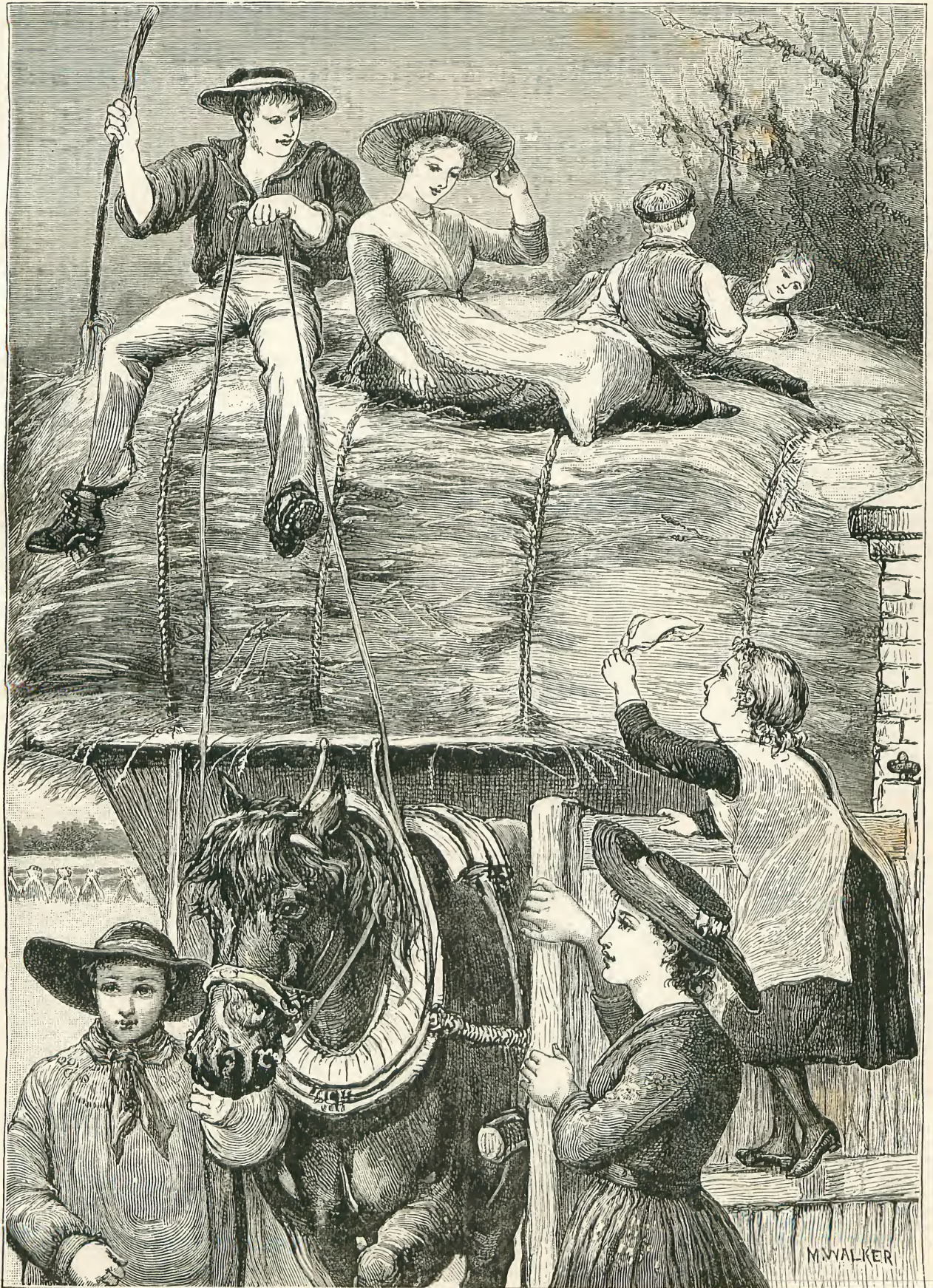
both of the paper and discussion," said Evelyn, smiling benignly round, "but this is my cousin's first experience. Do you confirm these minutes as they stand? Thank you; then I will call upon Miss Joyce to open the question of the day—'Does Tennyson or Mrs. Browning present the truer ideal of womanhood?' Take notes, Dottie."

The latter words were uttered in a severe undertone, and Dottie, stopping midway in the smile she was directing towards a friend across the room, blushed guiltily, seized a sheet of paper, and began to write with much show of diligence.

The paper was very good as far as it went. Tennyson's "Princess" was brought forward and contrasted with "Aurora Leigh." There were a great many quotations, and the speaker ended by declaring that in her opinion Mrs. Browning bore away the palm for appreciation of the needs and ambitions of her sex.

"Will Miss Willoughby read her paper?" requested Evelyn; and the upholder of Tennyson took up the tale.

The well-known lines at the close of the "Princess" were quoted as embodying the true aims and hopes of women, and various characters from the "Idylls



"QUEENS MIGHT ENVY OUR ROYAL STATE."

of the King" were brought on the scene. Miss Willoughby, a slight fair girl, evidently sympathised in the idea that woman's chief aim was to

"—set herself to man,

Like perfect music unto noble words,"

and extolled the Laureate's view. Dottie listened round-eyed, with suspended pencil, till recalled to her note-taking by a nudge from the president's elbow.

The paper closed, and after a short pause one and another began to make remarks. Evelyn, from her presidential chair, listened, put in a word now and again, called the members to order when, as frequently happened, two or three of them were talking at once; and whenever her voice was heard it was listened to with respect. The debate had, perhaps, little intrinsic value; the point to be settled was not of sovereign importance—indeed, was scarcely susceptible of decision one way or the other; but the question had the good effect of bringing out the thoughts of members, and it had made them study their authors beforehand. At the close Evelyn enunciated her own views. Tennyson and Mrs. Browning could not be expected to look at the question from the same point—their sex made the difference; their ideal was after all much the same—far in advance of our grandmothers' ideal; but while Tennyson regarded woman more as a complement to man, Mrs. Browning was better able to conceive of her as an individual, competent of individual development whether she married or not. "Therefore," concluded the president, with an air, "I regard Mrs. Browning as presenting by far the nobler picture of womanhood."

"What made you so awfully clever?" whispered Dottie, quoting from "Alice in Wonderland" as Evelyn closed her speech; but disregarding this levity, the president called for a vote. Only three members ventured to disagree with her, and Mrs. Browning triumphantly carried the day.

The session broke up, and the girls closed about their favourite Evelyn, renewing the discussion in an informal way, begging for the loan of some volume from her well-stocked library; asking what such and such an expression meant, and suggesting new topics for debate. They were no select coterie from Girton or Newnham, but merely ordinary suburban girls, endowed with a fair average of brains, and of necessity possessing some taste for literature.

Dottie was conversing in a corner with a new friend of hers, Emily Thorne, a merry brunette with vivacious, dark eyes.

"Yes, I have only just been appointed secretary, and how to write minutes I haven't the faintest idea. All those grand business-like expressions I copied out of a book. Look at my notes now. I can't read them! but Evelyn made me be secretary. She is awfully clever, and makes me do anything. I feel such a little goose beside her. I can't think how it is she came to have such stupid relatives."

"Where does she get her literary tastes from?" inquired Miss Thorne.

"Oh, from her father. He used to write in the *Fortnightly*, ages before we were born. But her mother wasn't clever at all, and different in every way. We are on her mother's side, you know," declared Dottie. "Her uncle on the father's side, Mr. Hope, is quite different from us, and thinks us the veriest idiots on the face of the earth. But—"

Here a little murmur was audible from the group round Evelyn, and Dottie stopped short in her family chronicle, ejaculating, "She's telling them!"

"Yes, I am going to publish a book," broke in Evelyn's clear voice. "It will be called 'Day-dreams,' and will contain the poems I have lent some of you to read."

"Oh, Evelyn, darling! How lovely! How splendid!" broke from the bevy of girls; and one plain little creature, with a stoop in her shoulders, who adored her brilliant friend, murmured, with tears in her eyes: "You will outshine them all yet; I know it. Oh, I hope I shall live to see it."

"You are too partial, Bertha," responded Evelyn, greatly pleased. "I don't look for fame or money. You remember, girls, what Wordsworth says:—

"'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.'
That is all my ambition."

Evelyn did not as a rule quote poetry in conversation, but her emotions, quickened by the intellectual exercise of the debate, were strongly roused; the colour in her cheek, the light in her eye, showed that she was living intensely. It was a moment of concentrated experience, and it seemed to her as if the glorification and delight she received from her little circle were a foretaste of a wider renown. It was a shock like that of a sudden douche-bath to hear a well-known masculine voice observe, in measured tones, "All her ambition, does the child say? Well, well!"

Evelyn, standing with her back to the door, had not heard her uncle enter; but there he stood, looking with an expression of quiet amusement on the bevy of girls. He seemed to his excited niece just then like an embodiment of masculine scorn at feminine effort. His slim, athletic, well-brushed figure, his grizzled hair and grey moustache laid across his lip, his keen grey eyes, had nothing poetic about them, Evelyn thought with irritation; and now he had come to overhear her poetic quotation and ridicule her aspirations! It was with difficulty she controlled herself sufficiently to greet him, and observe—

"You came in upon us just at the close of a debate, Uncle Austin."

"Pray do not let me disturb any of the proceedings," he replied, seating himself. "I presume you do not meet with closed doors; may not a masculine outsider be enlightened by some of your 'scattered sapience?'"

But the girls were dispersing already, in the unexplained consciousness that a jarring element had come into the scene; and Evelyn was shortly left alone with her uncle.

"So your ambition is only 'in summer shade, to pipe a simple song for thinking hearts'?" inquired Mr. Hope. "I am glad, at any rate, you aim no higher than Wordsworth, my dear. If it had been Shakespeare or Goethe you wished to emulate—well, one might have been doubtful of the result of your attempts, but only Wordsworth!—oh, that's a simple matter enough."

"You are laughing at me, uncle, just because I am going to publish my poems, as I suppose auntie has told you," replied Evelyn, nerving herself for the fray; "but everyone must have a beginning; why not I?"

Mr. Hope's rejoinder was certainly direct enough, making up in frankness what it lacked in compliment.

"My dear child, do you consider your poems are worth reading?"

This was too much.

"Every one to whom I have lent them or read them says so," retorted Evelyn, in scarlet indignation. "The Vicar reads one every now and then at our Penny Readings, and the people always applaud. All my friends about here say they are worth publishing. I would not hear of it for a long time, but now I am two and twenty; I am not a child; I take the opinion of those competent to judge."

"And Mr. Wrexham—what said he?"

"Oh," returned Evelyn, with a sudden distinct and disagreeable recollection of her interview, "he said—what I suppose they generally do say."

What a consolation if she could only have dazzled this cynical uncle with a glowing report from the head of the well-known firm! She did not somehow care to quote Mr. Dalrymple.

As Mr. Hope lifted his eyebrows inquiringly, Evelyn went on in desperation—

"Why, uncle, you know Milton got five pounds for 'Paradise Lost.' Thackeray couldn't find a publisher for 'Vanity Fair—'"

"Good gracious! does the girl compare herself with such men as those?" cried Mr. Hope, lifting his eyes to the ceiling.

"No, no!" ejaculated Evelyn, almost crying with vexation; "but if they, so much the more I. Why should I expect to be differently treated?"

"My dear girl, listen to me," said her uncle, suddenly assuming a graver tone. "I have no authority over you now, I know that well enough, but still, your father was my only brother, and that's some sort of a claim for interest, isn't it? I don't like to see you do what is silly. You are relying on the verdict of friends, who are always partial—at least nearly always," interjected Mr. Hope, who recollected that *he* could scarcely be deemed partial. "Your poems, from what your aunt has shown me, are not worth publication."

"How dare she show you!" cried Evelyn, in hot indignation, remembering the copy she had made for Mrs. Lancaster of certain "Lines to a Faded Flower."

"What? rush into print, and yet object to *one* critical individual seeing what you write? That's logical. What's the title, child? 'Nightmares,' isn't it?"

"'Day-dreams!'" cried the poor authoress, furiously.

"Oh, 'Day-dreams!' I knew it was something of the sort. Now I am going to offer you some advice, Evelyn; you will not take it, I know, and will think me a brute into the bargain, but it is this. Wait awhile. Write poetry if you like, but burn it afterwards. Meanwhile, if you really wish to follow in your poor father's steps, study—study—study. Study the best living masters of style; get their thoughts into your brain; use your pen for practice only; then in time you may do something."

"But I have arranged to have my poems issued by Messrs. Dalrymple and Co., and very soon too," replied Evelyn, obstinately.

"I'll not ask how much it is going to cost you; but come now—would you consent if I could stop it?"

"Oh no, no, uncle! I have told my friends; it would break my heart," replied Evelyn, piteously.

"Well, if you like to waste money in that way, it isn't my business, and if you will not take my advice I cannot help

it," declared Mr. Hope, rising with a certain dry air that showed he was displeased. "I am always sorry to see an intelligent girl like you rushing into folly, but there's one comfort—you might do worse. I wish in future you would remember that I am willing enough to counsel you on these matters; your aunt and cousin are not 'in it' as regards literature, that I know; but my life and experience might count for something, even to so wise a young lady as yourself."

"Ask *you* for advice? no indeed!" thought Evelyn, whose whole being was up in arms against this brusque treatment. She scarcely heard her uncle's farewells, nor his inquiry when they meant to start for Switzerland. She wanted him to go, to get away out of her presence—this embodiment of hostile criticism. When she heard the front door slam behind him, she gasped for joy.

"Wretched, wretched man! how came he to be my father's brother?" thought she, impetuously.

Mr. Hope's bachelor life had not fitted him to be counsellor to an ardent and

impulsive girl, and his method was too severe to be effectual. Criticism needs to be tempered with sympathy to an ardent young creature who is honestly striving with all her might to do something worth the doing; to be no mere idle, frivolous trifler, but to help others towards enlightenment. Evelyn had a high ideal of life. She believed that her gifts, of which she could not be unconscious, were talents entrusted to her by her Maker, for which she would one day have to give an account to Him. She believed she had the poetic faculty, and she was determined that she would not let it lie dormant. That she overrated her powers, and was premature in offering their results to the public, was not altogether her own fault, poor child. Many and many a girl has done the same, with less ground for self-delusion. Foolish and vain as she was, she might have been more inclined to listen to wise advice if mingled with the sympathy that, after all, is the meed of these young souls striving to impress themselves upon their day and generation.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

POSSESSION.—We do not possess what we do not understand.

FOR WEAK MEMORIES.

For the benefit of students of music with weak memories the "Tagliche Rundschau" publishes the following metric collection of composers and musicians:—

"Handel, Bendel, Mendelssohn;
Brendel, Wendel, Ladassohn;
Muller, Hiller, Heller, Franz;
Plotow, Flotow, Bulow, Ganz."

"Hansen, Jansen, Jensen, Kiel;
Stade, Gade, Baade, Stiel;
Naumann, Neumann, Huhnerfurst;
Niemann, Riemann, Diener, Wurst."

"Kochler, Dochler, Rubinstein;
Kimmel, Hummel, Rosenstein;
Lauer, Bauer, Kleinecke;
Romberg, Plomberg, Reinecke."

"Meyer, Beyer, Meyerbeer;
Heyer, Weyer, Reiher, Beer!
Lichner, Lachner, Schachner, Dietz;
Hill, Will, Brull, Grill, Drill, Riess, Rietz."

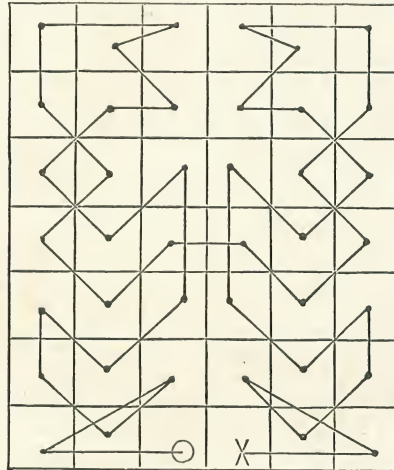
THE USES OF ADVERSITY.—Adversity has often developed strength, energy, fortitude, and persistence that prosperity could not have produced. The dignity of self-support and self-respect has been gained when an external prop has been removed.

REALLY ALIVE.—We are only really alive when we enjoy the goodwill of others.—*Goethe.*

THE THICKNESS OF A SOAP BUBBLE.—Newton succeeded in determining the thickness of very thin laminae of transparent substances by observing the colours which they reflect. A soap bubble is a thin shell of water, and is observed to reflect different colours from different parts of its surface. Immediately before the bubble bursts a black spot may be observed near the top. At this part the thickness has been proved not to exceed the 2,500,000th of an inch.

SYMMETRICAL PUZZLE.

Key to No. III.—Follow on from the star.



No. IV.

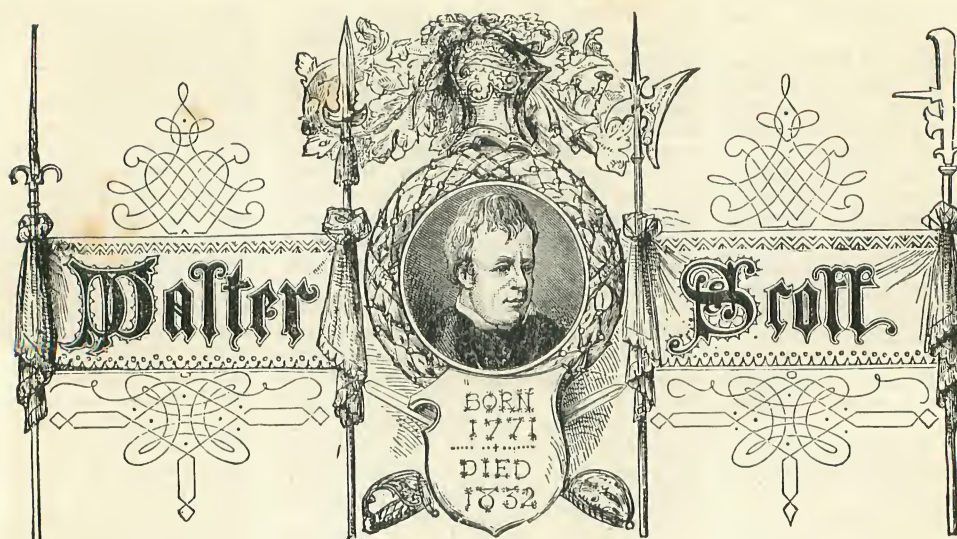
Construct a symmetrical figure that will indicate the order in which these syllables must be read to form a passage from *The Faerie Queene*.

and	will	her	eke	ful	one	nor
each	found	one	faith	makes	still	makes
serv'd	gree	I	Long	that	to	hearts
a	her	Love	fil	ful	two	sure
dis	to	cause	and	thing	ther's	ev
strove	us	please	could	o	er	plea

HOW SHE MANAGED IT.—After the death of her husband Lady Dillon lived in Laughlin Castle, in Ireland, a princely edifice which, with the surrounding estate, was assigned to her as her jointure, on condition of her residing in the castle. She fell in love with an Englishman who could not be kept from returning to his own country. It appeared at first impossible to keep both her lover and her jointure, but her woman's wit succeeded in hitting on a plan. She ordered a banquet in the garden, fired the castle, and feasted by the light of the blazing pile. Then after supper, while the towers were burning, she, having no longer the castle to live in, set off to England with her lover.

MEN AND WOMEN.— "The love of flattery," says Swift, "in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women from the contrary."

THOUGHTS OF A BRIDE BEFORE THE CEREMONY.—Wonder if my train is straight! Wish I dare look round to see if that Isabel Price is here—hope she is. She wanted George herself, and she'll be green with envy. I have a feeling that the church is crammed. I hope I don't look white. If George hasn't brought the ring I shall die. Dear me, in another minute I shall have to say, "love, honour and obey!" Of course, it's all nonsense to think I'm going to obey George, though he certainly plays tennis awfully well. We always won when we played together. He said he should be my slave for ever—but then men do tell such stories. How fast pa is dragging me along; he is in a mighty hurry to give me away. I wonder how the girls look behind. If Eva treads on my train I'll never forgive her. Ah! George is there, that's all right; but what a perfect goose he looks—now I feel as cool as a cucumber. Here's the clergyman; we're going to begin. Shall I take my glove off now or wait a little while? Poor George! I never saw a man look so nervous. Well, I must attend to the service I suppose.



TYPES OF VIRTUE;

OR,

IDEAL HEROINES OF ENGLISH WRITERS.

TRUTHFULNESS . . . JEANIE DEANS.

LIKE a house which is built up with bricks, each of which, though necessary to the structure, helps to form but one design, so a good character is built from the virtues, all of which must be laid under requisition, as materials, if a complete and consistent result is to be attained. In both cases the structure rises from a solid foundation, and in a fine character the foundation may be said to be truth.

In its wider sense, truth is the mainstay of all the virtues, and its opposite of all the vices; it is in fact almost accepted as a synonym of goodness. God is the Father of truth, Satan the father of lies. Of course in this wider sense, and as applied to ourselves, truth has a threefold relation—to God, to our neighbour, and to ourselves; but as a rule, when we speak of truth, we regard it in its second relation only, and we mean by the term conformity between speech and thought, or moral truth, as it is called.

Girls who read their Bible will remember how severe Christ is when speaking of the world, what the world says and what the world does; they may have wondered what He meant by the world. We are all of us the world, we live in the world; and yet we trust that Christ in His denunciation of the world did not include us, or at any rate did not rebuke the kind of life we try to live. In another passage Christ praises the world for being wise in its generation, and He could praise nothing which had not an element of good in it.

We may conclude that He meant by the world the people who live only for this world, or as we should say, worldly people—those who shut their eyes to another world. And yet these people are wise in their generation, and are in a sense put up as a pattern for children of the light. Now in what sense is the world wise in its generation, or as we should say good to itself; and how does it compare favourably with what we may call the Christian world?

In this way. It discovers the virtues which are most necessary to its well-being here, on this earth; forces obedience unto them, in a wonderful manner practises them, and the first and foremost of its virtues is truth, moral truth. Truth is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the State; without it barbarism would rule in undisputed sway. Commerce is founded upon

mercantile honesty; law upon the presumption that the majority of men are not perjurers; society upon the ostracism it inflicts upon all who are discovered to be unworthy of credence.

An individual must be honest in his transactions, and truthful in his statements, otherwise he is regarded as an enemy to mankind. The source of this honesty need not be a love of the virtue for its own sake, just as we say "honesty is the best policy," though this would be a very low reason for being honest; in fact, it has been said that a man who acts upon this principle can scarcely himself be considered honest.

Friendship is largely founded upon trust; we love someone because we can trust him, because he will be true to us; we love a rascal sometimes because, though we acknowledge he may be untrue to others, we think that he will be true to us. Emotion, of course, enters largely into the question of love, and emotion or passion, when uncontrolled by reason, will love without trust, or nearly without trust; not entirely so, for there is a feeling that trust will follow, and our love, though we may not know it, is given conditionally. If trust does not follow, the love, in nine times out of ten, will vanish. Trust in love and in business is a belief in the truthfulness of the contracting parties.

It is as a rule easy to be truthful, for the virtue is perhaps the most instinctive that is implanted in our nature, but it is a virtue most difficult to practise in certain exigencies. Occasionally it demands of us to do, or to refuse to do, a very simple act, but which simple act, owing to the greatness of the virtue itself, becomes most momentous. In the case of the early Christian martyrs, who were asked simply to sprinkle a few grains of incense upon a brazier, if they had done so they would have been sacrificing the whole truth which Christ had revealed to them, just as much as if they had declared themselves formal apostates. They knew very well that by performing that simple act, those who tempted them would take it as a sign that they had renounced the religion of Christ, or at any rate would pretend to think so.

Of course as times are now Christians are not called upon to make great sacrifices for truth, but that great moralist and writer of fiction, Sir Walter Scott, has in one of his novels, the "Heart of Midlothian," created a

situation in which a simple, honest Scottish lassie is called upon to make a sacrifice for the cause of truth, which is really no less than the life of her own sister.

It is not our purpose to state how those circumstances came about, as they bear no relation upon our heroine herself, and are connected with the guilt of others, our object is rather to show the view of duty taken by Jeanie Deans, how she carried out that duty, and the extraordinary labours she underwent in order to prevent it from bringing about the terrible result it would have had upon her sister. Like a noble character, she felt it was her duty to pursue a certain course, but at the same time determined to do all in her power that by her action others should not suffer.

People are in the habit of saying, "It is my painful but necessary duty" to do such and such a thing, meaning that they are about to do that which will cause suffering to others, whereas by taking more than ordinary trouble the duty might be performed equally well without causing suffering. This is where the real greatness of Jeanie Deans' character shows itself, she does a painful duty, but does all in her power to prevent the result of her action being the cause of suffering to others. She places herself in great danger, goes through tribulation of no ordinary character, feeling that the duty God has imposed upon her must be carried out, and at her own cost. There is a great difference between the way a generous person will make a sacrifice for truth, and a less generous person, who while sufficiently upright to make the sacrifice for truth, does not hesitate to let others suffer for it.

Unfortunately it frequently happens that people make their religious practices a cause of annoyance to others; of course they are perfectly right to perform those practices, but in nine cases out of ten a little self-sacrifice on their own part would prevent it becoming an annoyance. Such as these would do well to study the character of Jeanie Deans. Let them copy her to the letter in what she considered to be her duty, but let them not stop there, but take upon themselves, as she did, all the inconvenience and suffering which the duty had imposed.

Jeanie Deans was not pretty, nor in any way romantically interesting. "A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance might be termed very modest and pleasing in expression, though sunburnt,

somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features. . . . A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humoured face." In fact, there is nothing in Jeanie Deans to attract our attention except her purity, the high principles from which all her actions spring, and a certain amount of quaintness begotten of extreme simplicity and single-mindedness. Thus we are attracted to the character by reason of its virtue, and we have

sister's life—"I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her skaithless," said Jeanie, weeping in bitter agony, "but I canna change right into wrang, or make that true which is false."

"Foolish, hard-hearted girl!" said the stranger, "are you afraid of what they may do to you? I tell you, even the retainers of the law, who course life as greyhounds do hares, will rejoice at the escape of a creature so young, so beautiful; that they will not suspect your

doing this not for lucre or gain, but to save the life of the innocent, and prevent the commission of a worse crime than that which the law seeks to avenge."

"He has given us a law," said Jeanie, "for the lamp of our path; if we stray from it we err against knowledge. I may not do evil, even that good may come out of it."

Thus Jeanie will not tell a falsehood to save her sister's life, but is willing to make any other sacrifice to do so; and one thing only is



JEANIE DEANS.
(Drawn by John Faed.)

no hesitation in saying that when a writer of fiction is able to do this, he must be looked upon as a great benefactor to his race; and that Scott has succeeded in doing it, is proved by the fact that Jeanie Deans is one of the most popular of his creations.

There is perhaps nothing more charming in the whole book than the manner in which she resists all temptations against truth.

When asked to take a false oath to save her

tale; that, if they did suspect it, they would consider you as deserving, not only of forgiveness, but of praise for your natural affection."

"It is not man I fear," said Jeanie, looking upward; "the God whose name I must call on to witness the truth of what I say—He will know the falsehood."

"And He will know the motive," said the stranger, eagerly; "He will know that you are

possible—to get her sister's pardon by appealing to the Queen herself. The difficulties in the way of such a task would seem insurmountable, even to courageous persons; there was the journey from *Edinburgh to London*, in the days of George II. a great undertaking; she would not consult her father, lest his curious disposition should interfere with her plan, and frustrate it; she had no funds, and knew but one person in London. Nevertheless,

this simple Scottish maid overcame all obstacles; she applied to one friend for a loan of money, a very delicate undertaking, as the friend in question loved her, but she did not return his love; another friend, Butler, whom she afterwards married, gave her a letter to the Duke of Argyle, and she started on her journey with the intention of proceeding the whole way on foot.

She is waylaid by ruffians near Grantham,

but escapes, and in the sequel arrives in London. It is not our purpose to describe her interview with the great Argyle, nor her still more important interview with the Queen; suffice it is to say that by her means her sister's sentence is changed from death to banishment.

Truth, as I have said, is the foundation upon which civilisation is built; nothing can be achieved, nothing will be recognised unless

it is done in the name of truth. So much for the world's opinion. Religion also teaches us that to resist the known truth is one of the greatest—some theologians have said the greatest—of all sins. Thus both God and man have dignified truth, and given to it a greater importance than any virtue; while its opposite has been condemned, as of all vices the most contemptible and disgraceful.

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

DR. PETER DACRE had been of old the least of a tyrant in his family of any man in Oxford, and for a time Mrs. Judy, who loved Master Jackie well-nigh as if she had been the mother who bore him, buoyed herself up and comforted Kitty with the assurance that the Doctor would come round. They would speak him fair, and the offender would be pardoned. But as has been noted, this staunch upholder of the cavalier doctrine, and grim opposer of all who differed from him, was not the old, mild, absorbed scholar, buried in "deep" iambics and "rolling" anapæstics, and willing to let the world go by unheeded. This was a roused, fretted man, who could not keep pace with his brethren, and yet could not rest, but was ready to out-Herod Herod in rejecting any and every stopgap to the threatening tide of anarchy and revolution. He forbade Kitty to approach him on the subject of her brother, saying that women—above all young girls—were not fit for such questions. It ought to be enough for Kitty that her father had banished Jack from Oriel; there was no call on her to dispute the righteousness of her father's decree.

As for Mrs. Judy, her former indulgent master dismissed her with a severe reprimand for the trespass of unauthorised interference in what was still further beyond her province. Had it not been for her great love for the family, including this master of hers who had suddenly waxed despotic and intolerant, Mrs. Judy would have brought her days of service to a summary end.

Lady Ottery was Kitty's great resource. Her wisdom and friendliness afforded consolation and encouragement to her goddaughter; for at the age of fifteen the sky of life soon clears, and the sun of hope is perpetually emerging from the densest mists. Lady Ottery was exceedingly sorry for the division in the family, and for the violent course of action into which her old friend Dr. Dacre had been betrayed.

"But it was just what might have been expected from him," her ladyship went on coolly, with her noted sincerity, and with the habit of speaking her thoughts aloud which was growing upon her with advancing years. "Once go against nature, and she will revenge herself. You don't find your habitually cantankerous people guilty of those acts

of harshness that do astound the world; nay, it is some gentle soul who would not have let butter melt in his mouth, as the saying is, or have harmed a fly, that begins all at once to stamp and strike out in a frenzy. He began, indeed, when nobody saw it, the first time he was torn from his quiet days and peaceful pursuits, and launched into the perilous turmoil around him. He hath just woke up to it, poor man! and cannot take it peaceably. His rage, which hath been bottled up hot within him all this long while, doth break bounds incontinently, and deal destruction far and wide."

Recalled to Kitty's presence by her distress, Lady Ottery assured her that the grave trouble which had come into her life would blow over presently: such family quarrels, on the ground of politics, were only too frequent and familiar in seasons of public discord. It was her experience that when the discord passed away, so did the quarrel, until it was quite amazing what breaches were repaired, and grudges cast into oblivion.

Kitty listened wistfully, and wished she could believe it implicitly, because of the dismissed brother over whom his sister's heart yearned, all the more intensely that he represented, after her father, her whole kindred. If she were bereft of Jack, and he were withdrawn from the course of her future life, she was bereft indeed.

In the meantime she heard, that under the President of Magdalen of that day, with the strong tinge which Magdalen, as well as New College, had taken of the prevalent Puritan opinions, above all in the superior importance of the great national struggle which was occupying all men's minds, the outbreak of the students was condoned at the expense of such short terms of imprisonment or fines as Anthony Walton paid for John Dacre when he was paying his own.

For anything farther, Mrs. Judy had learnt good tidings, through humble satellites of her own, since Mrs. Kitty and she were strictly forbidden all communication with the delinquent, and did not dream in their honesty of not obeying orders. When Master Jackie was not in his college he was out at Islip Barnes, which, to be sure, had been a second home to him from his childhood, in the good keeping of his aunt and cousins, the Waltons.

But alas! alas! Dr. Peter held it good keeping no longer—rather the worst of evil keeping; and Kitty, girl as she was,

dreaded that Jack's natural and inevitable resort, under what he considered his unmerited disgrace, to such kindred as continued to own and countenance him, would only farther incense her father with him and his views. She could not blame Jack when she remembered that he had nowhere else to go to, under the circumstances, and when she recalled all the kindness and affection which had subsisted till recently between the family at Islip Barnes and the other little family in the rooms at Oriel. Indeed, Kitty, under the joint training of wholesome-hearted Mrs. Judy and sagacious Lady Ottery, was growing up marvellously sensible and forbearing for her sex and years. She was early removed from virulent partisanship, which has such a false show of generous devotion; she was drawn betimes to the larger-minded, larger-hearted side of fairness and candour; she was softened and touched to the quick by the perpetually recurring recollection of old kindnesses which she could now neither respond to nor repay; she had a grateful sense, which she could not escape and did not so much as wish to avoid, of the benefits the Waltons were conferring on her dear brother, totally irrespective of the fact that Dr. Dacre had vilified Anthony, and denounced him as the tamperer with his son's loyalty—his wilful seducer into insurgency and rebellion.

It pained Kitty sorely to be compelled to question her father's absolute wisdom and justice, but she was too honest in her very love for him to deny to herself that he had been, as she had cried out, hard on Jack and unwarrantably bitter against Anthony. Her own little girlish quarrel with Anthony, for robbing her of her brother's company, and changing her Jackie from a merry lad to a care-burdened man, died clean out of existence. She would have done anything now, which her love and reverence for her father did not forbid, to atone to Anthony and all the Waltons for the lamentable extent to which she was sure they were misjudged in the dispute. She would have done it for her father's sake, no less than for Jack's and Anthony's and for her own, to keep Dr. Dacre from doing such despite in the blindness of his anger, which surely could not last for ever, to old and tried friends, as would fill him, when he came to himself, with affront and contrition.

If one can fancy King Lear with a son,

in addition to his three daughters, a son with whom he was at enmity, whom he had driven from him, one can comprehend how Goneril and Regan would have stoutly supported their father in his fury of resentment, and spurred him on to yet more irreparable sins against his truer, nobler self. Cordelia, on the contrary, without forgetting her duty as a daughter, would have braved her father's utmost displeasure in order to defend her hardly-treated brother and his friends, whenever she had the opportunity. If no other opportunity was given her, she would still have stood up for them in her heart, and by the very sorrowful silence with which she declined to advocate an unrighteous cause, would have done her father the best service of telling him the truth with regard to his conduct.

Silence was all the tactics which poor little Kitty could practise; silent regret for her father's course of action, silent pity for Jack, silent goodwill to every one of the Waltons, who had never, she was persuaded, intentionally injured her or hers, who were now doing the best they could for Jack thus thrown on their hands.

Kitty did not pretend to judge the right or the wrong of the great quarrel between the King and his Parliament, for older and wiser heads than hers were distracted by conflicting claims. She honoured her King from the bottom of her heart, as her Bible bade her, both because he was her King and on account of the many virtues she had heard attributed to him. She was still of the mind that to die for him would be alike the duty and privilege of each of his faithful subjects. But she remembered also what Prissy had told her when Kitty and her cousins were fritillary gathering in Merton meadows. She had often pondered on it since, and on pithy remarks which Lady Ottery had dropped, until Kitty had come to a sound conclusion. It could not be that such young men as Jack and Anthony Walton, with their distinguished leaders and a large body of the nation, could have no ground for their persistent assertion that the King was ill-advised in his measures, and that Parliament must play its part in withstanding them, else England would become another bound and gagged France under the great Cardinal. Nay, the English Richelieu was gone; the Parliament had already impeached, tried, and sentenced Lord Strafford in the month of May, succeeding the students' riot in January. The big dark man, with the sombre heavy eyes and the fine hands, who had strode haughtily into the hall of St. John's and looked scornfully on the students' play, when he was still Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Kitty Dacre was a little girl taken to have a second glimpse of her King and Queen, had died as undauntedly as he had lived, by the headsman's axe on Tower Hill, amidst a wild conflict of feeling throughout the country.

Another of the great ones whom Kitty had seen at St. John's in 1636, my Lord the Archbishop, William Laud, the energetic Chancellor of Oxford, the liberal patron of scholars, the austere and pious

priest, was impeached at the same time as Strafford, and, to the horror of his party in the church, thrown into the Tower, where he still lay.

As if to sound Strafford's requiem, there travelled across St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea in October of the same year the awful news of the massacre, in a rising of the Irish, of fifty thousand English men, women, and children within the space of a few days.

These were signs of the times which reached even young people and children. They penetrated Kitty's startled, shocked ears, and sank into her plastic mind, though she had nobody with whom she could talk them over, who could either arouse or quiet her as to their full import.

Dr. Dacre continued his policy of rigidly ignoring politics in his converse with women. The solitary exception was Lady Ottery, and she was tempted to borrow a leaf from his book and decline, when she thought what she was about, discussing such subjects with a tender, unformed chit like Kitty. She would hear enough of these ominous questions when she was older. In the present chaotic stage of her being, she would be only too apt to trouble her simple head with them, in an untimely fashion, on her banished brother's account. She would, if she were not held in check, be certain to receive a strong warp and bias of judgment either way, which might affect her character and fortunes unfavourably for the rest of her life.

Mrs. Judy had no such wise scruples, and she had the usual appetite for horrors of her class, but she did not choose that her nursing should sup on them before she was fit for strong meat. Mrs. Kitty was, according to this faithful friend's idea, inclined to be too quiet and thoughtful ever since her sad parting from Master Jackie, and Mrs. Judy would not be the person to deepen the inclination. In addition to this, the busy housekeeper's inveterate inclination to see all for the best, and to take a cheerful view of things in general, prevented her own spirits from being heavily overshadowed. On the contrary, she would smile and nod and prophesy all sorts of happy events in the world, till she almost provoked Kitty by the old woman's constitutional buoyancy.

If what Jack Dacre had said was true, that the times were making men of boys, it was not less certain that they would make women of girls; for they in their sweet, green youth, though they come less in contact with the world, have a tendency peculiar to them—a tendency which is neither entirely obviated nor cured, though it is balanced, by the mercurial spirits of their age. Young girls by fits and starts hug misfortune, and take a doleful, sentimental satisfaction in regarding themselves as ill-fated beings, doomed to sorrow.

But this juvenile tendency in Kitty was corrected by her natural good sense—a well-nigh invaluable quality which is too often slighted in this world, in the light of more flashy and glittering attributes.

Still, Kitty suffered a good deal from being deprived of the society not only of Jack but of her cousins. She had

grown up to a large extent amongst elderly people, in a retired fashion, as the only daughter in the widowed household of a scholarly gentleman of no great means. Dr. Dacre's residence by courtesy in Oriel restricted visitors and visiting still more. If it had not been for Lady Ottery's parlour and the company Kitty met there, she would have been veritably a flower born to blush unseen. For though the Provost of Oriel had started in his headship of the college with a wife and daughters, his wife was dead and his daughters were married. Kitty had too few companions of her own age, with the occupations and pleasures natural to their years; and there were no more of those happy *sojourns for a week, or even a month, at a time at Islip Barnes*, which had formed such an agreeable and beneficial variety in the ordinary routine. It was on these occasions she had learnt the cheerful lessons of a family and a country life. She had been instructed by her aunt and Prissy in such household arts as did not come within the province either of Lady Ottery or Mrs. Judy. Kitty had sat and worked and chatted with gentle Prissy. The little cousin had run and rode and sung and danced with Alice, and been alternately petted and teased by Jack and Anthony.

All these good times were over, Kitty told herself with a profound sigh. For her to have proposed nowadays to go and be with her own brother, aunt, and cousins, only a few miles out into the country, would have been like offering a suggestion to forsake her father and the King's cause, and repair to a rebel camp.

Occasionally, while Jack was still at Magdalen, it was inevitable that the members of the disunited family should meet, or catch glimpses of each other, in the streets. Oxford was not large enough to admit of any other possibility. As a matter of fact, Magdalen was beyond the city walls in one direction, as other colleges were in another. But the East Gate and the adjoining posterns were open in time of peace, and the country had not yet gone to war, with its sons biting and devouring each other. When John Dacre and his father met, the old Doctor took care they should pass on opposite sides of the way. When Kitty and Mrs. Judy encountered Jack, they could not believe that it was any forfeiture of their pledge to exchange a brief greeting with him, just to see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, that he was well, and not faring very badly, cast adrift and flung on his own resources as he was, save for the good offices of the Waltons.

He always put the best face on his condition, and asserted that he was doing right well but for his separation from his family. And he would ask, how was his father faring? Was he escaping a touch of the ague? And could he in these days of plaguey interruptions, get on with his edition of Thucydides?

It always thrilled the hearts of the girl and the woman to see how tall and manly their Jackie was growing.

(To be continued.)



THE OLD HOME.

THERE are voices in the meadows, that lie along the stream,
The happy laugh of children that stirs my waking dream;
And the birds are calling, calling from the elm-trees gnarled and old,
Where the slanting sunbeam arrows have set a crown of gold;
But the voices and the laughter are all in vain for me,
For they touch the chords of sorrow, and the notes of memory.

The twilight hours are full to me of forms I used to know,
And the tender loving faces of the old home long ago;
And the laughter of the children seems to my dreaming ears
To be echoes of the voices that I loved in bygone years;
And I cannot see the sunbeams, for my eyes are dim, and yet
I had thought that years would soften, and in time I should forget.

The house where the long tree shadows slanted across the lawn,
Where the birds at my ivied window called to me every morn;
Where, in the quiet country lanes, the creaking wains went by,
And the yellow cornfields up the slope fronted the clear blue sky.
Perhaps I never loved them then; but it seems, as I sit alone,
That childhood never knows its joy until that joy be flown.

Where are the happy children who played with me long ago,
When we leaned above the old grey bridge, and watched the river flow?
Or wandered home at sunset, when the path was white with rime,
To sit around the fire, in the happy winter-time?
Ah! they are scattered far and wide in many a clime to-day,
But childish memories are the link that binds our hearts away.

The little green elm-clustered copse, where the rooks caw soon and late,
And where the yellow kingcups grow, below the old farm gate—
But my thoughts fade with the sunset, the light dies from the room,
And the golden path of childhood grows fainter in the gloom.
Ah! though new faces should be there—old landmarks past and gone—
I would that I might see again the house where I was born.

C. E. C. WARNER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARUM LILY.—Certainly you should put some offering in the plate or bag sent round for the purpose before presenting yourself amongst the communicants. Those who are very poor are not required to give beyond their means by the blessed and bountiful Lord to whom the little offering is made. He never "gathers where He does not straw."

GRACEFUL BIRD should be guided by her mother's wishes entirely as regards the acceptance of presents "from her brother's great friend." We imagine that our correspondent is a somewhat tall and well-fledged bird, being described as "graceful," and therefore beyond the age when treated as a mere child. Little fledglings without tails could scarcely be described as "graceful." They are quaintly pretty, a phrase which you have outgrown, and must accept certain restrictions and responsibilities that your increasing years bring with them.

NINE YEARS' SUBSCRIBER could play with exquisite taste and with good execution without stretching and dragging about her hands, and so ruining their appearance.

B. E. C.—The name and address of the hon. sec. of the Christian Blind Relief Society are—Mr. T. Clarke, 59, Burdett Road, E. The committee meet at his residence. The secretary of the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission, which provides Bibles to poor women, may be addressed at 2, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C. The secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society are the Rev. J. Sharp and the Rev. W. M. Paull, 146, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

A PRESBYTERIAN, if a minor, should certainly be guided by her mother's wishes, and even if she have attained her majority she ought to consult her. If she approve of the idea of including their minister in their discussions, well and good. For ourselves we do not accept the responsibility of decided questions of this description, on which there is a diversity of opinion amongst God-fearing people, and especially when appealed to, irrespective of a parent's opinion and wishes on really non-essential questions of personal conduct and practice.

M. R. KIRKMAN.—We thank you for favouring us with suggestions for the improvement of our magazine; we have many would-be assistant editors.

MOI-MEME.—We suppose that the liquid preparation for cleansing the teeth, to which you refer as having appeared in an early number, is the following (by "Medicus"): "A teaspoonful of myrrh, ditto of tincture of bark, added to 2 oz. of rosewater," to be used when the gums are soft and disposed to bleed. "A permanganate of potash mouth wash is made with rosewater and a few grains of the former salt dissolved in it," and is recommended as an antitoothache wash, a little charcoal powder being used afterwards to get rid of the stain produced. A good powder which also strengthens the gums is a mixture of chalk, borax, and myrrh.

MUSCOVITE MOSCOW.—A pure bred pug-dog is of a yellowish or light fawn colour mixed with black, the snout being black, the muzzle broad, the skin very loose, the tail well curled, and the shoulders and chest broad. Feed the dog once a day, in the evening, with boiled Indian meal or dog biscuits, and once a day a few rabbit or chicken bones that will not injure his teeth. Some crusts sopped in a little broth or gravy would make a change for him. But avoid giving him meat and fat and greasy things.



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MAY 25, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR PLANS.

By A. M. HARLEY, Author of
"Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy,"
"Fairview Rest," etc.

CHAPTER III.

Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth,
Sufficiently impressed."

Robert Browning.

MRS. STACEY had some difficulty in meeting with a house to suit her requirements, but at last took one in Meadowfield, a village a mile and a half from Rochdale. It could boast but of little attraction in the style of its architecture, but a lovely wisteria and a very prolific cluster rose tree had agreed together to beautify the front, whilst a grape-vine, with its sheltering leaves, and a clinging ivy, with its graceful trails, undertook the adornments of other portions, a Cape jasmine and a honeysuckle making the porch their special *protégé*. A fair-sized grass-plot with flower beds separated the house from the road, and at the back, flowers, fruit, and vegetables lived more or less in social contact, as in old-fashioned country gardens.

On a day in the following summer, Ruth Stacey paced up and down the railway station at Rochdale, awaiting an over-due train, but her patience was fully rewarded when it arrived, bringing her friend Muriel on a visit to Meadowfield. After a warm greeting the girls ensconced themselves in a primitive-looking cab, and were borne out of the town at a jog-trot pace. The road was not new to Muriel, for a walk to the pretty village nestling on the side of one of the hills that partially encircled Rochdale had been always a favourite.

"How well I remember mounting this hill!" she said. "Every thing looks just the same; here is the one shop that used to amuse me so—it might have the very same things in the window—nothing looks altered."

"Indeed," replied Ruth, "we have advanced a little. Look at

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"LOOKING DOWN UPON THE WATER LILIES."

the nice new vicarage there, across the green—we're quite proud of it. Here is our house, and the dear mother in the porch, on the look-out for us."

As the cab drew up Connie came running down to the gate to give "darling Muriel" a vehement embrace; and though the welcome accorded her by Mrs. Stacey was of a less demonstrative nature, it was none the less a loving one.

Early the next day Ruth took Muriel off to a chosen haunt of hers which she designated her "wilderness study." Taking the path by the side of a miniature ravine which ran up to a small wood, they came to a stone arch at the head of a streamlet. Ruth seated herself on the low parapet, whilst Muriel stood looking down upon the water lilies, resting their white or yellow blossoms on their large glossy leaves.

"I like to bring a book here," Ruth said; "it is so peaceful. You see that small iron gate? That leads into the grounds of Hawthorn Glen; but very few people come up here."

"That is where that blind gentleman lives, is it not? A literary man, I think you said."

"More scientific than literary, I believe, but I have not yet spoken to Mr. Stanley. Poor man! he only lost his sight a few years ago. Mrs. Stanley called on us; she is a very pleasant, homely little lady."

"Isn't it trying that I have not yet got anything to do in the way of earning my living?" Ruth went on, after a few minutes' pause. "I begin quite to despair."

At this moment the gate Ruth had pointed out was opened, and a child's invalid carriage was seen, attended by a middle-aged nurse.

"That is little May Stanley, the Stanleys' grandchild; such a dear little thing! She is nearly seven years old, though she is so small. She has something the matter with her spine."

"Poor child! May we speak to her?" inquired Muriel.

"Oh, yes. I always do," answered Ruth; and she went forward and stooped to kiss the sweet child face, saying, "Here is a lady who would like to kiss you, May."

The child slightly turned her head to receive Muriel's proffered kiss, and gave a pleased look at the kind face bent over her.

"Let us stop here, nurse," she said. "There, now I can see the dear water lilies."

Muriel, seating herself on the stump of a tree by the side of the little girl, began telling her of some of the poor young sufferers she often went to see in the Children's Hospital, and how much good it would do some of them if they could be in a nice home in the country.

"Do you know my papa, then?" asked May. "He goes to see the poor children in the hospital sometimes. He says seeing his little May not well makes him want to help all the poor little things when they're ill, only he can't, for it would take more than all his money."

"Then you live in London, I suppose?"

"No, I live with grandmamma now, because papa's parish is in a part where the houses are built so close to one another that the doctor said I should not get strong there."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?" Muriel inquired.

"No; and papa has nobody but me, for God took mamma to heaven when I was a wee baby. I'm so sorry not to be strong and well, so that I could keep him company."

"I hope you will get stronger when you get bigger, darling," said Muriel, her heart filled with tenderness for the motherless little invalid. "And even if you never get very strong, you may be a great comfort to

"How can I? He always has a sad look in his eyes when he is talking to me, even when he is talking fun," replied May, with a very pathetic look in her eyes, now raised to Muriel's face.

How acute the observation even a sick child will learn to make of the expression of the faces around Muriel had already noticed, and she wondered little that the father had been unable to hide his sorrow from his child.

Ruth having managed to capture some of the lilies by the aid of her parasol, gave them to May, and she and Muriel continued their walk. After reaching the summit of the hill, and enjoying the charming panoramic view, they returned by another path to the main road. As they drew near the principal gates of Hawthorn Glen, a woman ran from the lodge to open one, and a tall gentleman with a long white beard stepped out, and walked along, apparently without fear, though he now and then touched the pathway in front of him with his walking-stick.

"That is Mr. Stanley," whispered Ruth.

Presently he stood still, and waited until the girls approached.

"Am I right in thinking it is Miss Stacey's voice I hear?" he said.

"Yes," answered Ruth, rather astonished he should recognise it.

"You are surprised. I heard you speak last Sunday as we were coming out of church, and I never forget a voice I have heard distinctly. But is Mrs. Stacey with you?"

"No, Miss Egerton, a friend visiting us," replied Ruth, introducing Muriel.

"I was going to make my apologies to your mamma for not calling on her before. I hope to do so soon, but though a blind man, I'm a busy one, Miss Stacey."

As they walked along Mr. Stanley informed them that he was going to the Vicarage to see if he could get any help. He was just placed in an awkward dilemma by his amanuensis, who also acted as secretary, being obliged to leave him suddenly.

"Unfortunately," continued Mr. Stanley, "I am in the midst of preparing a scientific paper to be read at the Royal Institution, and I need a gentleman who is not only sufficiently acquainted with Latin, French, and German, to look up notes in those languages, but one who has some slight knowledge of natural science. So you see it is not an easy matter for me to get anyone at a moment's notice."

Muriel gave Ruth a significant glance, but seeing that she hesitated to speak, plucked up her courage.

"I think I know one who could be of use to you, if you would be willing to try her."

"A lady? Well, why not? they are getting very clever nowadays. Pray, who is the lady—yourself?" said Mr. Stanley, smiling.

"Oh, no, I mean Miss Stacey."

"Miss Stacey! I did not know I had so learned a young lady neighbour."

Ruth recovering from her timidity, told Mr. Stanley how she had been engaged a few months before her father's death in translating some German books on natural history for him, and how glad she would be if she could be of any help until a more suitable amanuensis was found.

"Well, really, Miss Stacey," Mr. Stanley said, "I am inclined to accept your offer if Mrs. Stacey approves. If you will allow me I will go home with you now, instead of going to see our vicar."

After a conversation with Mrs. Stacey and a few more inquiries concerning Ruth's capabilities, it was arranged that she should at once begin going for a few hours daily to read to Mr. Stanley and make such notes as he might require. This ended after a fortnight's trial in his being so thoroughly satisfied with

the intelligent and earnest manner in which she set herself to work, that he engaged her for a permanency, giving her very liberal remuneration.

"It is all your doings, Muriel," said Ruth, when she brought home the joyful news.

Muriel and Connie generally accompanied Ruth on her way to Hawthorn Glen, and it so happened that they frequently met May and her nurse, and prolonged their walk to have a chat with her. So fond did the little invalid get of the kind lady with "happy eyes" that if a day passed without a meeting, it was quite a disappointment. Muriel had been invited to luncheon two or three times by Mrs. Stanley; for the child's sake in the first instance, but both she and Ruth very quickly became favourites with her and her husband. It was within a week of Muriel's return home after her long visit, when Mrs. Stanley, always brisk and active, came in with more than her usual animation.

"My dear Miss Egerton," she said, "I have come on purpose to see you. The post brought me such news this morning! You remember I told you my son had been recommended to put our little pet under the care of a doctor who had been very successful with one or two similar cases. Well, he tells me he has made final arrangements with this gentleman that May shall be at his house for a few months. At first my son hesitated because of the locality, but finding the house is a large, old-fashioned one, standing in a really good-sized garden, and being very prepossessed with both the doctor and his wife, he has no longer any hesitation. One thing the doctor stipulated; that is, that his daughter, who is particularly fond of and clever at nursing, is to have the principal charge of May, our nurse being also there."

"Oh, Mrs. Stanley, you don't mean my father, do you?" ejaculated Muriel, with heightened colour.

"Yes, my dear, I do, and I look upon it as quite providential. May is half wild with delight, and we are all very pleased."

"It is kind of you to say so," said Muriel, "and does it not seem as if everything were helping me on to my heart's desire?"

So it came to pass that Muriel's journey home was made in company with May and the nurse, and her first introduction to the Rev. Frank Stanley took place at the station, where her mother had come with him to meet them. At the end of the time specified by Dr. Egerton May had so far benefited by the treatment that he considered it better for her to return to Meadowfield. During her residence at his house, her father's frequent visits there were a matter of course. But May's departure made no difference in this respect. Was this out of gratitude alone?

We will be impertinent enough to listen to part of a *tête-à-tête* between the Rev. Frank Stanley and Muriel. Of a former day's conversation we say nothing, seeing it had been somewhat of the nature of a confession.

"Indeed, Frank, I think if I had had any idea when May came to us of how I should be induced to relinquish my cherished plans, I should have said it was impossible. Even now a feeling comes over me—can it be right?"

"Our plans are not always God's plans for us, dearest."

"No; but all seemed working together to fit me to carry mine out."

"All has been 'working together' no doubt, Muriel, to fit you for this unthought-of future. It was not ordinary home-girl life that would have fitted you so well to give a mother's care to a little invalid."

"I don't think that would have been a difficult thing for me, Frank, for your sake, even if I did not love her for her own sake."

A year later and the village of Meadowfield is *en fête*, for to-day the new vicar has brought home his bride.

Again Ruth and Muriel are exchanging confidences, this time in the Vicarage garden.

"After all," Ruth says, "I'm not sure

that we have not attained the best of our desires, though they appeared thwarted. Certainly I'm not likely to become a professor," she adds, laughing; "but I'm one in a secondhand way. And you, Muriel; well, your little May will need good nursing yet."

Muriel looks fondly at the child, who

walks with feeble steps, holding her father's hand, proud of her newly-acquired powers.

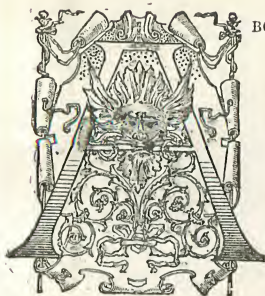
"Yes, Ruth, I think we have. At any rate, I know I have my heart's desire," answers Muriel, glancing at her husband with a glad light in her "happy eyes."

[THE END.]

HOW WORKING GIRLS LIVE IN LONDON.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART II.



ABOUT their place of residence a considerable number of the working girls of London have no difficulty whatever. They live with their parents, or find shelter under the hospitable roof of those on whom they have family claims.

As a rule such girls are fortunate. They are under watchful eyes—which is a good thing, though not always appreciated—and have those over them who are entitled to ask an account of their comings and goings. Friends are already provided; there is a fireside circle ready made, and in trouble and anxiety they have those about them in whom they can confide. A girl living at home has always somebody to espouse her interests; like one we met a short time back, who had six brothers, and when her young man tried to back out of his promise to marry, the six brothers went to him and threatened that if he did they would cut him into small pieces.

A marked advantage that girls often possess who stay with relations is, that they are not called upon to provide entirely for their own support. To find oneself in butter is not so difficult if bread come to us in the shape of presentation loaves. Not unfrequently they are set to work merely to keep themselves in clothes and out of mischief, and if they are sometimes made to contribute towards the expense of board and lodging, these payments are seldom more than a fraction of what they would be were they in the position of strangers.

This is pleasant enough for the girls themselves, but no one can say it is a good thing for the community. It tends to reduce wages, because those girls needing less are content to work for less. In this way life is made a harder matter for all who have none but themselves to look to for support.

Next to living at home, the simplest mode of existence is that in lodgings. It is far from an ideal form of life for a young woman, but there is not much of the ideal about London, and we must describe things as we find them. A girl with no friends in town comes up from the country, say, to a situation in a shop, and she drifts into lodging life by necessity, perhaps, more than from choice. Girls, too, who are London born not unfrequently find their way into lodgings, having had to leave home through no fault of their own. Their mother may be dead and their father have introduced a stepmother to whom their presence in the house is unwelcome. Quarrels, too, are sometimes at the bottom of their leaving home, and now and then we meet with a girl in lodgings who has been enticed

away by people influenced by motives of which the less said the better.

Life in lodgings has freedom about it. The restraints are few, and seldom more severe than that which our friend Lucy encountered when her landlady hearing her singing—Lucy is always at it—called upstairs and said, "Stop that bawling!"

Taking in lodgers is an immense industry, no doubt because it is a convenient way of eking out a small income. In the London Post Office Directory lodging-houses and boarding-houses are classed together, and there are about eighteen hundred of them. This, however, fails to give any idea of the actual number, for a great many people—the majority in fact—who keep lodgers and take in boarders would never think of inserting their names in the directory under this heading. Forty advertisements of apartments to let taken at random from the daily papers were recently compared with the list in the Directory, and out of the forty only two gave addresses which appeared in the Directory.

In lodgings an independent girl sometimes lives all alone and keeps company with none but herself. But to live alone is dreary unless one has at command considerable mental resources and a world of philosophy, not to speak of its being dangerous. It is all very well to talk about the advantages of solitude, but there is no question about its being a good thing that nature has made girls disposed to fly in flocks.

Union is not only strength but economy, and even from the point of view of making the most of scanty wages girls are sensible in clubbing together as they do in twos and threes for the use of the same apartment. Sometimes we find sisters living together in this way; in other cases they are friends hailing from the same country town, who have come to London together to encourage each other in the struggle for existence.

It is often a difficult matter to get suitable lodgings, especially for girls. Many people who have rooms to let object to women folk on any terms whatever. A standing objection is that they give more trouble than men; then, having narrower means, they are less liberal in their settlements, and have too keen an eye on every item in the weekly bill. Other reasons, too, will be found suggesting themselves to every landlady of prudence.

The recommendation of friends is the best thing on which to go in taking lodgings, and there are Christian and benevolent institutions from whom girls can now ask advice in the matter. Let them beware of relying wholly on their own judgment, for there are many dangerous lodging-houses, the characteristics of which might not at first be recognised by the inexperienced.

"It is impossible," says a writer in the *Leisure Hour*, "to be too particular about the character of the inmates of the lodging-house in which one purposes to stay. A word on this point is enough to the wise, but that the word may be rendered more emphatic, we shall supplement it by an anecdote told by

Mr. James Nasmyth, the famous engineer, in his biography, about his first coming to London.

"On arriving from Edinburgh, quite a lad, he was accompanied by his father. The two looked for lodgings for young Nasmyth in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Road, so as to be near the engineering work in which he was to be employed. One of the houses they visited was situated immediately behind the Surrey Theatre. It seemed a nice, tidy house, and the father appeared to have a liking for it. 'But when we were introduced,' says the son, 'into the room where I was to sleep, he observed an ultra-gay bonnet lying on the bed, with flashy bright ribbons hanging from it. This sight seemed to alter his ideas, and he did not take the lodging, but took another where there was no such bonnet. . . I afterwards asked him why he had not taken that nice lodging? 'Well,' he said, 'did you see that ultra-gay bonnet lying on the bed? I think that looked suspicious.'"

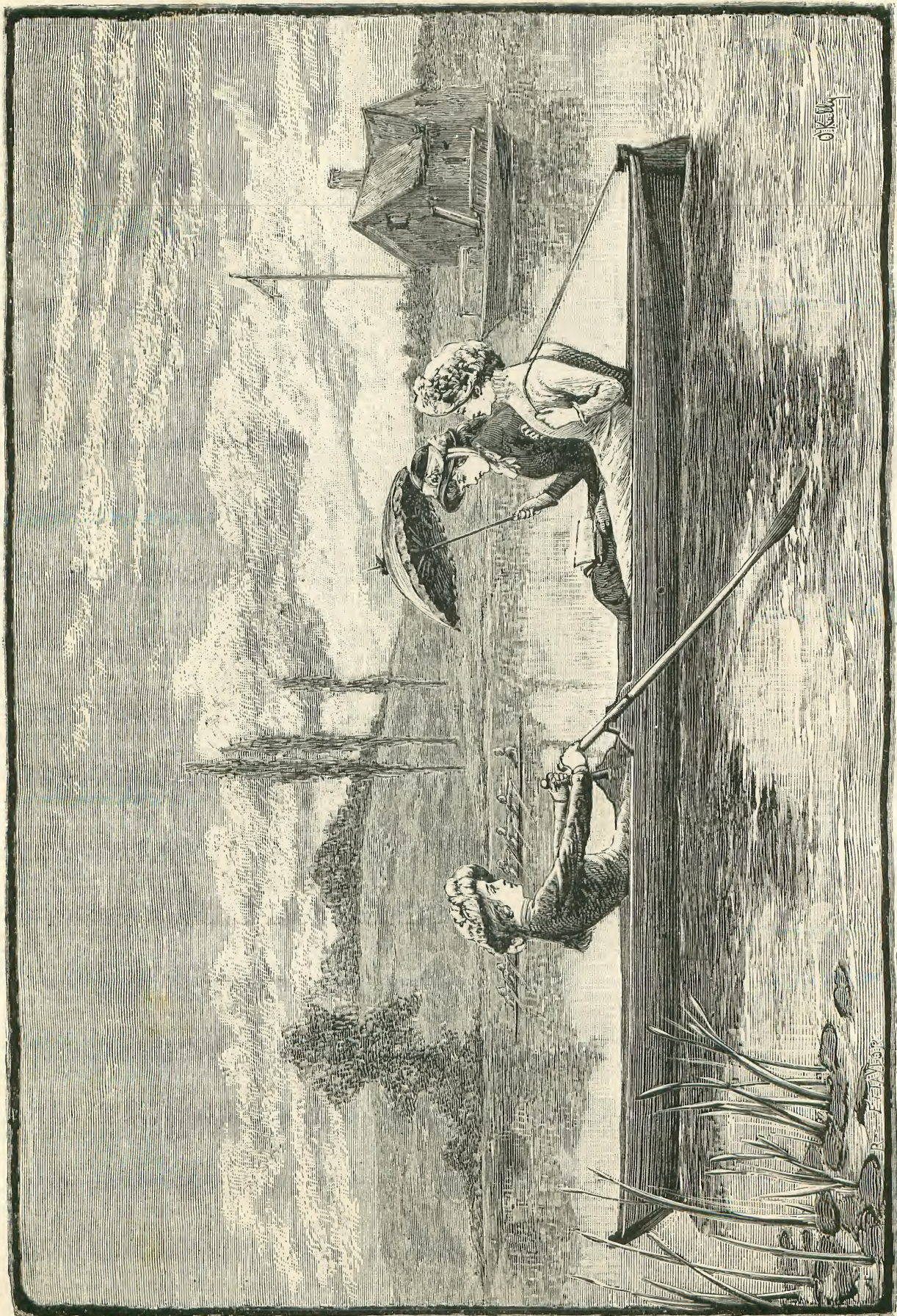
Even when we are satisfied as to the character of the people living in the house, there are many points remaining that call for the exercise of judgment. In taking lodgings one must be all eyes, ears, and nose. The appearance of the house from the street should be noted, and it is folly, unless driven by sheer necessity, so much as to knock at the door of a house the windows of which look as if they would be the better of being cleaned, or the blinds and curtains of which seem as if they should, long ago, have paid a visit to the washtub. It is true that a lean purse cannot command a palace, but poverty is a lame excuse for dirt.

A man who had an extensive experience of London lodgings, hit on a plan, which he claimed to be infallible, for discovering the amount of attention paid to cleanliness. When he went prowling round looking for apartments, he always made up an excuse for asking such an unexpected question, and said, "I should be glad to have a look at your frying-pan."

That was the test he applied. A greasy, dirty frying-pan, he had found by experience, indicated general dust and disorder, both upstairs and down, and the sight of it saved him the trouble of further investigation.

The distance of lodgings from one's work is of considerable importance. Cheap railway tickets to suburban districts have done much to send girls farther afield than of old; but to many even these small fares are an impossible expenditure. Those who are obliged by their occupations to be late of reaching home should look upon a near-at-hand place of residence as a necessity.

It goes without saying that the cost of lodgings varies with the locality and the accommodation. Lodging-house keepers, like other people, know their value, and if you want to be comfortable you must pay for it. A humble street off an East-end thoroughfare furnishes, perhaps, the extreme of cheapness, just as the other extreme is to be found in the streets off Piccadilly. A working girl who has to cut her coat according to her cloth will find that not much is to be got for three



"THE AUTHORESS ABANDONED HERSELF TO THE DELIGHT OF THE MOMENT."

shillings and sixpence a week—a box of a room maybe at the top of a house, cold in winter, hot in summer, and with little furniture, save a bedstead, a table, and a chair.

In connection with rent, it ought to be pointed out to girls who have little to spend and want to get good value for their money, that a neatly-kept house is as a rule cheaper to live in than one managed in a slovenly fashion. People who have not observed much often think the reverse, and jump to the conclusion that when a house has not much care bestowed upon it, the landlady can afford and is willing to let apartments at low rates. It is not so. The character of slovenly landladies is this: what they lack in tidiness they make up for in audacity.

Girls who take rather dismal lodgings may do much themselves in the way of beautifying them. If a room is bare a very little taste will often make it bright. It is wonderful what girls sometimes do in this way, and with such simple materials as a flower in a flowerpot, or a few engravings cut from an illustrated newspaper, and it is worth observing that such efforts are in a woman's line of usefulness. Those who have to earn their own living cannot be expected to have much leisure, or energy either, for housework, but domestic instincts should not be entirely neglected. A girl is quite wrong who thinks it will make her an old woman before her time if she tries in the narrow sphere of lodgings to act as a model housekeeper.

In taking lodgings it is well to have a clear understanding—and understandings should always be in writing—as to charges, not only for the room, but for "extras." There should be no chance of a disagreement as to the price of gas or coals or anything else.

When meals are taken in lodgings, one of two plans may be followed. The landlady may supply whatever is required and charge only her outlay, or meals may be set down in her bill at a fixed price. The latter plan certainly pleases the landlady the best, as she makes most profit out of it; the lodger gains

nothing by it, and, in fact, loses one of the delights of independence when she ceases to have command of stores which she can call her own. The most economical way is certainly for everyone to do her marketing for herself.

Girls who worked in lodgings at their business and had a little property there in the shape of tools and apparatus—a sewing machine, for example—were several years ago liable to a great hardship. Their effects might be seized to help to satisfy the claims of the superior landlord, even though they had paid their own rent regularly. This very unfair state of things has been done away with, and a lodger who pays her way need no longer fear having her "furniture, goods and chattels" disposed of to pay a debt with which she has nothing in the world to do.

The law now runs that "if a superior landlord levies a distress on any furniture, goods, or chattels of any lodger for arrears of rent due to him by his immediate tenant, the lodger may serve the superior landlord or the bailiff or any person employed by him to levy the distress with a declaration to the effect that the immediate tenant—that is to say, the lodger's landlord or landlady—has no right of property or beneficial interest in the furniture, goods, or chattels so distrained or threatened to be distrained upon, and that such property belongs to or is in the lawful possession of the lodger. The lodger must also state how much rent, if any, is due by her to her landlord or landlady, and may pay the superior landlord or the bailiff any sum so due."

If the superior landlord, in the face of this notice, is so foolish as to persist in levying the distress, he is guilty of an illegal distress, and the lodger may recover her goods by application to a stipendiary magistrate or two justices.

Working girl lodgers, it is to be feared, however, are much more frequently behind-hand with their rent than their landladies. With the small wages that ordinarily prevail, a girl, once she gets in debt to the landlady—and the first steps in that direction are remark-

ably easy—has often the utmost difficulty in getting out again. It is an uphill fight indeed, in which few come off victorious.

We remember well a girl we once met in lodgings who had not taken to heart the golden maxim, "Pay as you go, and what you're worth you'll know." She got behind a week's rent. The next week's rent she paid. The week following she satisfied the landlady with fair promises, and so the one week owing became two. The fourth week she paid, after which she missed another week, and thus it went on, till at last she was several months behind. The landlady, a simple, good-hearted soul, was gulled by her plausible excuses, and entertained no suspicions that Mabel would play her a trick instead of settling her now considerable bill.

One fine day Mabel announced that she was going out of town, *her employer having given* her a short holiday. She took away—if we remember rightly, it was a box and a bag, but she left in charge of the landlady two considerable sized brown paper parcels marked with her own name and "with care" written conspicuously in the left-hand top corner. These parcels, she said, might as well lie, if the landlady would kindly permit it, till her return.

Week passed after week, but Mabel never came back. The landlady at last thought she would open the parcels, which she had comforted herself by estimating as good security for the unpaid rent. We were with her when she did so. The contents of both were much the same—two bricks, fragments of pasteboard boxes, pieces of brown paper, and a dozen or so of old newspapers.

In such shabby actions people too often take refuge when they begin to flounder in the quagmire of debt. So, girls who live in lodgings, whatever your income, let there be impressed on the minds of all of you the maxim which Mabel forgot: "Pay your landlady what you owe, and what you're worth you'll know."

(To be continued.)



THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's self in print."

With eager eyes Evelyn watched for her first proofs. Her book was to be hurried through the press that she might see it complete before the projected departure of herself, Mrs. and Miss Lancaster, to Switzerland early in August. There was so little of it, it would not take long to set up, the publisher had assured her.

One morning at breakfast-time the anxiously-expected packet arrived. Evelyn seized it with kindling eyes and broke the wrapper. Yes! there were her own verses on the long strips of paper.

"Your poems? Oh, do let me see!"

cried Dottie, rushing round to peep over her cousin's shoulder. "How lovely they look! You needn't push me away, Evelyn. But what is this?"

'Far, far and wide resound amain
The tuneful snores of Arcady.'

And Dottie burst into a peal of laughter.

"How stupid you are, Dot," replied Evelyn, a little crossly; "can't you see it ought to be *shores*?" Of course there will be mistakes; there always are in proofs."

The embryo authoress gathered up her papers and departed to her own little sanctum in mid-breakfast.

"Dot! Dot!" said Mrs. Lancaster, reprovingly, "your spirits run away

with you, my dear; you have quite put your cousin out."

"She'll soon come round again, mother dear," responded the imperturbable Dottie; "it did look so funny I really could not help laughing."

"Well, she is a very clever girl, and in the main a very good one; I will say that for her," observed Mrs. Lancaster; "but her uncle doesn't like this publishing at all. 'You ought to exercise more control over her,' says he to me as plain as plain can be the *other morning* when he called, and you were having your debating society upstairs. But I told him straight out that I couldn't do it; she's too old and too set in her ways to be said by me. I did show him her

'Lines to a Faded Flower,' that she copied out because I liked them so, but he pished and pshawed like anything, and I'm afraid he and Evelyn didn't get on at all well afterwards, for he went straight out of the house with a slam of the door and never so much as a 'good-morning' to me. These people that are so clever in their intellects seem often a little short in their tempers," moralised Mrs. Lancaster. "Now there's Algy, dear fellow! you see he did nothing much at college, but he is the easiest and sweetest of tempers to get on with I ever did come across."

Meanwhile Evelyn was feasting in blissful solitude upon her proof sheets. She had thoughtfully provided herself beforehand with an advertisement cut out of a magazine, of Macniven and Cameron's pens, a delightful advertisement that shows the tyro in publishing how to correct the many and manifold errors to which printers are liable. She had studied beforehand all the mystic signs and methods of correction, and now was hard at it. First, she flew with energy at the downright blunders that made nonsense of her verses, such as snores for shores, tight for light, morality for mortality; then, when these were deeply scored out, she had breath and leisure for the slighter errors of quotation marks, punctuation, dashes, and the like. It was a charming task, and a couple of hours soon passed away while she was engaged in it.

In the delight of seeing one's thoughts for the first time in print, there is surely something deeper than the gratification of mere foolish vanity. In the printed page there lies the symbol of that intercourse with the outer world, the world outside ourselves, that is a need of our spirits. What constitutes the charm in sharing the enthusiasm of a mighty multitude of which we form a part? Is it not this participation in the thought of humanity? We are not isolated atoms, but parts of a mighty whole, and whatever the barrier may be that sunders us from our fellows, there is an imperious need, now and again, to break it down.

Evelyn congratulated herself repeatedly that she had not complied with her uncle's wish, for her poems looked far better in print than they had done in manuscript, and as she murmured them low to herself in lilting lines, the poor young authoress thought, "These must and will win a hearing—some at least will appreciate them."

Leaning back in her chair, pen in hand, she lost herself in dreaming over the reviews there would be, the second edition (possibly) called for, the letters she would receive from grateful and delighted readers. "Yes, the author's life is worth living," she said, aloud; and then she read through the poem entitled "The Lark," which, as it was about the best in the book, we may quote as a specimen of her powers:—

Fain would I soar but that I cannot rise.

My wings refuse to bear me; yet it seems

I needs must strive to reach the far-off skies,

The fields of air, the region of my dreams.

With panting heart I sigh, and look, and long

To quit the narrow bounds where life is spent;

To pour my heart forth in ascending song,

Then sink awhile to rest, and satisfied content.

I have a nest among the quiet grass, Right soft and warm: and dear it is to me;

None do I know that can mine own surpass—

The nest is sweetest of all nests that be.

I love it well, nor lightly would I roam,

Yet, there enfolded, would not always stay;

Constant my heart is to my little home,

And yet it breaks to soar far upwards towards the day.

Will it be ever thus? or shall I find Some heaven-sent moment when my wings are free,

When I can taste the ecstasy combined

Of upward flight, and earth-born ministry?

Then would my lot indeed be fully blest,

Then would my restless heart for aye be still,

When both in turn were mine—the happy nest,

And Heaven to sing in at mine own sweet will!

Evelyn had written these lines out of the fulness of her heart, when the contrast between the comfort of her home, the kindness of her relations on the one hand, and her unsatisfied longings on the other, was more than usually keen. It was the best of her poems, just because it was sincere, while many others expressed emotion that she only knew at second-hand.

The package bore the word "Immediate," and Evelyn knew she dare not retain the proof sheets. She went out herself when she was quite sure she had corrected them to the uttermost detail, and posted them in the nearest post-office. No other hand might be trusted with such precious freight.

The same experience recurred for many days, with but brief intervals free from the delightful occupation of receiving proofs and correcting them. Then came a blank; and at last, one enchanting and never-to-be-forgotten morning, the carrier left a great package in the thickest of brown paper, with tenpence to pay.

There it was! a thin (a very thin) volume bound in white parchment, with a decorative design on the cover representing a gilt crescent moon and a few stars. The words "Day-dreams, by Espérance," were sketched diagonally across in a very vague and poetic manner. The paper was as unusually thick as the book was unusually thin, and the rivulet of print filtered through immense shores of margin. Evelyn, in the seventh

heaven of bliss, instantly presented a copy to Mrs. Lancaster, another to Dottie, and then, in the fulness of her heart, began with the upper servants.

"I don't know whether you'd like a copy of my poems, Ellis?" she observed to the head parlourmaid.

That usually imperturbable personage relaxed into a smile and a look of wonder, as she said, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged, Miss."

Both smile and look of wonder were delicious to Evelyn, who went on with her presentations till she began to see her first consignment of copies would not go very far at that rate. The whole household was soon supplied with copies of "Day-dreams"; they lay thick as leaves about the servants' hall. Let us hope the domestics read them; at any rate they showed them to the tradesmen who called that day, with amusement and pride evenly mingled, and much surprise that Miss Hope had chosen a cover that would soil so quickly.

Then followed the gifts to friends. On the next session of the debating society every member was formally presented with a copy. Evelyn might be sure of readers here! Only, unfortunately, nearly every one had read the poems in manuscript, or heard them recited at penny readings and literary societies. The kind vicar, who took a fatherly and an over-partial interest in Evelyn's efforts, was not forgotten; but when it became evident that every member of her large circle of friends expected the offering as a matter of course, the author demurred.

"I have given away thirty-two copies already," she complained to Dottie; "and did you notice how pointedly Mrs. Mills said this afternoon to auntie, she had not had the pleasure of reading it yet? Why can't she buy the book? It's only three and ninepence with the discount off."

But the last thing your friend will do for you, as Evelyn had yet to discover, is to buy the book you have written. He would gladly lavish money on you if you needed it; he has plenty to spare; but he will not devote three and ninepence to reducing the numbers of your first edition, and lending you glory in the eyes of local booksellers.

If you want him to read your book, he reflects, you ought to give it him; for (so it seems to him) you can, of course, command unlimited copies free of all cost to yourself. This is one of the incidental circumstances of an author's career.

But how delightful it all was! The topic of "Day-dreams" was the most charming that could present itself to the young author's ears. The oft-repeated congratulation never palled; she found herself listening for it whenever she met anyone whom she had not seen since the book was published. If any of her friends who had read the poems would discuss them with her, she kindled into animation instantly. But such friends were few and far between. Undiscriminating praise was rather the rule in Evelyn's circle, and on the whole it was very delicious, though an occasional indication that they who praised had not read, rather disturbed the author's

complacency. She had numerous letters of thanks in return for the books she had sent by post, but they all ran: "I am sure I shall greatly enjoy reading the poems." All in the future tense! Why, oh why! could not the recipients have waited a day or two, read the volume through, and sent a discriminating criticism (laudatory, of course) with their thanks? This could not but occur to Evelyn, but it seemed the rule to postpone reading the poems until the thanksgiving letter had been sent.

All this delightful little stir and excitement rather diverted Evelyn's mind from a coming event that filled Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie with anticipation—a projected visit to Switzerland, where Algy was to meet them, and after which he proposed to return to England with his relatives, to begin his career at the Bar. Evelyn scarcely cared, intensely as she loved Switzerland, to leave the little scene of her triumphs.

One day, shortly before the date fixed for their departure, Dottie received a note at breakfast time, which caused her to exclaim:—

"Bertha Maxwell wants us to go and spend a day with her on the Thames, Evelyn. She is longing to see you, she says, and talk over 'Day-dreams.' She proposes to read your poems aloud, while I row. Here is the letter."

Bertha Maxwell, already introduced at the "Mayflower Club" as the plain, delicate girl who adored Evelyn, was staying at a village up the river with her parents for a few weeks. The prospect was alluring to the authoress, never sated with praise, and she accepted the invitation with alacrity.

The weather was lovely; Evelyn was welcomed with effusion, and the three girls started forth after luncheon for a long afternoon and evening on the beautiful Thames. "Day-dreams" was safely in Bertha's pocket.

"What a comfort I can row!" reflected Dottie. She was a good-natured

girl, who heartily admired her cousin, but she was getting just a little weary of "Day-dreams." Not so Bertha.

Dottie took both oars and sculled vigorously. Evelyn undertook to steer. Bertha drew forth the beloved volume, and in her plaintive, musical voice began the well-known lines. The authoress abandoned herself to the delight of the moment. It was an exquisite August day; the river gleamed like silver, a breeze ruffled its surface, the trees bent their wealth of foliage down into the water, the summer warmth made the cool rush down stream delicious to the dreaming senses. To recline like this, drinking in the beauties of nature, to hear one's own poetry sympathetically read the while, to revel in vague visions of future brilliancy and success; what could be more enchanting? Evelyn was absorbed in the ecstasy of the moment, when—bang—thump! came a violent collision, mingled with a sharp masculine exclamation. All three girls started in terror at the shock.

Dottie took in the situation at a glance. Their boat had run straight into a punt moored against the bank, from which a gentleman had been serenely fishing. Evelyn had absently tugged with her right arm, regardless of consequences. No damage was done to either craft, but the fisherman was obviously very angry at so gratuitous a blunder, and glared through his *pince-nez* at them as he busied himself with rod and line. Oh, horror! it was no other than Evelyn's uncle, Mr. Austin Hope.

As this fact dawned on both parties, good breeding struggled with dismay on their side, annoyance on his.

"Well, Evelyn, my dear, you have frightened away the fishes in good earnest. What a remarkable coincidence—a coincidence in more senses than one!"

Evelyn hastened to explain the fact of her appearance on the scene, and to express wonder at her uncle being there.

"Oh, I often come down here for a day's fishing, with a favourite book," he rejoined. "But mind you don't get one of these collisions in mid-stream, or it would not be so slight a matter, unless you can all swim. Excuse my asking if you can manage a boat? Why doesn't one of you steer?"

"I was steering, uncle, but——"

"I was reading aloud to Evelyn some of the poems we all love so dearly," put in poor little Bertha, hoping this would smooth matters down; and she offered the volume, with a smile, to Mr. Hope. Evelyn wished she could sink through the floor of the boat. Save us from our friends! Mr. Hope took it, glared for one brief moment at the ornamental cover, and handed it *ceremoniously back* to Bertha.

"I quite understand now why my niece could not attend to her steering," he replied. "I should suggest that *she* read aloud, if you must have reading, and that somebody else took command of the tiller. The effect possibly would not be so engrossing in that case. At any rate, pray don't get spilt, poems or no poems, or you will find your 'day-dreams' come to rather a rough waking."

It was of no use. He would not appreciate, or be anything but extremely unkind, thought Evelyn, bitterly, while, with the volume packed well out of sight, the trio rowed away.

Mr. Hope watched them with a curious little feeling of compunction, as the long narrow boat with its pretty load shot from his sight. He always seemed to get "across" with Evelyn, yet in his way he was fond of his brother's only daughter. "I was obliged to speak plainly to the little goose, or the whole three of them would have been in the Thames directly," he reflected. "When vanity's at stake a woman is blind and deaf to everything else. 'Day-dreams' indeed!"

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE DIGNITY OF ART.

John Crome, the landscape painter, "Old Crome," as he is affectionately called, died in 1821. On the day of his death he charged his eldest son, who was sitting by his bed, never to forget the dignity of art.

"Johnny, my boy," said he, "paint, but paint for fame, and if your subject is only a pigsty, dignify it, Johnny."

JOINED FOR LIFE.—What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest in each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the last parting?—*George Eliot.*

THREE UNTRUSTWORTHY THINGS.—"There are three things," says Southey, "a wise man will not trust: the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and a woman's plighted faith."

EARLY RISING.

A young woman who had contracted the bad habit of rising very late excused herself in the following way to her friends who upbraided her:—

"Every morning," she said, "before I rise I hear a curious cause pleaded before me between Diligence and Sloth. The one advises me to get up and employ myself about some useful work, the other speaks much in praise of a warm bed and the superiority of rest over toil. In a scrupulous attention to both parties I find a great deal of my time in the morning is passed in bed."

THE BAD HOUSEKEEPER.—The more curious a woman is about her face, the more careless she commonly is about her house.—*Ben Jonson.*

NOTES ON IRONING.—Smoothing irons are of late invention. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I., large stones, inscribed with texts of Scripture, were used for ironing.

HOW THEY BECAME ENGAGED.

"So you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, whilst they were looking over some music together one evening. "What would you take me for, then?"

"For better, for worse," replied he, and he was accepted.

TRUTH ABOVE ALL THINGS.—There is no wisdom save in truth.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

A FURTHER list of subscriptions received up to the 25th of April.

One Who Wishes Success to the Effort, 2s. 6d., Collected by Margaret Hall, £1, Ellen S. Potter, 5s., L. P. Gray, 10s., Anonymous, 1s., Marjorie, 1s., Collected by Mrs. Armour, £1 10s., Lennie, 5s., M. M. E., 1s., A. F. White, 1s., Lily, 3s., V. R., 2s., "Grateful," 5s., "Bluebell," 1s., Collected by A. T. Pundee, 3s., Mary K. Gibson, £1.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THERE do not seem to be any very great changes to chronicle in the regions of dress, as may be gathered from our illustrations, where everything that has been visible up to the date of the present writing has been carefully noted. In the way of bonnets it hardly seems as if they could grow much smaller, for they are like plates, and very small ones too at present. In fact, in Paris they are known as *assiette* (or plate) bonnets; and where they are concerned the home milliner may certainly be congratulated, for the trimming employed consists only in one of the large flat "Alsatian bows," and generally nothing else whatsoever—not even strings. The shape as purchased, either in straw or chip, is very peculiar in appearance—not round, but more like a long horse-shoe with a roof on it. The front rests on the head, but the fringe of hair is below it, and sometimes even some loops of velvet or ribbon placed directly under the brim of the bonnet. I cannot say that I think they are very becoming, yet they have a certain style, which

with their neat, closely-reefed appearance, will be sure to commend them to the English-woman, who has always had, and always will have, a liking for such little bonnets. Chip is to return to fashion again, as well as fancy straws. But for the summer drawn gauze, crêpe embroidered in gold, and black lace will be the correct materials. The new strings are very short and are rather narrow; they are simply tied in a bow with short ends under the chin, and the ends of the bows are not pinned up. The large Alsatian bows are now being a little relieved by a few flowers which spring from their centre.

During April the mourning for the late Duchess of Cambridge has been so very generally observed that amongst the higher classes, and those who really set the fashion, black has been the only wear, and the prevalence of this mourning will of course retard the purchase of new spring things.

Hats seem to me to be in a state of transition; those illustrated in "Three New Styles

in Headgear" are the newest. We have not quite lost the large hat, but it has altered, and the front, though large and much bent about at the edge, according to the will of the owner and her milliner, is made of a transparent gauze or straw, and is very generally unlined, and often bent up into a peak. Some of the new hats are made in two materials, the crown of fancy straw work and the brim of crinoline, or *vice-versâ*. Some crowns are made of material, while the brims are of chip, and gold and silver cord are both largely used in hats and bonnets. The former, with velvet brims and crowns, are ornamented with lace-straw at the edge.

The new ribbons are extremely wide and handsome in appearance, and equally good in quality. In fact, the ribbon trade, which has been in a very languishing condition for some years, must have taken a new lease of life this season, for never were ribbons more worn in every department of dress. They are generally striped in two halves, a figured and a plain,



IN THE PARK.

and a gauze is mixed with silk and velvet, moiré with satin and gros-grain, and brocaded stripes with all of them.

It has turned out a perfect season for flowers, and never, I think, were artificial blooms brought to such a perfection of beauty. The violets, mignonette, mimosa, lilac, spiræa, and sweet pea can hardly be distinguished from the natural blossoms. In the violets especially a vast improvement has been made; and much of this beautiful flower-making is said to be executed in London.

Grasses, too, are very pretty, and are made in all species, variegated and ordinary, as well for mixing with flowers on bonnets and hats. The only metal ornaments one sees at present are the long, narrow buckles called "Empire," which are more popular than pretty in my opinion.

In the way of *en tout cas*, as they are called, there is plenty of change. None of those seen at present are of the parasol species at all. All show more sense in the design, and are large. The sticks are not quite so long as they were last year, measuring about a yard and three or four inches in length; but the bows of ribbon with which they are all decorated make them look shorter. The ribbon is sometimes three inches wide, and is tied round the handle half way up. Stripes running round in two colours seem to constitute the present novelty, and the handsomest ones are in moiré, with a very superior description of handles or tops, in ivory, coral, or carved wood.

Black stockings are as much worn as ever, though they are now embroidered with colour to match the gown. In black silk, spun silk, and fine thread there are pretty varieties, with



THREE NEW STYLES IN HEADGEAR.



THE NEW CLOAK AND MANTLE.



DIRECTOIRE GOWN AND NEW WAY OF MAKING COTTONS AND THIN WOOLLENS.

half-inch lines up the foot and ankle of colour; or the same in cashmere with silk threads.

The old tale is again revived of the re-establishment of white stockings for this summer, but so far as one can see their advent is a long way off, and black and coloured stockings, in our changeable climate, are far too useful to be lightly superseded.

The new coloured cotton and winsey petticoats, brought out for the season, have nearly all of them a deep flounce of nearly a quarter of a yard round the edge. In silk petticoats, however, two flounces seem more the rule. This change has been very naturally brought about by the leaving off of steels in the dresses, which makes a little holding out desirable.

The most recent idea in underclothing has shown itself in a material called "cotton-wool." This is a lightly but well-woven material of cotton, hailing from Germany, as a kind of opponent to the all-wool natural underclothing from the same country, which was introduced a few years back, and has been very universally adopted. The "reformed

wear during the spring. Black moiré seems to be the universal lining, even though the jacket be a coloured one. Most jackets are open, with the fronts thrown back, either to display a waistcoat or the front of the dress. What is called "military blue," which is almost a grey lined with red, seems to be the favourite colour just at present, or else tan colour lined with black moiré. There are not many mantelettes, but they are nevertheless worn, and so are the shoulder capes of fur, which were much used on the cold days this spring. The sleeves of the newest mantelettes are very long, and nearly reach the ground, and all sleeves are inserted very high on the shoulder. Broché and plain and striped velvets are all worn for mantles; the first in small patterns seem the newest.

Large, full round cloaks, gathered at the neck, and full round the shoulders, or put into a yoke, are likely to be much worn. We have illustrated one of these, with a high Elizabethan collar, in this month's illustration, "The New Cloak and Mantle." The same kind of cloak is much in use for little children, with a gathered bonnet to match. They have a quaint and pretty effect, as seen in our little figure.

In the new way of making cottons and thin woollens, the folded bodice, the full sleeve, and the new skirt raised at the side (now so much worn) may be seen. The fancy for the mixture of white and black is shown in the jacket with white moiré lapels in the "New Styles in Headgear." "Princess dresses" are being much worn at present; but they seem to need more trimming now that they are not trained at the back. A velvet sleeveless Gitana or Figaro jacket is often worn with them; many of the very newest bodices are fastened down the back, a very inconvenient old fashion, necessitating the services of a maid. In our illustration it will be seen how very much the bodices of striped everyday gowns are cut on the cross, and the skirts also.

The newest gowns (as I think I stated last month) are absolutely without steels or mattresses. This seems more the case in France than here, where most of our best dressmakers either put a little wadding in the folds of the back drapery, or else a steel high up just below the waist. But the fashion of straight skirts and no bustle seems gaining on us, and we probably shall fully adopt it in the autumn.

In consequence of the many orders received, we have arranged to add a pattern of a gentleman's pyjama, or jacket and trousers for night wear, instead of the old-fashioned nightgown, to our list of paper patterns. It is usually made in Oxford shirting, or coloured shirting of some kind, and a cotton cord and tassels are often added to the jacket to tie round the waist. For travellers this pattern is invaluable, and is always the kind used in India, China, and other Eastern countries. It takes about seven yards of material—according to height—our pattern being, as usual, for a medium-sized person, but it can easily be enlarged; price 1s. This month we have the polonaise with pointed ends, Directoire gown, mantle and cloak; each pattern 1s. We have selected for this month's paper pattern one of the new mantles without sleeves, and of cape-like idea, which came in in the autumn and seems to be growing in favour daily. They are extremely simple, easy to make and fit, are very useful, and are of the same stuff as the dress. They take about four yards of material, according to the width, and may be trimmed with gimps, passementerie, lace, or a ruching of the dress material, any of which would look well; price 1s.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale, and one pattern given each month. They may be had of "The Lady

Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each pattern. If tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, including the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and



OLONAISE WITH POINTED FRONTS.

cotton-wool underclothing" is woven from cotton of the longest fibre, the natural hue, which is almost primrose, being preserved. It is claimed for it that when the cotton fibre is undressed, free from lime, glue, and glaze, and left clean and loose, it does not absorb exhalations any more than wool, and when woven in this state into the *tricot* or knitted stitch, they are better and a more natural adoption for underclothing than woollen, which is hotter and perhaps more relaxing to the skin. In the samples which we have seen there is one drawback, however, *i.e.*, that they are not woven but sewn into shape by the sewing machine, thus leaving ridges of cloth that here in England we are not accustomed to see. In order to perfect this idea such a fault should be corrected. The shapes seem to be peculiar also. There are long sleeves and low necks to the undervests, which appears an unnatural mixture.

The main thing to be seen in the drapers' windows are jackets of all kinds for out-of-door



MANTLE WITHOUT SLEEVES.

waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corset bodice with full front, spring mantle polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire or Zouave jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, Directoire redingote, bodice instead of stays, Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" bodice with folds in front, braided bodice with revers, and the "Empire" dress (consisting of a bodice and a skirt, which may be had separately at 1s. each).

AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

PART I.
FLOWERS OF SPRING.

LONG before the snow has disappeared from the uplands, while even the westland winds that roar through the leafless oaks and limes, and bend the giant poplars, have a keen cold edge on them, and ere yet there is a leaf-bud on bush and

hedgerow, except the burgeon of the early honeysuckle, the downy tassel on the willow, or catkin on the hazel, I begin to think of my long gipsy holiday. I may now be seen examining the springs of my great travelling caravan, or inside looking round to see what can be done to increase the beauty of the boudoir-saloon.

When later on the snows have fled, and buds become living, breathing things; when winter-weary dormice peep out from the hedge foot, and sit blinking in the sun; when hedgehogs themselves wake up and yawn; when the discordant shriek of the wyreneck heralds the coming of the nightingale; when thrushes have eggs, and blackbirds have young, and peewits on the braeland wage strategic warfare with wandering schoolboys; when primroses clothe the banks and copses with scented blossoms, blue hyacinths carpet the woods, and starry anemones peep through the grass and moss—then busy am I indeed with my preparations for the road.

But when at last the winds blow balmy from the south or west, and birds in field or copse or forest are almost hysterical in their joy of song, then I bid good-bye for a time to the rural village in which I live, and the very horses seem to rattle their harness with joy as they go cantering away to the wilds.

We shun the great highways of England and Scotland as much as possible; we avoid cities, and delight to be far from the roar of railway trains and shriek of steam whistle. The byways and the green lanes alone delight us; the hills and lakes, and all the charming scenery to be met with on mountain and moorland, by streamlet and sea. And all the way, in pleasant summers, the wild flowers are constantly with us. They drape the hedges; they hang like garlands over the very trees; they carpet the sward on each side of old-fashioned country roads; they bloom on banks; they play at hide and seek with the bees and butterflies, in ditches or by fences; they creep over old ruins, and beautify many a crumbling wall; they float on ponds; they nod over brook-lets; they even behave like veritable "spooks" and "spunkies," leading one far astray over moorlands and marshlands, and seeming to laugh when the weary wight has lost his way.

Surely everyone loves the wild flowers. There can be neither poetry nor music nor sunshine either in the soul of that man or woman who does not. Those wildlings of nature, too, have I am sure an influence for good on the minds of those who dwell amongst them. They seem to bring one nearer to the gates of heaven itself, just as the song of birds does, or the whisper of the winds through the summer woods.

But the study of wild flowers is as healthful for the body as for the mind. It is a study that can only be carried on out of doors, in the

pure fresh air and in the sunshine; a study that embodies every requisite of wholesome exercise, for the whole attention is pleasantly engrossed, while the muscular system is being strengthened and the nerves toned. It is one, therefore, that can well be recommended by the medical man, and from which the very greatest of benefit may be expected to accrue. And it is, moreover, within the reach of all young girls who dwell in the country, or who have the means of indulging in cycling.

A slight knowledge of botany is necessary to commence with, but this need be by no means very profound. About all you do want to know is the English and Latin names of your favourites, and the natural families to which they belong. To gather flowers for the sake of simply tearing them to pieces to get at their classification, is merely to be introduced to them by name, or to have a mere nodding acquaintance with them. You will never learn to love them like this; they must become friends of yours; you must have their colours in your eye so exactly, that any one a shade or even a streak different from its fellow may at once appeal to you as a curiosity; you must know every peculiarity of petals and stamens, and the very attitude of the leaves and stalk; and you must know all the tricks and manners of your flower pets, and where they live and what they love, and the very insects that are on speaking terms with them. If your knowledge is of this kind, then indeed you may be said to be a lover of the wild flowers, and a poet as well.

Ought you to make a collection? Well, yes; this does no harm, but good, in fact. It is nice to be able to point to a dried flower in a book, and to tell its story, and the story of the day you gathered it; and the scenery amidst which you found it blooming. Well, every flower in your collection, with its stalk and root and leaf, should be carefully fastened on, and labelled, not only with its name, but a brief note or two of its history.

Bouquets of wild flowers, if nicely arranged and not too tightly packed, look very beautiful in a room. During the summer my caravan, "The Wanderer," is always gay with wild flowers. Any reader of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* is welcome to come and see for herself, if she happens to come across me encamped somewhere, anywhere, this summer, for my house upon wheels is always turning up where and when least expected.

Now, in these papers of mine, I cannot of course mention even a tithe of the flowers that bloom at various seasons of the year between the South Coast of England and the Moray Firth in the far North of Scotland. I shall only tell you something about a few of my chief favourites, and the haunts in which I found them. I can promise you one thing, however, namely, that everything I do write will be original, and, like the flowers themselves, culled from life and nature.

I think that most of us love the sweet spring-time better than any other season of the year. We who live in the country do so at all events; we look for it, long for it; the first snowdrops that peep up through the brown earth, the first violets and scented primroses that open their eyes in the blinks of early sunshine, are looked upon as old friends come again once more, bringing with them angel-winged hope and a foretaste of summer's joy and gladness. The birds see these flowers, and burst into song at the sight; the wild bees spy them, and fly off to pay them a visit and welcome them back. These wild bees seem to have a great many secrets to tell the early flowers, of how they

have suffered from cold and even hunger throughout the long dreary dark winter; how their stores of honey have been exhausted weeks ago; and how the very drowsiness of death was stealing over them, when they crept forth into the light, and saw that the herald flowers of spring had arrived.

It is only the more energetic wild bees that come out to prospect in the earlier days of spring, and even they seem half asleep as they stand at the entrance to their hives preparatory to flight. They take an unconscionably long time with their toilets. Every leg wants seeing to, their wings want brushing, the downy hairlets that cover their bodies must be combed, and their eyes require a very great deal of polishing indeed. While they labour away at themselves they may be seen turning round and round now and then, that every portion of their tiny anatomies may duly woo the warming sunshine and the westlin' winds; but lo! the sun's rays suddenly become more powerful, the clouds are dispelled, and away they fly. "The first day's outing is the worst with them, and many never return, for cock robin dearly loves a bee for breakfast, and the blackbird can do with half a dozen. Pioneers always suffer in this way. But day after day more and more flowers appear, and more and more bees, and fields grow green and the buds on the trees break into life, and the lichens and mosses creeping over stones and old tree-stems add much to the beauty of the woodlands.

In early spring one hardly knows which to admire the most while walking by hedgerows or in forest or copse—the beautiful and extremely varied tints of the young leaves on the trees, or the wild flowers that carpet the ground. The earliest leaf perhaps of all is the hardy honeysuckle's. Oh, it is perfectly weather-defiant, its very colour is in its favour—a dusky purple-green that neither east wind nor frost can hurt. But catkins are at the same time depending from the hazels, and if you look close you may see also the wee modest crimson-tipped female flower. Then a little later on the downy buds begin to adorn the willows, and next come the tender green and scarlet flowers of the feathery larch trees; and from about this date it is quite a treat to watch the smaller pine trees shooting forth their buds. It will take you a whole month or more to study these, and all this time you will be wondering what in the name of mystery the long brown fingers that are popped out here and there are going to come to. Watch and see; if I were to tell you, all the charm would be fled, it would be like reading the last chapters of a good story before you had scanned the first.

Nothing puzzles an artist more than painting spring tints. What an eye he needs, and what daring, for the brilliancy of the colours on canvas seem positively outrageous at times!

Well, there are many other kinds of trees as well as pines that I advise you to watch; notably perhaps the horse-chestnut. Whatever, you may ask yourself, are those sticky brown buds going to come to; they look as if they had all been dipped in glycerine.

"Dipped in treacle" might be quite as appropriate as "dipped in glycerine," but being a reader of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* you have too much poetry in your nature to allude to such a thing as treacle. However, just watch those buds, please, and watch them day after day for weeks; and here is another thing to note, namely, the various kinds of showers that fall from such trees as the chestnut, the lime, the yew, etc., during the course of the summer, or rather spring,

summer, and autumn. These would include the early-shed bud-calyxes, which, from trees like the lime, for instance, float downwards in the early summer air like showers of chaff; the petals, etc., of the flowers themselves, later on the nuts and seeds, and last of all the leaves themselves.

Girls who can paint would do well to note also and try to represent, in oil or water colours, different varieties of spring leaves. The autumn tints themselves cannot vie in richness of colour and beauty with the leaves of the dwarf sycamore or plane trees that we find growing by the roadsides and in hedgerows, in the sweet sad season of the year.

But let us now take a peep at some of the more common flowers of spring.

Here is the primrose—the *Primula vulgaris*—one of the most charming of the order *Primulaceæ*. Its odour and its wondrous and indescribable colour are familiar to everyone, even to the little gutter-snipes of our London slums. The name signifies “first rose,” and it certainly is the first rose of spring, though not by any means the first flower. It is blossoming now in my orchard, although the frost is hard and the snow has not yet flown away. But April and May—April in England and May in the North of Scotland—are the favourite months of the primrose. We find it on banks of all sorts, in woods and copses, and on the “haughs” by the river’s side.

There is a variety of primrose, common in some parts, of a pinky hue; while far away in the Orkney Islands and in Sutherland is found the beautiful *Primula Scotica*. The cowslip, the *Primula veris* of the naturalist that clothes our meadows with pale saffron hues, is a favourite with everyone, though not so much as the primrose. Older writers ascribe a great many virtues to this plant, its leaf and root and flower. Nervous pains and mental fears of all sorts are said to fly before a judiciously concocted infusion thereof, while a distillation from its petals will restore its pristine bloom to the cheek of fading beauty. Under such an application, spots and freckles and even wrinkles disappear.

The oxlip or *Primula elatior* is rare in England, but is a bigger flower, as the name indicates. The polyanthus of the garden is a cultivated kind of oxlip. The *Viola odorata*, or sweet violet, is another of our woodland fairies. It is a very modest and most delicately scented wee flower, and though it now and then takes an upward half-shy glance at the sun, it loves to hide away in shady places, but it cannot help casting its sweetness abroad, or lending it to every passing breeze; it is therefore easily found out. There are many varieties of it, and I need hardly say that it is greatly cultivated for the sake of its sweet scented blossoms. It used to be much used as medicine, but the properties and virtues assigned to it are now considered somewhat mythical.

Does the reader know a little flower that blooms on every meadow, called the *Bellis perennis*? No; not the Llygad y Dydd of the Welsh, the gowan or bairnwort of the Scotch, the daisy or day’s-eye of the English. Now you have it. Says Burns—

“Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow’r,
Thou’s met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow’r,
Thou bonnie gem.”

Every poet mentions this gowan. Remember the bonnie lines in that sweet auld song, “Annie Laurie”—

“Like the dew on the gowans lyin’
Is the fa’ o’ her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighin’
Her voice is low and sweet.”

What associations does this gowan not summon back to our memories! It is for these, more perhaps than for its intrinsic beauty, that we so dearly love it. The ox-eye daisy is a flower of spring and early summer; I mention it here simply because it is called a daisy. It is the *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum* of the botanist, and it is well known everywhere. By the way, it is called the “horse gowan” in Scotland. It is found growing all along railway embankments and in dry meadows, which it stars over with white. It may be called a white marguerite. Now you know it. It is this flower country girls pull and tear the petals from as they say “he loves me,” “he loves me not,” and so on to the last. And the last petal is Sir Oracle.

Well, it is a pretty flower, but the bright yellow ox-eye of the cornfield, called also the corn marigold, is still more beautiful, and either of these is a charming addition to a bouquet of wild flowers.

There are two little spring ranunculuses that may be mentioned here, namely, goldilocks, and the water buttercup. The former comes in March and April, growing in copses, a bright yellow five-petalled buttercup, with long lance-like leaves. The water buttercup is very abundant everywhere in ponds and burns, most species having their leaves submerged. Some prefer running water, others ponds; the flower is white, with green streaks. I think you will know it from that alone. The lesser celandine must not be confounded with goldilocks, though it blooms about the same time. It has six to ten yellow petals that have more the shape of a star than a cup, and these petals look particularly well varnished. The sepals beneath these are only three. The leaves of the plant are heart-shaped and wrinkled like that of the primrose. There are several species of this flower; but these you must study for yourself.

The *Agraphis nutans* (Liliacæ), or wild hyacinth, is a special favourite of mine, owing

partly to its deep blue colour, and partly to its rich perfume, and because it makes so delightful a spring carpet to the woods near where I live. It is sometimes called the bluebell, but here and there among the others I have gathered pink and pale white wild hyacinths. It begins to bloom about the time the wry-neck emits its discordant shriek in our copses, by way of informing us that the nightingale is coming, and it blossoms on in shady places till well into June.

I should not forget to mention the ordinary buttercup of our childhood’s happy days, although it is more a flower of early summer than spring. Like goldilocks, it is one of the ranunculaceæ family. It is also called crowfoot, from the bird-claw-like formation of its foliage.

The marsh marigold is another of the ranunculaceæ which blooms as early as March. Its characteristic is this: it has no petals proper, its sepals composing the bright yellow cup-like flower.

I earnestly advise you to get specimens of all these yellow flowers which I have named, and study them together. This will be a most delightful exercise, and far more profitable, in my opinion, than dates. It is really a matter of very little moment to us nowadays when Queen Elizabeth was born or Raleigh beheaded; but we cannot take a single walk into the country without coming across these pretty flowers of spring.

Do you know the lady’s smock? It is a flower belonging to the cruciferae family, that you find by the wayside and in dampish meadow lands. It is rather tall and spreading, with pale lilac four-petalled flowers. It is found growing side by side with the marsh marigold, as often as not, and it comes with the cuckoo. Indeed, it is sometimes called the cuckoo flower, and morsels of froth are found on it, which, if opened, will be found to surround a little green jumping insect. This flower is also a child of April.

One of the most charming of our spring flowers is the early purple orchis. The land or ground on which it grows is seldom very rich; it likes high, half-bare localities, in the neighbourhood of furze bushes, and grows plentifully on the sward by the wayside in many of the midland counties. A novice might take it for a kind of hyacinth at first, for at a little distance it resembles that flower, except in colour, which is a purple-red or pink. The leaves are very peculiar, being tall, broad and lanced-like, and spotted or splashed over with brown or purple spots.

There are several other species of orchis to be found in our meadows, such as the man-orchis, the bee and the fly orchis, all of which are very pretty and interesting.

I am at the end of my space, and have not mentioned a tithe of my flower pets. But I will return to them.

(To be continued.)

BIRDS IN JUNE.

By A NATURALIST.

THE swallow tribe are now in the very height of enjoyment as they dash and wheel about—now here, now there—in all directions in search of their insect prey. From early morn till dusky eve they busily ply their vocation, which is to rid the air and land and water of insects which would make our lives very uncomfortable, if not in some instances almost unbearable. The old buccaneers have left on record that the worst foes they had to contend with were insects.

The dark-coloured swift has a wonderful

command of wing power that no amount of exertion seems to tire. The more he flies the more he seems to enjoy himself as he goes through the air, screaming out his notes of exultation, sweeping round the grey tower of some old church with his companions. He is not so dull a bird in plumage as he seems to be when you only see him in flight. On a close view more pleasing shades, though still subdued, show themselves. He is the last to come of his tribe, and the first to leave us. Not so the chimney swallow; we have seen him

very early in warm springs, and have known him stay late in the autumn. Why he should be called chimney swallow I do not know; he certainly builds in a chimney sometimes, but quite as often on some beam or rafter. He sings quite prettily, and is a very confiding bird. The martins have a different flight to the swallows, which is very easily distinguished at a distance by those who are acquainted with both species. The sandmartins are most interesting little creatures as they flutter round about the entrances to their holes in quite a

state of excitement. To see them excavating these in the hard sandrock is a wonderful sight. Who, on looking at the bill of the sandmartin, unless he had seen him at work, would suppose him capable of drilling long holes—little tunnels, in fact; and very quickly he does his work too.

There is a bird very swallow-like in its flight that comes out in the evening after the swallow tribe have retired to rest. He is more heard than seen, though he might be called a giant night swallow, taking up the hunting after the others have left off. By day he rests, lying lengthways on some branch or limb asleep; but when the sun has gone down you will hear his curious jarring chur-chur, like the hum of a spinning-wheel; it is the note of the goat-sucker or fern owl. A most powerful wing he has, and he sweeps over woods, meadows, and streams, now high up, now down, wheeling and twisting in all directions. The plumage is very moth-like in its bars and markings, as you see when you inspect the bird closely, which you can as a rule only do after one has just been shot. The large eyes and wide mouth, with its bristles, fix one's attention first; he is fitted admirably for the purpose

for which he was created—that of capturing insects, and not sucking goats, which a silly superstition once supposed to be his delight. A most useful, gentle creature, and he deserves a better fate than to be shot, as he often is.

Those elegant insect-eaters, the wagtails, that run about so nimbly, moving their long tails continually, give life to the meadows and the streams that glide through them. Where cattle are pastured, there you will see the wagtails, for they attend them very closely. It is a pretty sight to see the common black and white wagtails running nimbly round the muzzles of the cows as they feed along, making dips and snaps at the insects the animals disturb by their feeding. They are not at all particular where they run—round the beasts' heads or about the feet they flit with perfect indifference. The yellow-breasted wagtails are very beautiful creatures, they do not affect the feeding pastures so much as do the common species. Where the stream runs over the pebbly shallows, and the pollard willows line the bank, in spots where the sand has been washed, forming little bays, there you will find the yellow wagtails.

In the same locality I have seen that inte-

resting little bird, the common sandpiper, or as we might now say, the uncommon sandpiper. He is a bird of neat appearance as he trips neatly along, dabbling here and there as he runs in and out of the shallows, and crosses nimbly over the sand. A little pond has been formed where the brook runs through a wide shallow hollow, caused by the tearing up of the banks where a clump of trees has been blown down in a storm. The stream runs through it, flags grow round the sides, "spiked reed and golden iris bending over." Here a dabchick has located, or a little grebe; there is his mate; they are most expert divers, and they are very busily engaged just at present; somewhere in or about the flags is their well-concealed nest, which looks just like a lump of damp weed, and nothing more. It is damp, too, just as it looks, both inside and out; but that will not make any difference to the hatching process.

It is sweet to rest here awhile.

"In the faint,

Sweet breath of the wind comes tuneful insect hum,
Mix'd with the rustle of the swaying leaves,
Bass to the birds' clear treble."

NEW MUSIC.

SPRINGTIME not only ushers in the flowers, but it also thrusts upon us the early concert season with such an impetus, that even the fast-lengthening days do not prevent the impossibility of hearing all the good things and fresh things played and sung for our pleasure and instruction. With many excellent performances to choose from, let us first speak of those given by the Novello Choir.

The production in London of their conductor, Dr. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal*, was in every way a success. Apart from the enthusiastic singing of the choir, the interest centred in the revival of the "melodrame"—a recitation spoken above an expressive undercurrent of music. Mendelssohn uses it in *Athalie*, and in some of the male-voice cantatas, and Beethoven employs it in the prison scene in *Fidelio*; but our impression is that the melodrame, being on this occasion in the able hands of Mr. Charles Fry, has never been more sympathetically or beautifully used than in this example by Mr. Joseph Bennett. In fact, his libretto in all its details is singularly beautiful, and ranks high in the realms of poetry. The subject chosen is a most suggestive one, and Dr. Mackenzie shows all that versatility which the story demands. Jubal is represented deploring the weakness of the music produced by his tortoiseshell as compared with the myriad voices of nature around him—the murmur of the foliage as the breezes whisper soft, "the deep-voiced torrent, the buzzing insects and choirs of birds." He falls into a sleep and dreams that an angel reproves his presumption in despising God's good gifts, and then proceeds to show him what the future of music, as a divine art, will be.

To illustrate this, Dr. Mackenzie had to compose a chorus of praise in Divine worship, a song of comfort in bereavement, a patriotic march and chorus of victory, the song of a labourer in the harvest field, a funeral march and chorus in honour of a hero, and a duet of lovers. No trifling task, you will observe; but most ably carried out by the talented principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

At a later concert given by the same Society, an opportunity was afforded us of hearing Dudley Buck's *Light of Asia*, which although written some time ago, was then heard in London for the first time.

If we are to judge from this of the present condition of music in America, things look

extremely hopeful, and we trust that we may be permitted to listen to similar productions from other composers "over the water."

We all know and enjoy the Saturday and Monday "Pops," and many of us have, by their means, learnt to understand and estimate at their proper value the finest specimens of classical composition, written for the various combinations of stringed instruments.

The promoters of the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society are giving the flute, oboe, clarinet, French horn, and bassoon the justice which has already been meted out fully to the strings. In the face of considerable difficulties, and in spite of but little encouragement, this excellent Society lives and is a strong child, and its performances, supported by the finest players of the day, have been, as far as the wind music was concerned, well-nigh faultless. If, in the end, entrepreneurs and audiences alike are persuaded that the alternation and combining of wind music with strings should form part of every chamber concert, that is now exclusively and selfishly devoted to the latter instrument, we suppose that one of the objects of the Society will have been gained; but the encouragement given by it to all players upon wind instruments, and to composers to write pieces for those instruments, is another feature, a prize of twenty guineas being offered for the best quintett written for the five instruments above named. Brothers of any of our girls, who play wind instruments, and would like to join the Society, could get all information, etc., from G. G. T. Treherne, Esq., 26, Brunswick Gardens, W.

A most enjoyable series of pianoforte recitals adds considerably to the reputation of Miss Dora Bright, both as a player and as a composer. Should another series be given, no one should miss the chance offered of hearing what our English lady-pianists can do.

A delightful and novel form of concert, one which we hope to find soon repeated, was the vocal recital given in Harley Street not long ago, and entirely supported by two ladies—Mrs. Florence Perugini and Miss Hutton. The programme consisted entirely of duets and solos. "How monotonous!" we hear you exclaim; but that is the most marvellous part of it. Had you been there, you would have left the concert room, as we left it, simply longing for more.

One could not wish for a more perfect piece of duet-singing; the interchange of light

and shade was such as could only be acquired by sympathetic and constant rehearsal, and only maintained by long and mutual regard.

We hope they will soon sing again.

Then, at the Albert Hall, an awkwardly large concert room, many of you doubtless listened a few weeks ago to the very powerful effects, and were struck with admiration at the grand chorus-singing in Benoit's *Lucifer*. Never has the Royal Choral Society shown more enthusiasm and sympathy with their work, although we certainly feel that the best of the composition is to be found in the first two numbers.

The Philharmonic Society has introduced us to another most accomplished pianist, Madame Backer-Gröndahl, whose playing of Grieg's pianoforte concerto will long be remembered; and, for a second time, to the representative Russian composer, Tschaiakowsky.

These are only a very few of the many concerts of good music which London alone can boast of, and in many of the provincial towns of this "unmusical country" good performances of good music are given week after week.

From a large selection of new music we can recommend the following pieces:—

NOVELLO AND CO.

Original Compositions for the Organ, Nos. 110-112. The first of these numbers contains three Offertories by Hamilton Clarke; the next is a Pastoral by Luard Selby, and the last comprises six easy Voluntaries, composed by Kate Loder (Lady Thompson). A set of songs about the reeds (one is tempted to say "the German Reeds," for they are Lenan's Schilfflieder) is full of original thought and pleasant, simple melody. They are composed by Schlesinger, whose detached songs, published in America, we have already noticed with interest.

PATERSON AND SONS (EDINBURGH).

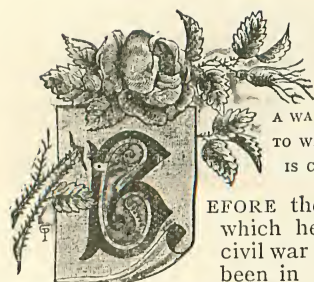
Wert thou mine and Maiden Fair. Two songs by Alfred Stella; the words of the first by Burns, and those of the second by Professor Blackie. They are both decidedly Scotch in colouring, and are quite simple and ballad-like in design. Like many other things apparently simple, they are perhaps not so easy to sing well, and many hidden beauties will only be brought to the surface by earnest good singers.

Loving Shepherd is the title of a sacred song by W. Harrison. A good, useful setting of the well-known words by Jane E. Leeson.

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER
VIII.A WARLIKE OXFORD,
TO WHICH THE KING
IS COMING AGAIN.

BEFORE the disorders which heralded the civil war Oxford had been in triumphant prosperity, crowded with students and scholars. A great impetus had been given to study and an attraction offered to scholars, native and foreign, when the princely library was founded by Sir Thomas Bodley. Besides its own magnificent collection of books, it had rescued what was left of such noble libraries, for their time, as those of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and Kemp, Bishop of London, which had already been bequeathed to the University. These had been decimated and dispersed by the over hot zeal of the Reformers, but were now as far as possible recovered and established in the stately building prepared for their reception, whose grand roof bore the arms of the University and its motto—

"The Lord is my light."

The studies which were attracting the most attention, and replacing to some extent the almost universal devotion to theological questions at the time of the Reformation, were philosophy, especially natural philosophy, and physics, which still included the mystic flights of astrology, the romantic search for the philosopher's stone, and the subtle dreams of the Rosicrucians. With but the threatening of war, all was changed. Who would send their young sons to follow the peaceful pursuit of learning in a town which, from its central position and natural capacity for being easily and strongly defended, was certain to be a bone of contention between the belligerents? The attendance of the students dwindled to a mere fraction of their former number, and the scholars, even such thorough bookmen as Dr. Peter Dacre, were driven to forsake what had been the quiet occupation and serene delight of long lives, for the fire and fury of contemporary politics.

It would have required a Euclid, who could draw his problems in oil on his own body in his bath, while the mob of Alexandria was raging without, or a David who could go on painting in his studio when foreign invaders were entering Paris, to go on reading in Oxford after the Royal Standard was hoisted at Nottingham, a significant close to a stormy day in August, 1642.

Already the King had sent from York to "requisition" money from the University for the maintenance of his army; and Convocation, the great Uni-

versity court, had voted him all the money in the college chests.

For this act the loyal city had incurred the displeasure of Parliament. It was not Gown, but Town, which was considered responsible for this proceeding, and it had sought to clear itself by merely waiting for the departure of a body of Royalist horse, under Sir John Byron, that had been quartered within its bounds, to summon a Parliamentary force to its aid. And the Parliamentary soldiers had signalled their visit by mutilating the statues of the Virgin and Child, which Archbishop Laud, now lying in the Tower, had erected, and by threatening the sculptured relief over the gate of All Souls, in memory of the battle of Agincourt and of the souls of the Englishmen slain in the battle ascending from purgatory.

Oxford was a house divided against itself. Kitty trembled for the new battlemented walls and tower of Oriel, for its great window and for the pomegranate arms of Eleanor of Castile, a prominent device in its decorations. Who knew whether the Parliamentary troops might not conceive they had a ground of offence in castellated walls, an oriel window, and the armorial bearings of Queens and Spaniards?

At the same time Kitty looked with admiration as well as awe on the marching and counter-marching of the real soldiers in their buff coats and steel breastplates. But that was nothing to the interest she took in the University soldiers, for what students remained in the colleges were enrolled in bands and drilled in their different quadrangles—another use this than that designed for them by their founders and early monkish fathers and brothers!

The arms of these student soldiers were a steel back and breastpiece, a pike and a musket, and so enthralling to high-spirited, hot-blooded lads was the martial exercise for which the arms were provided, with the prospect of real warfare for which the drill was a mere rehearsal, that the object for which the schools existed was more and more neglected. The very choir boys and small scholars braved any amount of the birch, in escaping from their tasks, to watch with fascinated eyes the bigger lads at their military manoeuvres. The amateur soldiers in their turn were so engrossed with their duties of learning to keep the step, to present or shoulder arms, to stand sentinel, together with the supposed necessity of a resort for refreshment and a talk after each drill to such taverns as the Holly Bush or the Green Dragon, that the youths entirely lost the habits of students and never regained them. In fact the lax discipline, and the party spirit which permitted it, reached such a pitch that on the eve of the battle of Edgehill a party of Oxford students left their gowns at Town End and ran and tramped the distance to the

battlefield, doing the King good service in the engagement.*

Kitty could see, from the terrace in Oriel Gardens, various detachments drilling, and she looked at the companies with her heart in her eyes. For Lady Ottery had thought it best, knowing how the girl pined for tidings of her brother, whom neither she nor Mrs. Judy had seen lately, to tell her that he had quitted Magdalen, where he had finished his terms, and Islip Barnes, and joined the Earl of Essex's army as a volunteer. Anthony Walton had not taken the same course as yet. He had duties as the squire of Islip Barnes, the male head of a house in which his widowed mother and his two young sisters had no other protector. These kept him at home doing what he could for those who were nearest to him, and serving with all his might the cause he had at heart in peace, until some urgent demand should claim his support in the field. As it was, Kitty judged correctly when she believed his active, masterful spirit would have greatly preferred a soldier's part, and it was by a hard effort of self-restraint that he stayed, waiting for what time should bring forth.

How poor Kitty trembled and looked piteously in her father's face, grown so stern, which did not blench, whatever he might feel, when the quiet little household at Oriel were made acquainted with the fact that a battle had been fought at Edgehill, not far from Oxford.

After a few days of sickening suspense Kitty took heart of grace, and trusted her prayers had been heard and answered. Mrs. Judy's prayers had gone with them, ay, and so might Dr. Dacre's in the unsounded depths of a father's heart. If Jack had been engaged he had come out of the engagement unhurt, for not only was no news good news, but Lady Ottery, who was at liberty to inquire openly, and did not stint her inquiries, would have been sure to have heard if any evil had befallen John Dacre.

If it was after the battle of Edgehill, in the reaction of relief from feelings which had been intensified and strained, that Kitty was one day called to order by her father for a matter which had not till then struck her as being of any moment. Kitty had a reading acquaintance with the poets of her day. She was in the habit of reading Herbert and Vaughan to Lady Ottery, though in truth it was a sacrifice on her ladyship's part to listen, in order to further the right direction and cultivation of Kitty's mind. Lady Ottery's taste inclined decidedly to prose, especially to prose which did not indulge in the conceits and allegories from which her favourite Jeremy Taylor was by no means free. Kitty was also tolerably familiar with the lighter poems which the Court poets,

Waller, Davenant, and Lovelace, threw off in abundance. These were often in wide circulation before they were printed, admirers copying them carefully, and lending them to be copied again, and preserved in the drawer of the bureau, which held a handful of violets, a withered rose, perhaps a curl of hair or a knot of riband. But lately the girl's attention was drawn to an Oxford poet, at least a student of Oxford, still resident in the town, engaged in the literary pursuits which, in spite of the troubles of the times and the decay of more legitimate study, were still indulged in. A good deal of talk, when men had heart and time to talk, had been aroused in the beginning of the year by the appearance of an Oxford newspaper, the second newspaper ever published in England. It was called the *Mercurius Aulicus*, and Kitty heard about it because one of its editors, John Birkenhead, had been a "servitor," or poor scholar of Oriel whom she knew so far as to exchange greetings with him. The other editor, Peter Heylin, had been a demy of Magdalen. Doubtless he had infected a second demy with his proclivities, for, eight months afterwards, in the summer of 1642, George Wither, together with the chaplain of Magdalen, Dr. Rynes, started another newspaper called the *Mercurius Rusticus*. This was a great advance in serial literature, since it purported to be at once satirical and humorous, and to include both poetry and prose in its composition.

Everybody who had the least pretence to an intellectual bent had the sheet on his breakfast-table.

Kitty was not much attracted by the publication, but it set her thinking of her brother and Anthony Walton who must have come across the news print, and, in their fidelity to the traditions of their beloved Magdalen, would value it more than she did.

Neither of them had been contemporaries either of George Wither or of Heylin, but she had often heard them talk of Wither, and knew that he was one of the esteemed guests at Islip. His work, "Abuses Whipped and Stripped,"

for which he had been in prison in London, was a tabooed subject in general conversation; but her brother and cousin had been wont to quote snatches of his poems, and versicles such as "The Muse," which Anthony held in great regard, and to sing fragments of his songs.

One of these Kitty had caught up, and, though it was a man's song, she loved to echo its gay, defiant challenge, and sudden change to fervent faithful devotion.

"Shall, I wasting in despair,"
piped Kitty over her needlework, in her own little window of Oriel,

"Die because a woman's fair?"

* * * * *

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the dewy meads in May,
If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

She continued toting out the merry scorn of the renunciation with all the supposed spirit of the hero of the ditty.

"What care I how fair she be?" repeated Kitty, with fresh disdain.

"What is that thou art singing, Kitty?" demanded Dr. Peter Dacre, coming into the room from his adjoining den with long, swift steps, and bending his brows on her in a manner which he seldom used to his daughter. "Art thou turned false to thy sex, as others have turned false to their Church and King? In my day a man who celebrated his mistress, did it on bended knee, as it were, and sued for her lightest favour, did not gibe her either to her face or behind her back, with a 'What care I?' Marry, it is a treacherous and rebellious age!"

Kitty looked aghast at so sudden and severe a charge on such small provocation. But she did not dare to rally her father with being ungrateful for the compliment she had paid him in taking his part in the perennial contention between man and woman. He was too moved and displeased for her to do so; she only said, submissively, "I meant no harm, sir. I but sang idly, to keep up my heart, and make an accompaniment to my sewing. I am sorry if my song hath displeased you. I

thought I remembered you were wont to smile when it was sung in your presence some time ago. You used to protest that the lover, if lover he were, kept a stout heart, and ought to win his fair lady."

"Mockery and false pretence deserve no reward," he cried, impatiently, "and such a challenge in a woman's mouth sounds doubly false. If I remember right, the words are from one of the songs of that turbulent rogue Wither. Find another and an honest man's verse to serve your turn, or let alone singing, which would perchance be the more fitting and comely behaviour under the circumstances."

"I will, father," said Kitty, with prompter obedience than usual, for she was sufficiently dear to him and cherished by him to question his decisions respectfully, even to object to them occasionally. "I cannot tell why I was so left to myself as to sing in this quiet house. It was very ill thought of me."

He looked at the solitary drooping young figure, and his heart reproached him.

"Nay, Kitty," he said, in a softened tone, "I did not mean thee to give over singing altogether; youth is the time for singing for men and women, as spring is for the birds' notes. Thy mother was a brave singer when I knew her first, and doubtless she would have had her daughter sing as she herself had done in her day. If I am in the mood I like to hear thee liting all by thyself in here. It helps me to get on with my writing in my inner chamber, as I do not question it helps Judy out yonder with the bur-nishing of her silver and the rubbing bright of her crystal. There is a time for everything, and there are songs for every singer. There are the songs of Master Herrick, the Devonshire parson, perfect lyrics, in which you will not discover any flouting and taunting, any insolent disparagement of women; no, nor any scouting of old rule and precedent. Sing them, daughter Kitty, and let that poor thing a-be."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ONE WILLING TO WORK.—It is well that you have no liking for teaching, as your education is not sufficiently advanced to qualify you for a situation of that kind. But even at your early age, and unable as you are to complete your education, you might be eligible for an engagement as "mother's help." You should advertise for one. This is the only plan we can recommend.

ESPERANCE.—"Her Majesty's Nursing Sisters," at Netley, are sent out to the seat of war when required. You have overlooked our rules; we do not answer more than two questions. If a trained nurse, write for all information direct. They must all be ladies by birth as well as by education, and must have gone through training in a good civil hospital. They wear a grey uniform, and are therefore popularly called the "grey sisters."

DOT AND GO ONE.—The 5th of May, 1869, was a Wednesday. The usual limit of age for becoming a hospital nurse is from 23 to 35 or 40 years of age.

T. T. MUIR.—The Haute Vue Reading Society, already established for a period of ten years, may be heard of through Miss Johnston, Primrose, Kelso, Co. Roxburgh, N.B.

LITTLE WELSH GIRL.—You are too young to be eligible as a probationer or nurse in any hospital. Even for a children's hospital you should be twenty-one years of age at the least. You might, however, inquire of the Matron, Mildmay Home for Nurses, 8, The Green, Stoke Newington, N.

ROSE R.—We should advise you to write to the Cambridge Examiners' Correspondence Classes for students preparing for local or other examinations; usual fee £2 2s. per course. Apply to the Editor, Falstead, Essex. The paper itself is published monthly, by Bagster and Sons, 15, Paternoster Row, E.C., who would give you every information needed, including the answer to your first question.

ELIZABETH.—We think that the book for which you inquire is "The Englishwoman's Year Book" (Hatchards, Piccadilly, London, W.). Should your daughter show taste for house-decoration, painting, and stencilling, perhaps Messrs. Simpson, 100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., might give both information and employment. Their advertisement is for "Decorative Work," which may include the branch you name, or one that may suit your daughter equally well to learn. The book which we have named at your request may give you suggestions should this plan fail.

HERMIONE M.—It is difficult to recommend you books when ignorant of any special tastes you may have. If you desire to read of "Biblical Geography and Antiquities," you can procure Dr. Barrow's work, published by us; or the illustrated "Bible Cyclopædia," by Dr. Eadie. There is a useful book called a "Handbook of Specimens of English Literature," by Dr. Angus, likewise published by us. If fond of natural history, there are many from which you might make a selection. We brought out a small one, "The Home Naturalist." We do not know what you mean by "a strap of pearls." Any such gems which you possess you should take to a jeweller, and he will tell you whether they be genuine or "Roman pearls."

CONSTANCE.—To people needing a cheap grammar and exercise-book, there is nothing better than those twopenny books published by the Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Foreign Languages, 12, Great Swan Alley, Moorgate Street, E.C., called "Hossfeld's New Method." They are simple and easy for self-tuition, and can be purchased in French, German, Spanish, and Italian. Sent by post 2jd. A single copy can be purchased at a time, according as you advance in your studies.



HOUSEKEEPING.

HOUSEMAID.—We cannot give an opinion on the relative merits of lighting a fire from the top, and the usual plan of lighting from below, as we uniformly do so by the latter method. But we can give our own original plan of making up one. Never use a poker, but carefully clear away the white ashes under the lower bar with the shovel. Then draw all the hot coals to the front, and place the new pieces at the back and sides, standing up, a little apart from each other, vertically instead of horizontally, or thrown on anyhow. You know that coals grow like slates, in layers, and if you lay them flat they will take long to light, whereas if you stand them up on end (as a tree grows, the lie of the grain running up and down) the coal will light almost immediately.

A. F. O. gives us her experience of the care of sponges, and we are happy to transfer it to our readers. It is that they should be washed in warm water after every time they are used; and "A. F. O." claims for this plan that "the sponges never become slimy." We ourselves discovered that when in this unpleasant condition potato juice will restore them, a raw potato being cut in two and the sponge well rubbed with them, and a little water used to wash them out.

COOKERY.

LITTLE COOK.—You had better apply for the "Directory" at the National Training School for Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. For a full course of twenty weeks' training, for a post of instructor in all branches of cookery, the fee is 21 guineas; but you can attend a course of fourteen weeks, in plain cookery, for 8 guineas. Perhaps you might find the instruction given at the College for Working Women, at 7, Fitzroy Street, W., suit you better, where classes are held in cookery and domestic economy.

EMMA WARREN sends us her recipe for making orange marmalade, for which we thank her, and take chance for its finding as much favour with some of our other readers. Slice twelve Seville oranges (of the thickness individually preferred), remove the pips, and to each pound of fruit add three pints of water. Let it stand for twenty-four hours, and then boil all for an hour; then weigh the fruit, and to every pound or pint add one and a half pounds of sugar (loaf) and the juice of three lemons; boil again for half an hour, then pot, and cover.

LAURA.—The best sauce to serve with cold beef is "horseradish sauce." Grate a young root of horseradish very finely, add a "pinch" of salt and little more than a tablespoonful of vinegar, or as much at least as will moisten the whole. To this pour in two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, and mix the ingredients thoroughly together, and serve cold.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABRUPT.—We cannot give you any recipe for making your hair grow dark, nor any for "getting rid of a double chin." Be thankful that you have got any hair or chin at all, and that the hair you complain of does not grow on your chin. Inquire at any librarians respecting the prices of books. We did not publish the book you name.

STUMP.—We have given a series of articles on good manners, and how to conduct yourself in all circumstances and relations of life. You should wear a velvet ribbon round the throat, which might be edged with a little black lace, which would stand up and conceal the scars in a great measure.

DOROTHY.—The legend of the "Seven Sleepers" is recorded by various authors, and is found in the Koran, in which latter it is said their sleep lasted upwards of 300 years; and Gregory of Tours, that it was for about 230 years. The substratum of truth which underlies the fable is this: In the year A.D. 250 some Christian youths suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Decius, and "fell asleep in Jesus," and they were buried in a cave in Mount Celion. In the year 474 their remains were discovered, and being regarded

as sacred relics were removed to Marseilles. 2. John o' Groat was a Dutch settler at the extreme north of Scotland, temp. James IV. His nine sons quarrelling for precedence, he had nine doors made in his house, one for each son, and had his table made round.

E. H. MOORE could not "make money of the verses" she sends us; they are in every respect incorrect. How could she "watch the roar of the billows"? and when she "seemed to see an angel," and "somehow seemed to slip on her knees," and her "thoughts all flew away." It may have been unpleasant, but we do not think she had a pecuniary loss. Should she have a talent for water-colour painting she should show her work at shops where cards, fans, or painted screens and photo frames are sold, and try to obtain a trade order.

BESSIE.—Your burnt eyelashes and eyebrows will grow again if the skin be not injured likewise. We decline to give recipes for making girls thin. When people are advanced in life and become painfully corpulent, it is then for a doctor to consider what may be done to reduce the size, or arrest the tendency to increase it without deterioration of the general strength and health, and impoverishing of the blood. See our reply to "A. F. O." on the subject of sponges.

MARJORIE H.—We are happy to name some special work carried on by women as subjects for united prayer. At the same time we think your strictures are somewhat officious and presumptuous. You evidently wish to change places with the editor and his staff of workers, and provided you obtain the "lion's share" of the paper, other readers' requirements may be set aside. Zenana missionary work, women Scripture-readers, and parish visitors' work, prayer and Bible-reading unions, inaugurated by women; Homes of Rest, supplied and kept by them, and conducted on religious principles, nursing sisters and deaconesses, the Aldershot Mission and Institute, and Soldiers' Wives Society, conducted by Miss Daniel; Work among Soldiers, by Miss Robinson; and the Army Scripture Readers and Soldiers' Friend Society; Miss Horne's Mission to Coastguards; Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest, and Miss Child's Welcome Home. These are a few amongst the institutions founded and carried on by women.

A VILLAGE GIRL.—Rubbing the warts with the inside skin of the broad bean is said to be a cure, and also washing them with strong soda and water.

A. N. S. O. K.—You seem to be dwelling too much on your feelings for comfort, instead of on the finished work of Christ. There is nothing in yourself that could ever bring you peace. He says, "In Me ye might have peace." If you need encouragement, think of the promise, "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him." Many of the unbelieving thoughts that trouble us are direct whisperings of the evil one—not our own—and the way by which you can distinguish between your own and those that are mere suggestions is simple. Do you encourage and adopt them as your own? or do you reprobate them, and ask the Holy Spirit to drive them away? As you say that they distress you, that you "strive against them, and long to find Christ," be assured that the thoughts are not yours; and if they were, the blood of your Saviour has washed away their guilt. You could not desire to find Him unless He had first found you; and you may go to Him without fear, and tell Him all your weakness and all your misgivings. Learn the hymn,

"Just as I am, without one plea,

But that Thy blood was shed for me."

E. F. PHILLIPS.—Table napkins are not given at a supper such as you describe. Everything is cold, except the beef tea served in small tea or coffee cups, instead of tea.

WOULD-BE BOTANIST.—Yes, it is quite true that there is a plant or small shrub that acts up to its name of "weather" or "earthquake" plant. It is the *Abrus precatorius*, recently brought into notice, and sent to England by Professor Novack, of Vienna. The leaf stems of this marvellous shrub work up and down like railway signals, according to the direction whence atmospheric or other special phenomena, such as earthquakes, may be expected. It would occupy too much space to enter into a detailed account of the appearance and working of this extraordinary production of nature, so gifted with electro-magnetic properties. We can only advise you, for further particulars, to pay a visit to the Royal Horticultural Gardens, Regent's Park, where doubtless you will learn all you desire to know. It is a tropical production, though is also found in temperate climates. The seed is of a beautiful pinkish-scarlet hue, having a black spot at one end, and is used for necklaces and jewellers' weights in India.

GLADYS.—The "abomination of desolation," spoken of by our Lord, alluding to the prophecy by Daniel, is thought by most commentators to be the standards of the Roman army on which were depicted their tutelary gods. These were set up in the most conspicuous places in and close around Jerusalem, on what was accounted holy ground, and Josephus says that after the city was taken the ensigns were brought into the Temple itself, one being placed against the eastern gate, and they sacrificed to them there. Thus an "abomination" was wrought amidst the "desolation" the Romans had brought with them.

ST. GEORGE.—The "Society of St. George" was founded by Mr. Ruskin, about 1870, and he devoted a tenth of his remaining fortune to its support. It is a kind of Arcadian Republic, where steam engines or other machines never penetrate, and man lives by the unaided labour of his hands. Mr. Ruskin founded also the St. George's Museum at Sheffield, and from the secretary of this last you would probably obtain the information you desire.

YORKSHIRE GIRL.—We thank you for the recipe for "German paste," a good one, as you say, for all kinds of singing birds. "Three eggs, boiled hard, 2 lb. of peameal, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lard or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sweet almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of moist sugar. All these ingredients to be mixed with water and beaten into a paste, and then exposed to the air and heat until the composition be hard and dry. This will keep good for many months, and is an excellent substitute for the natural food of singing and fancy birds." 2. We strongly warn your friend against the pernicious custom of trying to make herself thin. Nevertheless she might avoid eating much fat, butter, cream, or rice, which latter the vegetarians claim as more fattening than any other esculent.

WEARY BEK.—There are two or three homes on the Continent for governesses and Englishwomen engaged in education, personal or otherwise. At Vienna there is the new Victoria Jubilee Home for British Governesses; and in France there is a House of Rest at Pau, in addition to those in Paris. This latter is not, however, restricted to the use of governesses, for it receives any ladies who, being invalided or overworked, desire rest and a winter abroad. But the expense may be regarded as somewhat high—£1 per week. Address—Miss C. Watson, 32, Rue de Bordeaux, Pau.

M. M. S.—The mention of the society called the King's Daughters, founded in America, will be found on application to "Fidelis," 106, High Street, Lewes, Sussex.

VIOLINIST.—You are right. In Chapter V. of "Mittenwald and its Violins" a wrong figure crept in. The number of vibrations should have been 512.

TRAVELLER.—The only guide to Norway containing recent particulars of the ever-changing routes, stations, etc., is "The Handy Guide to Norway," published by Edward Stanford, Charing Cross.

LADY JANE.—"The Girl's Own Indoor Book" contains full information as to the painting in oil and water colours.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY]

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.
(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.



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KITTY VIEWING AN EVERYDAY STREET SCENE.

CHAPTER IX.



KING CHARLES came again to Oxford in October, proceeding with great energy to fortify the place, being resolved to make it, according to the historian, the frontier fortress of middle England, since it was already so well defended by the two rivers, the Isis and the Cherwell, which well-nigh surrounded it, that nature herself had rendered it next to impregnable. Then, indeed, there was a transformation wrought in the beautiful, tranquil University city. Such attempts at retaining it for the purpose of study as had been till then feebly maintained were abandoned.

The law and the logic schools were converted into granaries, the music and astronomy schools into depôts of clothes for the soldiers, and New College, with its late leaven of Puritanism, was, with a certain irony of choice, made the powder magazine, while New Hall was turned into the mint, whence crown-pieces were issued.

But where was the precious metal to be found from which these crowns were to be struck, in order to support the King's household and defray the expense of his army? Again the resources of each college were taxed, and this time even the most loyal was rueful, for the massive plate, the magnificent gifts of old college benefactors, followed the contents of the University chest.

Not only did the college plate go, and the students have to drink out of pewter or earthenware, Kitty saw Mrs. Judy sorrowfully packing up every silver spoon in the cupboard, and replacing them on the emergency with horn substitutes, taking out, in a melancholy mood and sending away, Kitty's silver mug which Lady Ottery had given her at her baptism, and Master Jackie's silver stirrups and silver-handled whip, which he had left behind him when he went off on his mad errand to mend the world. Mrs. Judy, if she had dared, would have protested that these were not her master's to dispose of, though without question

they had been bought by Dr. Peter's money in the days when he was proud of his boy, and desired he should make a proper figure among his companions. Dr. Dacre's warrant was that all citizens, willing or unwilling, of whatever shade of opinion, were called upon to deliver up every article of silver they possessed for His Majesty's present needs. Mrs. Judy let Master Jackie's property go in her tremulous anxiety to save Mrs. Kitty's thimble, which would be but a drop in the bucket truly, but in the Doctor's temper she was not sure whether he would let even a thimble slip by. It ought to follow the spoons and bowls, which, whether their owners were agreeable to the offering or furious at it, were all going the same road, and the least said the soonest mended.

Kitty saw also Lady Ottery superintending her servants, laying out and bearing away to the mint her branch candlesticks, her silver framed mirror, even the highly-wrought handle of the late Sir Jasper's sword. Her ladyship kept silence for the greater part of the operation, and when she did break forth it was without the consciousness that anybody heard her.

"It is not the first time that some of the gear has been confiscated," she said, "once by the King and now for the King. Well, it is but just that what the King's ruth restored, the King's lack should command. But though they were all melted in a witch's caldron they would never pay for one day's bloody work."

After all, the question was not so much of the dishes from which the hungry were to eat as of the food which was to be found for them. The King and his court, his followers among the nobility and gentry, with their servants and the soldiers in attendance, were all to be quartered in Oxford, stowed pell mell in those colleges which were not converted into offices, and entertained with dignified—if somewhat oppressed—hospitality by the Royalist heads of houses. Other guests were huddled in the castle, where the governor did his best for all military men who could submit to short rations; more strangers jostled each other in the vicarages, or lodged as thick as blackberries with both friend and foe in the High Street, in North Street, and South Street, and at the Quarter Ways, or beyond the walls in St. Giles and St. Clements. There was little room for selection.

As a matter of course many persons of means brought great stores with them, and large supplies were sent in from the country round, which profited in its way from the influx of visitors. But even then the problem of food was not easy to solve, and was certain to grow increasingly difficult.

Dr. Peter Dacre was entitled to his bed and board at Oriel, and the space which courtesy and favour had granted to Mrs. Judy and Kitty was of the smallest. Nevertheless it went without saying that the whole family had to bundle out at once from the grey walls which had sheltered them so long, which Kitty, having known no other, loved so dearly, in order to enable the Provost and the college to entertain more distinguished

company. Not for the world would Dr. Dacre have stood in the way of the least of the King's friends. He was proud to relinquish what slender rights he possessed in their favour. He would have put up with a waggon at a street corner. He was careless what became of himself so that some decent shelter might be found for Kitty and Mrs. Judy.

After everybody had thought, planned, and puzzled out ways and means to the utmost, the best arrangement that could be come to by the combined wisdom of Dr. Dacre, Lady Ottery, Mrs. Judy, and Kitty, was that the Doctor should have a room in the house of two old servants of the college in Oriel Lane. They could also have Mrs. Judy in the daytime to help in their kitchen and wait upon her master. Kitty was reluctant to be parted from her father, but she had to go to Lady Ottery's to fill up a few more inches of the space already so stuffed that it appeared as if it must have possessed a magical power of expansion to be able to hold the men and women with their luggage already dependent on Dame Tabitha's domestic economy.

Kitty had an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Judy every evening, since the poor woman could not get a bed where she worked in Oriel Lane. She had to trudge to and fro along the crowded streets. Even then she had to lie down on a mattress fitted in beneath a counter in an ironmonger's shop next door to Lady Ottery's lodging, a primitive resting-place which only her ladyship's interest secured for her.

"It is nought," said cheery, long-suffering Mrs. Judy. "Why, there be honest yeomen, with as comfortable granges as any in England when they are at home, lying heads and tails beside their horses in all the stables in the town. I am finely prepared with weapons to defend myself," glancing merrily at the spits and skewers, flatirons, pokers and tongs ranged around her, "should any ne'er-do-well break into the shop and think to turn me out, not to say run away with me. Partings do you say, Mrs. Kitty? Dear heart, there be nought save partings in this world; but there do be daily meetings as well, and comparing of notes with a deal of amusement at the shifts the stupidest learn. Be content that your worthy father is housed as well as he can be out of his college and without you. And you, Mrs. Kitty, you're in luck, in right-down luck, to meet such a host of fine company in your godmother's house. My lady will never see you pushed into a corner, or passed by, or lightly held. To sleep three a bed, eat at a side-table, do without a fork or a spoon when they're not forthcoming at the very moment, and have your gown and mantle crumpled for lack of a peg to hang them upon or a drawer to lay them in, that thou wilt not mind. Thou art too true a lady, with too fine a temper, though I should not say it, to complain of such trifles. And they do be a small price to pay for so great a gain, which a-many a one of country-keeping young ladies would be wild to share."

Happily for the bones of this genial

philosopher, and for the rheumatism which the damp climate of Oxford was too apt to engender, Mrs. Kitty's services in the house in Oriel Lane were so generously bestowed that, on the first opening, the landlady found room for her in one of her garrets.

The King himself was fitly housed at Merton; but who would grudge him its great halls, noble staircases, and well-filled larder? Who that looked on his crowned head, bent with care, his thin face lined with anxiety, his speech faltering more wearily, his dreamy eyes roving more uncertainly, and yet withal his kingly carriage unbroken, would not have felt for him such pangs of pity as brought many a half-declared Parliament man back to his master's side to live and die with him in his tottering, falling fortunes?

Remorse for the fate of Strafford was gnawing at the King's heart. For he had signed his servant's death warrant—after dire compulsion it is true—in spite of the royal pledge that Charles would protect Strafford, who had deserted the side of the people, from the consequences of his bold attempt to make of England another France and of Charles an absolute monarch. Strafford had absolved the King from his pledge; but to a nature like the King's such absolution only meant deeper self-condemnation.

Charles was racked with misgivings as to the fate of another of his servants. My Lord the Archbishop was lying in the Tower awaiting his doom, with a patience and fortitude which became his priestly office better than all his autocratical exercise of his power and severe treatment of those who differed from him.

The King was compelled to face the spectacle of a large body of his subjects in arms in resistance of his government. He was not a man to go back even in thought from his principles. Yet he had to brood over what might have been the blunder of his balked arrest of the five members of the Commons, and of his high-handed attempt to overthrow the Scotch form of the reformed religion. He was harassed on every side by the want of money, which no forced grants and loans with their certain unpopularity, no loyal emptying of University chests at his word, and melting of plate, selling of jewels, and mortgaging of lands by his devoted adherents, no device of creating baronets and exacting the fee for each creation, could to any appreciable extent supply.

Above all, he who was a good husband and a loving father was separated from his wife and children, knowing his wife to be incurring fatigues and perils in her indefatigable exertions—wise or unwise, it was not for him to measure their wisdom—on his behalf.

Kitty saw the King again for the first time since the glimpse of royalty in her childhood, on a strange occasion. Not only was Oxford to be fortified on the side which the two rivers and the locks which united them did not guard, the bellman had summoned all able-bodied householders and college men to give labour, or provide substitutes to furnish the same, at the works on the north of St. Giles. Kitty had been brought by

Lady Ottery to witness an extraordinary spectacle, such as she was never likely to see again. There Kitty beheld Fellows and scholars, with their gowns flung off, digging at the foundation, or bringing loads of earth and stones, working side by side with day labourers, soldiers off duty, artisans, and shopkeepers. The latter, representing the Puritan town, were laggard and deficient in their attendance, bringing no good will to the job.

When the King came riding up with some of his gentlemen in their long boots and cloaks, for already it was the depth of winter, to look at the operations, he noticed how badly the townspeople were fulfilling their share of the obligation. Kitty remarked how the gravity of his face deepened into gloom, while he sharply rebuked the delinquents in the ears of their fellows.

But when his Majesty came on a knot of professors, who had allowed neither the burden of years, in some cases, nor scholarly honours in others, to exempt them from the service required of them, he smiled a grateful smile like a winter's sunbeam so wan was it, and so wistful, and raised his beaver hat in reply to the shout of "God save the King," with which they intermitted their task to hail him.

Kitty had to wink away the tears suddenly dimming her eyes, for among these enthusiastic pliers of the spade and shovel who had paused to greet King Charles, she could distinguish the bald head and somewhat lantern jaws of Dr. Peter Dacre. She knew, moreover, that her father's legs, so long stretched quietly beneath his desk, and his arms, unaccustomed for many a year to any weight greater than that of a big book, were trembling in every muscle.

After a long interval of non-intercourse with the Waltons, Kitty had a letter which came by a special messenger from Islip Barnes, and was written by her cousin Prissy. It was given to Kitty by Lady Ottery in presence of Kitty's father on one of his frequent calls at Lady Ottery's lodging. He did not forbid his daughter to read the letter, for he had entertained no thought of including women in his prohibition of intercourse between the two families; neither did he ask to see what she read, for so far from being disposed to act the spy on girlish confidences, he had been accustomed to regard all women, old and young, with a chivalrous deference and indulgence.

Kitty, on her part, made haste to communicate the contents of the letter. In former times they would have sounded as of the greatest importance: It showed what the repressed excitement and distracting stir of the present life had become when such tidings, though they still thrilled Kitty with delighted sympathy and curiosity, had lost half of their weight.

Prissy wrote with pretty modesty struggling with her half-girlish, half-womanly engrossment in her tale. She took shame to herself for intruding her poor private affairs on her friends at a juncture when great public events were occupying their attention. She had also some scruple in calling on her neigh-

bours to rejoice with her when so many of them had much cause for grief and care. But her natural guardians and councillors, her dear mother and brother, with another person among those chiefly concerned, had not seen aught in the troubles of the times to prevent their entering into a treaty of marriage on her account. Whenever there was a prospect of peace in these quarters, and the intending bridegroom could be released from his urgent military duties, her hand was to be given to Colonel Windebank of Bletchington. She had known and greatly esteemed him for the last four years, indeed ever since she grew up and he was stationed at Bletchington.

The proposed marriage had the entire approval of all his friends and hers. So far as she was permitted to judge, she had every reasonable prospect of happiness with a man whose high principles, excellent parts, and many good qualities she could honour and love, while his breeding, tastes, and fortune were all suitable and in accordance with her own. She could not rest contented in her unmerited good fortune without telling her cousin Kitty what Prissy was sure her cousin would be interested and pleased to hear, and without asking her for her prayers and good wishes. Perchance some day, when all these cruel dissensions were happily ended, she would be able to introduce Colonel Windebank specially to her, when Kitty would wonder that so proper a man had made so humble a choice.

"A very well writ and becoming letter," said Lady Ottery, who had heard it read, and was satisfied with its sentiments. "I should say the gentleman is not so humble as he is fortunate in his choice."

"Oh, yes, Lady Ottery!" cried Kitty, eagerly. "Prissy is the dearest, kindest girl, so dutiful a daughter, so affectionate a sister, so good a mistress. Everybody loves cousin Prissy!"

"Then everybody must be pleased, for her sake, to have her well settled in days when a young woman's friends have so little leisure and opportunity to settle her judiciously," remarked her ladyship, with a sigh.

"I wish Colonel Windebank may get no harm from so doubtful an alliance. I do not mean with regard to the young maid, but with respect to her people," said Dr. Dacre, gloomily.

"He must be the best judge of such danger, and can guard against it," said Lady Ottery. "He is of some soldierly rank for what I take to be his years; and is there not one of his name about the King's person? He may have interest in high quarters."

"There is one Francis Windebank in his Majesty's suite, who has been had up for papistical leanings. This other fellow is like to go off in the opposite direction," declared Dr. Peter, a little sourly.

While the others talked, Kitty was lost in a pleasant reverie all about a gallant lover and bridegroom at Islip Barnes. She was trying to recall her half-childish memories of a fair man, quite old compared to Jack and her

(Kitty), and alarmingly grave, who had gone in and out with Anthony. She was thinking of some careless words which bore on this matter, that her cousin Alice had spoken on that spring day which looked so sunny and so far away, when she had gathered fritillaries with the Waltons in the Merton Meadows, and the girls had been entertained right merrily by the lads in their Magdalen rooms.

Kitty was full of speculation as to what Anthony would do without his favourite sister, as to how her mother and Alice would miss Prissy, and whether Jack would be at his cousin's wedding. Kitty was sure it would be quiet if Prissy had her way. Even though a compromise such

as people sometimes spoke of were effected between the King and his Parliament, and peace proclaimed, it did not seem very likely after what had happened that Kitty would be at the wedding. Yet she had loved and depended on Prissy even more than Jack had treated his cousin as a kind elder sister.

But perhaps Jack was among the people connected with Prissy with whom it would be damaging for Colonel Windebank, a distinguished officer in the Royalist army, to have anything to do? Jack was in the other army, and, woe's me! he and Colonel Windebank might meet in battle and recognise each other as kinsmen in the very act of discharging

the musket or dealing the sabre stroke which laid an enemy low.

But Kitty would not think of such terrible casualties, which God in His mercy forbid; she would rather trust and pray that Colonel Windebank might prove worthy of his promised wife. Prissy thought nothing of herself, and cared for all around her before she minded her own interests. She was the gentle, sweet sunlight of her home, purifying and ennobling in its influence; perhaps all the more so because it was a trifle subdued under the circumstances. For it shone on a widowed household, the mistress of which was an ailing woman of uncertain cheerfulness.

(To be continued.)

EVENINGS AT THE OBSERVATORY.

By SIR ROBERT S. BALL, F.R.S., Astronomer Royal for Ireland.

PART II.



HE opportunities for observing the planet Saturn are not nearly so frequent as those in which the moon may be advantageously observed. We must choose the time when Saturn comes nearest to the earth. This will take

place when the earth lies nearly between Saturn and the sun. Supposing that such an occurrence is now taking place, the earth will in a short time have moved away from the true position, and the distance from the earth to the planet will be on the increase. When a year has elapsed, the earth will have returned to its original position, but it will not then be exactly between Saturn and the sun, for the great planet has moved. Like the earth, Saturn also revolves around the sun, but the magnitude of his orbit is much greater than that of the earth, and consequently the time that Saturn requires to complete a single revolution is about twenty-nine and a half of our years. Hence it follows that Saturn will have moved in the course of the year, so that the earth must pursue its journey for another twelve or thirteen days before it will again have resumed its position between the planet and the sun.

Saturn, like our earth and like the moon, is entirely indebted to the sun for its supply of light. Bright as the planet may seem, it has no intrinsic luminosity—all we see is merely the reflected solar beams. Its globe is of noble proportions. Were that globe divided into six hundred equal parts, and were each of those parts rolled into a globe, it would be a larger ball than this earth of ours, eight thousand miles in diameter.

This mighty globe also revolves on its axis, but its day is much shorter than ours, as each revolution of Saturn is accomplished in ten hours and fourteen minutes. Owing to the high speed of rotation, the bulging out at the equator of Saturn is much larger than in our more torpid earth; in fact, the departure of Saturn from the shape of a perfect globe into an elliptical form, is sufficiently shown to be at once detected without any delicate telescopic measurements. The surface of the globe presents but few features of interest, and indeed there is little on it which can be depicted in a drawing. It is of a nearly uniform whitish yellow colour, occasionally,

however, marked over with faint bands. It is obvious that what we see is merely the outside of a great casing of clouds, in which the entire planet is shrouded. In fact, it seems very doubtful whether Saturn bears any resemblance to a solid body at all. Our first impression might perhaps be that the planet was a sort of rigid globe like our earth, covered by a coating of cloud, much deeper and denser, and more uniformly distributed than the somewhat intermittent clouds of which we on the earth have so often to complain. But it is not easy to see how far the interior of Saturn can, with propriety, be likened to a dense globe like ours, and for the following reason:—our earth is composed of rocks and metals, and the entire weight of the globe is about five times the weight that a globe of water would have of equal bulk. It may seem a very difficult problem to weigh the planet Saturn, and so to compare its mass with that of an equal globe of water, but the task is not beyond the resources of the practical astronomer. Whenever a planet is provided with satellites, or little attendant moons, it is possible to put the great globe into the weighing scales and to determine how heavy it is. I cannot here delay to explain fully the details of the process; suffice it is to say that it can be done with great accuracy, and the result in the case of Saturn is truly astonishing. We learn that the globe has so little resemblance to our earth that it is actually lighter than a vast globe of water would be were its dimensions the same as that of Saturn itself. Indeed, if we could imagine a model of the planet just as large and just as heavy as the planet actually is, and if that globe were cast into a great ocean of water of suitable proportions, the mighty planet would float buoyantly on the surface. It seems hard to reconcile these facts with the belief that there can be much solid matter in the interior to the planet.

But if the mere globe of Saturn offers but little attraction to the astronomer who is in search of the picturesque, the wondrous appendages to that globe give to the Saturnian system an interest and a beauty which make it peerless in the solar system. When we compare Saturn with objects not belonging to the solar system, of which we shall afterwards have to speak, it will be admitted that while some of the great star clusters awaken emotions of unparalleled sublimity, yet that in the qualities which go to make up the conception of elegance Saturn is unrivalled in the visible firmament.

It is impossible in any picture to represent

the exquisite delicacy of Saturn as revealed in a great telescope, but to make our description plain we have to present a sketch which will at least give a general notion of the wondrous ring system, and let us hope will stimulate the reader to secure some opportunity for observing these objects in a telescope.

We must notice that the rings are not fastened to the globe, or, what comes to the same thing, that the globe is hung without support in the centre of the rings. There is a tendency for the rings or their material parts to fall down on the globe of the planet, but that tendency is neutralised by a rapid spin or rotation of the rings around the globe. The rings are shown slightly turned towards us in the picture. Were we able to look square at them they would be circles; when we view them edgewise they are found to be so extremely thin that they elude our vision almost entirely, except in the most powerful instruments. We speak of them as rings in the plural, because it will be seen that they are threefold. The two outer are separated by a broad line of demarcation which can be traced the entire way round. These two outer rings are apparently of the same general nature, and there are some other dark lines or divisions of a somewhat fainter description, of which one at least, the outer ring, is a permanent feature of the system.

The most delicate part of this beautiful structure demands a telescope of ample power; it has only been discovered in comparatively recent years, and is the third ring of the system. It extends from the inner margin of the second ring, half-way in towards the globe of the planet. The name assigned to this mysterious but lovely object is the *crape* ring, and the appropriateness of the designation will be apparent when the hue of the object as well as its curious semi-transparency is noticed. The globe of the planet can be seen through the substance of the crape ring.

The structure of the rings of Saturn suggests problems that have exercised the profoundest mathematicians. It was speedily seen that the rings could not be thin plates of solid material. No doubt a superficial glance at their appearance will suggest that such is their nature. However, it can be demonstrated by mechanical principles that the very existence of the rings would be impossible if they were what this notion would suggest. In this instance, as in many others, the pen of the mathematician has proved a more potent instrument than the telescope. What the

astronomer could hardly expect to find out in his observatory has been demonstrated by actual calculation made by pen and paper. It has been proved that this wondrous set of rings consist of a multitude of small objects, each pursuing its own voyage round the planet like a little moon. These bodies are so numerous and so close together that the most powerful telescope can hardly be said to recognise their existence, though occasionally no doubt the rings do seem subdivided in a way which renders to the true view of their nature some degree of telescopic confirmation.

It is only in this way that we can offer any reasonable account of the semi-transparency of the crape ring. The little moonlets (if I may for the moment coin a word) which go to make up the rings are in the outer of the structures, so close together that they reflect what is generally seen as a continuous sheet of light; but in the crape ring the moonlets are either not so numerous or not so large as in the outer rings: the consequence is they do not appear as a continuous sheet of light; we are able in some degree to see between them, and this is how we explain the semi-transparency of the crape ring.

Nor is the Saturnian system wanting in other attractions which would render it of great interest, even were the supreme feature of the ring system absent. The planet is attended by no fewer than eight moons, some of which are easily visible in the most modest telescope, while others demand the employment of exceptionally powerful instruments.

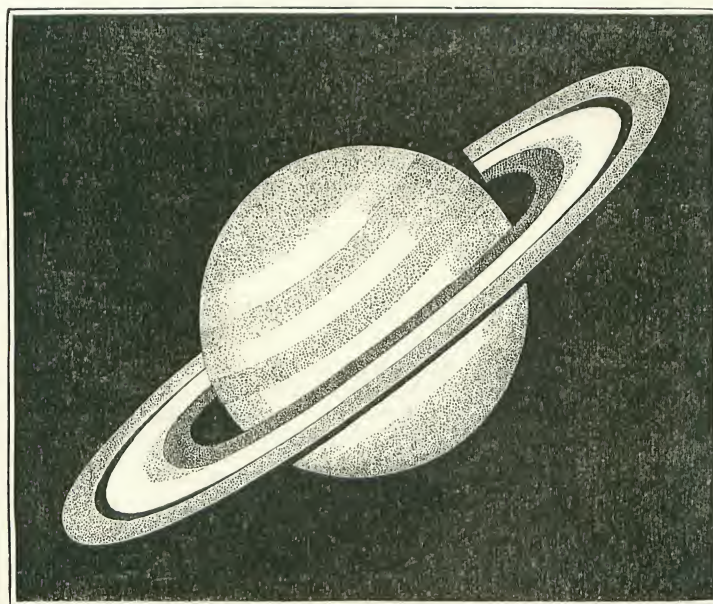
I hope that everyone of my readers will obtain some opportunity of observing Saturn at a suitable time and with a telescope of sufficient power; assuredly they will be delighted and fascinated with the spectacle. But I ought also to add a word of warning. I have before now met with people who were woefully disappointed with the planet, even when the circumstances were indeed favourable. It is by no means uncommon to find that people on their first view of natural objects find what they actually see to be so very different from what they expected to see, that they are inclined to think some gross fraud has been perpetrated somewhere.

I remember many years ago taking a bright little boy of six to the Dublin Zoological Gardens. It was his first visit, and all the way he prattled to me delightfully of what he expected to see; the principal object of his desires being an eagle. Perhaps he had been duly instructed in the semi-fabulous stories of children being borne away by eagles; probably he was also acquainted with the much more legitimate and charming adventures of Sindbad the Sailor and the Roc; at all events, we made our way to where there was a large cage containing several fine sea eagles. I awaited his rapturous delight, but in vain. I saw the poor little chap assume a most crestfallen aspect. "They are so small," was all he said, but I could easily divine that he had expected to see something about twenty feet high, and that one of his pretty childish idols had been smashed to pieces.

On a more recent occasion I visited the Falls of Niagara. When we reached the station in the middle of the night, one of my

fellow-passengers, who was not by any means a child, remonstrated with the conductor, who came round to tell us that we were at Niagara Falls. "That cannot be," said the individual in question, "for I know two things—first, that the station is not two miles from the falls; and secondly, that the noise of the falls can be easily heard twenty miles away, and as I hear nothing I know that this cannot be the station." But it was nevertheless. The conception of the thunders of Niagara in the mind of the tourist bore no more relation to the actual fact than did the Roc which the boy expected to the actual eagle which was all I could show him. Nor did I fail to observe the utterly disgusted and disappointed demeanour of my unhappy fellow-traveller the next day, when he perceived the contrast between the wretched trickle of the real Niagara and the splendour of that ideal cataract which all this journey had been taken in the hope of seeing. Had the entire of the Atlantic Ocean been seen pouring down from the moon it would not have done more than realise the expectations of volume and of altitude which so ruthlessly collapsed by the fact.

It is obvious that to properly appreciate



SATURN AND HIS RINGS.

natural scenery persons must either be naturally gifted with intuitive taste, or else they must wait until experience has taught them what to see, and what it is reasonable to expect to see. Let not anyone, therefore, be disappointed if their first glimpse of Saturn falls far short of what they expected; the beauties of it are not so glaring that they can be discerned without nice and careful observation. Remember that the crape ring is so subtle an object that multitudes of astronomers gazed at Saturn for ages and never saw it at all. Even the immortal William Herschel, with his excellent instruments and with his indefatigable perseverance, never noticed the crape ring. Let the casual visitor bear this in mind, and not expect to see Saturn exhibited as a vast panorama which he that runs can read: let him rather expect to find an exquisitely wrought miniature, which will demand the closest attention, but which will reveal ever new beauties to those who know how to woo the real loveliness of nature in the only way in which it can be won.

Widely different, indeed, are the attractions of the next object we have to mention from those of which we have just been speaking.

Saturn is a planet lighted by a sun, while the globular cluster of stars in the constellation of Perseus is itself a group of suns.

Girdling the entire heaven is that beautiful but somewhat irregular band of light, the milky way. It is composed of myriads of stars, too small and too faint, by reason of their vast distance, to be severally visible; but their different rays unite to give us the beautiful "via lactea." This is a star cluster on the grandest scale, but the several components are too much scattered to give us a brilliant or effective telescopic picture.

In the sword handle of Perseus there are two densely-packed groups of stars, which form the two celebrated clusters. They are visible to the unaided eye as faintly luminous spots, but in a grand telescope they unfold into spectacles of the most gorgeous sublimity. Each of the two clusters—and they lie close together—is sufficient to crowd the field of view with a multitude of brilliant stars, in which the curious eye will find charming configurations; in one of these clusters notably a horse shoe, in the other a beautiful system of triangles. Many of the stars are of a ruddy hue, and as contrasted with other clusters the

smaller and inconspicuous stars are comparatively absent. We can, as it were, see right through the entire group at every part, to the deep blue space beyond. Such a collection of gems, and so exquisitely set, will extort admiration from everybody; I do not remember to have seen anyone disappointed at this spectacle. But it requires some previous acquaintance with a few facts in astronomy to fully realise all that the picture expresses. Unhappily we are not able to supply the most important piece of information which will naturally be asked: we are not able to give the actual dimensions of this system. The case is in this respect very different to that of the moon or of Saturn. There the arts of the astronomer have been successful in the attempt to measure and even to weigh; but in the stellar regions proper our knowledge of the weights and the distance is always scanty, and not unfrequently

entirely wanting. This is so in the case of the cluster in Perseus. We do not know the distance at which it is separated from us. The methods which astronomers are in the habit of using in such investigations have, I believe, never been yet applied to the cluster in Perseus. The belief is, no doubt, that the only methods available would be inapplicable to such an object. In seeking the distance of a fixed star, the ordinary method is to select some other star in the neighbourhood apparently, but which is really very much further behind, though in the same line of sight. By a careful series of measures made in the course of an entire year, there is an apparent displacement of one of these stars relating to the other, caused by the fact that the earth has been ever changing its position in the course of its annual revolution around the sun. The method fails if the star's distance be greater than a certain limit, as it actually is with the great majority of the bodies to which the method has been employed. The difficulty of applying this process to the cluster in Perseus, is that we have no clue to guide us in the choice of the pair of stars which would be suitable; one of them must lie in the cluster, the other must be

far behind it. If we had any means of identifying a pair of stars which were certainly so situated, the inquiry would be certainly undertaken; but it would not improbably happen, if a pair of stars were chosen at random, that they would be both in the cluster, and thus the attempt would be abortive. It is doubtless this feeling which has prevented astronomers from devoting their attention to an arduous and protracted series of observations, of which the result would not improbably be futile.

We may, however, feel certain that the distance of this group is quite comparable with the distances of stellar bodies which have been ascertained, and this fact is sufficient to create a conception of the true splendour and magnificence of the cluster. We know that many stars in space are really suns, of a brilliancy and a size comparable with that of our own sun; but we do not see these objects as suns, we can only perceive them as points—bright and beautiful, no doubt, but still quite wanting in the surpassing glory that our sun possesses. They are simply dwarfed into comparative insignificance by their appalling distance. Were our own sun to be taken away from us to the distance of even the nearest star, it would have to be about two hundred thousand times as far from us as it is at present. Even to our glorious orb of day we must apply the same laws of measurement as are employed in the much more humble purpose of determining the candle power of a gas flame. We know that if a candle be moved to a double distance its light is diminished to one-fourth; if it be moved to a threefold distance the light is reduced to the ninth part; and if it were taken to a tenfold distance the light is reduced to

one-hundredth part of its amount. People do not always remember how greatly light decreases when the distance of the source diminishes. I remember being shown the reading room of a superb clubhouse in London, one of the attractions of which was the beautiful illumination which the incandescent electric lights in the ceiling were supposed to diffuse. But I thought the light for reading purposes very poor indeed. The fact was the designers seemed to have forgotten that a single candle one foot away is quite as good as an electric light of one hundred candle power which is even ten feet distant. It is this cruel decrease of light with distance which pales the stars to insignificance. Were our sun himself situated at the distance of the nearest of them—that is, 200,000 times as far away as he is at present—you would have to divide his present light into 200,000 equal parts, and then subdivide each of those parts into 200,000 again before you obtained a just notion of the reduction of his brilliancy. The sun in such a case would decline to the lustre of a small star not nearly so bright as many of those which twinkle around us every night.

To render due admiration to the glory of the clusters in Perseus, we must think that each of those gems which adorn it is itself a sun. I do not assert that those suns are as large as that to which we are so greatly indebted, but it may very well be that some of them or all of them are so. We know nothing which would seem to render this impossible or even unlikely. Whether there can be dark bodies in that system which revolve around these suns as this earth revolves around ours is a matter of which we are utterly ignorant. No

matter how vast a dark body might be, it would be utterly invisible to us by the mere reflected light which it would emit. Let us reverse the situation for a moment and suppose an eye from the cluster in Perseus was gazing at our system, in which the sun had dwindled to a star, what likelihood would there be that such an eye could see either our earth or the planet Venus, which is a globe of about the same size? Venus no doubt, as the evening star, is a glittering and lovely object, but its beauty is only due to its raiment of sunbeams, of which it receives just so much as fall upon it. Now the sun radiates over the whole vault of heaven, and emits many millions of times as much light as Venus could intercept, hence from a distance the sun must look hundreds of millions of times brighter than Venus, and if the sun then be only a star, what chance is there that a body so inconceivably less luminous should be visible at all?

The cluster in Perseus is thus a vast associated group of many hundreds of brilliant suns diversified by various hues, from white to red. Here is indeed a spectacle on which the astronomer is never weary of gazing. Every time I look at the system I do so with renewed astonishment and admiration. It but too often happens that the pursuit of the purely technical parts of his occupation is apt to make the astronomer oblivious to the sublime and the picturesque feelings which such objects are calculated to awaken. I do not, however, think that even the most unimpressible of observers can ever renew his acquaintance with the cluster of Perseus without some sensation of rapture.

(To be continued.)

OUR AMERICAN SALE, AND HOW WE WORKED IT.



To those whose lot it is to work among the poor in London or any large city, it becomes a very pressing problem—How, with strictly limited resources, are we to meet the constantly increasing demand for aid in cases of sickness or poverty? I am sure that all who do work of this kind—district visitors, Sunday-school teachers, and others, of whom there are many among the readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*—have often wondered how they are to meet the demands made upon them. The visitor—the “visiting-lady,” as the poor call her—when she goes her rounds, finds that the cases of sickness or want caused by the breadwinner being out of work are, as a rule, far more than the slender monthly allowance for relief will enable her to help as she would like to do, and she feels that it is very hard to have to go on in the work without enough of money to supply the sick and needy. And then in every parish and district there are sure to be very deserving objects in want of

funds. The “Mothers’ Meeting” may be in debt; the Sunday-school library may sorely need some new books; the Temperance Society may find it hard to make both ends meet; the day schools may want help of one kind or another. It does not always do to look to the same people over and over again for support, and it is always desirable to extend the circle of money-givers, and make all who possibly can help in good works.

An “American Sale” proves a most excellent method of raising money, and it has the advantage of drawing it from other than the ordinary sources of parochial revenue; and the poor have a direct interest in making it a success, as the larger the receipts are they directly or indirectly benefited.

Now some of my readers may naturally ask, “What is an American Sale?” Well, the answer, shortly, is this:—An American Sale is a sale of all kinds of clothing, household requisites, furniture, carpets, etc., etc., which are contributed by kind friends to be sold to the poor of a parish. I do not mean *new* articles, but the clearing out of wardrobes and houses of many things which their original owners would never either wear or use again, but which prove very acceptable to their poorer neighbours. Why this should be called an “American” sale I know not; perhaps the idea originated there; but the scheme is a most excellent one, as our experience will show. It has been tried, I believe, in several places with very great success, and it is with the idea of making its usefulness more widely known, that I venture to describe it in this article. Some people may object, and say that the poor are not likely to buy these kind of things, or that it is only in certain places that

it may succeed. All I can say to this is, just try it, and if your district is anything like the one I have in my mind, where our experience is gained (a parish within ten miles of London), I do not think you will find it fail.

Let me now describe how we set to work, and what success attended our efforts. First and foremost, it is necessary to get someone to act as secretary, who must be exact and methodical in the work; it will not do to go about it in a slipshod way. We were most fortunate in securing the services of a gentleman who entered into it most zealously and systematically. A committee of ladies, nearly all district visitors, was then formed to collect articles for the sale. Then a circular was drawn up by our secretary, stating the things most likely to sell well, and this, as you will see, was a most exhaustive one. Here is the substance of it. It began by stating that an American sale would be held on such a date, and in such a place, and requested contributions from friends of any of the following articles: “Upper and under clothing for men, women, and children, especially cloth clothes and flannel garments, socks, stockings, collars, scarves, handkerchiefs, gloves, neckties, boots and shoes (especially women’s and children’s), slippers, hats, caps, bonnets, bed-linen, table-linen, umbrellas and parasols, pieces of floor-cloth and linoleum, and carpet in strips (if not too large to be sent in a parcel), mats, rugs, curtains and fittings, articles of furniture, if in fair repair (but not large ones if sent from a distance), perambulators, bedding, and blankets; toys of all kinds, children’s picture books, Christmas, birthday, and other cards (if not written on), pictures in frames or mounted on cardboard; razors, scissors, smoking pipes, purses, etc., etc.; crockery, china, glass (but not jam pots or ordinary bottles), old dinner,



A STALL AT THE AMERICAN SALE.

breakfast, and tea services,* or parts thereof (but crockery and brittle goods should not be sent from a distance), hardware, kitchen utensils, brushes, etc., kettles and scuttles, but these should all be in good repair (leaky saucepans are of no use); knives, forks, spoons, etc. N.B.—Iron or other heavy goods and very bulky things should not be sent from a distance. Small contributions of money will be gladly received from those members of ——— parish and congregation who are unable to help in other ways."

Such was the circular we sent out, and I think the reader will admit that it was of a fairly exhaustive character, and that there are few households which could not furnish some articles, useful or ornamental, to place upon the stalls.

In most places it would not be difficult to get together enough articles to attempt a sale, at least on a small scale.

When we had sent out our circular a reasonable time was allowed to elapse, and then the exact date was fixed. The next question which arose was with regard to the tickets of admission. We found that the poor in all the districts were very ready and willing to secure them. At our first sale we had two classes of tickets; those at twopence admitted the holders to the sale half an hour before the holders of tickets at a penny each; but we found after the first experiment that this did not answer, and we have since then only issued tickets at twopence each, and opened the doors to all at the same hour. These tickets were bought up most eagerly by the people; the only restriction to the district visitors (through whom the tickets were sold) was that they should not sell them to any persons who had shops for the sale of "old clothes."

A few days before the sale the things begin to come in, and they are received by various kind friends in the parish, who take care of them until the day of the sale.

When that important occasion arrives, the heterogeneous collection of goods, consisting of all kinds of clothing, carpets, books, pictures, crockery, ironmongery, lamps, etc., which had been sent to the various centres, was collected and brought to the parochial schools, where the sale was held. This was done early in the day, and then the various stallholders came and commenced the work of pricing those things which were allotted to them. In this they were guided on the first occasion by an experienced hand in these

matters, but the sellers quickly learned what the things were worth. As a rule to each stall we appointed two or three ladies and one or two gentlemen, whose duty it was to protect the sellers when the rush came. We generally divide our goods among the following stalls:—1, men's clothing; 2, women's clothing; 3, hats, bonnets, and umbrellas (at this stall remember to have a looking-glass); 4, fancy articles (this includes pictures, books, ornaments, toys, etc.), 5, carpets and curtains; 6, crockery and china of all kinds; 7, ironmongery; 8, underclothing for women and children, and men's collars and ties, etc.; 9, boots and shoes of all kinds; and last, not least, a refreshment stall where for a penny a cup of tea and biscuits or cake could be procured. This stall was very fairly patronised when our numerous clients had exhausted themselves and their purses, and met together to discuss their bargains.

These various stalls were ranged round the walls of the schoolrooms, and in front of them a stout barrier of timber and rope was fixed to prevent the crowd getting in the way of the sellers. It was found desirable to secure the services of two stalwart policemen, to prevent a rush at the first opening of the doors, and to watch over the proceedings generally.

Our hours were from 5 to 8 p.m., and, as we always hold the sales upon a Saturday, it seems to answer very well, it has never, however, been of so long continuance, as we are generally pretty well cleared out in a little over an hour. When the moment of opening draws near, every stallholder has to be at the post assigned to him or her. The moment the doors are opened the crowd, which has assembled outside some half hour previously, comes in with a rush. Like eagles upon their prey they swoop down upon the stalls, and the sellers have at first a very warm time of it. The stalls which are at once most fiercely attacked are men's clothing, women's clothing, and the carpets. The last named is generally cleared out in about half an hour, which leads us to suppose that we, as a rule, price these things too low. Around a fairly good bit of carpet the battle of the purchasers rages very fiercely, and those whose duty it is to protect the fair saleswomen have no easy task of it. The rush on the men's clothing stall is also very great, and in a marvellously short time it follows the example of the carpet and curtain stall, and the sellers are free to help others. It is quite

a novel experience for those who are accustomed to ordinary bazaars, where every effort has to be made by the stallholders to attract oftentimes unwilling purchasers, to find themselves surrounded by a crowd who are only too anxious to buy, and whom it is necessary to repress in order that those who are not first in the field may have a chance of getting something.

The stall for hats, bonnets, and umbrellas often affords no small amusement, and the looking-glass has a busy time of it, as all who try on the hats or bonnets must have a look to see how they suit the would-be purchasers' style of beauty. Among the men's hats we found that silk hats were always a drug in the market; the British workman does not seem to care for such things, and often very good hats would not be taken on any terms. Felt or soft cloth hats went very fast, but it is a curious thing that it was very difficult to find one to fit the working classes. In almost every case the hats sent in by gentlemen were much too large. Whether this is due to a superior education and more reading, or not, it is hard to say, but in dozens of instances we found this was the case.

The boot and shoe stall is one which is much patronised; the articles there are often of a very miscellaneous kind, including wading stockings (sent in by some enthusiastic salmon fisher), dress boots, pumps, slippers, shooting boots, etc. Here there is apt to be a considerable congestion of purchasers, as it takes time to try on the boots, and it is necessary to have some space round the stall and some chairs or forms near at hand.

The ironmongery does not, as a rule, find so many customers, nor do we generally get in so many articles for this department, the reason being, I suppose, that while the things are fit for use, the owners do not part with them, and after that, it is not easy to find purchasers for a saucepan which, although it may be very clean and bright looking, yet refuses to hold what is put into it; and the same remark applies to kettles, coffee pots, tea urns, etc.

The refreshment stall generally gets a good many supporters when the people have spent what they have on clothing, for then they repair with their very miscellaneous bundles to refresh themselves with the harmless cup of tea, and to discuss their purchases before carrying them off in triumph.

It takes usually about two hours to clear out our stock, and at the end of that time empty stalls and weary stallholders are to be found.

We made a rule that no small children (except those in arms) should be admitted, but somehow this rule gets broken, and in the rush in at 5 p.m. we find that the wary mothers often manage to bring in a small boy or girl with them, and the said boy or girl as often gets temporarily lost in the crowd, but quickly is brought back to the mother by either the kindly policeman or one of the staff of helpers.

So much, then, for our sale, and its various incidents. Now, it may be asked what profit is likely to be made by such efforts? That depends, of course, very much on the resources of the place, and the number of kind friends who will help in the matter of sending in articles for sale. There need be no fear of not getting buyers if the thing is properly made known in the parish. Ours is probably a very typical parish of which there are hundreds about London and any other big town, and

we find the people most eager to purchase tickets to admit them, and ready, only too ready, to buy when they get there. There are in every household heaps of things which the owners do not need, and which must be got rid of some way, and as a rule we have not found any difficulty, if the work is begun in time, and sufficient notice of the sale given (say three months or thereabouts), in getting articles sent in. The expenses need not be very heavy. Printing is the chief item, and the necessary help in getting the room ready on the day of the sale, and the hire of, say, cups, etc., if the parish has not got a supply, as most parishes have. The expenses of police and a man to take tickets at the door complete the list, except where the carriage of articles has to be paid, but this will not always happen.

We have had three American sales, and we find that the net profit of these, after the

payment of all expenses, comes to £118. This sum was taken from the people themselves in a parish of under 8,000 in ten months!

Almost all of this money went back again to the people in the shape of extra relief, to the district visitors to meet cases of sickness, and to deserving people in misfortune. Some of it was given to mothers' meetings, some to school repairs, and all, as I have said, to the direct benefit of the working people. It would not be wise to attempt these sales more than twice a year; there were exceptional reasons for our having had three in one year.

I hope what I have said in this paper, in calling attention to this means of raising money to help the poor, may be useful to some interested in that work, and that they (if they attempt an "American Sale") will meet with the same success as we have done.

T. B. W.



ONE WORD.

(From the German of Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania.)

By THE REV. JOHN KELLY, Author of "Louisa of Prussia, and Other Sketches," etc.

It said it plainly—"Mother!"
My child hath said to me;
It laughs, again repeats it,
When asked, right winsomely.

Quite plainly—"Mother!" Ponder
This word so potent still:
I wish that I, by coaxing,
Could draw it forth at will.

But when I would to others
My skill with pride display,
Then does the silly infant
Quite dumb remain away.

Then do they laugh, and tell me
That I myself deceive;
And then the child repeats it
When they the chamber leave.

As if it were a secret,
'Tis only said to me,
And I would fain proclaim it
To all men publicly.

O men! I am a mother!
Ye winds, the tidings bear!—
My child hath mother called me—
Ye birds, the news declare!

I feel quite wild and foolish;
My happiness runs o'er,
My heart to my mouth leapeth
And laugheth evermore.

My dear old native language,
This lovely word is thine,
And every day to hear it
With fresh delight 'tis mine!



HOW TO PLAY THE ZITHER.

FROM time immemorial the inhabitants of the mountainous districts of Germany have had an instrument not unlike the dulcimer and guitar, called a zither or zither. The modern zither is so fast becoming a favourite in England that a few words about it and its advantages as a drawing-room instrument may not be wholly uninteresting.

I say modern zither, because during the last few years the mechanical appliances and power of tone of the zither have been much improved.

Perhaps our respect for this little instrument may be heightened when we remember that it is the descendant of a long line of stringed forefathers—from the semi-barbarous "kissar" of the Nubian, to the "lyre" of the highly-polished Roman. All ancient nations of

whose musical instruments we have any knowledge have had their own peculiar form of stringed instruments, more or less primitive in construction, but bearing a certain resemblance to one another.

In Persia, Hindostan, and other Asiatic countries we find the "sitar," so called from the word "si," three and "tar," string. The instrument has practically five strings, which are struck with a small plectrum or hook, made of leather or horn; and modern sitar players in India are still said to enrapture their audience—not a European one, we presume!

The "kissar," or Nubian lyre, is made of wood hollowed out in the form of a bowl, and covered with sheepskin. It has five strings, usually made from the intestines of the camel,

and they are also twanged with a small plectrum. The ancient Greeks had their "cythera," and the early Assyrians a lyre of ten strings; while among the Hebrews the "kinnor" took a prominent place. It was a triangular lyre, formed of two flat pieces of wood joined at right angles; across it were stretched eight or nine strings. It was held under the left arm, and played probably with a plectrum; and with an instrument such as this David subdued the "evil spirit" of Saul.

The Romans delighted in the lyre, the origin of which they ascribed to Mercury, who, according to mythological tradition, constructed it from the shell of a tortoise which he chanced to pick up on the banks of the Nile.

From primitive instruments such as these,



THE ZITHER.

others more elaborate were constructed and universally played. In England three hundred years ago citterns were very popular. They had now assumed larger proportions, while some of them had four double strings of wire. We are told by Playford that Queen Elizabeth "did re-create herself on a most excellent instrument, not unlike a lute, but strung with wire." And there is good reason for supposing that this was the larger kind of cittern here mentioned. Shakespeare also refers to the "cittern head" in his play of *Love's Labour Lost*.

The loan collection of musical instruments at the Inventions Exhibition contained several specimens, not only of the old English lyre, but also of the zither. As yet, however, these instruments were played perpendicularly, and appear to have fallen into disuse, superseded doubtless by the spinet, the harpsichord, and finally the pianoforte.

It is to the Bavarians we are indebted for the charming zither, which I beg to bring to the notice of my readers if they are not already acquainted with it. Those who have travelled in the Bavarian Tyrol will know that the zither is to the mountaineer what the bag-pipe is to the Highlander—no Tyrolese home is complete without it.

There are different kinds of zithers—the ordinary Prime, the Concert, and the Elegie. Besides these there is the Streich zither, which is played with a bow, and requires an accompaniment. It is not, however, so perfect an instrument as the other description of zithers. My reader will observe that the engraving is of a thirty-one-stringed zither, and that it is played horizontally on a table. The five strings on the keyboard are used for producing the melody. The performer presses them with the fingers of the left hand, just below the metal frets, in the same manner as a guitar is played. At the same moment the thumb of the right hand strikes the strings, a plectrum of silver or gold—called by courtesy a "ring"—being worn on the thumb-nail.

The accompaniment strings, which are made of catgut and of silk and wire, are played with the first and second fingers of the right hand, the third being reserved for the bass

notes. This union of a sustained melody, with a staccato or harp-like accompaniment, renders the zither one of the most perfect of instruments. It has a remarkably sweet and sympathetic tone, its distinctive traits being richness and purity combined. The lover of music is astonished at the impressive effects, and the light and shade which may be produced by the hand of a masterly player. Elegant in form, as well as beautiful in tone, the modern zither may be favourably compared with any drawing-room instrument. One of its advantages is its exceeding portability.

There is another reason, however, why the zither should become popular in this country. It may be commenced by those who have not had the advantage of learning the pianoforte as children, and who yet feel desirous of playing some instrument. The chief requisite being an accurate musical ear, without which tuning could not be satisfactorily accomplished. This leads me to think that the zither is specially adapted for the blind, who are usually endowed not only with an exceedingly correct ear, but a delicate and sensitive touch and power of expression, which would cause the instrument at once to respond. Those who have heard bands of zithers in the Bavarian Tyrol, or the Black Forest, will, I think, unite with me in wishing that a similar union of sweet sounds may some day be heard in our schools and colleges for the blind. My readers must not infer that the zither is to be mastered with but little trouble. Beginners must expect to meet with and to overcome difficulties which at the outset will seem very hard indeed; and for the first three months the would-be zither player must exercise much patient perseverance to enable her to master the first principles of the instrument.

Those who persevere, however, will be richly rewarded by finding that their improvement increases more in proportion than it would, if they were to devote that same time to—let me say the pianoforte or the violin. In other words, it is the first step in the zither which is the most difficult, and one year of patient study of an hour a day ought to result in playing calculated to give pleasure to oneself and to those who listen. A com-

plete and perfect mastery is not obtainable without hard work and much time, but a simple melody, played with feeling, will give an exquisite sensation of pleasure, and is more in accordance with the nature of the instrument than elaborate and brilliant pieces. It forms an exceedingly pretty accompaniment to the voice, and duets on two zithers are most effective.

Being moderate in price, the instrument is within the reach of many. A good one may be bought at Metzler's for £5. A higher sum secures a first-rate zither; while on the other hand a small prime, suitable for beginners, may be purchased for 25s. To those, therefore, who feel the power of music strongly within them, I recommend this little instrument, at once delicate, and yet capable of expressing the strongest emotion, certain that it possesses all those attributes dear to true lovers of music.

Let me conclude by quoting the eloquent account of the zither by the late Anthony Trollope: "Reader, did you ever hear the zither? It combines all the softest notes of the human voice. It sings to you of love, and then wails to you of disappointed love, till it fills you with a melancholy from which there is no escaping, from which you never wish to escape. It speaks to you as no other instrument ever speaks, and reveals to you with wonderful eloquence the sadness in which it delights. It produces a luxury of anguish, a fullness of the satisfaction of imaginary woe, a realisation of the mysterious delights of romance, which no words can ever thoroughly supply. While the notes are living, while the music is still in the air, the ear comes to covet greedily every atom of tone which the instrument will produce, so that the slightest extraneous sound becomes an offence. The notes sink and sink so low and low, that the listener dreads that something will be lost in the struggle of listening. There seems to come some lethargy, on his sense of hearing, which he fears will shut out from his brain the last, lowest, sweetest strain, the very pearl of music, for which he has been watching with all the intensity of prolonged desire. And then the zither is silent; and there remains a fond memory, together with a deep regret."

POETS OVER-SEA.

A GOSSIP ON THE RECENT POETRY OF AMERICA.

By GLEESON WHITE, Author of "Some Poetry we Read," "Ballades and Rondeaux," etc.

PART IV.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN (1860), who has published so far but a single volume, "Madrigals and Catches," is one of those who having done small things supremely, give hope of their doing great things equally well. While much of his verse is of the light, half-gay, half-grave order, dear to popular taste now, it has poetry in it, and never descends to be merely facile rhyming. At first sight the title of the book and the look of its contents suggest the lightest of the class Locker and Calverly made famous, but in many of the lyrics a more serious note is struck. These two give some idea of Mr. Sherman's style, but the variety of treatment and riper quality of his recent work reaches higher than the level attained even in these.

THE MARCH WIND.

Blow, wind of March, and sing
Your song unto the timid buds and grass—
Unclasp the fetters of the woodland spring,
Hushed in its house of glass.

Blow, wind of March, and thrill
The languid pulses of the barren trees,
Until their empty hands with blossoms fill,
And tempt the honey-bees.

Blow, wind of March, and wake
The sleeping violets with gentle words;
Spread your green canopy of leaves, and make
A shelter for the birds.

Blow, sturdy wind of March,
And burst the winter's frosty prison-bars;
Blow all the clouds from heaven's azure arch,
And stud it with white stars.

Blow, wind of March, ay, blow
Until the orchards heed your voice, and bloom;
Then whisper softly where the wild flowers grow
About the winter's tomb.

A CATCH.

If any grace
To me belong
In song,

Know then your face
Has been to me
A key.

For pitched in this
Delicious tone
I've known,

I could not miss
What music slips
Your lips.

If faults be found
In any line
Of mine,

To mar the sound
Of notes that try
To vie

With yours, my sweet,
Then, always true
Do you

The words repeat,
And make sublime
My rhyme!

In "Songs of Sleepy Hollow" (1839) S. H. Thayer has written many graceful and facile verses on the district which entitles the book. While there is not any striking newness in his poems, they are neatly wrought and pleasantly written. Throughout the book suggests the work of a scholar and student, with less reminiscences of accepted models than is usual in work of its class. The idea in the following sonnet is well expressed, and musically set out in words that build up lines of considerable beauty.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

Sometimes a silence breaks upon the air,
Full laden with a music mutely deep,
That lulls the senses to oblivious sleep;
No silvery chords or murmuring lips may dare
To vie in sweetness with this songster rare,
Or share its harmonies, which, voiceless, steep
The sacred revery of the heart, and keep
The spirit kindred to the spell of prayer.
The purest notes, trilled by impassioned voice,
Are wasted then upon the listless ear;
The wakened memory is left no choice
But to be wooed in flight to some old year,
When mother-lips in holy prayer were heard,
Or maiden love once spoke its sovereign word.

Maurice Thompson (1844), in his one volume, "Songs of Fair Weather" (1883), has so rare a collection of poems that a new volume from his pen is a thing to wish for. He has peculiarly marked the intuition that directs the exquisite rhythm evolved by the order of the words, quite apart from the actual scansion of the lines. There is distinction in his work, and while faithfully portraying nature, the result is not mere photography in black and white, nor even clever colour studies, but reflections of light and movement, and of the human interest that we call poetic. Whatever the ultimate standard he acquires in the Walhalla of American song, such refined and artistic poetry deserves special note. Not only do his lyrics read easily, but like a real melody they recur again unsought yet insistent, after being read but once.

AT NIGHT.

The moon hangs in a silver mist,
The stars are dull and thin;
Sleep, bending low, spreads loving arms
To fold the whole world in.
The air is like a spell; the hills
Waver, now seen, now lost,
The pallid river wanders by
A vast unquiet ghost.
A horned owl on silent wings
From out a cavernous space,
Speeds like a bolt of darkness hurled
Athwart the shimmering space,
Above the vale, from wood to wood,
And leaves no trace behind,
Like some dark fancy flung across
A pure and peaceful mind.

In "Etchings in Verse," Mr. Andrew F. Underhill hit upon a very happy title, after the accepted model, "Proverbs in Porcelain," and other fanciful designations. One, a humorous plaint to Mrs. Herrick, said to be the censor of poetry to the *Century* magazine, would be worth its space, could it be spared here. The other verses are sprightly and sad, but always graceful in their expression.

David Wasson's Poems, collected in 1883, are marked by lofty thought, in dignified, stately utterance. Their largeness of view and nobility of purpose stamp them at once as poetry of no mean order. One that has been called "a classic, and unrivalled in American poetry," entitled "All's Well," seems hardly to justify such eulogy; it is besides too long to quote here, but the two that are given may bear witness of the importance of the book.

LOVE AGAINST LOVE.

As unto blowing roses summer dew,
Or morning's amber to the tree-top choirs,
So to my bosom are the beams that use
To rain on me from eyes that love inspires.
Your love, vouchsafe it, royal-hearted few,
And I will set no common price thereon;
Oh! I will keep as heaven its holy blue,
Or night her diamonds, that dear treasure won.
But aught of inward faith must I forego,
Or miss one drop from Truth's baptismal hand;
Think poorer thoughts; pray cheaper prayers,
and grow
Less worthy trust, to meet your heart's demand?
Farewell! Your wish I for your sake deny;
Rebel to love, in truth to love am I.

TIME.

I. From Below.

"I have a tyrant-master, Time,
Whose small apprentice I am bound;
To each desire of his must rhyme
My ceaseless duty in servile round.
Two haughty officers, Night and Day,
Still whip and wind me every way;
Were Destiny my better friend,
This harsh apprenticeship had end!"

II. From Above.

"There is a shadowy weaver, Time,
Thwarting his threads below me far;
With lidless eye, from height sublime,
I look upon him, like a star,
But dwell in calm, cerulean sky,
Above that region where his ply
Makes changing season and chequered year
Eternity my mansion here!"

One great personality, whose utterances in spite of their unconventional melody and rugged disregard of the accepted attributes of poetry, wield a gigantic influence, has been left unnoticed here. But the canvas was too small to include Walt Whitman, and, curiously enough, his disciples seem so far almost exclusively upon this side of the ocean. To-day in England dozens of pages of our younger poets show unmistakably traces of close study of his works, and keen appreciation of his genius; but among his fellow citizens hardly a line recalls him, however faintly. Later on in these columns I hope to atone as far as possible for the apparent neglect.

The few poets here quoted are but a tithe of the large number who, in spite of the too often repeated axiom that nobody reads or cares for poetry now-a-days, brave the neglect of the cold reception, and put forth volume after volume. It is said that only those who write verses themselves ever read other poetry. If so, the would-be poet has a very large audience—one, too, that is to some extent trained by unconscious education to a standard of perfection, however low their ideal may be. But had not space forbidden, Will Carleton, whose ballads, somewhat akin to

those of Mr. G. R. Sims, are the delight of amateur reciters; Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose own fame is shadowed by his altruistic attempt to acquire fame for others, for his "Victorian Poets" and its companion volume "American," are probably the most comprehensive treatises upon contemporary workers that any art has seen in any age; Richard Watson Gilder; Charles Warren Stoddard; Charles Henry Phelps; Colonel Hay, whose curiously bold rhymes charm the very readers they repel; James Whitcomb Riley, whose "Old Fashioned Roses" has lately been published in England, and whose dialect verse has become very popular; Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), with his plantation rhymes; Burns Wilson, Sidney Lanier, F. W. Loring, Charles de Kay, George Parsons Lathrop, and many other names come to mind with self-consciousness of culpable neglect in omission. Yet to include them were well-nigh impossible, and as Mr. Douglas Sladen, who introduced to us a new world of poets from Australasia, is even now working in America upon a similar scheme to set forth specimens of its living poets—this time, however, with the vast resources of a continent, not in the first stage of civilisation, but in many respects ahead of the mother country—the reproach that we know so little of the contemporary poets of the United States may cease to exist. And, in sober truth, it is to be feared a similar series of gossips upon English versifiers, in an anthology restricted to the "coming men," would reveal to most of us depths of ignorance that we scarce suspect.

Canada, with Professor G. D. Roberts, whose "Orion" and "In Divers Tones" are notable volumes, and Bliss Carman, a young writer of whom more will be heard, can hardly be noticed under the "Poets Over-Sea." They are indeed geographically near our cousins, but rightly come into English limits, and take place with our next-door neighbours, as Englishmen who write for English audiences.

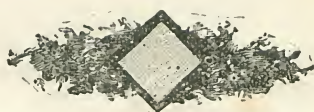
So these papers end, with a feeling of regret that the space already usurping the fair proportions allotted to it in a magazine with so many tastes to cater for, was not a hundred times greater, but with a much keener regret that such valuable opportunity could not have been made a perfect storehouse of flawless examples.

A cluster of jewels tossed into a common box look mere crystals, more or less brilliant, but hardly rarer in value than the torrent of coloured fragments that pour from a broken kaleidoscope. Yet there may be gems among them that, if detached from their fellows and set apart, whether in the diadem of an empress or reposing upon velvet in a jeweller's window, would make their royal worth apparent.

Out of such treasure trove as the whole mass of American poetry offers, though an Aladdin's lamp has given access thereunto, time admits only of the lucky seeker loading his wallet with such scant purpose as he may. He throws down here an armful of the glittering things, leaving behind, perhaps, some of the rarest jewels, and proudly exhibiting some mechanically built-up imitations. But that is the greedy treasure-hunter's error, and no fault of the treasury whence they have been so indiscriminately drawn.

NOTE.—"The Heart of the Weed," quoted as by Nora Perry, on page 231, was published anonymously by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., and is the work of Lilian Cabot Perry.

[THE END.]



THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER V.

AWAY from England! with the white cliffs receding gradually from view, the green waters churning into yeasty foam behind the good ship, the great hillocks of the Channel, so unlike in form to the conventional idea of a wave, rising and subsiding as the vessel cuts along!

There was a stiff breeze on the August morning when Mrs. Lancaster, Dorothy and Evelyn left Dover, and the sky was stormy; but Evelyn delighted in the rough caresses of the wind and the tossing of the sea. She was a good sailor, and the fact increased the consciousness of general superiority to the majority of her sex which had of late been gaining force in her mind. Happy, glowing with health, expectant of the coming delights of Swiss scenery, she made a pretty picture as she stood in her blue serge frock, all blown about on the upper deck, while Mrs. Lancaster, Dottie and the maid were extended helpless in the ladies' cabin below.

The journey into Switzerland, *via* Laon, is no longer a novelty; and it is needless to describe how the travellers sped straight away from the Calais pier, through north-eastern France; and how the early morning broke upon the romantic gorges, climbing forests, and white cliffs of the Jura. At the busy station of Bâle they alighted for breakfast, and were soon off again *en route* for Lucerne.

They had chosen for a temporary resting-place, in preference to one of the large hotels, a *pension* on the hill side, from the balconies of which they could look down upon the two quaint spires of the cathedral, then away across the end of the lake, busy with its landing-place, steamers, and station, to Mount Pilatus, contrasting in stern and gloomy desolation with the lively scene below.

The *pension* was not large enough to accommodate all its guests, and Evelyn and Dottie, to their great joy, were lodged in a sequestered house in a grove of

walnut trees, about five minutes' walk away.

"A fit haunt for a poetess," cried Dottie, in high glee, as after breakfast they retired to this lonely domain to unpack and rest. "Mariana in the Moated Grange!"

"Only it isn't moated, and it isn't a grange," rejoined Evelyn.

"Oh, you shouldn't be too literal! Isn't this a dear, delightful place? We shall be able to enjoy it to the full these few days before we go up to Engelberg."

Over the long tables in the cheerful *salle-à-manger*, the two girls cast a curious eye as they entered it for luncheon that day. Evelyn and Dottie were not yet *blasées* by manifold experience. It was only their second visit to Switzerland, and Evelyn specially, eager and receptive, was ready for new impressions on every side. Among the forty or fifty guests—British matrons, fresh young girls, spinsters of that peculiar antiquated type only to be discovered in foreign boarding-houses—she quickly singled out one lady as being original in appearance. This lady, small, spare, middle-aged, was remarkable for the perfect whiteness of her hair, brushed up in Marie Antoinette fashion above her brow; and the whiteness, in another and a yellower shade, of the skin of her face, which was creased into wrinkles in a curious way, and reminded one of soft parchment. With these two shades of white contrasted the brilliancy of her black eyes, which literally gleamed from beneath her delicate but finely marked eyebrows. There was something in her appearance as if she had been prematurely withered physically by too hot a sun or too rapid living, while her mind was evidently in its vigour of youth. The adjectives, weird and dainty, might both have been applied to her at once, incongruous though they seem.

Evelyn was inly meditating as to her nationality as she stood on the balcony that evening, when she found the little



lady at her side. A commonplace question as to Evelyn's acquaintance with Lucerne at once revealed the stranger's nationality. She was American, but she pronounced it Amuh-ican.

"You are going up to Engelberg? So am I too," she observed. "I am all alone, except for my maid. Are you fond of reading?"

This abrupt question was suggested by Arnold's Poems in Evelyn's hand.

"My countrymen read a great deal of poetry," she continued in her undulating tones. "We have some fine poets of our own, but none to approach your greatest."

Mrs. Lancaster, who was reposing her ample form in a chair near Evelyn, thought this a favourable opportunity to remark affably—

"My niece writes poetry herself. She has just published a book."

"Ah, this is very interesting. You are a poetess!" cried the bright-eyed lady. "And now you can tell me all about English literary society."

Evelyn found it most embarrassing to have to confess, as she quickly had to do, that she did not enjoy the personal acquaintance of Browning, Tennyson, William Morris, Lewis Morris, nor Matthew Arnold; that she had in fact never seen one of them; that she *had* read very little of Browning, and could not understand anything she had read, excepting the "Pied Piper," "Home Thoughts from Abroad," and a few shorter poems; that "Paracelsus" was a sealed book to her, and so forth.

"Then are you any relation of Browning's 'Beautiful Evelyn Hope' who died?" inquired the lady, archly.

"My father gave me the name Evelyn because he was fond of Browning, and of that poem in particular," replied the girl flushing.

Without seeming to be impertinent, this bright-eyed little woman proceeded to put her through an examination from which Evelyn came out, as she felt in a sort of rage, with anything but flying colours. Then had she read any American poets? Well, Longfellow was tolerably familiar, but she knew little more than the names of Bryant, Whittier, and Lowell.

"You have a great deal of pleasure to come," remarked the lady, with a tinge of surprise in her voice. "And as you have read so little, you will have the greater opportunity of being original. You will lend me this book of yours?"

Evelyn rather wished she need not comply, and for the second time felt a desire to conceal "Day-dreams" from the public gaze. But she was obliged to produce one of the little store of volumes she had brought, and then excused herself from further conversation by the fact of her long journey and desire for rest. Mrs. Lancaster was already nodding in her chair, unmoved by the fair vision before her of gleaming Lucerne and dusky Pilatus.

The next few days passed, as days at Lucerne generally do pass, in excursions on the lovely lake, and to the top of the Righi. Evelyn saw a great deal of her American friend, Miss Aurelia Q. Wentworth, and was by no

means sure whether she liked or detested her. Miss Wentworth's familiarity with almost every standard English work was discouraging to Evelyn, who, though she imagined she had read extensively, had in reality made her Tennyson and Mrs. Browning go a very long way. To find an American perfectly at home in English literature, and with all sorts of unknown quotations on the tip of her tongue, was distinctly galling to pride—and Miss Wentworth did not allude to "Day-dreams" at all; an evident proof of lack of appreciation, and a stab to the authoress's self-esteem. Still, the bright little woman's intelligence and the charm of her conversation, enhanced by the curious accent, were so great that Evelyn could not shun her society. Dottie frankly declared she thought her "delightful fun," and carried on sparring matches with her, relative to national institutions, in which the English champion had decidedly the worst of it.

"Miss Wentworth says she's coming with us to Engelberg," said Dottie, as the two girls made their way to the Moated Grange. "She says she and her maid will join with us, and the carriage holds six—two outside, four in. She says we're just the nicest English people she ever met."

"Frank, at all events," cried Evelyn, laughing. "But I think she might have waited till we asked her."

Miss Wentworth, however, was not inconvenienced by over-much shyness, and showed a happy confidence that her arrangement was the best for all parties.

So the four ladies, with their two maids, drove away one cloudy August morning from the lovely *pension* on the hill—down the steep road into Lucerne, round the head of the lake, and along the pleasant country on its western bank, with Mount Pilatus frowning above them, until they reached the bridge across the narrow channel that separates the Alpnacher See from the rest of the lake. Lucerne is of strange and irregular shape, as all those happy people know who have been privileged to glide over its surface, and is rather like an aggregation of lakes than one alone.

The carriage rattled across the frail wooden structure to Stansstadt, with its square-pinnacled tower, then through orchards and pastures to Stans.

"Oh, look at that monument! What can it be?" cried Dottie, as they passed the square adjacent to the handsome parish church, and caught sight of a marble group in a niche on the further side.

"Well, that is a monument to Arnold von Winkelried," responded Miss Wentworth. "Miss Hope will tell us all about him, for I see there is a sonnet to Liberty in her 'Day-dreams,' and she apostrophises Swiss patriots among others."

But Evelyn could not remember anything about Arnold von Winkelried. She had a vague idea he was a hero; but as to when exactly he lived, or what he did, she had no accurate knowledge. Her transient vexation at this renewed failure to distinguish herself in the American lady's eyes was, however, soon

forgotten, for they quickly began to see that they were really entering the mountain land. They were driving along a narrow valley, watered by an impetuous river. On either hand, lawn-like slopes of exquisite greenness and smoothness ran steeply up into forest, overtopped by gigantic crags, the summits of which were sometimes veiled in cloud.

"The sun only shines here for one hour in the morning during the winter," announced Evelyn, glad to show that she did know something definite about their new surroundings.

At Wolfenschiessen, a spot of exquisite loveliness, the party lunched at a quaint and simple hostelry. Then they drove on again. The scenery grew in beauty, and soon Evelyn, who loved waterfalls, was loud in rapturous exclamations at the sight of wild leaps of water coming down from wooded heights. What a glorious region she was entering! Surely, the girl reflected, she should gather material for new efforts in this world of fairyloveliness! She would write another book of poems, and call it "Echoes from Engelberg." Her whole nature thrilled with happiness. Dottie, too, was in the highest spirits, and Mrs. Lancaster's round face glowed with pleasure, a little mingled with apprehension at the coming climb. For had she not read that the way past Grafenort was excessively steep? And was she not accustomed only to smooth and easy bowling along the roads to and from London?

Beyond Grafenort the scenery became magnificent. The road turned a corner, so to speak. And what a corner! A corner of mountain clad in forest; and across the river a lofty wall of precipice piled on precipice. Through a beautiful forest the road now began steadily to ascend in long windings. Soon the roar of the torrent grew louder, and the road came out upon the edge of a steep descent to the raging waters below.

"Evelyn! Evelyn, my dear! I must insist on it that you sit by the driver, and tell him to be very careful," cried Mrs. Lancaster, whose customary calmness was disturbed at once by any imaginary danger in driving.

Evelyn's superior knowledge of German gained her this distinction, which she obediently accepted, displacing a maid. The driver was loquacious, but his remarks were not encouraging. This was nothing to what was coming; oh dear no; wait and see the Pferd-Himmel—the heaven of horses!

"What does he say, Evelyn? I must insist on knowing!" cried her aunt, as the carriage stopped.

"He says we must some of us get down and walk, and that we shall soon come to a good place for afternoon tea," replied Evelyn, translating the latter part only of their coachman's remarks; and suiting the action to the word, the girl stepped on through the forest in unspeakable delight. She did not want Dottie's lively chatter by her side, nor Miss Wentworth's inquisitions—she wanted to be alone in the temple of Nature, into whose mystic shrine she was penetrating with joy ineffable.

"Where are you going, Evelyn?"

faintly called Dottie, panting far behind.

"I am taking the 'short cut for walkers,'" responded Evelyn, proudly, as she ascended the path that leads steeply from turn to turn of the more gradual carriage road.

But let walkers to Engelberg beware, especially if they are deep in poetic reverie; for after being landed safely on fresh turns of the road two or three times, Evelyn took a path which was not a genuine short cut at all. She climbed on and on, surprised that she did not see the familiar level of the high road loom before her; and at last, as her path narrowed off, she became aware that she was encompassed by forest alone; in fact, that she was certainly lost.

This situation, however acceptable from its poetic side, was not without its practical drawbacks. Evelyn was fortunately too sensible to run hither and thither, and get more and more bewildered; neither was she enticed by the lovely profusion of yellow foxgloves and tall dark-blue gentian around her, the trailing ivy and the luxuriant moss on the rocks. She quickly decided that she had better go back by the path she

had taken; and, descending it with no little trepidation, she was at length rewarded by seeing the high road again. The great thing now was to overtake her party. She toiled along, fearful lest she should never reach them; but at last she came upon a woodside hostelry, with tables on the opposite side of the road, at which Mrs. Lancaster, Miss Wentworth and Dottie were sitting. The expression of dismay upon their faces quickly gave way to delight when they saw Evelyn.

"Oh, we thought you were lost, Evelyn! Now we can have our tea in peace. Where have you been?" cried Dottie, making room for her cousin.

"Oh, my dear girl, I have been so terrified!" ejaculated her aunt.

"A short cut is not always so very short," remarked Miss Wentworth. Evelyn was too tired to do anything but accept the situation. She wished somehow that she were not always showing, in some little way, to a disadvantage before Miss Wentworth, who continued to utter gentle gibes at the poetess and the unpoetic beaten track. But after all it was but a trifle.

And soon they were driving along

"Pferd-Himmel;" so called, perhaps, because of the ease with which both horses and freight could quit the present life. Yet with the practised Swiss drivers there is no danger. Down, down, shot the precipice to the raging torrent incalculably far below, and the man poured into Evelyn's ear the gratifying intelligence that he had driven along the brink once at midnight. The great thing to prepare for *Pferd-Himmel* was, he said with emphasis, to drink enough—not too much, but enough—that was really necessary! Evelyn was an abstainer, and tried to improve the occasion, but in vain. And poor Mrs. Lancaster's terrors were not of long duration; for the road now turned abruptly to the left, and a fair green Alpine valley spread out before the travellers. Above, the snowfields of the Titlis stretched in dazzling whiteness high into heaven, and farther on, rocky pinnacles stood up from regions of snow and ice, seeming to shut in the narrow vale. It was a scene of peaceful loveliness, and the monastery bell was ringing out the Ave Maria. For it was toward evening, and they had now reached Engelberg.

(To be continued.)

THE MARY WARDELL CONVALESCENT HOME FOR SCARLET FEVER.

By ANNE BEALE.



THE jubilee of our beloved Queen, June 21st, 1887, was variously celebrated all over the world. On that auspicious day a touching little ceremony took place at the Mary Wardell Convalescent Home, Brockley Hill, Stanmore, which not only gives a pretty

scene to the imagination, but shows the reality of the isolation necessary in cases of recovery from scarlet fever. The foundress of that noble institution wished to mark the day; but how? She organised a little *fête champêtre* among the trees, to which all the convalescents were bidden, but to which no extern could be invited. Adults and children, nurses and servants, matron and sister, however, formed a goodly company, and "the lame, the halt, and the blind" managed to gather to the feast. A prominent feature was a splendid cake, properly sugared, and ornamented with a V. R., and other royal emblems, presented by the baker in token of gratitude for a child restored to health at the Home. But the prettiest feature of the *fête* was the planting of a rose, a shamrock, and a thistle, by three of the juvenile convalescents, the youngest of whom was just three years of age. All the party wore medals commemorative of the jubilee, and if the reader will conjure up the scene, he or she will understand something of what scarlet fever means.

Such patients as were able to walk reached the spot set apart for the little festivity readily enough; but there was one to whom the fell disease had left the heritage of spinal-com-

plaint, and who had to be carried; others who were blinded for life, one crippled; and all more or less shaken, albeit on the road to recovery. Their benefactress, Miss Mary Wardell, moved fearlessly amongst them, and the nurses looked like so many big poppies in their costume of Turkey red. Of course they had white caps and aprons, but the scarlet predominated. This colour suggests more than meets the eye. There was a terrible panic in the neighbourhood when this Convalescent Home was first proposed, for everybody knows how infectious is scarlet fever. Even the nurses would spread the malady! So they were attired in this most conspicuous of colours, which made them visible from afar to all who feared contagion. And who does not? Every one, apparently, except the doctors and the invulnerable few; for the fine house and grounds have been isolated by high walls and a cordon of orchard, over which the patients may not pass.

As they sat, grouped about on that auspicious day, they saw only the said house and grounds, and thanked God that there was a receptacle for those who, when dismissed from hospital or otherwise situated, were tabooed by their fellow creatures. It is estimated that 20,000 scarlet fever patients annually infect our already fetid London atmosphere. It is no wonder, therefore, that all the celebrated medical men in the metropolis rallied round Miss Wardell, and that one of the patriarchs of that benevolent brotherhood said—

"I wish I were a young man, that I might plant my foot into the work, and help you with all my might."

To return to the jubilee party and what they surveyed. A large, roomy mansion on a hill, with one storey for private patients, who could afford to pay three guineas a week for convalescence, and another storey for those who are admitted for fifteen shillings, and for

children who may, with God's blessing, be restored at the smaller charge of twelve shillings. Those on-lookers knew that the process of disinfection went on from morning till night; and that even the drainage was, so to say, isolated. In the outcry of the public, it was stated that drains convey infection, and so an expensive system of drainage has been carried out which communicates with no outside drains. Everything, in short, that philanthropy, aided by modern science, can do has been done to render Stanmore Convalescent Home an isolated place of recovery from a fell and infectious malady.

While our jubilee party enjoy their *al fresco* retreat, we will glance through a few of the rooms they have vacated. They are all tastefully painted and furnished so as to please the eye of the invalid. Pictures and portraits, presented by friends, adorn the walls, and in the rooms named after different benefactors, their portraits are conspicuous. Books, toys, ornaments have been presented by many generous benefactors, and various firms have given of their manufactures. Of the liberality of the heads of great London establishments one cannot write too warmly; for they seem ever ready to contribute to the well-being of the multitude. Here is even a piano given by Messrs. Brinsmead, and as to books! the Religious Tract, Christian Knowledge, and Bible Societies have all helped to form a library. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that good overrides bad in this happy England of ours, for no sooner is a great work contemplated than means to complete it flow in. Scarcely ten years ago Miss Mary Wardell first imagined this Home, and in four years she had collected £12,000, and it was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, ever "ready for every good work." Meetings and a Rose Show at the Mansion House; Concerts at Grosvenor House and Dudley House; a Drawing-room Meeting at Mr. Gladstone's; a Lawn Tennis

Tournament, and helps everywhere, aided our foundress in her arduous work. She had seen poor children rejected from charitable institutions, and grown-up people returned to their homes to spread infection, because there was no retreat such as this for the convalescent; and it was "laid on her heart," as she expressed it, to find some place of refuge for the infected until all danger of contagion had passed. And thus, from the efforts of one lady, this Home arose. Medical men tell us that such places should be multiplied; for it is when the poor patient has spent his allotted time in the hospital and is dismissed, that the Home steps in and sets him on his feet again to resume the work for daily bread. Numbers of working-girls, stricken by contagious disease and sent off to fever or small-pox hospital, return to their business before their health is set up, or the disease radically cured. They spread infection even through the very work they do; and it is to avoid this and complete their cure that convalescent homes are such inestimable boons.

At Brockley Hill there is even a private omnibus to fetch the patient, and so prevent the terrible calamity of taking the disease in railway carriage or cab. The carelessness of the world is great, and amounts to intense selfishness. Friends carry off a patient for change of air, heedless of consequences to others. An unsuspecting fellow-passenger, or successor in cab or omnibus, takes the disease, and perhaps loses a life. Or the lodging-house keeper lets rooms, non-disinfected from germs of a disorder left by some previous inmate, and

the new-comer falls ill. Therefore we cannot be too thankful for the omnibus that travels almost from Dan to Beersheba, or in common parlance, from Edgware to Earl's Court, from Whitechapel to Watford, to bring patients to Stanmore free of expense. If, however, the distance be great enough to require a second horse, the patient pays for the additional animal. As for the omnibus, it must be tired of the disinfecting process, for it performs this species of quarantine between every fresh journey. The poor vehicle must be tightly closed, while a solution of hydrochloric acid is poured upon half a pound of chloride of lime and placed in an open pipkin inside it. And as for the house, it takes one's breath away to hear of all the acids, sodas, carbolic soaps, sanitas, and what not employed in rooms and laundry. Truly a convalescent home for fever patients is no sinecure.

Passing from the jubilee year to this year of grace, 1889, just five years since the Home was opened, we would ask our readers, far and near, to help it on by their prayers and alms, and to make it generally known, so that the patient may be restored to health, and the spread of disease arrested. Miss Mary Wardell will herself gladly communicate with friends interested in her work. She resides at 55, Stanley Gardens, Belsize, London, N.W.

It is difficult for people who have not themselves suffered to realise the various legacies left by scarlet fever. Not, alas! such as we receive thankfully from departed friends, but such as a partially defeated enemy may be

supposed to leave behind him. He generally makes himself remembered, and many a life-long bodily ailment may be traced to him. Truly his legacies are not to be desired. It behoves us, then, to strive to be independent of them. We should observe to the utmost of our power, the laws of health, cleanliness, sobriety, and "moderation in all things." The scriptural motto, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," should be written up in all our houses, and followed, as all scripture ought to be. Then, both disease and death would often be averted. Let our girls especially take this to heart, since much depends on them. Each woman can do something to make home, however poor, clean and attractive.

We seem to be straying from our subject, but we are not. No one has a charmed life, and uncleanness ministers to all sorts of infection. Even the doctor, nurse, Bible-woman, and other workers among the poor have taken refuge in our Stanmore Home after scarlet fever, caught while doing their duty. But lately a Christian doctor and his wife have left, convalescent; and during one year, 1887, the report records "eight trained nurses and nineteen nurses or relatives, who had been in attendance on patients," as having been at the Home. These were out of a total of 306, of whom nearly 200 were children.

Thus, we see the necessity of all the disinfecting, care, cleanliness, and isolation practised at the Home, and would urge on the multitudes outside liable to the disease to use every precaution against it, since "Prevention is better than cure."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

INDUSTRY should boil all the marmalade chips first—in water, of course.

MAYBLOSSOM will find "Oatmeal Scones" on page 607, vol. vi.

MADGE.—To make oatmeal or wheaten cakes take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coarse oatmeal, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coarsely-ground wheatmeal, one dessertspoonful of sugar, one heaped teaspoonful of baking powder, mixed together; melt 2 oz. (or 3 oz.) of butter or lard in half a teacupful of milk, make a light paste, cut it into cakes, and bake in a moderate oven. The oatmeal or wheatmeal should be sifted to get rid of the chaff. If intended for use with cheese, of course there should be no sugar in the cakes.

MARGERY.—A "toad in a hole" is made thus: Beat two eggs, stir in two tablespoonfuls of dried flour, half a saltspoon of salt, and a pint and a quarter of milk. Beat the batter for twenty minutes, grease a pie-dish, pour in the mixture, and bury in the latter $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of beef or mutton, then bake in a moderate oven for an hour and three-quarters.

P. CHUMP.—The reason that the icing on your cakes becomes brown after the baking is because you employ too hot an oven. Perhaps, also, you do not cover it with white paper. Keep a cool oven, at a steady heat, and take a longer time, throwing into the recipe a little more of patience, which is a very valuable ingredient in cookery, as in everything else you undertake. It is perfectly legal to marry a first cousin, or any cousin, provided that he be not also a brother-in-law.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MAORI.—You can make the mixture of Epsom salts for frosting the window more satisfactory and permanent by adding a little gum to the water before you put in the Epsom salts. Only enough water should be used to melt them. Apply with a brush. There is nothing to prevent your making a pattern on the panes, by using a long ruler and the end of a pencil, and scraping the salts off in lines, so as to form diamonds or squares on the pane. This will give you more light, as you suggest, but unless carefully done the thing will certainly look "home-made."

BRITOMART.—Rub the saucers with a little ammonia and water.

WATFORD.—A little lemon rubbed on the fingers, or rubbing with a piece of smooth pumice-stone, will generally take off stains of all kinds.

NINA.—"To take ink-stains from linen" see page 607, vol. vii. "Iron moulds," see page 95, vol. ix. The leather bag may perhaps be improved by a little benzine; see also page 96, vol. vii.

MATILDA R.—The vinegar plant makes the cheapest vinegar, we think, and is used as follows: Take a large white glazed jug, holding three or four quarts of water, mix in it half a pound of coarse brown sugar, half a pound of treacle, and two and a half quarts of water. Stir the mixture till all be melted, then put in the vinegar plant on the top, and tie a paper over the top of the jug. If the weather be warm, the vinegar will take about six weeks to make; if cold, two weeks longer. Strain it carefully, and then boil for about ten minutes, and when cool pour into bottles for use. Yes, the plant grows certainly during the making of the vinegar, and it can be used many times over.

WORK.

M. M. R.—The best gymnasium suit is made with a pair of trousers, like a divided skirt, and a long, loose jacket, reaching nearly to the knee, with a belt. Some people prefer a combination, and a small skirt, put on over the combination, with a belt.

COLWYN BAY.—Some articles on the rearing of silkworms are now being given in the "G.O.P." It is a most interesting subject.

LADDIE'S DARLING.—A bicycle cap is generally made with a round crown and a straight band round it, without a peak—a smoking or military cap, in short. We think if you are clever, and have the size of the head which it is to cover, you will not need a pattern.

GRACE.—To clean beaver fur, you should use hot bran or oatmeal, which should be well rubbed in to take out grease. Brush, and beat it with a switch afterwards.

RES AUGUSTA DOMI.—The infant's clothes to fasten in front can be made like a princess shape. This was the idea; and you could easily carry it out yourself by getting a small shape and cutting out one or two patterns to try.

BESSIE LAMBERT.—Take up knitting for the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, or work for the Kyrle Society, or for the poor near you. Or if you do not like any of these fields of usefulness, join a correspondence class, and take up a regular course of reading and study. As you live in the country, can you not keep bees or poultry? Both of these are interesting and profitable pursuits, and lead to much out-of-door life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. S. S.—You write very sweetly and freely, with a poetic fancy. The emphasis is wrongly placed at times, and the number of feet incorrect; but you should study the rules of metrical composition, and persevere, we think. The poems sent are rather long for insertion, and would need too much correction.

A. P. L.—There is an institution for trained nurses for Leicester in Ayleston Road. You could inquire there as to age and terms.

H. S. B. writes for a hospital for incurables in London; but does not say for what disease, age, nor what sex; nor whether the patient can pay. Unless we knew something more we could not answer.

BROKEN-DOWN COOK has our hearty sympathy. Why not consult a doctor and get some proper treatment? All the symptoms she mentions point to the liver being out of order, and she must diet herself to avoid such breakdowns, and leave off beer, if taken. Many thanks to her for thinking of the recipe.

ROSEBUD.—Over-watering is the general rock on which amateur window-gardeners come to grief. No water should be given till the earth feels dry to the fingers, and no water should be allowed to stand in the saucers.

LA PETITE.—Of course your brother should avoid colds and coughs, should wear flannels, and take cod-liver oil to keep up his health and strength.

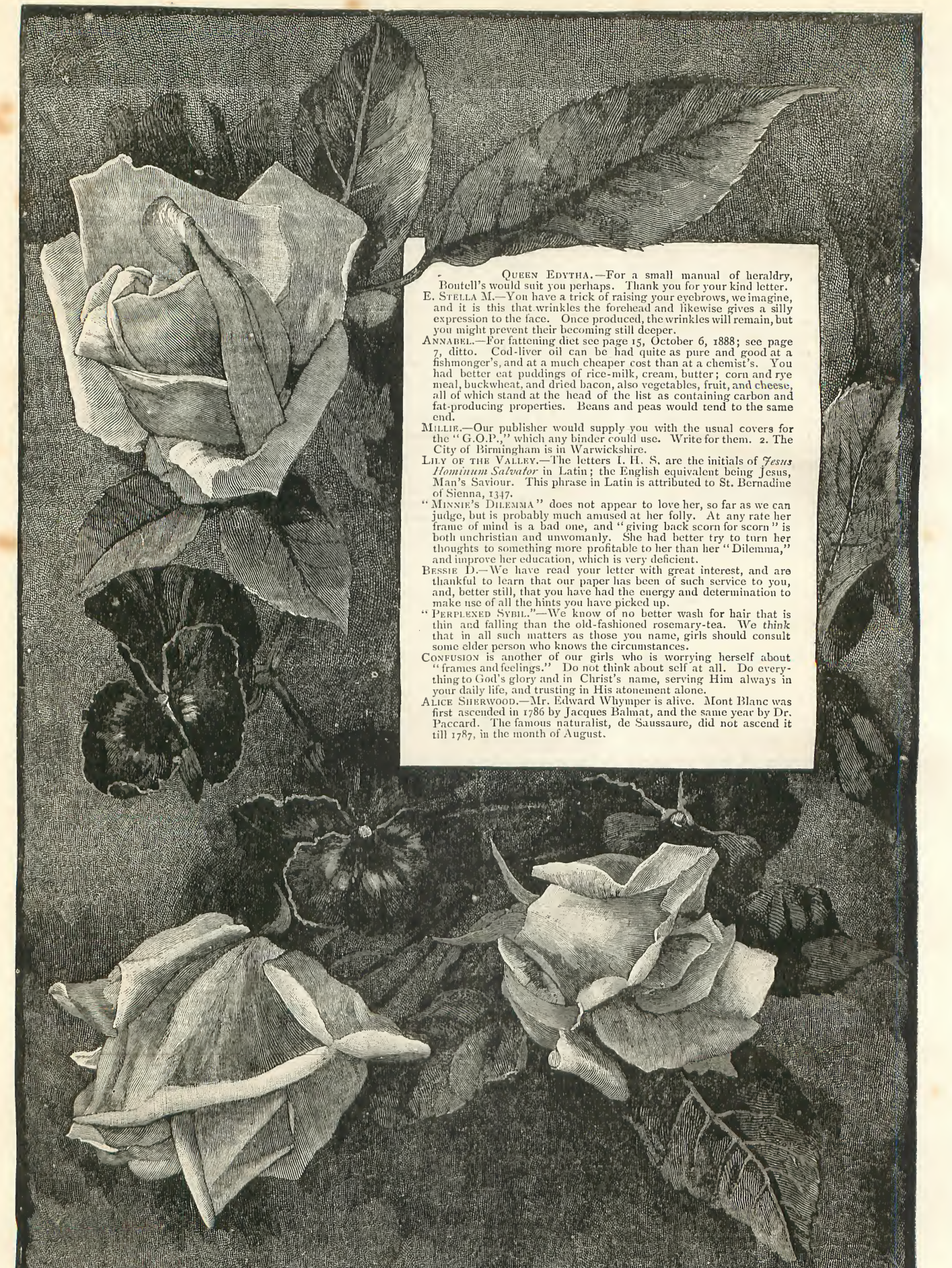
M. B. B.'s poem of "The Dying Child" is very sad and dreary, and also very incorrect in every way. The use of "I'll," "you've," "he'll," is quite wrong, even in writing prose.

MARIE ANTOINETTE; A NORTHUMBRIAN.—The verses do not scan correctly, and lack originality of thought.

A TROUBLED ONE appears to have entered upon an engagement of marriage which her conscience and her common sense do not approve in any way. We can only advise her to be guided by them; but we fear, by her writing to us, that she does not want to listen to them, and would like our advice to be of a contrary nature.

LILITH.—We were glad to get your letter from that far off "City of the Angels," and you have our sympathy in all your troubles and afflictions.

AN OLD MAID.—"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand," is from Tennyson's poem, "Break, Break, Break." "The good unasked in mercy grant," is a line from a hymn by Merrick.



QUEEN EDYTHA.—For a small manual of heraldry, Bontell's would suit you perhaps. Thank you for your kind letter.

E. STELLA M.—You have a trick of raising your eyebrows, we imagine, and it is this that wrinkles the forehead and likewise gives a silly expression to the face. Once produced, the wrinkles will remain, but you might prevent their becoming still deeper.

ANNABEL.—For fattening diet see page 15, October 6, 1888; see page 7, ditto. Cod-liver oil can be had quite as pure and good at a fishmonger's, and at a much cheaper cost than at a chemist's. You had better eat puddings of rice-milk, cream, butter; corn and rye meal, buckwheat, and dried bacon, also vegetables, fruit, and cheese, all of which stand at the head of the list as containing carbon and fat-producing properties. Beans and peas would tend to the same end.

MILLIE.—Our publisher would supply you with the usual covers for the "G.O.P.," which any binder could use. Write for them. 2. The City of Birmingham is in Warwickshire.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The letters I. H. S. are the initials of *Jesus Hominum Salvator* in Latin; the English equivalent being Jesus, Man's Saviour. This phrase in Latin is attributed to St. Bernadine of Sienna, 1347.

"MINNIE'S DILEMMA" does not appear to love her, so far as we can judge, but is probably much amused at her folly. At any rate her frame of mind is a bad one, and "giving back scorn for scorn" is both unchristian and unwomanly. She had better try to turn her thoughts to something more profitable to her than her "Dilemma," and improve her education, which is very deficient.

BESSIE D.—We have read your letter with great interest, and are thankful to learn that our paper has been of such service to you, and, better still, that you have had the energy and determination to make use of all the hints you have picked up.

"PERPLEXED SYBIL."—We know of no better wash for hair that is thin and falling than the old-fashioned rosemary-tea. We think that in all such matters as those you name, girls should consult some elder person who knows the circumstances.

CONFUSION is another of our girls who is worrying herself about "frames and feelings." Do not think about self at all. Do everything to God's glory and in Christ's name, serving Him always in your daily life, and trusting in His atonement alone.

ALICE SHERWOOD.—Mr. Edward Whymper is alive. Mont Blanc was first ascended in 1786 by Jacques Balmat, and the same year by Dr. Paccard. The famous naturalist, de Saussure, did not ascend it till 1787, in the month of August.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON,

Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"OH, Dottie! I never saw anything so lovely in my life!" cried Evelyn, as she drew her curtain on the morning after their arrival. The cousins occupied rooms with a door of communication between the two. The view from the windows embraced, first, the green floor of the valley, diversified by woods and river, then, away to the right, the pine forests steeply climbing towards the dazzling snows of the Titlis. The pure, softly curving whiteness of these vast fields invests the mountain with a peculiar charm. It is not of stupendous height, nor of any specially grand proportions, but it displays so much snow that it is always a vision of serene and heavenly beauty. Beyond the Titlis the stern rocky peaks of the Great and Little Spannort contrast with the rounded snowfields of the greater mountain. Opposite there rises the Engelberg, a strangely-shaped, abrupt hill;



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"A GLASS OF MILK WAS BROUGHT OUT TO HER."

and forests clothe the lower heights, through which the white leap of a torrent gleams ever against the dark tree-tops. In the foreground lies the village of Engelberg, with its great building that Evelyn recognised, from pictures she had seen, as the monastery beside the church. It was a picture of exquisite beauty, and the bell sounding forth through the morning air seemed to lend a mystic charm to the scene.

"This will soon bring forth a second volume of 'Day-dreams,' won't it, Evelyn?" cried Dottie. "Oh, the perfect loveliness of everything! How glad I am we are going to stay here instead of tearing about all over Switzerland! I only hope Algy will like it."

"He can't help it," replied Evelyn. "You said he was coming in a week, didn't you?"

"Yes, in a week or ten days, from Leipsic, with some acquaintances he has picked up there—a Herr Lichtenstein and his wife, whom he seems to like very much."

When the two girls descended to breakfast in the vast *salle-à-manger*, with its long tables and polyglot assemblage of German and English, Mrs. Lancaster and Miss Wentworth were already there to greet them. All were full of exclamations of pleasure at the lovely morning view, and of satisfaction that such a charming spot had been fixed upon as a resting-place.

"Your poet Wordsworth, you remember, has a sonnet on Engelberg," remarked Miss Wentworth to Evelyn.

"Has he? I don't think so," replied Evelyn, confidently. "I don't think he ever came here."

Miss Wentworth's bright black eyes twinkled a little, but she said no more. After breakfast, when the hotel guests were streaming forth upon the terrace, and sitting in the covered verandah to enjoy the prospect of the day's pleasures in a brief space of *dolce far niente*, Evelyn felt a volume slipped into her hand, open. Yes! it was Wordsworth's Poems, and the sonnet was really and truly there in black and white.

"ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.

"For gentlest uses, oftentimes Nature takes

The work of Fancy from her willing hands;

And such a beautiful creation makes As renders needless spells and magic wands.

When first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill,

The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial bands, With intermingling motions soft and still,

Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues at will.

"Clouds do not name those Visitants; they were

The very Angels whose authentic lays Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,

Made known the spot where piety should raise

A holy structure to the Almighty's praise.

Resplendent Apparition! if in vain My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze And watch the slow departing of the train Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to detain."

When sunset came that night, Evelyn could appreciate the exquisite beauty and appropriateness of the poet's fancy. All day long mists had been forming, hovering and fleeting round the Hill of Angels; but at eventide it glowed with a celestial radiance below the wreathing clouds; and, gathering slow, they floated upwards in majestic procession away and away, folding their wings and leaving the mountain to its rest. Dreamlike and transcendent was the beauty of Engelberg at seasons such as these.

"It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky," says Ruskin; and it is a fact of ordinary experience that to invite men and women to look at the pageant constantly spread out above and before them—of sunset, of shifting cloud and sunlight, not to speak of the splendour of the dawn which few ever see at all—is a sure way to irritate them! But at Engelberg people cannot be blind, choose how they will, to the beauty and wonder of the sky, the clouds, the light. Ever shifting, ever forming combinations of perfect and marvellous loveliness, the atmospheric effects would make the despair of an artist, while they thrill the most commonplace observer with rapture.

Evelyn felt that she had come to the fit home of a poet. Her table was all set forth in her room with paper, pens, ink and blotting-paper, ready to record inspiration at any hour of the day or night; yet somehow she could not write; and attempts to record her ecstasy at the cloud-angels soaring away from the hill at eventide proved so abortive a failure that she tore up the paper in disgust.

"I must wait a little while until I am more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the place," she thought.

Of course the great monastery church was one of the first places visited by the four ladies. In the vestibule a notice, "*Avis aux Etrangers. Respectez la croyance des fiddles*," with particulars as to sundry items of misbehaviour to be avoided, gave a rather unpleasant impression as to the manner of conduct sometimes adopted by those who differed in belief from the worshippers. The spacious interior, with its faint smell of incense, and its brilliant paintings on the roof and in the chapels, its altar-piece gleaming behind the closed screen, struck Evelyn as being a wonderful spectacle to behold in so remote an Alpine valley.

One painting in particular, a "Descent from the Cross," by Deschwanden, thrilled and impressed her. The face of Mary, with its agony of tenderness gazing upon the lacerated form of her Son, made tears spring into the girl's eyes. She looked and looked again, and could not turn her eyes away from the group representing the mystery of that sublime Passion that has power to stir the heart

to-day, even more than it stirred the spectators long centuries ago.

Strange was it to think that here, in this lonely village, the immortal story went on appealing to the consciences of men—in differing form and guise from that which Evelyn had learnt to love and reverence—but still, touching the same Christ, dying for men, rising to bring life and immortality to light.

The first few days were spent by the party in learning to know the clean, bright village, the church, and the immediate surroundings; and to know Engelberg is to love. Then Evelyn felt the need of some further departure.

"Do you see that little house far away on the height, auntie?" she inquired, one evening after dinner, as, according to their wont, the guests thronged on the verandah.

"No, my dear, I can't say that I do. Why, there's only snow up away there."

"No, no, I mean on the ridge, beneath the snows of the Titlis; on the wall of precipice above the forest."

With this explanation Mrs. Lancaster at length declared she saw it.

"Though it looks more like a square box than a house; and for all the world as if it would tumble over the very next wind that blows."

"Well, that is the new hotel they are building on the Trübsee Alp. I want to go up there, and on farther, up the Joch Pass and on to the Engstlen Alp, just to spend one night. Oh, do let us go, auntie!"

"My dear, I could not think of such a thing. Why, it looks as if you would have to crawl up the face of that hill there like flies on a wall."

But Miss Wentworth came to the rescue.

"If you will let the girls go, I reckon I can take care of them, and I will enjoy going too," she observed. "It's quite safe, and the weather is settled."

Mrs. Lancaster, who was the soul of good-nature, was not long in consenting to the plan, and about eight o'clock the next morning the three departed—Miss Wentworth on a horse, the two girls on foot. They crossed the floor of the valley, entered a beautiful pine forest, and ascended slowly, in long zigzags, until they came out on a wild track of moorland, the Gerschni Alp.

The path led across this, and then began to ascend the precipice that had looked so alarming from the hotel, the "precipitous Pfaffenwand," as Baedeker calls it. It was very hot, and Dottie and Evelyn often paused to rest at a turn of the path. The unfinished hotel standing on the brink looked very far above them; but it gradually grew nearer, and at last they reached the summit.

A cry of delight burst from the girls, for a lovely mountain basin lay before them, flanked by the snows of the Titlis, that stretched up and up in immense fields of dazzling whiteness. It seemed as though a vast lake had anciently lain here. The actual inn of the Trübsee was on the further brink of this hollow, with a little tarn lying beside it. And far above the inn rose the craggy moorland heights, over which wound the path

of the Joch Pass. The travellers found, as always is the case with these altitudes,

"Hills piled on hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

The way they had to climb looked still more distant and remote than it had done from the other side of the valley, when they had espied it from the gardens of their hotel.

"This reminds me of those lines I read to you. Do you remember them?" asked Evelyn, and quoted—

"The aims whence ever anew shall arise the soul;
The goal that is not—and ever again the goal."

Dottie, it is scarcely needful to say, did *not* remember the lines, but Miss Wentworth, who caught the remark from her elevation, was interested at once, and would have gone off into a literary discussion, had the jolting and uncertain pace of her steed rendered it possible.

Outside the little hostelry of the Trübsee they saw, as they approached, a mule standing, with a lady sitting on its back, the driver resting by its side. She was evidently declining the voluble solicitations of the little landlady to descend and enter, and a glass of milk was finally brought out to her.

Evelyn suddenly uttered a loud exclamation as she saw the lady's face under the broad hat.

"What is the matter, Evelyn?" cried Dottie.

"Oh, Dottie! Don't you see who it is? Mrs. Allingham West. I should know her in a moment, although she looks so different."

"And who is she?" inquired Dottie, innocently.

"Why, Dot! you are really too

provoking. Don't you remember the conversation of the Royal Society?—the authoress? Oh, you must remember! And here she is!"

Evelyn rushed forward to impart her information to Miss Wentworth, and was somewhat embarrassed by the way in which that lady received it.

"Oh, yes. The gifted author of 'Transmigrations!' A very fortunate and gratifying thing to meet her. I'll just get off my horse, and introduce myself to her."

"Please don't! I'm sure she wouldn't like it," begged Evelyn, in an agony, as she saw Miss Wentworth preparing to suit the action to the word.

"And why not? I should think she would appreciate an interview!" replied the American.

To Evelyn's unspeakable relief the lady herself took the initiative, for lowering her parasol and bending a little forward, she addressed the two girls in a clear, decided voice. How well Evelyn remembered and loved its tone!

"Can you tell me if the way down to Engelberg is too steep to ride in comfort?"

"I should not like to ride down the Pfaffenwand," replied the girl, in a tremulous tone, while the colour rushed to her cheeks. "The rest of the way is easy."

"Oh, thanks! My man is so stupid, and only talks patois; it is useless to ask him. And now, as you come from Engelberg, perhaps you can tell me—the place very full?"

"It is crowded," replied Evelyn, with truth.

"And the best hotel?"

"They are all good; but we like the one where we are staying—the Abendglüh."

"And that is full, I suppose? Yes? Dear me! we ought to have written for

rooms from Meiringen." A line was on the lady's brow.

A thought flashed into Evelyn's mind. She interchanged a word with Dottie, then spoke.

"It will give me so much pleasure, in case of any difficulty, if you will take my room at the Abendglüh. When we return I can share my cousin's. Please do. I know you by sight. I should think it the very greatest honour to be of any use to you."

"You are really very kind," replied the lady, with a faint intonation of surprise; "but I could not possibly cause you such inconvenience."

Evelyn urged her *point* with much earnestness, and explained that she would not be home that night, and that her room and Dottie's were so far at the full disposal of Mrs. West, who was, it appeared, travelling with her maid, and hoping to meet a party of friends after a few days at Engelberg. At length she condescended to accept the proffered help, in case of need, and Evelyn proceeded to write, with a hand trembling with excitement, a few lines to the landlord on a leaf torn out of the authoress's pocket-book.

Miss Wentworth, who had several times attempted to edge herself into the conversation, now broke in—

"It gives me great pleasure, as an Amuh-ican, to meet the gifted Mrs. West. I can assure you that in my country your name is a household word; and—"

"Thank you, very much," said the lady, cutting short Miss Wentworth's eloquence unceremoniously. "We shall meet again at the Abendglüh. Good morning." And she moved away, followed by maid and driver, while Evelyn stood rooted to the spot in a trance of delight at this wonderful and enchanting encounter.

(*To be continued.*)

MITTENWALD AND ITS VIOLINS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER IX.

FEMALE VIOLINISTS.

"The power of the first wave of violins in a symphony cleanses us of all our dullness and dryness, and carries us straight out of ourselves."

"My violin is mine and I am it."

—Charles Ancherster.

It will not, I think, be out of place if we finish up these articles with some notice of the women whose names have become associated with this fascinating and wonderful instrument.

Quite a revolution has taken place in the feeling and opinion of society as to the suitability of the violin in the hands of woman. The opposition to her study of it was formerly so strong that she had to crush within her all enthusiasm and genius for it if she would not become a mark of unwomanliness to her friends; indeed, it was of frequent occurrence that for fear of the world's frown she hid from all eyes this special talent.

A woman is now no longer considered mannish and fast whose talent exhibits itself in

the love and mastery of the violin; on the contrary, it is fostered and cherished, and forms part of a high-class education.

We have come to see that the piano is not the only instrument suited to a woman's capacity, and that there is no reason why the wide field of stringed instruments should be closed against her.

It cannot be urged that they are out of place in a woman's hands, seeing that Norman Neruda and Vittorine de Bono are living contradictions of that plea, and certainly we have daily proof that the violin loses none of its exquisite grace in the hands of a woman.

That grand results may be achieved by women in the study of it we shall be able to prove, but we need for the present turn only to Norman Neruda. When she appears in public she is judged as a violinist, not as a woman, and she neither asks for nor receives any allowance because of her sex before beginning a solo.

All women cannot, of course, look for her success, yet it is well to remember that she who sets limits to herself will always be expected to remain within them. In one way

the violin will never disappoint her; it will be to her the most sensitive and fascinating companion, and an interpreter of her inmost thoughts and longings.

Outside genius, the qualities indispensable to the mastery of this instrument are enthusiasm and patience, two qualities possessed in a much larger degree by women than by men; indeed, there is every reason why she should make this instrument her own. The study of it opens out a new field for her skill and intellect, and enables her to add to the attractions of home music, which is greatly enhanced by the introduction of the king of instruments.

Just as in violin-making so in the field of composition, women have done very little; not because they could not, but simply that harmony and counterpoint have been considered out of the question in their education. They have had ability to grasp and deal with the science, but until quite lately fashion, etiquette, and education have all been dead against them. For this, if for no other reason, it will be interesting to note the career of those who, in spite of the difficulties which sur-

rounded them, have made great names in the world as violinists.

Before speaking of these I must mention that the Empress Frederick, our own Princess Royal, is an accomplished player on the violin. Scarcely a day passes but she amuses herself for an hour or two on it, and carries it with her wherever she goes.*

And now we will take the lady violinists in the order in which they appeared.

First, Madalena Lombardini Sirmen, a much-loved pupil of Tartini, was born at Venice in February, 1735, and educated in the Conservatorio dei Mendicanti there. On leaving this institution she went to Padua to study the violin under Tartini, who wrote her a wonderful letter upon the art of playing this instrument, a rare and valuable specimen of musical literature, the original of which is, I believe, in Venice.

We are fortunate in having a translation of it made by Dr. Burney in 1771, eleven years after it was written. We can only give one or two passages from it, for it is a long letter, but it would well repay the trouble of seeking it out and studying it:—

"Confine your principal practice and study to the use and power of the bow, in order to make yourself entirely mistress in execution and expression."

"Study the true manner of holding, balancing, and pressing the bow lightly but steadily upon the strings, so that it shall seem to breathe the first tone it gives."

"If the tone is begun with delicacy, there is little danger of rendering it afterwards either coarse or harsh."

Instructing her as to the shake, he says: "Practise it slowly, moderately fast, and quickly; that is with the two notes succeeding each other in these three degrees of *adagio*, *andante*, and *presto*."

These will suffice to show the character of the letter. Madalena Sirmen was a highly accomplished singer, but it was her extreme excellence as a violin player which won for her an almost European reputation; the boldness of her bow and the delicacy of her playing were marvellous. She made a great sensation in various parts of Italy, and both in Paris and London played with complete success. Later in life she still charmed but did not excite, because she resolutely refused to change the old style of playing represented by Tartini, for the new which Viotti introduced.

And now we come to a very interesting violinist, Madame Mara, whose maiden name was Gertrude Elizabeth Schmeling. Shortly after her birth in 1749 her mother died, and very sad and neglected was the condition of the baby girl. Her father, who was a poor musician, found her very much in the way, and did not in the least know what to do with her. He thought it best to secure her in an arm-chair, where the poor little mite remained from morning till night, while he went about his work. She never knew what it was to be dandled in a mother's arms, or the charm of crawling on the floor. Naturally the child fell into a very crooked and rickety condition, from which it was long ere she recovered.

Schmeling contrived to earn a little extra money by mending musical instruments, and one day the little Gertrude, then four years

old, got hold of a violin and began to draw musical sounds from it. Strange to say, this made her father angry, and he punished her, but without any result. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and she seized every opportunity of practising on such instruments as were left about whenever her father's back was turned.

One day, not so very long after he had punished her, he returned home suddenly, and to his astonishment found her playing correctly the scales on a violin. Struck with what he believed to be a special gift, he changed his tactics, and gave her a few lessons.

So apt a pupil did she prove that she was soon able to play duets with him before a few gifted amateurs, whom he called together for the purpose of asking their opinion.

But even now, in her fifth year, the lonely, motherless child could not stand without support, and her father was obliged to carry her to the room where she was to play before this her first audience.

The effect she produced must have been

gave up the violin, and devoted herself to singing.

She is said to have declared that should she have a daughter she should learn the fiddle before she sang a note, for she remarked, "How can you convey a just notion of minute variations in the pitch of a note? By a fixed instrument? No. But by sliding the fingers upon a string you instantly make the slightest variations visibly as well as audibly perceptible."

She married Mara, the violoncellist, about the year 1771, and died at Revel in Livonia (a province in Russia) in January, 1833.

Next in order comes Regina Sacchi, or, as she was more often called, Strinssachi. She was born in Mantua in 1764, and educated in the Conservatorio della Pietà, in Venice. She was a most distinguished violinist and a great friend of Mozart.

At a very early age she visited the various countries and capitals of Europe, with great success. In her twentieth year she played at Vienna, where her beauty and talent gained for her many admirers.

Mozart, in writing to his father, mentions her as "the celebrated Mantuan Strinssachi, a very good violinist, and showing much taste and expression in her playing."

It seems that this lady begged Mozart to write something for their joint performance at her concert. He promised gladly, and accordingly he composed and arranged in his mind the beautiful sonata for piano and violin in B flat minor, but unfortunately there came forth no visible sign of it.

The day approached and not a note was written. Strinssachi, getting very anxious, earnestly entreated him for the notes, but it was not until the evening before the concert that the manuscript arrived, and was found to contain her notes only. Thankful to get even these, she studied them all night.

The concert-room was crowded, and the aristocracy and Court were all present. The sonata commenced; the composition was beautiful, and the execution of the two performers perfect. Had Mozart played it over even once with the lady it would not have been so wonderful; but he had never heard it with the violin till he played it in that crowded room. The applause was deafening, but the Emperor Joseph's enjoyment exceeded all other. From his box just over the head of the

performers he saw there was nothing on Mozart's desk but a sheet of blank paper. At the close of the concert he beckoned Mozart to his box, and said in a low voice, "So you have once again trusted to chance?"

"Yes, your majesty," was the answer, half in triumph and half in confusion.

Mozart in his later years gave up violin playing altogether, but he was always in sympathy with its nature.

But to return to Strinssachi; she entered the service of the Duke of Saxe Gotha, and remained in it till her death. Her violin passed into the hands of Spohr, who played on it at the Norwich Festival in 1839. If people had only known!

We next come to Paravicini, who was born at Turin in 1769. She was the daughter of a great singer and a pupil of Viotti, whose music she played with great perfection. Her fame as a violinist was widely spread. It was at Milan that Josephine, the wife of Buonaparte, heard her play, and was so struck



THE SISTERS MILENELLO.

striking, for it was by the help of one of these amateurs that Schmeling and his child were able to visit the fair at Frankfurt.

Here the little girl's performance excited such wonder and admiration that a subscription was set on foot to give her a better education. By the time she was nine years old her health had greatly improved, and we find her giving concerts in Vienna with great success.

The English ambassador there was so pleased with her execution on the violin that he advised her father to take her to England, and not only furnished him with letters of introduction, but gave him the means to undertake the journey. She is said to have had the most wonderful facility of dashing at all musical intervals, however difficult and unusual, the result, probably, of her very early practice.

Here in London the child was petted and patronised by all the noble and influential ladies, but, alas! she was persuaded by them that violin playing was indecorous and unfeminine, and from that time forward she

* An old and imperfectly fashioned violin has been traced to Queen Elizabeth, over which she may have exercised her bow arm, though Dubourg doubts if she could have put in the sweet little delicate touches.

by it that she engaged her to instruct her son, Eugène Beauharnais, and subsequently took her to Paris. Here, for some unexplained reason, she fell into disfavour, and became so distressed in circumstances that for some time she lived upon the sale of her wearing apparel. By the kindness of Italians resident in Paris she was enabled to travel to Milan, where her abilities procured for her a competency. It is said that her method of bowing was so graceful as to triumph over all preconceived ideas of the awkwardness of the violin in a woman's hand.

Mlle. Deschamps (later Madame Gautherot) was only eleven years old when she played for the first time at a sacred concert in Paris, during the Easter of 1774. One of the leading Parisian journals said, "Her playing is vivid and brilliant, and the greatest difficulties alter neither her precision nor her strength." She continued her artistic career with great success, and married in 1782.

Two years later we find her again before the public, calling forth applause and admiration. One of the journals, speaking of the correctness, precision, and talent exhibited in her playing, says, "Her success is all the more praiseworthy since it is very rare to see women succeed with this instrument, which does not seem made for them; and since Madame Sirmen, no one perhaps has brought it so far as Madame Gautherot." During the years 1789-90 she made great impression on the Londoners by the ability she manifested.

Caterina Calcagno was born in Genoa, 1797. When quite a child she was a pupil of Paganini; and at the age of fifteen she astonished Italy by the fearless freedom of her playing; but, strange to say, one can find no trace of her after 1816.

The sisters Milanello—Teresa and Maria—were very famous violinists. They were born in Piedmont in 1827 and 1832, and commenced their career in Italy; but it was in Paris they made so great a name. Maria, the younger, died here in 1848. Naumann speaking of them, says, "At the present day, when the musical world possesses such a performer as Neruda, the sisters Milanello, excellent as was their performance, would hardly make such a sensation now as they did at that period, when the appearance of two female violinists constituted a new feature of the concert-room."

One or two others have gained reputation as violinists, but it is difficult to obtain details of their career, viz., Luigia Gerbini, Madame Krahmen, Fräulein Schultz, Eleonora Neumann, of Moscow, Madame Filipowicz, a Pole; Mlle. Singelli, Medora Collins, Bertha Brouil, and Marie Soldat.

No name is better known in the present day than that of Norman Neruda, the queen of the king of instruments. She has become so much one with her violin that it is scarcely possible to think of her apart from it. She, above all others, has shown what a woman can do with it, and what power lies hidden within it.

In obedience to her bow and in her loving arms, it almost "hales men's souls out of their bodies," and stirs depths of joy and sorrow in the human heart never touched before. Watch the faces of an audience while she stands forward, forgetful of everything but the messages with which she is charging her violin, and notice the yearning, the admiration, the trouble and the longing which flit across them as the trembling strings pour forth their strains!

Such power and such genius as Norman Neruda's can only appear now and then, and when they come let us thank God that it is in our day. Such a gift as she possesses is not a selfish one—it makes the whole world purer and better.

When an interpreter of all that is best

within us stands out from the rest of the world, a sovereign in her power of interpreting, we naturally long to know something about her early life, her surroundings, her difficulties, her character. But as a rule the knowledge to be gleaned is very meagre. We find out when and where she was born, whom she married, and what the journals of the day thought of her playing; but of her weary work, her sleepless nights, the overpowering mastery of her genius, the thousand-and-one self-denials endured for the love of her art, we learn nothing. Of one thing only in her life are we quite certain—viz., that perfection such as hers is attained only through much sorrow and pain.

From such details as have come to us we learn that her forefathers dwelt in Prague and were great musicians. She herself was born at Brünn, in Moravia, where her father filled the office of organist at the cathedral. The little Wilhelmina was a born genius, and could bring tones from her violin before she herself could speak or scarcely toddle.

At the age of six, when most little children are carefully guarded in the nursery, she appeared at a concert in Vienna in company with her eldest sister, a pianist, and attracted the attention of the audience by the power of her bow, and her execution notwithstanding her tiny hands, which were a delight to those who watched them.

In a charming little biography of her in *Men and Women of the Day*, the writer believes that whereas great poets, sculptors, and painters have frequently arisen spontaneously from the earth, the stars of the musical firmament are the results of hereditary development, and quotes Neruda as an example of this.

Little Wilhelmina was one of five children, all of whom were more or less musical. Her earliest tutor was the celebrated Leopold Jansen, who insisted upon long and incessant practice, and no doubt the poor little girl was often weary, and would gladly have thrown her violin on one side while she joined in the childish sports natural to children. But her tutor knew that her genius, great as it was, would, without toil, neither satisfy her as she grew older nor the world who was to be her judge. Something in her face, I think, shows that her childhood was a hardworking rather than a joyous one.

Jansen did not die until 1875, and must therefore often have heard his pupil in the zenith of her power and fascination as a violinist. One would like to know how he felt when listening to her.

This concert at Vienna was but the beginning of her public work. From that time forward she visited Leipzig, Berlin, Hamburg, and many other cities, giving concerts everywhere, and working and studying as she went. At the age of nine she came to London, and made her first appearance at a concert of the Philharmonic Society with much success; but she left almost immediately, and continued her travels chiefly in Prussia, till in her womanhood she came to Paris (1864), and the reception she met with there is said to have been extravagantly enthusiastic.

This year of her life was an important one for her, for she became the wife of Ludwig Norman, a Swedish musician, and was known to the world henceforth by the name of Madame Norman Neruda. She came to us again in 1869—twenty years having passed between her first and second visit, and it is said that notwithstanding her great success at the Philharmonic Concerts, M. Vieuxtemps had great difficulty in persuading her to remain until the winter.

Fortunately for us, she permitted herself to be persuaded, and took first violin at the Monday Popular Concerts, making her mark at once. From that time to this she has spent every

spring and winter in England, playing at the Philharmonic, Monday Populars, and Crystal Palace, and at Sir Charles Hallé's recitals, both in London and Manchester; and it may be said with truth that each year her playing has increased in power and refinement, and certainly her audiences have gradually become more appreciative, showing that her living among us has been an education to the people. Last year she became the wife of Sir Charles Hallé; may the marriage be a happy one; and if we may be permitted to express a wish for her, it is that she would take a thorough and enjoyable holiday, and know what it is once in her life to put aside work.

Christine Nilsson. We always associate this lady's name with the Italian and French operas, and think of her as one of the best interpreters of Bellini's vocal music, but never in connection with the violin. Yet it was as a violinist she first made her mark, as other great singers, such as Mara, had done before her.

She was the eighth child of poor parents, her father being a labouring farmer. He was evidently musical, for he was the chief chorister in the church at Wexjö. She was born in 1843, and when quite a small child, taught herself the violin and flute, and, with one of her brothers, who was also musical, visited the fairs and markets in Sweden, and sang and played to the peasants on fête days.

At the age of fourteen she went, as usual, to the fair of Ljungby, and while playing and singing in its midst was seen and heard by a rich Swedish magistrate, who was so struck with her playing and appearance that he undertook to educate and provide for her. He sent her at once to study in Stockholm, and later on to Paris, under Masset and Wertel. On her appearing in public she relinquished the violin in favour of singing.

Maria Felicita Tua, known as Teresina Tua, was born in May, 1867, at Turin. She was educated in the Paris Conservatoire, and at the age of thirteen obtained the first prize as a violinist.* For three years she played with great success in various parts of the Continent, and made her first appearance in England on May 5, 1883, at the Crystal Palace. She played also at the Philharmonic on the 9th and the 30th of the same month, and at the Floral Hall concert, June 9th.

The opinion of her playing was that it was marked by very high qualities, such as exquisite phrasing, refinement and executive skill, but that the extreme delicacy of her style was more suited to a chamber than to so large a place as the Crystal Palace, or even St. James's Hall. She accompanied Mr. Cusins in Beethoven's Kreuzer Sonata with great success.

Her parents were poor but very musical, and probably helped to develop the inborn talent of their child; at all events they brought her before the public at a very early age, long before she went to the Paris Conservatoire. It was expected after playing with so much success here in 1883 that she would have returned the following year, but we have not seen her again.†

We must not forget to mention in this list of female violinists the name of Emily Florence Chartres, of Manchester, who recently obtained the gold medal for violin-playing in the Royal Academy of Music competition. She has been created a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music, and an Associate of Trinity College, London. We ought to feel very proud of her, for it is the first time either of these honours has been obtained by a lady for violin-playing.

* There is a portrait and little notice of her in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* of April 12, 1884.

† While this is in the press, it is announced that she is to visit London this season, and that since her last appearance here her powers as a violinist have become much stronger.

LOVE VERSUS MONEY.

By L. SHARP, Author of "Nan's Story," "May's Dream," etc.

CHAPTER I.



"I WISH I could be somebody else for a year or two!" exclaimed Leslie Barton, pausing suddenly in her restless march to and fro in the bedroom.

"Somebody else, child?" echoed her companion in astonishment, swinging lazily

in the rocking-chair. "Whatever makes you wish for that?"

"Oh, I am sick of myself! Of all the flattery, and absurdity, and emptiness of this Society life of ours," replied the girl impetuously. "What a sham it all is! What masks people wear to hide their real selves!"

"I am sure that you have nothing to blame Society for, Leslie," said Miss Cameron, rather crossly. "Young, beautiful, and an heiress—you are not half thankful enough for the gifts that you possess; what more can you want?"

"Pleasure and happiness are not the end and aim of life," was the indignant reply. "I want something to live for besides admiration, Minnie; I want to be a strong, helpful, earnest woman, to join hands with others in the great chain of human interests and the common good of all."

She walked the floor in silence for a moment, and then burst out energetically again.

"Do you really think, Minnie—tell me honestly—that the life we lead is fitted to make us truer or better? Why, we have no time in this continual gaiety even to think, far less to stand still for a little breathing space. I am sick of it all!"

"My dear Leslie," answered her friend, coldly, "I am not aware of being any the worse for the life which you seem to despise so much. Pray do not become an enthusiast; it is anything but good form, and will only make you an object of dislike. Are you such a shining light yourself?" she added, with a sneer on her lips that angered Leslie.

"You know that I do not mean that, Minnie," indignantly. "Why will you not understand? I am railing against the majority of our sex, who have no ideas but dress or show; no hope but marriage; no ambition but to surpass their neighbours."

"Thank you, in the name of our sex," blandly interrupted Miss Cameron, who tried her best to laugh or sneer the girl out of her earnest moods.

"You know that it is true," retorted Leslie, her dark eyes flashing eagerly; "but surely in

the end they will come to see that buying a bonnet or going to the theatre is not, after all, the paramount interest of an intelligent being's life. I am going to rebel, Minnie; I am going to be a fashionable young lady no longer, let Mrs. Grundy say what she will."

"How long will this mood last?" asked her friend, with a contemptuous laugh, rising from her chair and moving towards the door. "I cannot say that I admire you in heroics, dear."

"I have been a butterfly too long, but I mean now to begin to shape my life more bravely—to climb higher—if I can."

An eloquent little gesture of humility followed the words, which disarmed Miss Cameron's annoyance for the moment.

"It is too bad of me to make you my safety-valve for troublesome thoughts, you poor old Min," added Leslie, smiling brightly, "but I do wish you to understand. However, let us go now and have some tea, and then for the last appearance in public as a butterfly of the much-envied, much-talked-about Miss Leslie Barton."

The scorn with which the girl uttered the last sentence amused her friend immensely. But it was all very real to Leslie, who had been brought up in a very different home from her present luxurious one; and the sudden riches, though they had elated and enchanted her at first, had not spoiled as yet her finer nature. She saw through the adulation which was showered upon the heiress, not upon the girl, and she felt how false it was, how hollow.

Mr. Barton, of Fern Tower, was a bachelor of immense wealth, who had quarrelled with all his relations save his brother's widow; and who out of caprice had, at his sister-in-law's death four years ago, brought home her only child Leslie, to be his adopted daughter and heiress. She was sixteen then, but her bright girlish beauty and high-bred air had delighted the old man, who longed to show to the world, the world that only tolerated him on account of his wealth, what a beautiful girl he possessed in the shape of his niece. She would win his way into the highest circles, she would make up for her plebeian name by marrying into the noblest family in the county. And so Mr. Barton surrounded the young girl with everything that money could buy, gratified her slightest wish, and gloated over the sensation that her appearance made. He had succeeded in obtaining as a companion for her a lady of noble birth, whose poverty had made her only too glad to accept of Mr. Barton's offer. And for the last three years Miss Minnie Cameron, one of the many daughters of the late Sir Hector Cameron, had been installed at Fern Tower, and had ingratiated herself with all its inmates. Though thirty years of age, she looked younger, and was both handsome and attractive. She had made up her mind to reign as mistress some day where she was at present guest, and this in spite of her contempt for her host's vulgarity and coarseness.

Leslie had inherited little, save her name and dark brown eyes, from the paternal side; it was from her mother, a lady of good family, that she had taken her graceful figure and fair beauty.

But to understand the reason of the sudden outburst at the beginning of our story, it is necessary to go back a few months.

"My dear Leslie, I have asked the new doctor to dinner to-day to meet the Seymours; he seems to be a clever young fellow, and I like to show hospitality to strangers in the neighbourhood," said Mr. Barton one morning at the breakfast table, in his usual pompous

manner; "you and Miss Cameron must do your best to put him at his ease. These village youngsters," he added patronisingly to the latter, "are always so very awkward when introduced into the society of their betters; yet it does them good—it does them good to mix with the world, especially doctors."

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Barton," said Miss Cameron, with a smile, thinking that the gentlemanly figure, which she had encountered the other day at a friend's, would not show much awkwardness; "it is only kind to enliven their solitude a little; but if I mistake not, this Dr. Douglas Owen is related to Sir Douglas Owen, of Penryth Castle, in Carmarthen."

"You don't say so?" ejaculated Mr. Barton, excitedly. "I am thankful that I said dinner after all, and not merely to look in in the evening, as I had first intended."

Leslie glanced at Miss Cameron, an indignant smile curling her pretty lips.

"What does it matter, uncle, who his relations are, if he is nice himself?" she asked, gravely. "You have not invited them to dinner, have you?"

"Don't be a silly, child," replied her uncle, crossly; "you do your part of the entertainment and I'll do mine; make yourself agreeable to this young man—at least, until I can find out more particulars about him."

Mr. Barton had no reason to complain of his niece's conduct during the dinner party. She was evidently as much attracted by the new doctor as he was by her, greatly to Sir Philip Seymour's annoyance.

When Dr. Owen entered the drawing-room of Fern Tower, his host had met him with effusion, and had led him to the fireplace to the white-robed figure there.

"My niece, Miss Leslie Barton," he said; and the young man bowed deeply as she turned towards him.

Such a bright, sparkling face! To be photographed in his memory never again to leave it. No wonder that when the lovely eyes met his he forgot to look at the rest of her face—at the golden wavy hair which curled over the graceful little head, at the sweet mobile lips, at the flush of perfect health on the softly-rounded cheek. He was surprised at the sudden sharp thrill of pleasure that went through him as he gazed on her fresh young beauty; and, again, at the delight with which he felt her little hand on his arm as he led her down to dinner. Was this love at first sight? "Bosh," he muttered to himself, with a mental shake, "don't let your wits go wool gathering, old boy. Remember the gulf between a struggling doctor and a beautiful heiress."

Sir Philip Seymour's replies to his partner, Miss Cameron, began to grow shorter and shorter as he heard Leslie's merry laugh and bright responses. He was a good-looking, rather insipid young man of the "haw-haw," lady-killer type, and he was not going to have his preserves poached upon. Leslie was never so interested in anything he said; he must extinguish this interloper on the spot.

"Been out driving to-day, Miss Leslie?" he asked, abruptly.

"No."

"Aw! Had a walk p'whaps instead?"

"No."

"Aw!" Sir Philip pulled his moustache fiercely. What on earth did that other fellow find to chatter about? "Saw you at church yesterday; did, 'pon my word!"

"Indeed?"

There was a mischievous look in Leslie's eyes

She knew that nothing put Sir Philip out more than monosyllables, and she was annoyed at him for his evident determination to spoil her interesting talk with Dr. Owen. But Sir Philip would never allow any of her rebuffs to interfere with his condescending devotion, and calmly ignored her apparent dislike of his person.

"Awful dull hole this county, doctor," he went on, determined to make the conversation general; "couldn't exist here all the year round."

"Then it is just as well that you are not obliged to do so," remarked Dr. Owen, quietly.

Leslie laughed. "Oh," she said, "Sir Philip only honours Hazeldean for a month or two at a time, and spends most of the year in London."

"'Pon my word, I hate the place; it has only one attraction for me," with a tender meaning in his glance at Leslie.

"It certainly is not a pretty town or neighbourhood," broke in Miss Cameron, thinking that she had been left quite long enough unnoticed, "but anywhere near a large manufactory is always interesting."

"May I venture to ask why?" said Dr. Owen, pleasantly, turning his keen blue eyes on the lady.

"Oh, because there is always something exciting to me to be surrounded by a mass of busy human beings. It is barely ten minutes' walk from here to the cotton mills, and somehow the contrast of the toiling life outside makes this pretty home so delicious, you can't help but be contented with your lot."

"Now, that is just where we differ," exclaimed Leslie, eagerly. "I hate to feel so good-for-nothing, so occupied with—without idleness and gaiety, when I know how hardly it is going with so many other girls. I grow tired with wondering how I would bear it had I to work as hard as they do—and not for pleasure either, only for mere bread."

"Aw, weally, you could never be compared to those poor cweatures, Miss Leslie," said Sir Philip, languidly, feeling himself rather out of depth, "you were born to shine—aw—in higher spheres."

"Why not try to know some of the poor people about you, then, my dear Miss Barton?"

You could do much, if only by your sympathy, to help them," and Dr. Owen leant eagerly forward as he spoke. "I am so glad to find," he added, with a look half-audacious, half-wistful, at the lovely girlish face, "that you even wonder about the working hands; so few ladies in your position ever do as much."

"Ladies should have nothing to do but look pretty and be amiable," interrupted Mr. Barton, decidedly, catching the remark, and throwing a disapproving glance at the last speaker. "Don't you be taking up any new-fangled notions, Leslie; I won't have it, I can tell you."

"Now, come, Dr. Owen," exclaimed Miss Seymour, laughing, "it is really too bad of you men! Do you not give us poor girls the credit of thinking sometimes?"

"Perhaps we are too frivolous even for that," said Leslie, with an indignant flush, looking towards Miss Cameron, as she rose to withdraw from the room, and not deigning to glance at the doctor.

"There are exceptions to every rule, ladies," replied Dr. Owen, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, opening the door for them to pass through.

"What a handsome fellow that doctor is, Leslie," cried Ethel Seymour, throwing herself lazily on a couch when the three ladies had reached the drawing-room. "Who is he, and where does he come from?"

"He is a new doctor," answered Leslie, carelessly. "I know nothing more of him, except that he is very impertinent to treat us as if we were simpletons."

"Simpletons! Surely not, dear; I am certain that he is quite alive to our attractions," cried Miss Seymour, complacently. "He is a very nice young fellow, and I mean to add him to the list of my admirers."

Miss Seymour, like her brother, had a great appreciation of her own charms. She was rather pretty, had a handsome figure, but was nearer Miss Cameron's age than Leslie's.

"I thought you were engaged to Captain Northbrook, Ethel; I do hate to hear you talking so," and Leslie's lips curled scornfully as she wandered over to the piano in order to get away from the gossip at the fireside.

The drawing-room at Fern Tower was beautifully furnished, the large oriel window

at the end overlooking the garden, with the river running through the grounds.

Leslie began to play some soft, sweet Nocturne, thinking to herself, with a heightened colour, that she would do something more than wonder. She felt that underneath the young doctor's evident admiration he despised her for being content with idle ease; and her anger vanished as she realised the truth of his statement.

The rest of the evening passed much as usual; music and singing preventing anything more than desultory conversation. But when Miss Seymour had withdrawn to put on her wraps, Dr. Owen moved towards the piano.

"I am afraid that I am not forgiven for my disparagement of the fair sex at dinner," he said, quietly, to his young hostess.

Leslie rose. "Why should I be angry?" she replied, gravely; "the truth is always best. I ought to thank you, instead, for waking me up from dreaming. I hope that you shall never again be glad that I only wonder, Dr. Owen," and the little head was raised erect as the earnest brown eyes met his with a look both proud and wistful, candid and sweet.

"One is apt to judge too much by externals," he said, apologetically, "but it is not fair to do so, though really it is so difficult to read below the surface."

"Yes," said Leslie, thoughtfully. Then with a sudden, winning smile, "You have given me something to think of, Dr. Owen."

"I am glad of that," was the hearty reply. "I do like to make people discontented with themselves."

With a hasty good-night to the others, the doctor left the house, leaving Leslie standing by the window with his strange words ringing in her ears; standing, thinking deeply, the moonlight resting tenderly on her golden hair.

"Marvel not that I say unto you ye must be born again," she murmured softly. "I am beginning to realise what that means now."

A few chance words, casually uttered, and the veil had been drawn aside. The half-developed, careless, shallow soul had broken the chrysalis shell of its old self, and was shining out a new creature; a living, earnest, aspiring, wondering human soul.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A LESSON IN ENGLISH.

A Portuguese gentleman, who had lived for many years in England and had acquired a perfect knowledge of the language, though still retaining a strong foreign accent, went one afternoon to visit a gentleman living a short distance from London. Being unable to discover his friend's house, he inquired of a nice, rosy-faced girl, whom he saw standing at a cottage door, if she could tell him where Mr. — resided?

The girl said "No," but, dropping a curtsey, added, "I think my mother can tell, as she washes for almost all the gentlefolks in the neighbourhood."

"Well then," said the gentleman, "will you be so kind as to go and ask your mother?"

"Oh yes, sir, directly," replied the damsel, and away she tripped into the cottage, apparently anxious to hide a fit of laughter with which, to the astonishment of the Portuguese, she seemed suddenly seized.

In a few minutes forth came the good dame of the cottage herself, wiping the suds from her arms, and evidently having only just suffi-

ciently recovered from laughing, like her daughter. She asked, with becoming civility, the gentleman's pleasure.

The Portuguese, apologising for the trouble he gave, said he "simply wished to ask if she could direct him to the house of Mr. —."

Here the good woman's gravity seemed nearly put to flight. However, she contrived, after indulging in a gentle titter, to say it was no trouble to her, and directed him as well as she could to his friend's residence. Then, curtsying very low and simpering and blushing, she said:—

"I beg pardon, sir, I hope you will excuse me and my daughter's laughing, but as you are from foreign parts I see you do not know that we call it *ax* in our country, not *ask*."

A CHARADE FOR A LADY.

The following charade was addressed to a lady by Charles James Fox, whose name as a statesman and orator everyone knows who has read the history of the latter part of the eighteenth century:—

"Permit me, madam, to come uncalled into

your ladyship's presence, and by dividing myself add greatly to my consequence. So exalted am I in the character of my first, that I have trampled on the pride of kings, and the greatest potentates have bowed down to embrace me; yet the dirtiest kennel in the dirtiest street is not too foul to have me for its inmate.

In my second, what infinite vanity! I am rich as the Eastern Nabob, yet poor as the weeping object of your benevolence. I am mild and gentle as the spring, yet savage and cruel as the wintry blast. I am young, beautiful, and happy, yet old, deformed and wretched. 'Tis from the highest authority I dare pronounce myself your superior; yet few instances are there to prove it, and many are the proofs against it. But your ladyship is tired and wishes my re-union; it is done, and I have no other merit than in remaining, as before, your ladyship's humble servant."

The answer to this ingenious and neatly put charade is, "footman."

WISE CULTURE.—Our nature runs either to herbs or weeds; let us seasonably water the one and destroy the other.



IN CHURCH.

IN CHURCH.

By W. B. YEATS.

SHE prays for father, mother dear,
To Him with thunder shod,
She prays for every falling tear
In the holy church of God.

For all good men now fallen ill,
For merry men that weep,
For holiest teachers of His will,
And common men that sleep.

The sunlight flickering on the pews,
The sunlight in the air,
The flies that dance in threes, in twos,
They seem to join her prayer—

Her prayer for father, mother dear,
To Him with thunder shod,
A prayer for every falling tear
In the holy church of God.



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SUNDAYS?

By THE COUNTESS OF MEATH.

"At last the day has come to an end," we **wearily** exclaim, as we hear the clock in the neighbouring church tower announcing that hour. "What a long, long Sunday it has been to be sure!"

We slowly mount the stairs preparatory to retiring for the night, and as we go we have serious misgivings that this feeling of weariness, this desire to bring the day to a close, is all wrong, and the more we think over it the more persuaded are we that we have added one more to the mournful array of wasted days of which there have been all too many in our lives. . . . But a week has flown, once more ten o'clock is striking, but we scarcely heed it, for we are sitting wrapped in pleasant meditations by our own fireside, with dear ones around us. We had risen early, and had thoroughly enjoyed the invigorating freshness and hopefulness which belong to morning hours, for we had many little home duties to perform before we started for church.

It was a real pleasure to take our accustomed seat behind the choir boys. Surely the music was unusually good, and the service far more hearty than it was wont to be; or was it all imagination? and just because we were once more joining in it with those we loved? It was delightful, too, as we left church and walked down the narrow lane leading homewards, to receive warm greetings from friends both rich and poor.

We just peeped into a cottage where an invalid lay whom we used often to visit, and were warmly welcomed.

"I was just a-wearying to see you, miss. You'll come and read to me to-day, won't you, now?" said she. The promise was gladly given, and we pass on.

Luncheon is soon despatched, and we have time to rest and think over our afternoon's lesson with the Sunday-school scholars, and after awhile we set out to join them. We find these little people sadly fidgety and hard to manage. In our absence a teacher has had

charge of our class, who seems to have enforced no discipline amongst them; so after many and hopeless struggles to rivet their attention, we try the experiment of closing the book and telling them the sweet old Bible stories, old, but ever new if rightly told. Ah, this answers; big eyes are fixed on us, and questions are asked by them which show that the children's interest has been great.

"Please, miss, will you be here next Sunday to tell us some more stories?" whispers little Mary at parting, as she presents us with a tiny posy, the product of a cottage garden of the smallest dimensions.

The church bells are again chiming, and it is time to be off for the afternoon service, consisting of the Litany only, and so we are soon free to pay our promised visit to the invalid. We feel it to be a privilege to stay awhile with such a holy-minded woman. We constantly feel this when visiting her. She, poor humble-minded soul, very possibly imagines that the benefit is all one-sided, that we are conferring a great favour in visiting her; whilst we, time after time, have come away from her couch of suffering, the better for having been there. To-day we felt this; and how humiliating it was to compare her love and gratitude to her Heavenly Father whom she thanked for her smallest mercy, with our thanklessness for many and great mercies!

Our home looked a cosy, happy abode as we again entered it. The drawing-room windows were thrown wide open, and the evening song of the birds came pouring in as we sat and watched others fearlessly hopping about on the lawn.

Whilst we are sipping a refreshing cup of tea comes the far from welcome piece of intelligence that Mrs. B., who is generally regarded as being much of a *malade imaginaire*, a lady of considerable means living at the extreme end of the village, had sent a message to say that she hoped we could go and sit with her, as her lady com-

panion had suddenly been called away on account of her father's illness. Now it so happened that Mrs. B. was the person whom, perhaps, of all others we had the least possible desire to see on this particular Sunday. We knew her to be a confirmed grumbler, rather addicted to spreading unkind stories about her neighbours, leading her unfortunate companion a miserable life, and having in our eyes nothing attractive about her. What was to be done? how could we get off going?

"I am afraid, dear, there is nothing for it but to go; you can scarcely refuse Mrs. B.'s request," says someone, whose advice we know from long experience to be almost invariably right. Still, we hesitate; why go just to-day, when we are feeling happy, and things are going smoothly, to be very possibly made wretched by a discontented woman? But our better self prevails, and on our way to perform the unwelcome task more charitable thoughts take possession of us, and we determine to do what in us lies, not to give way to unkind thoughts towards one who is much to be pitied. Yes, that she was, in spite of all that her money could give her, her beautifully appointed house, her lovely garden, her endless comforts and luxuries. As we rang the bell two noisy little dogs rushed out, resenting the approach of a stranger, and their barks and ominous growls gave us no pleasant reception.

Entering the drawing-room, it struck us that the atmosphere was most oppressive, heavy with the scent of luscious flowers, heavy because the rich silken folds of the curtains seemed made to exclude any stray breath of heaven from entering; heavy too, because we had the feeling that voices of *love and joy* had of late never been heard within the walls. Here we found our hostess propped up with cushions, and with an eider-down quilt thrown over her, lying on the sofa; but she displayed unwonted energy in trying to allay the trouble-

some barking of the dogs, which made conversation next to impossible. At length they allowed themselves to be enticed up to their mistress's downy couch, and peace was so far restored.

We found Mrs. B. most unusually gracious to us; it is true the stream of complaints poured out most volubly at first; they were directed chiefly against her companion, whom she stoutly maintained ought never to have left her thus suddenly, for whatever cause, without giving her time to seek for someone else's service. But Mrs. B. was evidently tired of her own company, and glad to have the benefit of ours. We made the fortunate discovery during the course of conversation that the seaside place where we had been lately staying was but a few miles distant from the scene of her childhood; and we also most opportunely remembered that we had met, not long since, one who had known Mrs. B. in her youthful days, when, with some pretensions to beauty, and with a considerable fortune of her own, she was much sought after. Her face brightened up with an animation we had never noticed before, as she talked of days which were past, and she eagerly asked questions about families whom she used to know who lived in the neighbourhood. Our information was very imperfect, but by a strange coincidence we discovered that we had been visiting, in the local hospital, a girl who could be none other than the daughter of the gardener once in the employ of Mrs. B.'s father. This led us to talking about this poor woman's troubles, and how sadly she was in want of money to procure sufficiently nourishing food on leaving the institution.

Wonder of wonders! that purse, which was seldom known to be opened at the call of distress, was so on this occasion, and a golden coin was handed over to be spent as we thought best. Just then the chimes for evening service were distinctly heard, reminding us of the hour of prayer. Could we venture to suggest that we too should share in those about to be offered? Our heart beat loud as we made the proposal to read a Psalm and a few collects. "I don't mind if you do," was the reply. After we had done so, and were rising to depart, Mrs. B. said, "You have a soft voice, and it calms my poor nerves; come again some other Sunday and see me." What does this mean? we think, as we wend our way homewards. Could it be that Mrs. B., whom we had never thought of but as an intensely uninteresting, selfish woman whom we always tried to avoid—might she be one to whom we could be of real service? We know not, but feel much cheered. Preparations for supper were rapidly going on as we reached home, and when it was over and we were just preparing to take up a favourite book, the thought of an absent dear one occurred to us to whom words from home would be very welcome. We meant the letter to be a short one, but there was much to tell, and we had not long seated ourselves in our accustomed corner when ten o'clock struck, and found us wrapped in not unpleasant thoughts. We were contrasting this Sunday, which had been such a happy day, with the last, and yet we could recall nothing to our memories which we had done on the previous one to which the strictest of Sabbatarians could object. We had attended several services and had taken no frivolous book into our hands. It must, therefore, have

been omission rather than commission which had spoilt our Sunday. Perhaps our very prayers had been selfish, and we recalled the saying of a dear friend long since gone to his rest, who was wont to say that people took selfishness to church with them along with their Bibles and prayer books. Perhaps that demon had been our companion, little though we may have thought it, on the previous Sunday, for we could not remember any act of self-denial, any effort which we had made to benefit others. If a heathen emperor was right in thinking that he had wasted a day on which he had not been of service to any human creature, surely Christians ought to be willing to acknowledge the same, and not to except that day on which the gospel of love is preached in their hearing. A Sunday of "boredom" must needs be wrong, and the cure for boredom is to be up and doing that which is worth the doing. It is not possible, we think, for all to spend many hours in reading and meditation; minds are so differently constituted, a good book may with many be the best of companions for a prolonged period, but the young, the active, the restless may soon grow tired of reading, and long for some other occupation. What can they do? Some would answer, "Let Sundays be more like other days; let us go to church, if we will, in the morning, but if we are young why not amuse ourselves of an afternoon? What can be the harm of a game of lawn tennis and a few friends to tea afterwards? And as for little Sunday dinner-parties, they are a most sociable institution; people must eat somewhere; why not altogether?"

May there not be, we reflect, a grave danger lurking behind these and similar suggestions, in breaking down old restrictions which our fathers and forefathers held to be sacred? It is so easy to pull down, so hard to build up. A fool may pick to pieces that which wise men may find it next to impossible to put together. Is there not a serious risk nowadays lest, for the sake of the selfish pleasure of the richer members of the community, because some of them, not content with six days of amusement now, wish to usurp the seventh, the poorer are to be deprived of the rest which they have earned by a week of toil. The mere pleasure-seeker ignores or cares not for the fact that they have souls to be thought of, homes to be visited, where they will be welcomed by wife and children, father and mother, that they too have ties of friendship which they may long to renew, that they may crave for a little of the leisure which often hangs very heavily on his hands. Therefore, setting on one side altogether the solemn question of whether the observance of Sunday ought to be lightly regarded, is it not well for us to see if we cannot employ some of our time usefully by undertaking, perchance, some little necessary duty, which will free others to enjoy the means of worship, the society of friends and relations, of which we should certainly rob them if Sunday entertainments are to be instituted.

Then, too, we further consider, there is a wide field of usefulness for us if we would look round and see what is to be done for poor neighbours, to whom the day of rest is much the same as any other day, or as a poor woman in a workhouse infirmary expressed it, "Sunday after Sunday comes, and there is nothing of the Sabbath in it." Her paralysed limbs could not carry her even the short distance which it was necessary to traverse in order to

reach the little chapel belonging to the institution. The experience of that poor woman is doubtless that of vast numbers of her companions in misfortune, whose fate it is to be inmates of those gaunt, too-much-forgotten institutions—workhouses—which are scattered so freely about the country. They have, it is true, chaplains appointed to visit the patients in the wards as well as to conduct the services in the workhouse chapel; but Sunday is such a busy day with them, that they cannot always find time for attending to the spiritual needs of those who are the most infirm, and even when the necessary time is found, the adjunct of a few fresh voices to lead the singing is a most valuable one, and makes the chaplain's visits more cheering to these afflicted ones who find this earth such a dreary place that they listen eagerly to hymns which tell of the joys of heaven.

Besides workhouses there must needs be many other institutions where kindly visitors would be not unlikely to find a most cordial reception. Then there are the ignorant, those who know so little about those things which the more favoured are taught in their childhood; could not some spare Sunday hours be well employed in teaching them? Nor need our employments necessarily take us out of our own homes, for much can be done within them.

We can, for instance, discourse sweet music, holy strains which may not only be a joy to ourselves, but which may help to draw others heavenwards. How touching it is, we think, when we pass by many strange abodes, in which the inhabitants, their thoughts, their ways, are all unknown to us, and then suddenly catch the sound of song being raised, reminding the wayfarer that in this house God is worshipped, His praises sung! Then, if our voice must be silent, our pen may often accomplish far more than our tongue could ever do. There are happily in these latter nineteenth-century days such numbers of societies, guilds, organisations of all kinds afloat—which in the days of our fathers were not—for helping the friendless, for aiding the tempted, for guiding the young. Sunday is the very day for writing a letter which requires time and thought to be bestowed on it, and which needs us to be inspired with our best of thoughts, such thoughts as should, as a matter of course, be uppermost in our minds if our Sunday worship has been aright. But it is not only the poor to whom our ministrations need to be confined, there are sad hearts to comfort, lonely ones to cheer, afflicted souls to soothe, belonging to every rank and living under very various conditions; if we earnestly seek it, surely plenty of employment ought to be found in ministering, in some way or other, to such as these. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself," comes very literally true, and from one seed of kindness may sometimes be reaped a whole harvest field of love.

"A penny for your thoughts, dearie; you have been a whole hour in a regular brown study, and haven't said a word to me nor to anybody else," says a kind voice beside us, whilst a kind hand is thrust into ours.

"Pray forgive me; I am very sorry," we reply; "but you're a rash person, you will have to pay the penny for my thoughts tomorrow, when I tell you all about them; but it is too late to do so now; good-night, and sweet dreams."



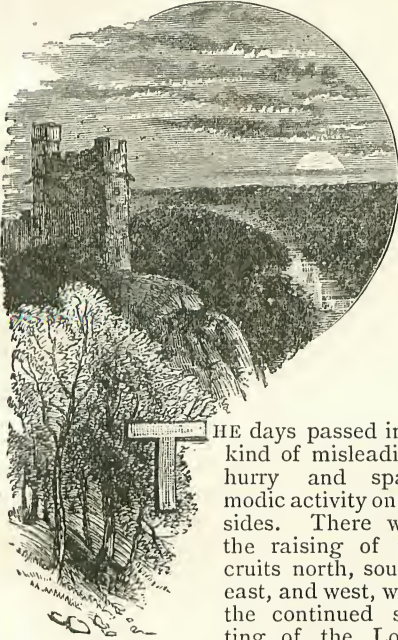
A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST RIPE EAR OF THE HARVEST.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN, AND HER SECOND ENTRANCE INTO OXFORD WITH THE KING IN STATE.



THE days passed in a kind of misleading hurry and spasmodic activity on all sides. There was the raising of recruits north, south, east, and west, with the continued sitting of the Long

Parliament in London, and the marching and counter-marching of armies, but there was no other considerable battle, and there was no immediate threat of an attack on Oxford, where the King lay entrenched behind the two rivers, and the fortifications of which Kitty had seen the building. The flank of one extended into the very meadows where she had helped to gather the fritillaries. This April they would be all trampled and crushed under foot, until hardly one could raise, first its drooping bell, and then its weird snake's head, with shrivelled tongue and quivering fangs, to grin and mock at the startled beholder; and when June and July came, the snowy and the golden water lilies would float and sway on the watery beds formed for them by the Cherwell and the Isis, undisturbed by Oxford maid.

Well would it have been for maid and man if their losses had been confined to fritillaries and water lilies. On the 17th of June, 1643, in what was little better than a skirmish to defeat a Royalist attack on a Parliamentary outpost, so grievous a blow was dealt to one of the contending factions that it reacted, not in loud triumph but in silent regret, on the other. The pity of it spread far and wide amongst all who had taken serious thought on the causes and consequences of the great civil war. In the middle of the fighting at Chalgrove a soldier quitted the ranks in which he had held a prominent place, and rode off the field, "his head hanging down, and resting his hands on the neck of his horse." He had received a mortal wound, of which he died in a week. That man was John Hampden, a singularly brave and noble English gentleman, of

Buckinghamshire, of large estates, a cousin of Oliver Cromwell by birth, and by scholarship a former demy of Magdalen. He had been a fondly attached husband, whose cherished wife's death occurred after she had borne him ten children. He had been a member of successive Parliaments, where, as the result of his disinterestedness, earnestness, justice, and moderation, which no arraignment or imprisonment for the course he took could materially lessen, he was regarded not only as the leader of his party, but as the embodiment of manly honesty, sagacity, and love of country. On this account, still more than because of his distinguished ability as a statesman, all men involuntarily turned to him so long as there was a hope of peace. He was slow to draw the sword against his English brethren; so far as his personal feelings were concerned, he would sooner have emigrated, but having drawn it, the saying went abroad that "he threw away the scabbard," so bent was he on bringing the business to a speedy and definite conclusion. He displayed as much military genius as he had shown governing faculty, and was looked to as the general on the Parliamentary side who should supersede Essex and Waller. It was this man who, before he had reached the age of forty-eight, fell in the obscure fight at Chalgrove. There was a moment's pause of grief and dismay in the fierce warfare, while the worthy on both sides acknowledged that a prince had fallen in Israel, and mourned for him accordingly.

Kitty heard the melancholy tidings, at which her father's face only grew harder and grimmer. But Lady Ottery's features worked with strong emotion as she wrung her hands and cried out without restraint, not caring who heard her, "Oh, the shame of it! The wrong of it! To pit such a man against your sleek silken courtiers and base sycophants, your brawlers and cut-throats!"

Kitty thought what bitter lamentation there would be at Islip Barnes, where the patriot had been the most honoured of guests. For though he was twice as old and of higher estate and greater fortunes than Anthony Walton, John Hampden had not been the man who would decline to condescend to a younger, poorer brother, while the fact that both had been Magdalen men served as a link between them.

Neither among Roundheads nor Cavaliers was there another leader like Hampden—not to say in intellectual gifts suited to the strait, but in stainless integrity and generous self-forgetfulness, unless it were Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland. For a time the two had stood together voting for the same liberal, reasonable measures till the strife in Parliament threatened violent issues, then Falkland and other like-minded Royalists drew apart and ranged themselves by the King, whose private character they honoured and loved, whose kingly prerogative they could not brook to see defied.

Kitty Dacre had heard much of Lord Falkland, whose country house of Great Tew was but ten or twelve miles from Oxford; and there he made every true scholar welcome to share his state and bounty, dispensing his hospitality with such princely freedom and grace that each man could come and go as it suited him. His place at table was kept for him, his chamber which bore his name was at his service, the flowery green retreats of the garden, the wilderness and the park were as much for his benefit as for their master's.

Dr. Peter Dacre had once been persuaded to pay a visit to Tew, and had waxed eloquent afterwards to Lady Ottery and Kitty on the unique charm of its refined delights for the senses, combined with the deep mental satisfaction of such learned converse, such refreshing plunges into Castalian springs, such ardent researches in philosophy and physics as could not have been surpassed in the best appointed of the colleges in their palmiest days.

Falkland, like Hampden in his youth, had a wife and children whom he dearly loved. Indeed, to win his wife he had endured the greatest trial of his life—alienation from his father, who had, according to the fashion of the day, planned a great match for his son, and when the latter used his right of choice, refused to be reconciled, though Lucius Carey offered to renounce his title and estates so that he might but retain his father's regard.

Even the women about Great Tew, to which Lord Falkland had succeeded on the death of his father, had their share of the high culture of the place, so that its master was wont to say, laughingly, that if he wished to ascertain whether any word which he had employed in his writing was sufficiently simple and intelligible for a plain audience, he did not even read it to his lady's waiting-maid, for she might have caught the trick of reading the French romances from her mistress; he called upon one of the ordinary rustic maid-servants, and read over the sentence to her, and if she comprehended it he was content.

Kitty knew Lord Falkland by sight and hearing, and was proud to remember that once, when he had come upon her walking with her father, he had asked to be presented to Mrs. Dacre. He was a little man, like the future admiral, Robert Blake. Lord Falkland might also have been refused a fellowship at Merton on the ground of his low stature, if he had competed for it under the same warden. Another personal disadvantage was the harshness of his voice; but one soon forgot the strident tones in the matchless courtesy of the good man, the perfect gentleman, and the accomplished scholar.

There was a brooding shadow on Falkland's brow in those days, when he was much with the King at Oxford; and it could not be kept secret that not only was the true heart rent by the country's

divisions, he had little hope of the success of his master's cause. Nay, he could not desire it without reserves and misgivings, for even as he loved his kind, he loathed rather than loved the grievous abuses which had crept into the administration. He turned with unmitigated disgust from the gross excesses of such a man in power as George Lord Goring, even from the rough and ready tactics of the King's wild nephew, Prince Rupert, who, fresh from an early apprenticeship to German campaigning, considered that war, civil war in England, meant plundering, pillaging, and burning wherever his horse in their brilliant charges cleared the way. Little wonder that Lord Falkland felt himself in a hopeless entanglement, and with the word "peace" for ever on his lips, was tempted to look longingly to the probability of a violent death as his sole earthly chance of deliverance. No doubt the inclination was increased by what Kitty heard much talked of in Oxford in those days—that is to say, the bad luck which had attended both Lord Falkland and the King when they were in the Bodleian Library together, and having a rare copy of Virgil in their hands, were moved to try what has been called the *sortes Virgilianæ*. This phrase may be freely translated in plain English as seeking to have one's fortune told by applying at random to the printed words of Virgil.

The process was to thrust a penknife or a bodkin into the Virgil, then to open the book and accept the passage at which the index pointed, as the answer to the quest. In each of the two cases the answers were strikingly adverse. That to the King was a prediction of the horrors of war, of a fugitive hunted from place to place, of a doomed King destined never to reign again, to be separated from all he held dear, to die before his time, his body left to rot without a grave. That to Falkland was the lament over a young hero slain in battle.

The talk over these unsatisfactory prophecies did not prevent farther idle, unwarrantable inquiries into the un-revealed future; on the contrary, it provoked much morbid, undesirable speculation with approaches to such Delphic oracles as were represented by the astrologers and Rosicrucians, and by more arrant as well as more vulgar impostors. For the honest astrologers and Rosicrucians believed what they said, and were simply lost among labyrinths of their own creating; but the mere mountebanks who traded on the credulity of the ignorant and foolish were in a different case.

Kitty's precocious common sense, even without the quick intervention and absolute prohibition of Lady Ottery, backed by the authority of Dr. Dacre, saved the young girl from such snares. Kitty shut her eyes and put her hands behind her back whenever she was asked to look into crystals or handle spells. "If the Lord God had willed me to know what is going to happen, He would have told me plain, not in riddles," she said; "and I am content to abide by His will, yes, even for those I love best. For if I

did know that an ill-hap was to befall them, I could do no more good in the world for bemoaning it, and struggling to prevent what was decreed." "No, sir," or "madam," in reply to somebody who sought to shake her resolution, "real prophecy never was such a riddle. It was veiled truth, I grant you, because it could not have been spoke unveiled, and the prophet have lived an hour longer. I have been taught it was sometimes veiled even from him who prophesied, because he was not great enough or wise enough to bear the whole truth; and it was the spiritual teaching of a nation, not of an individual. Men were warned it was to have no private interpretation. No, sure, madam, though I am, as you say, full young to have an opinion of my own on such things, and I ask your pardon for differing from you, but I do not go in with you, when you liken the ravings of lunatics and false pretenders to the prophecies of Jeremiah or Daniel."

The only dabbling which Kitty had in such investigations was of an entirely light and comical character; and, as she said stottily, the result was not such as to induce her to penetrate the mystery further. Like sweet, virtuous and witty Mrs. Dorothy Osborne, of Chicksand—whose letters, intended for Mr. William Temple's eyes alone, have been read with lively interest and pleasure by a multitude of readers of another generation—Kitty consented to draw for a valentine on St. Valentine's Day. She, too, was pressed into the service of inscribing, cutting, and folding the slips of paper, so that nobody should know the one from the other, to be used in the "Valentine's dealing." This was when one or two young friends of Lady Ottery's were gathered together for the ceremony. They conducted it with an abundance of blithe jesting and merry chatter and laughter, unrebuked by their hostess. She did not even remind them that war was raging in an unhappy kingdom.

Kitty was also guilty, in the course of the summer, of placing on the threshold of the house that nine-pea'd pod whose presence there was to decide, according to the Christian name of the first man who entered the doorway, what was to be the Christian name of Kitty Dacre's husband. "But where is the use of such silly experiments?" sensible Kitty demanded. "I tell thee I did draw for my valentine a contemporary and friend of my father's. He chanced to be a bachelor, and his name had been mischievously writ by Cicely Spenser as one of the blanks in a lottery. As for the mystic nine-pea'd pod, it only brought the old man who sellethe billets for firewood. His name is Zachary. Now there do not be more than fifty Zacharys in all England, and I cannot be expected to know above a couple of them, therefore I protest, Mrs. Judy, I am not to have a great choice."

With July the Queen arrived from the north of England escorted by the Marquis of Montrose, sent on by the Earl of Newcastle. She was met with great joy by her royal husband near the field of Edgehill, in the vale of Keynton. The pair

again entered Oxford in state, and were received with loud acclamation.

If there were sullen townsmen by, and University men whose sons or brothers had fallen in recent skirmishes, or whose kinsmen were fighting in a detachment of the Parliamentary army against Hopton or Rupert, these malcontents kept in the background, for they were now hugely outnumbered. Besides, the crowd of visitors, though they did nothing to raise the falling fortunes of the University—on the contrary, drained them still farther by the call they made for lavish hospitality—brought about a great increase to the retail trade of the town, and left many a shopkeeper passing rich. Not only was Oxford in the hands of the Royalists, filled full of Royalist families, the seat of what was called the "Monogrel Parliament," summoned by the King in opposition to the Parliament in London, a turn seemed to have come in the King's fortunes. The Cornish men had risen in his favour, and won over all Devonshire and Somerset, defeating Sir William Waller, whom his followers had nicknamed, in honour of his earlier successes, "William the Conqueror." The large city of Bristol had surrendered to the King. Yorkshire had returned to its old allegiance. Hesitating peers and official commissioners had posted from London with terms of parley and peace. Scotland, too, had sent a deputation to treat with the King. It is easy to comprehend how to the rash and the sanguine on one side, and to the timid on the other, the King appeared to have the matter in his own hands; and perhaps, in truth, he had, for a space, but for the infatuation which closed his eyes to the signs of the times, and prevented his taking fortune at the flood-tide, by listening to the counsels of his wisest and truest friends. That infatuation threw him back on the advice and opinions of the imperious, shallow Queen, who did not dream of questioning her perfect right and ability to affect his public decisions, of whose influence over him, the King—far from seeking to resist or deny it—was rather inclined, with a generous folly, to make a proud boast.

The Queen, both by letter and when present with her husband, scouted every proposal of a compromise with his subjects in arms against him, and Charles submitted to the judgment of her and her friends till the time for compromise was past. The commissioners were recalled in all haste to London by an angry Parliament, with which the King would not treat unless on conditions which would have made all its past struggles and hard-won gains in vain. The peers, hesitating between the two sides, followed the commissioners. The Scotch envoys returned as they had come.

The reason of the reversal of the natural relations between husband and wife was to be found, not merely in the King's boundless affection for Henrietta Maria, but in the fact that she had been making the most strenuous efforts to promote his cause, according to her views. She had incurred endless fatigues, and even braved serious dangers in her enterprise. She had been for some time in Holland, with the ostensible purpose of taking over

her daughter, Princess Mary, who had been married, when a mere child, to the young Prince of Orange, and installing her with her husband's relations, in order to have her education finished in what was to be her future country. There Henrietta Maria's winning and voluble tongue, together with the strong argument of the jewels, which she pledged, was able to raise large sums of money. She also procured stores of ammunition, including cannon, which were afterwards termed in bitter mockery "The Queen's gods." All this was in spite of the facts that she was a princess among republicans, a Roman Catholic by creed, addressing the trading magnates of the most Protestant country in Europe, and in that light the natural enemies of France.

In addition to this she fell on the feminine device of causing large numbers of what were called "Queen's Pledges" to be made and given, like bank notes or pawn-tickets, in exchange for the gold and silver plate and the money value of houses and lands which the King's subjects were asked to furnish for the royal maintenance and the support of the army. These pledges were in the shape of rings, lockets, and clasps, with the initials of "Henrietta Maria Regina" in gold filigree work on red velvet, or in blue enamel under a crystal, cut like a diamond, and set in gold. It was understood that these pledges, when returned to the Queen in prosperous times, would secure either the repayment of the property thus bestowed or such Court promotion as the bestowers coveted. As one reward of her expedition and achievements, Henrietta Maria in her absence was accused and found guilty of high treason by the Parliament in London, and had a sentence of proscription and outlawry passed upon her—a sentence which, failing its execution, was simply calculated to increase her hostility to the Commons and to impress yet more deeply on her mind the sense of her personal importance in the national conflict.

The effect which the Act of Parliament against the Queen had on the King was to render him passionately indignant and resentful. He was thenceforth more disposed than ever to look upon his Queen and wife as an injured victim. He well knew that a large part of the nation had dealt with her from the first, when she came little more than a child among them, in a spirit of suspicion and distrust. He was now persuaded that her devoted, heroic services to himself had put the finishing touch to her offences as an alien in race and creed.

In the course of her adventures Henrietta Maria had been tossed to and fro in a great storm at sea which met the little fleet that was bringing her back to England. After she had landed at Burlington, the house in which she slept on the first night was subjected to a cannonade opened on the town by a Parliamentary commodore, who had been watching for the arrival of her and her stores, under their Dutch escort, at New-castle. He followed her into Burlington Bay, thus saluted her, and disturbed her morning slumbers.

Little wonder that the romantic nature of Charles, and for that matter of the mass of the chivalrous Cavaliers, magnified these exploits, and were ready to welcome Henrietta Maria as a deliverer, when, with her thousand Royalists, gathering in numbers as they marched south, full of the enthusiasm which the high-spirited woman shed around her, she rode, as she declared, "a soldier among soldiers." She started with them in the morning, and halted with them in the evening, partook of their rations, took the little town of Tadcaster from the rebels on the way, and at last, after she had been joined for her better protection by a force under Prince Rupert, met her grateful lord and king under the shadow of the Edgehills.

To such a height had Henrietta Maria's popularity with the King's party reached, that the words which accompanied the Cavalier charge at that time were "God for Queen Mary." What was a still more ominous symptom of her supremacy, at least of her equality with the King, from that date there were two Royal Courts. Men spoke of "the King's Court" and "the Queen's Court;" not that the Royal couple were disunited in affection and interest, but that the Queen and her councillors were practically independent. The last were accomplished courtiers, but ill-informed statesmen, graceful but graceless; men whose lives were as scandalously dissolute in the eyes of their more sober-minded companions as their profession of submission to the Royal will was absolute.

Indeed, when we read of Henrietta Maria's special courtiers and chosen friends, both men and women, we are forced to the conclusion, even after every allowance is made for her girlish thoughtlessness when she was first exalted to share a throne, and for the Court in which she was born and bred, that she must have been, with all her warmth of heart and constancy of attachment, her sunny frankness and sweetness of temper, strangely and disastrously deficient in moral perception.

But few above all of the younger Royalists made such reflections when, like Kitty Dacre, they rejoiced to see her Majesty again, and to know that she was restored to the King, who, when all England was his, had still counted her the brightest jewel in his crown. She was come to dwell in Oxford for a time. They, her fair and loyal subjects, were to bask for several months in the radiance of her rank, beauty, and wit, and to learn for themselves what were the unapproachable dignity and charm of a Court in its refined elegance and dainty gaiety. Learned doctors' daughters, like Kitty Dacre, though they were fairly well born, had neither the means nor the opportunity to travel to London to be presented to the Queen and take part in royal galas; and so the Queen had come to Oxford for their benefit, and was in the humour to be most gracious to all the Oxford maids who approached her. True it was in the winter of her own and her King's adversity, and the sunshine of their State was somewhat dim, and wan, and broken by vapours and storms, as all winter sunshine must be;

but everybody said then that the spring and the summer of their glory were coming again. Even as it was, to all generous and susceptible hearts there was a particular attraction, a subtle fascination in what the sacred persons of their Majesties had already undergone, and might be compelled to endure farther.

Kitty has been described as admirably sensible and reasonable for her age, rendered thoughtful betimes and constrained not to yield to partiality or prejudice, however natural, but to judge righteous judgment. The obligation was laid upon her by the misfortune of the division in her family, an emblem of the division in the nation, which had driven her beloved Jack from her, and separated her from the kind household at Islip Barnes. Still Kitty was not a phenomenon of a girl of seventeen years. She had all the eager sympathies and aspirations of her age; she no longer needed to stand on a stool at Lady Ottery's elbow when the grand cavalcade wound up the storied street of colleges and quaint houses, and she waved her handkerchief among the foremost to greet her sovereigns. She, too, insisted on admiring the brown tan which the Queen's experience as a soldier had lent to her beautiful complexion, and would have it that it was purely becoming. At least it served to divert attention from the thinness of the cheeks and the prominence of the mouth, which at thirty-four were the drawbacks to Henrietta Maria's dark-eyed, glowing beauty.

Kitty was so carried away by the sentiment of the hour that she could hardly understand what Lady Ottery meant when she said aloud, "Would to heaven she had been more English and less French, that she had not manœuvred and plotted and given her right hand to George Goring and her left to Digby to save my Lord Strafford, who was not to be saved by such underhand means."

Kitty had forgotten all that she had ever heard of such mischievous meddling in public affairs. She was hearing and telling stories of the Queen's dauntless courage and her unflinching kindness of heart. In the middle of the storm at sea she had reassured her frightened ladies with the cheerful words, "Take comfort, *mes chères*, Queens of England are never drowned."

When the house in which she slept at Burlington was struck by the enemy's balls, she was roused to quit its insufficient shelter and take refuge with her ladies in a neighbouring ditch. But she remembered an ugly old lap-dog named Mitté, of which she was fond, though nobody else would have prized it, and, in the teeth of every remonstrance, ran back and fetched it from the bed on which it lay.

"Yes, her gracious Majesty honoured me with her notice when she came last, and I was a tiresome little girl," Kitty explained, with great satisfaction, to her audience. "The King, too, did condescend to speak to me. I scarce remember what they said, it is so long ago, but my Lady Ottery can tell you."

(To be continued.)

WHAT SUMMER MAY DO FOR THE INVALID.

By MEDICUS.



and sweet as nuts, pea-green on one side and prettily tinged with auburn on the side on which the sun lingered longest. It was a shapely tree too, and even its dark green leaves had a bouquet strong enough to lure the bees. But one spring after coming into the most gorgeous of bloom and plenitude of promise, my tree caught a chill somehow, and seemed to lose heart from that very day.

"I won't be able to bear a single apple this year," it told me, for mind, you, my trees all talk to me, and my flowers also.

"Won't you really?" I replied.

"No, I'm sure I shan't, nor can't. Look how my blooms are dropping before the time; my very leaves are getting cold and hard, and beginning to curl up, and I have aches and pains in every limb. I'm growing old before my time. I do believe that in a year or two I'll be as wrinkled and gnarled as the wretched old ribston-pippin tree that grows by the stable yonder. That is a nice future to look forward to, and I am only fifteen last November."

"A change, perhaps," I suggested, "might do you good. Would you like to travel a bit? There is a nice sunny spot at the bottom of the paddock yonder—"

"What?" cried the tree, "and get choked with dust from the road; all the pores of my leaves filled up with the clouds raised by the feet of Hodge's horses. No, thank you, I would rather die at home than go abroad to be ill-treated among strangers. If you have nothing better to propose, just leave me alone, and go and talk to the stupid old ribston you seem to admire so much."

"Don't be jealous; I love you all, and I'll do my best for you. Keep up your heart; we will see what the summer can do."

The tree sighed rather hopelessly, and whispered something to the winds that I did not quite catch.

It was a month before I went down that way again. When I did, my heart bled for the poor wee tree. All the bloom had long since faded and fallen. There was an ugly

patch of blight all along one-half of the trunk, and the leaves were dry, spotted, and curled. I spoke to it, but got no reply. The tree was uneasily dozing, and perhaps dreaming, for aught I could tell.

The sunshine was very bright now, and the breezes warm and balmy; but they had little effect on my sick tree, and I felt very sorry indeed. However, while there is life there is hope, so I set to work, after having a good look about to begin with.

"The summer is all before us," I said, "and it is really wonderful what can be done in a single summer in the way of restoration to health of even a tree."

Well, the ground around was not particularly rich, so I set about trenching and feeding it. That was a step in the right direction, but my plan of treatment was even more radical than this, for not far away grew two trees that had no earthly business near my apple tree. One was a sycamore that the wind had sown. It had grown very fast, and its broad leaves and spreading foliage were quite keeping the air and sunshine from my young friend. Down it came, and up came the root. The other was an alder tree, the seed of which the sparrow had brought, or rather, perhaps, the starling. However, there it was, and there I was determined it should not remain; but even after it was cut down it took John and myself a whole forenoon to unearth its spreading roots. When we had done so, I positively believe the apple tree gave a sigh of relief, as if it could already breathe more freely.

"Now, John," I said, "all the rest devolves on you. Feed this little tree well. Mulch it round the roots, so that it shall never feel faint or thirsty, and get that blight off the stem. Use the bath, medicated as I shall show you how to do, and get off not only the blight but the outer rough skin, and eradicate every crack and crevice where the disease might find a footing."

John did as I told him. We nursed this tree all through the summer; it fell into a sound refreshing sleep when November winds began to blow; it budded and blossomed in spring, and bore fruit next season, and at this present moment it is one of the healthiest and happiest trees in my paddock orchard. This is what a single summer did for my little tree.

Now Nature is just as kind to human beings as she is to trees. The more firmly you believe that fact the better. Well, what does it prove? It proves that there are fifty chronic ailments, and perhaps twice that number which can be cured or removed, at all events alleviated, if we go the right way about it, in summer-time. Mind this, those same complaints during the cold uncertain weather of winter and spring could not well be got over, but may be now; so I wish all who read this paper, and who perhaps suffer from chronic ailments, to become happy and hopeful once again.

I have something more to add before mentioning any special complaints, namely, that a remodelled *régime* will materially assist recovery from almost any chronic illness, especially if backed up by simple remedies that have a tendency to purify and strengthen the blood, and keep the secretory organs in good working order. So you must see that, even if you are under medical supervision, you can do a deal for yourself, by strictly obeying the laws of health. But it is possible, indeed it is probable, that you can do without a doctor entirely; that is, without a human doctor, for I wish you—and indeed you will have to—put yourself under the kindly care of Dr. Sunshine, Dr. Fresh Air, Dr. Exercise, and Dr. Regularity.

If you do not do as I tell you, I have nothing more to do with your case; I am free as the winds. Make out your plan then; remodel your *régime* or method of living. Write it down on paper, and stick to it. There is something else you must write down, namely, a list of your present symptoms. Put down every ache and uneasy feeling, not only of body but of mind. Do not look at this for a fortnight or three weeks; but during that time live by your new rules, which you will have no difficulty in forming or framing after reading this paper; then re-read your list of symptoms. Why, to your joy and surprise you will find them decimated, and more than decimated, many of them dead and gone, never to return.

Rheumatism.—The young suffer from this as much, if not quite so often, as the old. It is a complaint that is often generated during the cold months of winter and spring, hangs about one all summer, and becomes still more active at the end of it. It is called a blood disease, and if we say that it depends upon a superabundance of acid in the blood, we get near enough to the physiology of the complaint for any practical purpose. This acid is accumulated in the system from errors in diet, especially intemperance in eating; it can be thrown off daily for a time, when due attention is paid to the skin; but cold and wet prevent its elimination either by the skin or internal organs of secretion; then the mischief is produced, joints and muscles suffer and swell, or become stiff and painful without swelling. If such a state of matters be not remedied we have the rheumatic diathesis generated, and the patient will become more subject to rheumatism as she grows older.

Well, the summer can work wonders for the cure of rheumatism. Mark this, however: resuming old habits of life, living carelessly and neglecting the skin, will undo in the winter months all the benefits wrought during summer.

The general *régime* for this as well as other chronic ailments I shall mention presently. As to medicine, if not acting under the advice of a physician, the less you take the better. You must not weaken the system by aperients, but if such be needed, and fruit, a moderate amount of green vegetables, with a glass of warm water in the morning, are not sufficient to keep the digestion free, a *casarca* tablet or two should be taken every second night.

Lime-juice has given relief to thousands of sufferers from chronic rheumatism. The quantity taken must be from three to six ounces, or even more, daily. Flannel should be worn next the skin, and it is not a bad plan, though a very old-fashioned one, to dust the flowers of sulphur inside the stockings worn.

Drink Vichy or even Carlsbad water, and if you can choose your place of residence, try the Isle of Wight, Hastings, Harrogate, or the Riviera.

Nervousness.—This, of course, takes a variety of different forms, and causes a patient to feel very low indeed. I think as a rule that the toning or keeping-up system is too much adopted by patients. If they are pale and bloodless, iron may be necessary, and the best form is the dialysed iron, because it is not so heating. But anything that tends to irritate the digestive canal is bad, and I am sure that wines and cordials, so much "flown to," as well as overeating to support the system, are bad. The first sign of returning health from nervousness is to be looked for in calmness of mind and body, and the toning-up plan of treatment is against this feeling of health-giving calm.



SUMMER,

Dyspepsia.—Summer can work wonders for the cure of this complaint, if you rest the system all you can, and the stomach. Do not eat if not hungry. Get some simple tonic mixture to take before meals, and let this be your only medicine. Keep the mind easy, and beware of all kinds of indigestible diet. The Kepler extract of malt is my own cure when I suffer from dyspepsia and weakness of nerves from over-work. It has with me a magical effect. I should probably take cod-liver oil, but I cannot easily assimilate it.

Liver complaints.—I refer only to those of a chronic character, but when, from whatever cause, the bile is not properly got rid of from the blood, the individual is most morbid in mind and body. Antibilious pills are usually somewhat rough, and the after effects are not agreeable. Probably one or two may be necessary to begin with, and the best is good old Coddle. Then take half a lemon—the juice, I mean—in water before going to bed, and the other half before breakfast, for a fortnight.

Headaches.—Find out what causes the complaint. Get your physician to give you a prescription that shall be handy, and trust the rest to *régime* and the sweet summer air. Caffeine tablets, I may add, give great relief in temporary headache.

Backache.—This is a wearying, painful symptom of a great many ailments, but it is caused by neuralgia as often as not. By all means consult a doctor, but trust a deal also to *régime*. Very likely there is some enervated action of the heart. The tiny branches of the nerves lie alongside the capillary blood-vessels, and if these last are engorged with blood owing to a weakened circulation they press on the nervelets, and cause gnawing pain and weariness. Hence the good effect of toning the whole system not by medicine so much as proper diet and action.

These are only a very small percentage of the ailments that can be removed by a properly regulated *régime* during the summer weather. I ought perhaps to have mentioned

chest complaints, but these of course are included.

As to the place you may choose for a summer residence I can have little to say, it depends on so many contingencies. Anyhow, let it be a change of air for you, and if possible either in a mountain land like the Highlands, or by the seaside.

If you have to take a house or engage apartments, make every inquiry before doing so, about the drainage, the water for drinking purposes, and for the bath. See that the place is thoroughly clean and the people also who are to attend upon you. Disease often is bred in and emanates from a filthy kitchen.

If you are in some measure an invalid, the house should be a quiet one. Take the rooms on a week's trial at first.

The upper rooms are most healthy, but the whole house should have a healthful exposure, and the living rooms ought to face the south and west.

Cultivate early rising—say seven or half-past. Dress leisurely, and meanwhile have your glass of water medicated; if you are weak, a cup of good beef tea will do good, or a cup of cocoa if this will agree.

The morning bath as cold as possibly can be borne, and if you can manage it, a quarter of an hour with light dumb-bells afterwards. Let sea-salt be dissolved in the bath over night; two or even three large handfuls to a bucket of cold water.

It is a good plan to have a spirit lamp arrangement, by which you can not only heat beet tea, but the hot water for toilet purposes. It is so simple and makes one independent of Sarah Jane, who never brings the water at the correct time and temperature.

Take five minutes' open-air breathing before breakfast. Live well, but do not eat much. Meat is more strengthening than much flour food; then you have fish, eggs, and fowl.

Milk is invaluable as an article of diet. You can hardly have too much of it, if it can be

digested. Tea must be weak, and stimulants totally (teetotally) abstained from.

Do not use much butter or oily fish, no pastry or cheese, no hot sauces; as condiments I should permit mustard, pepper, and a little vinegar, with now and then onions as a relish. Cayenne is also good, in moderation.

Be all day long in the open air, and have sea-bathing regularly if you have it at all.

The Turkish bath once a week unless contraindicated.

Wear a flannel belt round the loins.

Beware of draughts.

Do not sit in a strong sunshine.

Do not walk till you perspire.

Avoid fatigue in every form.

Take plenty of exercise, nevertheless, and see that it is of a pleasurable sort.

Dine in the middle of the day. Have an hour's siesta afterwards. Then tea, then walking; supper early, and a good long delightful walk an hour afterwards.

A bottle of Vichy or soda water, and one little dry biscuit before going to bed, are often productive of a good night's sleep.

Such a simple *régime* as the above, coupled with the healing power of the summer air to be breathed everywhere in these islands, except in towns, will often do wonders in restoring health.

At the seaside, I may add, much benefit is obtained, in cases of nervous disorder and liver complaints, or, indeed, whenever the system wants setting up and calming at one and the same time, by taking a course of hot sea-water baths. These are to be had at most large watering-places on the coast.

But whatever is done must be done systematically, or you had better do nothing at all. To set about your cure half-heartedly can only end in failure. Therefore, I repeat, write down rules for your guidance, and stick to them hard and fast; and write down, also, present symptoms to be compared with future, and so you shall do well, and with God's blessing get well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ENQUIRER.—The Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, for men and women, has several local branches and correspondents in all parts of England. It also issues valuable papers. The secretary for the women's section is Miss Brough, 17, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

DORA.—We can only give you the dictionary meanings (see Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates"), "Atheism," from the Greek "A," without; "Theos," God; see Ps. xiv. 1. It was professed by Epicurus, Lucretius, and others. Spinoza was the defender of a similar doctrine, 1677. Atheism was the ruling doctrine of the French Republic, 1794 till 1804. Lord Bacon says, "Though a small draught of philosophy may lead a man into atheism, a deep draught will certainly bring him back to the belief of a God." "Secularism" is explained in the same work as "being a name given to the principles advocated by Messrs. G. J. and A. Holyoake, in 1846, and since then by Mr. Bradlaugh. Its central idea is freethought. It is not specially directed against Christianity, but independent of it. Its standard is utilitarian. It is the religion of the present life only, teaching men to seek happiness in duty and morality in nature. Mr. Austin Holyoake and other secularists repudiated atheism; Mr. Bradlaugh and others profess it." 2. The fee paid to the Civil Service examiners is 1s. only.

EINE LEHRERIN AND ONE IN TROUBLE.—Miss Leigh's address in Paris, is 77, Avenue Wagram. The Governesses' Home is 8, Rue Neuve Fortin. In Vienna there is the Victoria Jubilee Home for British Governesses. In Paris there is also Miss Pryde's excellent Home for Governesses and Lady Art Students, 23, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne (L'Arc de Triomphe), to which you might write for terms. You could study French there, and a French teacher lives in the home.

A. E. MARQUAND.—We fear we shall disappoint you in making our usual answer, i.e., that such situations are only obtained by advertisement, by answering advertisements, or through an agency. We should imagine that the *Times* would be the best paper.

GUSSIE AND TINA.—The Simoom—Arabic, *samma*, or "hot"—is a hot, arid wind, peculiar to the sandy deserts of Africa and Western Asia. The air, heated by contact with the noonday burning sand, ascends, and the influx of colder air from all sides forms a whirlwind or miniature cyclone, which is borne across the desert laden with sand and dust. It occurs at the equinoxes, and has a very destructive effect on both animal and vegetable life. In the Sahara Desert, in North Africa, these winds are especially frequent at certain seasons, and are felt in all the countries bordering the Mediterranean. The sirocco of South Italy, the samel of Turkey, the salano of Spain, and the namsin of Egypt have their origin as simooms in the Sahara. The word "tornado" is from the Spanish and Italian word "tornare," to turn, that is, a whirling wind. This word is used in America, as well as "cyclone," for the violent storms there. The subject of the laws of storms is a little too big to be approached in our small space; but we have explained as far as possible.

HOUSEKEEPING.

E. I. BORRACLOUGH.—We strongly advise you to send your tapestry curtains to a professional cleaner's, as it requires an experienced hand. You will find it a great deal cheaper and will save yourself not trouble only, but almost certain disappointment. We have many times given directions for drying flowers. Coloured leaves should be brushed over with a delicate coating of white artist's varnish or thin gum-arabic. Flowers should be pressed between sheets of clean blotting paper, and these changed daily.

P. D. O. J., SARAH CLIFFE.—How can we tell you "how to get a stain out of a linen tablecloth," when you do not say whether of iron-mould, ink, wine, or fruit, or of mildew? We think you had better refer to vol. iv., page 817, and read the last part of the series called "The Fairy of the Family," entitled "Spots and Stains." 2. The stains of mud are of a composite nature, some grease being mixed with it, especially in London mud.

X. Y. Z.—Both your queries point to a damp house. Damp is a great cause of moths, and the only plan for keeping them away is to have the rooms kept as dry as possible, and the carpet so arranged as to be easily taken up. Ironing a carpet over with hot irons is said to kill the moths' eggs and the grubs.

LIZZIE.—If the dye has rubbed off the leather you might use one of Judson's dyes to recolor it, and when dry apply white of egg to restore the polish. SUSSEX must nodd the wrong side of the velvet over the steam of boiling water to take the marks out. Well shake and brush afterwards.

M. I. B. S.—The discolouration of the marble is due to smoke only, we should think. Make a mixture of equal parts of soft soap, washing soda, powdered whiting, and a small piece of stone blue. Add a little water to the powder, which should be as fine as possible, and then the soap, heat all together and apply hot to the mantelpiece, leaving it on for twenty-four hours, and washing off with hot water and soap. This will restore the colour.

LAURETTE.—An old ink-stain is rather difficult to remove from a carpet. Wet the spot first, and then apply salts of sorrel. Wash off immediately with clean water for fear of its making a hole.

M. P. E.—Real bronze may be cleaned with a sponge and soap and water, then rinsed in a little beer, and dried (without wiping) before the fire. But if the articles be not real bronze they should only be carefully dusted, as washing will take off the bronzing. You may use a leather to polish them.



MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIE DE V.—Are the stories in English or French? If in the former, you could easily send one with stamps for return postage if not accepted. This is the only test of their value.

M. J. B. S.—We think it would depend on the age of the girl. Before she attains the age of nineteen or twenty her reading should be carefully looked after, so as to ensure its doing unmitigated good.

IRENE ALEXANDRA G.—Our answers are for all our girls, and we well know they often speak volumes to those for whom they were not written, for comfort and council are sent by God in His own ways, and we must always be ready to find the word He sends in season, if we wait for it. He sends us all our parts in this world, and to you He gives the two difficult ones of "being and suffering." Living to show forth His glory in patience, godliness, sweetness, and love, so that where your couch is will be the family abiding place of all good example and true happiness.

EMSE.—We have made inquiries into the subject of old stamps, and there seems no doubt that they are used for the purpose of defrauding the Government by discharging the "erasing stamp" and using them again as new stamps. We hear there is a large trade in Germany always going on, and the fictions of "orphans to be got into hospitals," etc., are kept up to obtain stamps. We should not advise you to collect them, unless for decorative purposes. We return your paper with thanks.

CLARA and LUCY write to suggest that an excellent use for Christmas and other cards is to put them up in packets of fifty or so, and lend them out to invalids and old people to look at. When one packet is finished with, another can be sent. When used in this way they have been found a great resource to those who cannot go out to see the shops. 2. With reference to your question, perhaps you might get some addresses from the Edinburgh or Perth branches of the Girls' Friendly Society, which has a department for members in professions and business. That in Edinburgh is Central Lodge, 16, India Street; in Perth, G. F. S. Lodge, South Tay Street. Many thanks for your letter.

A LOVER OF MEDICUS does not, evidently, read his articles very carefully, as she does not do him justice. He has written several very valuable articles for business girls, of which "Healthy Lives for Working Girls," page 76, vol. viii., is one of the best. 2. Your composition is not poetry, but is well thought out as to its subject, and is told in an interesting way.

A DELIGHTED READER.—"The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" is a ballad taken from Bishop Percy's "Reliques of English Poetry." This Islington is supposed to be in Norfolk, not near London. Bishop Percy gathered together old materials and fragments of old ballads, to which he added stanzas of his own to connect them together. He was a poet himself, and there is no doubt that the issue of these ballads had a great effect on English poetry.

AN ERRING BESSIE must be guided by her parents and guardians on all such subjects as these, until she be of an age to think and act for herself. Obedience is put before us as a first duty, we must remember, and the plea of conscience is often used as a plea for independence, and the shaking off of parental authority and guidance.

A LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."—We think you could translate it very easily—the French is not difficult. "Maudlin" is the corrupt appellation of "Magdalene," who is represented by painters with swollen eyes and disordered hair. Magdalen College at Oxford is usually termed "Maudlin," which is considered to make this etymology the more probable.

STAPLETON.—Such inscriptions are best as simple in character as possible. "To our father and mother on their silver wedding, from their children." The initials may be added below if liked.

ONE IN STEPNEY.—We have altered your pseudonym to something more suitable for our pages, and less sacred in its sound. We think your trouble arises from your health, and should advise you to consult a doctor, if you know of a good one near you, to whom you could describe your symptoms.

PAT MOSS.—The words "filthy lucre" are from the Bible, and will be found in Titus i. 7, 11; 1 Peter v. 2.

ONLY A WEAK MORTAL will find many pretty stories amongst the works of Miss Carey, Anne Beale, Hesba Stretton, Grace Stebbing, Agnes Giberne, and others.

E. A. C.—The tale has not been republished, nor do we know that it will be.

SYRACUSE, B.C. 732.—The Lord Say—mentioned in Shakespeare's *Henry*

VII., part ii., act 4—was James Fiennes, Governor of Arques, 1410, Constable of Dover, created Lord Say and Sele, 1447. He

was Lord Treasurer, Oct., 1449; charged with treason in the Commons, imprisoned in the Tower, June, 1450, and beheaded by Jack Cade in July in the same year. He was an ancestor of the present peer.

BLANK BEAMS must order the health maps of the publishers through a bookseller in her own city. We were much interested in her letter.

CLARA.—1. We notice that some doctors are advising people with dry skins to use oatmeal or bran to soften the water used for the bath; and also to return to the old practice of anointing, using a pure olive oil in small quantities, to nourish the skin. Perhaps this may help you. 2. The dictionary gives "further" as the correct and genuine orthography; but when distance is signified the word "farther" seems in more general use, and both Milton and Dryden use it in this way. Dryden always uses "further" in the sense of promotion or "helping forward," as "to further your interests."

J. WADSWORTH.—There is an excellent life of Pascal, by Principal Tulloch, in Blackwood's "Foreign Classics for English Readers," in which his works are also noticed and commented upon.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.—The leaves on the hedges must be more sheltered from the frost and the rain than the beech trees in the open park, which are exposed to every wind likely to blow off the leaves.

MISS "MUCH AFRAID" wants more fresh air and exercise, more cheerful companionship, and good reading. She should get some good tales, such as Sir Walter Scott's, and try to put fresh ideas, and turn out the old, foolish, sorrowful ones, and fill the mind with helpful, kind thoughts for others.

MARGARET.—Queensland would be the best climate, we should think, for you. You could only obtain such a situation by advertisement, stating that you were willing to be a nurse and mother's help.

M. A. B.—Flannels worn during the day should, of course, always be taken off at night, and hung on a chair to air during the night, after being well shaken. The best thing to wear at night is a flannel gown over the ordinary nightgown. This will preserve you from cold.

VICKIE.—We do not know about the eating of camphor being injurious, but the practice of constantly "nibbling" is certainly bad. You should eat nothing between your meals at all. It is an idle habit, and an idle question, we fear.



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JUNE 15, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE HAY-FIELDS.

THE sun had risen, the air was sweet,
And brightly shone the dew,
And cheerful sounds and busy feet
Passed the lone meadows through;
And waving, like a flowery sea
Of gay and spiry bloom,
The hay-fields rippled merrily
In beauty and perfume.

I saw the early mowers pass
Along that pleasant dell,
And rank on rank the shining grass
Around them quickly fell;
I looked, and far and wide at noon
The fallen flowers were spread,
And all, as rose the evening moon,
Beneath the scythe were dead.

"All flesh is grass," the Scriptures say,
And so we truly find;
Cut down, as in a summer's day,
Are all of human kind;
Some, while the morning still is fair,
Taken in earliest prime;
Some, mid-day's heat and burden bear,
But all, laid low in time.

A fable full of truth to me
Is this, the mower's tale;
I soon a broken stem shall be,
Like hay that strews the vale;
At early dawn, or closing light,
The scythe of death may fall;
Then let me learn the lesson right,
So full of truth to all.

JANE TAYLOR.

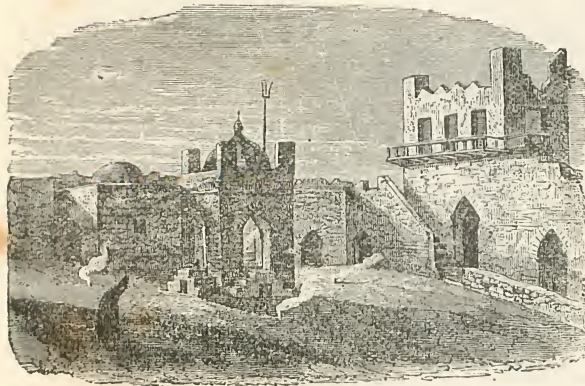


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"THE MOWER'S TALE."

THE ROMANCE OF NATURE; OR, THE FOLKLORE OF ANIMALS, PLANTS, EARTH, AIR, SEA, AND SKY.

By JAMES MASON.



FIRE TEMPLE AT BAKU.

V.—THE FOLKLORE OF FIRE.

The gift of fire, of all the gifts which a bountiful Creator has bestowed on mankind, is perhaps the most useful; certainly it is the most wonderful. Being such an everyday sight we think nothing of it, but suppose it were seen for the first time, what a marvel it would appear! Wonders of wonders lie hidden in every lucifer match, and by those who have eyes to see them may be observed in a farthing candle or in the flickering flame on our own domestic hearths.

This being so, it is one of the most natural things in the world that in early days, when everything was a subject of amazement and nothing seemed commonplace, fire gave rise to a great deal of folklore. Its mysterious origin and varied powers were subjects which the popular fancy seemed never weary of dwelling upon.

As to how fire first became known to the inhabitants of the earth there is a Persian tradition that it was discovered by Hushenk, a powerful hero, in an encounter with a dragon. He hurled a huge stone at the monster, but it missed the mark, struck a rock, and so was broken in pieces. "Light shone from the dark pebble, the heart of the rock flashed out in glory, and fire was seen for the first time in the world."

The blacks of Gippsland, in the colony of Victoria, tell that fire was brought to earth by a man who was changed into a bird. Fire was then in the possession of two women who detested the blacks. A man friendly disposed to them stole it when the women's backs were turned, and was changed into "a little bird with a red mark on its tail, which is the mark of fire."

Another Australian legend has it that fire was stolen by the hawk from the bandicoot and given to men. In a third it is said that a man held his spear to the sun and so got a light, which reminds one of the classical tale of how Prometheus brought to earth the torch he had lighted at the sun's chariot.

The golden or fire-crested wren is said in Brittany to have been the fire bringer. We mentioned when writing about birds that the ancients held the wren in great veneration as the heavenly messenger that brought fire to the earth, though it disputed this honour with the eagle.

One of the primitive races of North America has a tradition that fire was originally stolen by animals from the cuttle-fish. The Dakotas assert that their ancestors ob-

tained fire from the sparks which a friendly panther struck with its sharp claws as it scampered over a stony hillside.

The reverence shown at the present day to fire in many parts of the world carries us back to the old time when fire was looked upon as a divinity, and every hearth was an altar. In many places it is held that nothing unclean should be thrown into it. To spit in one's fire is an unpardonable offence in Albania. Fire is held to be so sacred by some of the inhabitants of Russian Turkestan that they will not even blow out a light for fear

of rendering the flame impure with their breath.

The fire is the central point of family life. In fact, in the distant past, says M. Elie Reclus, "the family, as it is called nowadays, developed itself after the human couple and their children had their own fireplace and not before." The hearth is woman's special sphere, and we find some odd notions connecting her with the fire, over which she presides as the guardian angel. When a bride returns from church in some parts of Germany, upon entering her new home, she bows to the fire, walks thrice round it, burns three of her hairs, and then binds a red string round her body.

A safe haven for scolds was pointed out to the traveller Pallas when he was amongst the Mongols of Central Asia. A woman, he was told, might indulge in the vilest abuse and insult, and no one would dare to touch her, so long as she stood between the bed and the fireplace.

The Deity was adored in this country at one time under the image of fire. Traces of this worship long existed in the form of the Beltane celebration, which was held every year on the first of May. The name Beltane is made up of *bel*, the Celtic god of light, and *tin*, meaning fire. Similar festivals took place at midsummer and in the beginning of November. The earliest notice of Beltane dates from the beginning of the tenth century, and we learn from it that it was the custom to kindle two fires quite close together. Between these fires both men and cattle were driven, under the belief that health was in that way promoted, and disease charmed away.

These superstitious fires were observed in Ireland about the close of the eighteenth century by a clergyman during his visit to that country. "At the house where I was entertained," he says, "in the summer of 1782, it was told me that we should see at midnight the most singular sight in Ireland, which was the lighting of fires in honour of the sun. Accordingly, exactly at midnight the fires began to appear, and taking the advantage of going up to the leads of the house, which had a widely extended view, I saw on a radius of thirty miles all around, the fires burning on every eminence which the country afforded. I had a further satisfaction in learning from undoubted authority that the people danced round the fires, and at the close went through these fires, and made their sons and daughters, together with their cattle, pass through the fire; and the whole was conducted with religious solemnity."

Until quite a recent period bonfires were lighted on Midsummer Eve in the northern parts of England and Wales. The 1st of November was devoted by the ancient Welsh to fire-worship, and in the Highlands of Scotland bonfires at Hallowe'en were long a recognised institution. "In 1860," says Mr. James Napier, "I was residing near the head of Loch Tay during the season of the Hallowe'en feast. For several days before Hallowe'en, boys and youths collected wood, and conveyed it to the most prominent places on the hillsides in their neighbourhood. Some of the heaps were as large as a cornstack or hayrick. After dark on Hallowe'en these heaps were kindled, and for several hours both sides of Loch Tay were illuminated as far as the eye could see. I was told by old men that at the beginning of this century men as well as boys took part in getting up the bonfires, and that when the fire was ablaze, all joined hands and danced round the fire and made a great noise; but that as these gatherings generally ended in drunkenness and rough and dangerous fun, the ministers set their faces against the observance, and were seconded in their efforts by the more intelligent and well-behaved in the community, and so the practice was discontinued by adults and relegated to schoolboys."

Fire has been often used by the superstitious to expel the demons of sickness. The Australian sorcerer in cases of accident touches with fire the part that is injured. The fire-cure in Patagonia is to throw burning brands into the air, accompanied by the discharge of guns and revolvers. When children are ill in Turkestan they are made to jump over burning fires, and are struck on the back seven times, whilst with every stroke the demon is ordered to "Come out!" "Begone to the sea!" and "Hurry off to the desert!"

For warding off and curing disease amongst cattle, fire has been extensively employed in Europe. It was supposed effectually to defeat the sorcery to which the disease was assigned. The fire for this purpose was obtained by the primitive method of rubbing wood against wood, or by the friction of a rope against a wooden stake. Fire struck from metal was supposed not to have the requisite virtue, and in some instances the persons who performed the ceremony were required to divest themselves of any metal which might be about them.

In a Mecklenburg village some time ago there was a murrain amongst the cattle. To charm it away the authorities ordered a "wild fire" to be lit. For two hours they tried in vain to obtain a spark, but the want of success was set down neither to the greenness of the wood nor to the dampness of the air, but to the contrariness of an old lady who, disbelieving in the superstition, refused to extinguish her night lamp. It seems that to be of any service the "wild fire" must burn alone. At last the old lady was induced to give in and fire was obtained. It must, however, have been of bad quality, for it did not put a stop to the murrain.

When disease came to cut off the pigs in outlandish places on the Continent, the "wild fire" was also often kindled. It had to be lit by married men: bachelors for the purpose were of no use at all. Similar practices are still followed by the shepherds in the mountainous districts of France, and it is not so long since they became extinct in the Highlands of Scotland.

In 1810 it was in use at the village of Balnaguard, in Perthshire, and notes regarding it were taken on the spot by a Mr. Joseph Train. "When the ceremony of getting fire by the friction of the two sticks is ended," says Mr. Train, "they consider the cure of the cattle complete; after which they drink whisky and dance to the bagpipe or fiddle round the celestial fire till the last spark is extinguished."

Extraordinary notions have been held regarding the information as to the future to be derived by keeping a watchful eye on the fire. The ancient Greeks and Romans were great believers in this sort of prophetic business. If the flames did not crackle, but burned silently in a pyramidal form, the omen was held to be favourable. Sometimes they threw pitch on the fire, and if it blazed up immediately it was looked on as a lucky sign.

Omen-mongers of modern times, who see as much in the fire as ever the ancients did, are referred to by Defoe in his "Memoirs of Duncan Campbell." "They perceive," he says, "swords, guns, castles, churches, prisons, coffins, wedding-rings, bags of money, men and women, or whatever they wish or fear, plainly deciphered in the glowing coals."

When a hollow cinder is thrown out of the fire by a jet of gas from burning coals, it is looked on as a coffin if it be long in shape, but if it be round it is a money-purse. Readers of "The Vicar of Wakefield" will remember how the vicar's daughters—the wish father to the thought—"saw rings in the candle, purses bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked in the bottom of every teacup."

A flake of soot hanging at the bars of the grate denotes the visit of a stranger, and he is believed to be coming from the part of the country nearest the soot. This fireside tradition is thus pleasantly recorded by Cowper in his "Winter Evening":—

"Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Soothed with a waking dream of houses,
towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
The sooty films that play upon the bars
Pendulous and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceived, some stranger's
near approach."

The hands were clapped close to the flake of soot, and if the current produced blew it off at the first clap, the stranger was said to be coming that very day. If the second clap blew it off, he was coming the day after, and so on.

When the fire suddenly blazed up it was held to be another warning of a stranger being near. The sudden breaking out of flame from an almost dead fire betokened joy.

The popular superstition regarding the falling of salt towards any person extends also to fire. The latter is to be taken as ominous of evil; he or she will soon suffer from the effects of anger.

In Lancashire young people lightly stir the fire with the poker to test the humour of their lovers. If the fire blazes brightly the lover is good-humoured, if not he is "cross as two sticks."

Another superstitious practice in Lancashire is to throw a person's hair on the fire with a view to finding out whether he will live long. If it burns brightly it is held to be a sure sign that the individual will reach a good old age. The brighter the flame the longer the life.

"If a youth," says Mr. James Napier, writing of the folklore of the W.s of Scotland, "sat musing and intently looking

into the fire it was a sign that someone was throwing an evil spell over him, or fascinating him for evil. When this was observed, if anyone without speaking were to take the tongs and turn the centre coal or piece of wood in the grate right over, and while doing so say 'Gude preserve us from all skaith,' it would break the spell and cause the intended evil to revert on the ill-disposed person who was working the spell. I have not only seen the operation performed several times, but have had it performed in my own favour by my worthy grandfather, whose belief in such things could never be shaken."

It used to be thought a fatal omen if a fire died out on the hearth. In Lancashire it is held that if any householder's fire does not burn through the night of New Year's Eve, it betokens bad luck for all the ensuing year.

If anyone allows another to take a live coal to light up her extinguished fire on that eve the bad luck extends to the one granting the favour. "My maid," says a contributor to the third series of *Notes and Queries*, "who comes from the neighbourhood of Pendle, informs me that an unlucky old woman in her native village having allowed her fire to go out on New Year's Eve, had to wait till one o'clock on the following day before any neighbour would supply her with a light." In some districts of Lancashire the most kindly and charitable woman will sternly refuse to give anyone a light on the morning of New Year's Day as most unlucky to him or her who then gives away fire.

In Yorkshire the unlucky day for letting a light be taken out of the house appears to be Christmas Day. The Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, in his interesting "Domestic Folklore," tells that "a few years ago a man was summoned at Bradford on a charge of wilful damage by breaking a pane of glass in a cottage window. Having entered for the purpose of lighting his candle, the woman of the house strongly remonstrated, but offered him instead a few matches. The man then created a disturbance, and on the husband trying to eject him he broke the window."

To the folklore of the weather our fires contribute a considerable number of items. These are amongst the "Nature's Secrets" disclosed by Willsford. When, he says, our common fires burn with a pale flame they presage foul weather. If the fire makes a buzzing noise it is a sign of tempests near at hand. When the fire sparkles very much it is a sign of rain. When pots are newly taken off the fire if they sparkle (the soot upon them being aflame) it presages rain.

When the fire scorches and burns more vehemently than usual it is a sign of frosty weather; but if the live coals shine brighter than ordinary at other times rain may be looked for. If wood or any other fuel crackles and emits wind more than ordinary, it is an evident sign of tempestuous weather near at hand; and the sudden and plentiful falling of soot heralds rain.

"A very popular charm," says Mr. Dyer, "for reviving a fire when it has burned down, is to set the poker across the hearth, with the forepart leaning against the top bar of the grate. The poker and top bar thus combined form a cross, and so defeat the malice of the witches and demons who preside over smoky chimneys. One notion is that the poker when in this position creates a draught, but the real meaning of this harmless superstition is, perhaps, the one we have just given."

Candles have many superstitions connected with them. The "fungous parcels," as Sir Thomas Browne calls them, about the wicks of candles, are usually said to foretell the arrival of strangers. In several places in England they were known as letters at the candle, as if, says Brand, "they were the fore-runners of some strange news."

Innkeepers in Amsterdam, about the close of the seventeenth century, called them "good men," and held that they were lucky when they burned long and brilliant, in which case they supposed they would bring customers; but when they soon went out they imagined that the customers already under their roofs would soon pack up and go.

To snuff out a candle by accident was held to be a sign of matrimony.

Something may be learned from the way a candle burns. "If a candle burn blue," says an old writer, "it is a sign there is a spirit in the house, or not far from it." Candles burning blue are amongst the favourite furniture of ghost stories.

In Willsford's "Nature's Secrets," from which we have already quoted, the burning of a candle is set down as an indicator of the weather. "If the flame of a candle, lamp, or any other fire," we are told, "does wave or wind itself when there is no sensible or visible cause, expect some windy weather." "When candles or lamps will not so readily kindle as at other times, it is a sign of wet weather near at hand." "When candles or lamps do sparkle and rise up with little fumes, or their wicks swell with things on them like mushrooms, these are signs of ensuing wet weather."

A collection of tallow rising up against the wick of a candle is known as a winding-sheet. When it is seen, say the superstitious, there will soon be a death in the family.

Girls who want to know the state of their sweetheart's affections have been known to practise a curious piece of divination with a candle and a pin. She who makes the trial takes a pin and cautiously sticks it through the substance of the candle, making sure at the same time that it pierces the wick. Whilst doing so she repeats the following rhyme:—

"It's not this candle alone I stick,
But A. B.'s heart I mean to prick;
Whether he be asleep or awake,
I'd have him come to me and speak."

She then watches the candle as it burns away, and if the pin remains in the wick after the flame has made its way below the place in which it was inserted, she may go to rest with an easy mind, for the loved one will be sure to visit her in dreams. If the pin drops out, however, it is a sign that he is faithless and not worth thinking about any more.

A pleasing saying used to be uttered in Ireland when they extinguished a candle. It was this:—"May the Lord renew the light of Heaven!"

A fiery appearance which, from its mysterious character, has given rise to a considerable quantity of folklore, is the ignis fatuus, or "vain or foolish fire." It is familiarly known by quite a number of names—Jack-o'-the-lantern, Spunkie, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Fair Maid of Ireland, and others, and is a common phenomenon in old-fashioned story books.

The inhabitants of some of the districts in Germany where Will-o'-the-Wisp appear believe them to be the souls of unchristened children, which, through being unbaptised, ceaselessly hover between heaven and earth.

A story is told of a simple-minded clergyman going home one evening, when he saw three Will-o'-the-Wisp floating before him in the air. Calling to mind the superstition, he dipped his hand in a pond and repeated the words of the baptismal service over them.

In an instant—quick as thought, in fact—the good man was surrounded by thousands of little flickering blue lights, all anxious to have the same ceremony repeated over them. The clergyman got such a fright that he took to his heels, and never stopped till he got safely to his own door.

It is sometimes said that if kindly disposed

people will only throw a handful of consecrated earth after any Will-o'-the-Wisp that cross their path, these unhappy children will be released from their wanderings.

The belief in Ireland used to be that a Jack-o'-Lantern was a soul which had broken loose from purgatory. There was a book published in 1704, called "A Wonderful History of all the Storms, Hurricanes, Earthquakes, &c., and Lights that Lead People out of Their Way in the Night." In this we are told about these "lights usually seen in churchyards and moorish places," that in superstitious times "the popish clergy persuaded the ignorant people that they were souls come out of purgatory all in flame, to move the people to pray for their deliverance; by which they gulled them of much money to say mass for them, everyone thinking it might be the soul of his or her deceased relations."

The Will-o'-the-Wisp was long supposed to be an omen of death, and information as to the house in which the death was to take place was sometimes derived from the direction in which it moved in the air.

An illustration of this belief is given by Brand, from an account of the surprising preservation and happy deliverance of three

women who were buried thirty-seven days in the ruins of a stable by a heavy fall of snow from the mountains, at the village of Berge-moletto, in Italy. The writer, who was the physician to the King of Sardinia, states that when the unhappy prisoners "seemed for the first time to perceive some glimpse of light, the appearance of it scared Anne and Margaret to the last degree, as they took it for a forerunner of death, and thought it was occasioned by the dead bodies; for it is a common opinion with the peasants that those wandering wild-fires which one frequently sees in the open country are a sure presage of death to the persons constantly attended by them, whichever way they turn themselves, and they accordingly call them death-fires."

In his "Popular Antiquities," published in 1777, Brand also mentions that "a species of this phenomenon, known in Buckinghamshire by the name of 'the Wat,' is said also to haunt prisons." At that time executions were common even for small offences, and when on the night before the arrival of the judge at the assizes the little flame was seen, it was accounted a fatal omen by every felon. "The moment the unhappy wretch sees it,"

says Brand, "he reckons his case hopeless, and resigns himself to the gallows."

It used to be a very common notion that Will-o'-the-Wisp delighted in the mischief of leading men astray on dark nights. Indeed, there have been many instances of people being decoyed by these lights into marshy places, where they perished. The poet Gay tells us "How Will-o'-Wisp misleads nightfaring

clowns

O'er hill and sinking bogs, and pathless downs."

Milton also refers to it as

"A wandering fire
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night

Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit

attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amazed night wanderer from his way

To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,

There swallowed up and lost, from succour far."

(To be continued.)

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART III.



the *Hawthorn* (*Crataegus*) is so familiar to most of us, not only as a hedge tree or bush, but as having a special history, interwoven with pretty and curious legends, it cannot be omitted from its place in this series of historical flowers.

Its name is supposed to be a corruption of the Dutch *Hag*, or "hedge thorn," and the name given it by the country folks, "May," is merely one denoting the month in which it beautifies the roadsides. The pink variety was first, accidentally, discovered in a hedge near Perth, and was long since introduced into England. The wreaths of Greek brides are composed of this flower, and it is otherwise very largely used at wedding festivities; besides which, on May-day boughs of it are hung over their doors, as we use holly at Christmas time. The use of the hawthorn, as being a tree of good augury, dates back to the time of the ancient Greeks, and was to them a symbol of conjugal union. On the other hand, it was connected with the rites for the dead by the ancient Germans, who consumed the wood on their funeral pyres, and believed that the souls of the deceased ascended to heaven in the flames that shot upwards. To the student of the Holy Scriptures this must recall the

wonderful historical incident that occurred when the angel of the Lord went up to heaven in the flame from the altar raised by Manoah (Judges xiii. 20).

One legend in connection with this thorn is that it was of its branches that the crown of thorns was composed which encircled the brow of the Redeemer; and in France it is distinguished as *l'épine noble* on that account. Indeed, it is supposed there that the original crown was given by the Venetians to St. Louis, who placed it in the Ste. Chapelle which he had erected.

The house of Tudor assumed, as a specially distinguishing badge, a crown in a bush of hawthorn. This circumstance was accounted for by the hiding of the crown which encircled the helmet of Richard III., in a hawthorn bush, after he was killed at the battle of Bosworth Field. This same crown was presented by his father-in-law to Henry VII.

The "Glastonbury thorn," credited from ancient times to have been the pilgrim's staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, stuck by him into the ground on Werrall (anciently called "Weary-all") Hill, is now no more; although we may believe that the numberless thorn trees and bushes in that neighbourhood were cuttings raised from that original tree. A flat memorial stone now indicates the spot where it stood. In the days of Queen Elizabeth it was cut down by a zealous Puritan, and again in those of Charles I., and from time immemorial a thriving trade was carried on, both with the young offshoots, and the blossoms of the original much-suffering parent thorn.

The miraculous character attributed to this particular tree seems to have exhibited further development in the fact of its budding and blossoming annually on Old Christmas Day, the 6th of January. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1753, it is stated that "a vast concourse of people attended the noted thorn on Christmas Day, new style; but, to their great disappointment, there was no appearance of its blowing; which made them watch it narrowly the 6th of January—the Christmas Day, old style—when it blew as usual!"

Few trees have been the subject of so many superstitions. In some countries misfortune is attached to both bringing it into a house or cutting it down. In others it is regarded as a tree of good influences, and to bring it into the home is to ensure the latter against storm and lightning and the visitation of evil spirits. The presentation of a branch by a Turkish lover is an indication that he desires the favour of a kiss!

There is a very ancient specimen enclosed in Cawdor Castle (Inverness-shire), round which it has been the usage of guests to meet and drink a toast to the prosperity of the House of Cawdor; the venerable tree having been an indication to the original proprietor where the Castle was to be built.

Heather (*Erica*, of the natural order of *Ericacea*) must follow next in our series; little, albeit, that I may have to say about it. To our Scotch friends it is a kind of national flower, almost as dear as their royal badge, the thistle. To no less than nine of their clans the heather, or heath, serves as a badge.

Although this plant grows in such luxuriance on the Scottish mountains, from their base up to a height of 3,300 feet above the sea, a greater variety of it abounds in Ireland, where it



HAWTHORN.

has been less affectionately regarded, and with which country it has not been specially identified. Altogether, distributed throughout Europe, North Asia, and the Cape of Good



HEATHER, OR PLANTA GENISTA.

Hope, some 400 species are to be found. It is also a native of North America and Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Cape Bréton, etc. This is the common Ling (*Calluna vulgaris*).

There is an allusion to "the heath in the desert" by the prophet Jeremiah, but it is supposed that the plant to which he alludes, translated "heath," was the juniper. The *Erica tetralix* and the *E. Cinerea*, though more rare than the Ling, are very abundant on the Scottish hills, and occasionally produce white flowers. The former is the badge of the Clan Macdonald, the latter that of the Clan McAlister, and the white heather that of the Captain of Clanronald. Those acquainted with the early history of the country will remember that "Con, of a hundred fights," adopted heather as his special badge.

There is tradition that after the slaughter of the Picts by Kenneth, two only having sur-



HEMLOCK.

vived the extermination, the Conqueror was desirous of learning the valuable secret that this people possessed of making beer from heather. When brought before him he

demanding it of the father, with the promise of his life as the reward; but his son was first put to death before his eyes, to enforce consent, by order of the cruel monster. Naturally, this was just the way to make the brave prisoner of war hold faster to the secret than ever. "Your threats," he said, "might, perhaps, have influenced my son, but they have no effect on me!" The heroism of the fine old soldier told on the Conqueror, now vanquished in his turn, and he allowed him to live out his life in bereavement, still keeping the coveted secret, which died with him at last. Nevertheless, the natives of Isla in the Jura and that neighbourhood have a recipe for brewing a mixture of considerable strength, composed of two-thirds of the tops of the heather to one of malt.

Poets have each respectively sung the praises of some particular flower. Burns, Gray, Sir W. Scott, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Grant, and many more have written with enthusiasm about heather. Walter von der Vogelweide says, in one of his *minnie-lieder*, "The heather blushes red in spring to see how green the forest is growing; so sorrow is ashamed at sight of joy."

At the present time white heather is much worn as a wedding decoration.

The *Hemlock* (old English, *Hemleac*—*leac* a plant) which has been illustrated, it will at once be seen, is not Longfellow's "hemlock tree." This latter may be better known as the "Canadian spruce" fir (*Abies Canadensis*); the description of its unchanging greenness—in the lines by which that charming writer has immortalised it—does not apply to the wild flower so named, of sinister reputation and lugubrious historical associations.

"Oh, hemlock tree! oh, hemlock tree!

How faithful are thy branches.

Green, not alone in summer time,

But in the winter's frost and rime.

Oh, hemlock tree! oh, hemlock tree!

How faithful are thy branches."

The tree in appearance is worthy of notice, for it is a fine one in height and size, and the bark is employed for tanning purposes, though the timber, I believe, is not of much value.

The wild flowering hemlock plant (*Conium maculatum*) is distinguished by its poisonous properties, and the ancients availed themselves of a deadly decoction made from it to escape from the troubles of their mortal life, or the privations and infirmities of age. On these occasions they bedecked themselves

with garlands, and drank the fatal draught with much ostentation before admiring spectators, who praised them for what they misnamed "heroism." True fortitude is shown in



HOLLY.

braving all trials, rather than in running away from them and turning the coward's back on the dreaded enemy.

"The brave live on."

A great truth, which these worthies failed to see, and to be recognised quite apart from any knowledge which we possess of Christian endurance, or trust in a higher Power for help to triumph over all. The great Socrates, Phocion, and Theramenes were victims to the influences of this deadly narcotic, which has, it would seem, a chilling effect on the blood.



(A) YELLOW IRIS.



(B) SMALL-HEADED IRIS.

But my young readers may remember that Socrates did not fly of his own accord from the troubles of life, like so many of his countrymen, but was condemned to death by

the magnates of the Areopagus, B.C. 300, having been falsely accused of impiety by Anytus and Melitus. He was a reformer, and taught that there was but one supreme Deity, although there were many minor gods or agencies under Him, and he protested against the evil stories which became matters of faith about these multitudinous and fabulous deities, and thus he raised a persecution against him by those who were censured by his highly moral life and teachings. But the details of this story are almost out of place in dealing with the history of a flower.

As one of evil physical influences, it has always been associated with bad spiritual ones. *Offensive in odour*, and growing in waste places, we can understand the reference made to it by the prophet Hosea, when he said: "Judgment springeth up as hemlock, in the furrows of the field." What a significant emblem of a terrible miscarriage of justice, and what a putting of "sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet" in that land!

The hemlock plant is known also by country folks as "Cowbane," from its effects on the cattle that chance to eat it. There is one species (*Cicuta virosa*) equally dangerous in its character, growing along the margin of locks and ponds. But with all its baleful properties, it has much medicinal value, and amongst other evils for which it is employed as a palliative or cure, it is a direct sedative, more especially in its action on the spinal cord.

What can I say of *Holly* that my readers could not tell me themselves? And, moreover, some may object that while it has a small white flower, it is not the flower, but the berry, that is its special characteristic, and that it is therefore an interloper amongst the historical flowers of this series. But so national an emblem has it been from time immemorial of our great winter festival, and connected with our own family reunions, dating from the happy spring time of life, that it possesses too dear and sacred a significance to be excluded from

the list of historical flowers. In making such a concession to the berry-bearing holly, the berry-bearing *Mistletoe* must share an equal privilege, although it be not, as the former, the offspring of a flower. Associated as it is with the early history of our country, and with the Yule-tide merry-makings of our English homes, it could no less be omitted than the holly. It is too closely bound up with

"The days that are no more,"
and the
"Voices that are heard in dreams alone!"

The Holly (*Ilex aquifolium*) derives its English name from the Anglo-Saxon *Holegn*. Chaucer called it *Hulfeere*, from the old Norse, *Hulfr*. It is known in Germany as *Christdorn*, because supposed by them to have supplied, by its sharply-pointed leaves, the crown of thorns that encircled the Redeemer's head, although not at all likely, when thorns exceptionally long abound in Palestine. But there is a fable tradition respecting the holly, derived from the red berries, symbolic of drops of blood, and the name resembling the word "holy," as well as the thorny nature of the leaf, which name also renders it specially obnoxious to witches (so say the "Folklore" historians). This idea is to be recognised in one of the old carols.

"The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.
Oh! the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
The singing of the choir!"

It is a sacred plant in India and Persia, and the fire worshippers (Zoroastrians) are under the curious delusion that the tree casts no shadow. Boughs of holly were mutually exchanged by friends amongst the ancient Romans during the Saturnalia; and while the early Christian Church objected to the continuance of any practices by the believers in Christ, however

innocent, which had any connection with the heathen rites, yet the Roman Christians would not be deprived of a natural provision so beautiful for the decoration of their own churches on the anniversary of the Blessed Redeemer's birth.

I have already incidentally referred to the *Iris* as supplying the origin of the conventional *Fleurs-de-Lys*, or *de Luce*. Further than this I shall only make a few additional notes respecting it. The name ("all hues") is derived from a fabulous deity and special attendant on Juno. She was entitled "the Goddess of the Rainbow," and was represented with variegated colours on her wings, and as the Greeks supposed that she guided the souls of the women to their spiritual resting-place (as Mercury those of men), they planted her emblematic flower round the tombs of their women. The Egyptians, Babylonians, and Assyrians held the *Iris* in much esteem; with it they crowned the brows of the sphinx, and adorned the sceptres of their kings; and the flower may be seen as the terminal ornament on the latter, and on the monuments of the kings of Assyria and Babylon. The same idea of its regal character or its stately beauty caused the selection of this flower-crowned reed or flag, by the ancient Franks (the yellow *Pseud-acorus*) as a sceptre, which they placed in the hand of a newly-proclaimed king, when they elevated him upon a shield, and bore him in state upon their shoulders.

This beautiful flower has been immortalised by poets, from the time when Virgil sang of the goddess of whom it was the chosen emblem, down to that of Longfellow—some of my readers recognising the quotation—

"O! flower de luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make
for ever
The world more fair and sweet."
(To be continued.)

LOVE VERSUS MONEY.

By L. SHARP, Author of "Nan's Story," "May's Dream," etc.

CHAPTER II.

A GOOD deal can happen in six months, and the months that followed the introduction to Dr. Owen seemed to Leslie the fullest and the happiest that she had ever known. She had never worked so hard in her life. Fortunately for her, Mr. Barton had allowed her to do as she liked, being persuaded by Miss Cameron that it was only a whim which would ere long pass away.

"She will soon grow tired, dear Mr. Barton," Miss Cameron had remarked on his expostulating with her; "believe me, Leslie is very self-willed, and it is best to let these fits of enthusiasm die a natural death. After some time, say about Christmas, you could fill the house with guests, and that would be quite enough excuse to withdraw her from her present work."

"You ought to know best, my dear young lady," had been the gallant reply. "I shall leave her in your hands until then, but I ain't going to put up with her ways after Christmas."

And thus Leslie had had peace, and began to be a familiar sight in the homes of the mill hands of Hazeldean. She had a class for girls two hours twice a week; one afternoon devoted to the mothers, either in teaching them cooking or sewing; one afternoon at the Infirmary, where her bright presence was a very sunbeam in the wards; and one evening given up to the weekly entertaining of men and women, boys and girls, which Dr. Owen

had started in the public hall. This, with horse exercise, driving, occasional calls, and tramps over the hills, kept her constantly employed. While as for her free evenings, somehow it grew to be an established thing to find Dr. Owen quite frequently at Fern Tower.

It wanted but a week to Christmas. The invitations for the festivities with which Mr. Barton had determined to wean back his niece to her former gay if useless life had been issued, and were the subject of many comments among the young people of the neighbourhood.

Sir Philip and Miss Seymour had duly received theirs, but it was not Leslie's dainty note that the former was twisting fiercely in his hand this stormy day in the large morning room of Hazeldean Castle.

"I'm in a wretched mess!" he muttered, glaring angrily at his sister and Captain Northbrook, who were laughing merrily over some old reminiscences. "I say, Ethel," he added, sullenly, rising from his almost untasted breakfast, "if I cannot bring that girl to book I'm done for. Can't you do something to help a fellow on with her?"

"My dear boy," replied his sister, calmly, "heiresses are not to be won every day; you must not be so impatient; you will have plenty of time during our fortnight's stay at Fern Tower to win your charmer, though I am afraid that you are superseded in that quarter now."

"What do you mean?" sharply.

"What you would have seen for yourself, Philip, were you not always so much taken up with number one," was the petulant reply; "the continual presence of a clever, handsome young biped, of course."

Captain Northbrook whistled.

"Oh, sits the wind so?" he exclaimed, glancing at Philip's darkening face. "Never mind, old fellow, we'll do our best to help you to cut him out."

Philip bit his lips, his usual drawl disappearing as he asked, curtly—

"Is it that poor Dr. Owen that is my rival?"

"The very same."

"Surely the doctor of a small place like Hazeldean can have no chance with a girl of old Barton's stamp compared with you, Phil, the owner of a name and place as old as the very town itself," queried Captain Northbrook, incredulously. "I would put it to the test if I were you."

"Unfortunately for my plans, Leslie is not the least like her noble uncle," retorted Seymour, drily.

"No; I am afraid that she appreciates brains more than anything," said Ethel, with a mischievous glance at her fiancé.

"I don't exactly see the connection!" And Sir Philip scowled at his sister as she spoke.

"Stupid boy; 'none so blind as won't see'; however, why can't we ride over there by-and-by, provided the snowstorm conde-

scends to take a rest, and see how the land lies?"

"We might do worse," assented Sir Philip, staring gloomily at the fire, "but I won't know where to turn to if your suspicions are correct."

"Never say die, Seymour," cried his friend, gaily; "there are more on your side than the bipeds, and we will do our utmost to put a spoke in his wheel."

About two hours after the above conversation Leslie Barton might be seen wending her way from the Infirmary. A wild wind swept over the wood, part of which she had to pass through, bending and driving the branches of the snow-laden trees into fantastic forms. She stood still for a moment's rest from the fierce blast that had nearly taken her breath away, and it seemed to her for the time as if she stood alone in a great white world of silence. A curious dread took possession of her; a nameless terror at the sudden solitude which surrounded her on every side.

"Miss Barton! This is surely never you out on such a day?"

Leslie started, then her whole face brightened beautifully as she sprang forward to meet the owner of the voice, saying, with a pretty mixture of relief and shyness—

"Dr. Owen! Oh, I am so glad to see you! I was just beginning to be frightened; I felt as if I could not move."

"Whither away?" he asked, quietly taking her hand and placing it on his arm.

"Home, now; I have been at the Infirmary. I would not have gone in such a storm had I not promised to do so to that poor girl Effie Brown. However, the snow has stopped and the wind is not quite so violent. Do you know, Dr. Owen," she continued, rather wistfully, "they are all telling me that enthusiasm never lasts. Do you think that that is really the case?"

There was a ring of sadness in her tone, and the flush that mantled in her cheeks did not escape her companion. He understood what she was dreading; how that the natural depression consequent on seeing such unusual sights of misery and suffering had made her shrink often from her work, and fear that she was going to be a failure.

"What does it matter if we lose in enthusiasm," he answered, gently, "provided we gain in earnestness? I only know that personal weariness or sadness is nothing, nothing; that cannot be helped. The one thing that is of any importance is that we should 'bear witness to the truth.'"

Leslie looked up at him gratefully.

"You act like a tonic on me, Dr. Owen," she said, with a bright smile; "you always say something to brace me mentally."

"To prevent mental dyspepsia, eh? I am not afraid of that with you, however," he added earnestly; then, in a lower tone, "Are you going to Mrs. Wilson's this evening?"

"Yes; and you?"

"I had not made up my mind, but I shall certainly go now," was the significant reply, which, as much as the look that accompanied the words, made the colour leap to the young girl's face. "I have some lovely camellias in my little greenhouse; if I send you a few will you condescend to wear them this evening?"

"Of course I shall," replied Leslie, frankly, "and be delighted too, but," the faint far-off sound of a gong recalling her to the fact that luncheon must be nearly ready, "won't you come in? I see uncle at the study window."

"No, thanks; I have to visit a patient farther on. You will not forget to wear my flowers this evening, Miss Leslie, for I hall —" He stopped abruptly, scanning the upturned face with a keen, though wistful glance.

"What?" she asked, nervously, for his dark-blue eyes were dilated with a strange light that seemed to be seeking something within her own.

"I shall look upon them as an emblem of hope. Adieu for the present." And with a warm pressure of her hand he turned to retrace his steps to the public road.

The storm of wind had sobbed itself away, and the sun was trying to struggle through the misty clouds; the dark avenue of trees seemed to be whispering in unison with the eager fluttering of the little heart that sped past them.

"Was it really the same dreary avenue that she had passed through in the morning?" Leslie asked herself wonderingly, as she stood for a moment on the doorstep and glanced down the walk. Everything looked so different then! "It must be the sun," she said softly; "sunshine always makes the greatest difference." And she ran upstairs with a heart so light and joyous, that when she entered the dining-room not even the unexpected presence of Sir Philip Seymour could annoy her. She did not notice her uncle's evident ill-humour, or Miss Cameron's valiant efforts to keep up the flow of conversation. Unfortunately for the deluded young person, her short period of bliss had a rapid ending.

The late little scene in the avenue was not much of an incident, but it had evidently roused in Mr. Barton's mind a new train of thought. Whatever the idea, its immediate result was a hastily-worded note to Dr. Owen, to come to a private interview next morning to Fern Tower. The inquiries regarding the latter had not been satisfactory in a monetary point of view, neither had the relationship to the Welsh nobleman been of much value; therefore the young man's pretensions to equality with the rich merchant were, to say the least of it, impertinent and audacious.

"May I have a few minutes with you alone, Mr. Barton?" asked Sir Philip, rising languidly from the table as the old man pushed back his chair.

"Yes, certainly. Go to the study, my boy, and I shall follow you immediately. Leslie," turning sharply to his niece, regardless of the presence of his guests, "don't you be encouraging that doctor fellow to come here again. We've had quite enough of him of late, and I'm not going to have it—do you hear?—or any more of your running about under his auspices."

Leslie looked up in astonishment.

"Why, uncle," she began, indignantly, "it was you who first asked Dr. Owen to the house! Do you think," she continued with flushing cheeks, "that I shall disown any of my friends out of mere caprice? Minnie," with an appealing glance at that lady, "have you nothing to say for one whose friendship you appear to value?"

"My dear child," replied Miss Cameron, coldly, "surely your uncle is the best judge as to the fitness of the guests he asks to his own house!"

"And understand, miss, that I mean what I say," was Mr. Barton's parting growl, as he slammed the door behind him.

Leslie's lip curled disdainfully as she eyed Miss Cameron.

"You are only a fair-weather friend, Minnie, I see; I shall know what to expect at your hands when I fall out of favour."

"I should hope that you are too wise to do that, my dear," said Miss Cameron, complacently, thinking of the approving glance which Mr. Barton had cast on her for her former reply.

"Always know on which side your bread is buttered, in fact," remarked Captain Northbrook, drily. "Come, Miss Leslie, what does it matter whether you give this fellow his

conge or not? You surely have plenty of friends to choose from without him?"

There was a sneer in his words which did not escape the girl; but though she saw that he was trying to make her angry, and was evidently enjoying her discomfiture, she was determined to stick bravely to her colours.

"You are mistaken," she said very quietly, though her face burned with the effort at composure. "There is no friendship that I value more than Dr. Owen's; but as we are all at variance on the subject, let us talk of something else."

"Now, Leslie," cried Ethel Seymour, impertinently, "when you know that there is nothing of half so much interest to you? How grateful somebody would be if he could only have heard what you said!"

"He knows," said Leslie, proudly, "that I would do the same for anyone whose absence prevented their own defence."

"Very high-flown and all that, you know, but take care, my dear young lady, that this entertaining friendship does not ripen into anything more serious." And Ethel smiled significantly as she spoke.

Leslie looked straight at the mocking face of the girl, and then, with a brave, sweet dignity that struck Ethel with a sudden remorse, she said, "A true friend is a gift from God, Ethel. I wish," slowly, "that you felt the sacredness of friendship more." And she turned and left the room.

"Now, Miss Cameron, let us do our part to help poor Philip," exclaimed Captain Northbrook, eagerly; "let us keep as much as possible altogether to-night at the Wilsons, so that she may have no chance of being alone with that beggar. Then you can gently insinuate to him the probable engagement of a certain couple. Do you understand?"

"Yes." Then as the door opened and the butler handed in a lovely bouquet, "For Miss Leslie, ma'am," Miss Cameron calmly held out her hand, saying, "Just give it to me, Forest; it is all right." And as he withdrew, "Well," glancing at the others, "what are we to do with these?"

"So!" answered Ethel, decidedly, tossing the flowers into the blazing fire. "It is necessary for Phil's sake to try foul as well as fair means."

"You had better not treat my bouquets in that way, mademoiselle!" said Northbrook, laughingly. "I wonder what Miss Barton would say to you now, eh? Another tirade on friendship, perhaps?"

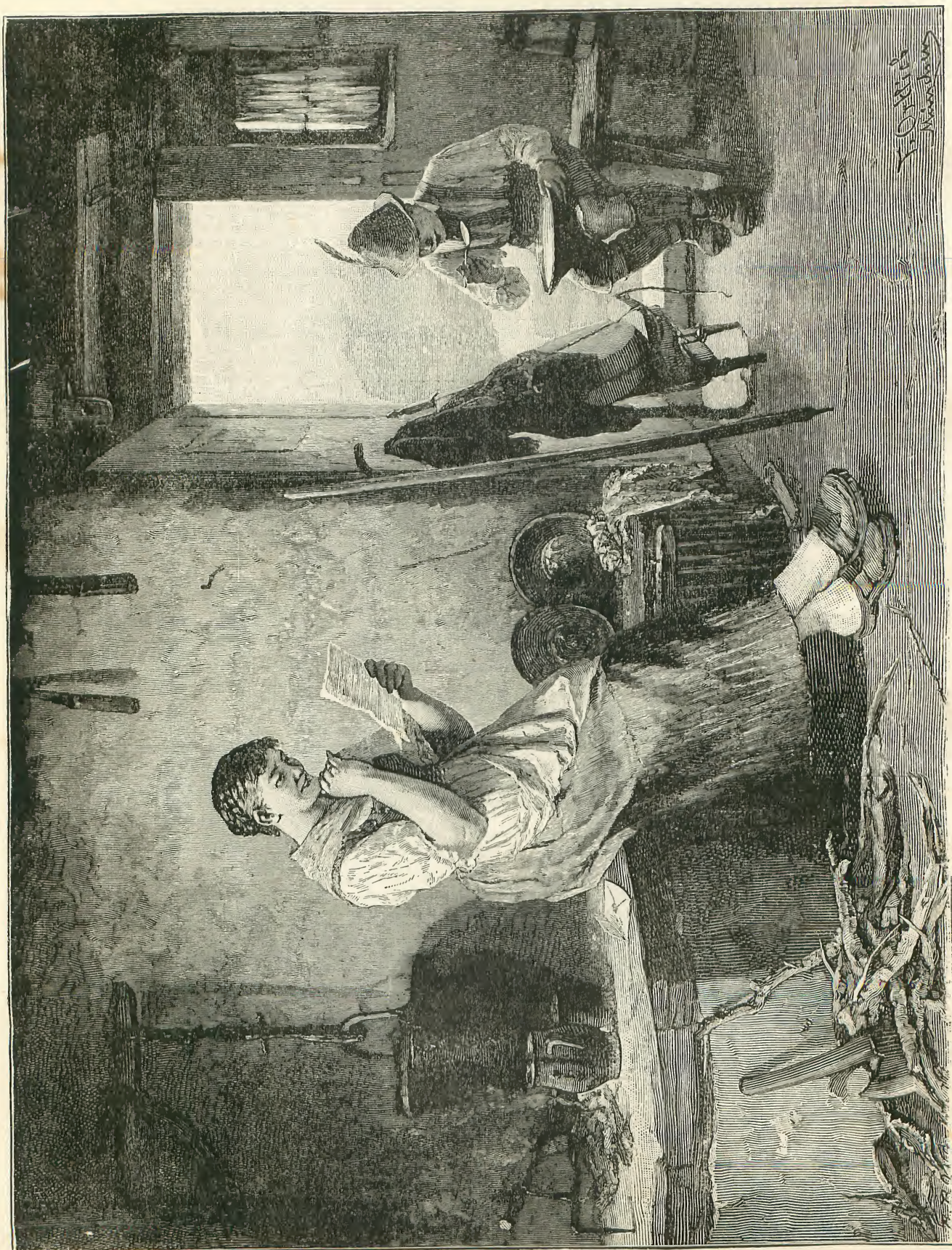
Ethel smiled complacently. "She shall be none the wiser. We have only to follow up the game now to be the winners in the field. I shall give you absolutism to-night, Henry," she added archly, "so that whenever Philip retires from her side you can be his proxy; will you?"

"Exactly. And now for a scamper along the road. Ta-ta, ladies." And one of the conspirators against Leslie's peace took his departure, while the other two rejoined their unconscious victim.

In the meantime Sir Philip had been closeted with Mr. Barton.

"I shall not detain you long, sir," the former had begun, politely, as soon as they were alone. "I only wish to ask you for your niece's hand. You must have noticed my admiration of her, and that it has been my one ambition to make her the lady of Hazeldean Castle. True, I have little more than a name to offer her (except a lot of debts," he muttered inwardly), "but such as I have I beg to lay at her feet."

To tell the truth Mr. Barton had no idea that Sir Philip was so deeply in debt; he knew that the greater part of the land was mortgaged; but then the Seymours were the only people who had allowed him to treat them



"A SMILE OF DELIGHT AND COQUETRY MINGLED ON HER FACE."

F. O. R. R.
M. J. J. J.

with intimacy, and he was determined to see his niece "my lady somebody."

"You shall have her with my heartiest consent," he replied, seizing the young man's hand with a grasp that made him wince, "and fifty thousand pounds besides on the wedding-day—not to speak of what she will step into ultimately."

"I wish I was as sure of the young lady herself," drawled Sir Philip, watching keenly through his half-closed eyes at the effect of

his words; "she seems rather *épris* with that objectionable Owen."

"What do you mean, sir? Do you think that my niece would dare to set my wishes at defiance? If she does not listen to you, Seymour, my word but she will listen to me!" And Mr. Barton's face grew purple as he brought his foot with a fierce stamp to the floor. "You can have your innings first, my boy," with a harsh laugh, "and then I'll have mine."

Sir Philip smiled grimly.

"I shall speak to her this evening. Thanks so much for your kind approval." And he sauntered lazily out of the room. "Fifty thousand pounds!" he muttered; "fifty—thousand—pounds. I must have her! The girl has beauty enough to tempt one without her wealth, though she is not my style. Anyway," with an unpleasant chuckle, "I shall cut that fellow out of the concern."

(To be continued.)

A KISS.

THERE is a kiss repulsive, cold,
Void of the sacred flame;
'Tis but a counterfeit, a mock,
Unworthy of the name.

What benefit can be derived
From such a Judas kiss?
It only kindles angry fire
When you the motive guess.

'Tis often given to gain respect,
Or favour to secure;
How cruel thus to make a sale
Of emblems half so pure!

Alas! how many heartless hearts
The hypocrite disguise,
By actions that betoken love,
But which true love denies.

There is a kiss, how calm, how pure,
The true heart's chief delight;
Its register is kept in heaven,
Its sweetness is its might.

Its gentleness great conquests make,
It checks an angry thought;
It causes stubborn wills to bend,
And give in when they ought.

When all has failed, this holy kiss
Can raise its banners high;
Can conquering unto conquering go,
And hellish hosts defy.

Its memory cheers us through the day
While in the world we toil;
When often tempted to do wrong
Satanic power is foiled.

How vain, how cold this world would be
Without some dear one's care,
Striving to win the kiss, the smile,
And each one's griefs to share.

How sweet the memory of a kiss
Of a departed friend,
Whose life had been our very own;
So true did friendship blend.

It is the mightiest, sharpest sword
Which love delights to wield;
Fierce are its thrusts and deep its wounds,
But by true love they're healed.

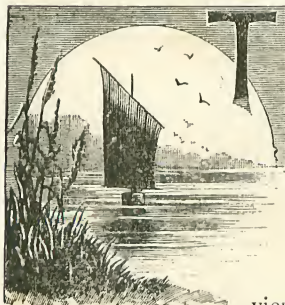
A victory by love thus gained
Deserves a rich reward;
What nobler laurels can be won
Than to have love restored?

G. T. PHILLIPS.

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER VII. THE HILL OF ANGELS.



EMPTYING is the path that winds upwards over the craggy moorland shoulder towards the Joch Pass; fair and wild are the

views revealed to the climber, of snowfield, peak and ravine. But lovely as it was, Evelyn's feet trod it unwillingly after her encounter with Mrs. Allingham West. She would fain have turned back and followed her idol down to the valley. To be under the same roof with her! to have the opportunity, through this brief interview and offer of

service, of acquaintance, possibly friendship! The perspective was bewilderingly delightful; and to turn her back on it, even for twenty-four hours, was a trial.

Once Evelyn actually proposed that they should go back. The ascent was steep and hot. Miss Wentworth's horse could not climb, and was proving neither ornamental nor useful, as he had to be hauled up by the bridle, with wild shouts and cries from the driver. These circumstances were relied upon by the girl as aids to her suggestion, but it was indignantly negatived.

"We shall no doubt see the gifted authoress as much as we wish when we get back," asserted Miss Wentworth, stopping to rest. "She did not impress me as favourably as I could have hoped; she did not offer to shake hands. In my country, even the President will shake hands with the poorest citizen."

"It is not the English custom," rejoined Evelyn, tartly.

"Well, that is an answer to every objection one could urge against anything, is it not?" responded the American, in such a tone Evelyn could hardly tell if she were jesting or in earnest.

But Dottie broke out,

"Why, Evelyn, I am sure it is enough to give up my bedroom, without giving up my excursion as well, all to please somebody I only saw once, and don't care if I never see again."

The usually perfect temper of Dorothy Lancaster seemed ruffled.

"Why, Dot, you are not giving up your bedroom at all; it is mine she is to have—"

"It comes to the same thing, as I share mine with you," replied Dottie.

"You always said you would like it," remarked Evelyn, in an aggrieved tone.

She had grown to consider that, as an authoress, she had a claim to privacy, and she valued it greatly; while little

Dottie always declared she could never have too much of Evelyn's society. Hence, in proposing the new arrangement to Mrs. West, she had left Dottie's feelings rather out of the question, and her cousin, who was not disposed to worship at the authoress's shrine, resented it.

No cloud of vexation, however, could long remain on Dorothy's brow, and harmony was quickly restored. On the summit of the Joch Pass they had a long rest, before pursuing their downward way.

The horse was found no better adapted to the steep descent than he had been to the steep ascent. Evelyn congratulated herself that she had no need of such aid, as she stepped gaily along the path, which winds down the moorland, with the vast snows of the Wendenstöcke on the left. Far, far away appeared the Bernese Alps, in faint yet imposing splendour. There seemed a world of Alpine air between. Evelyn recognised the well-known forms of majesty, and eagerly pointed them out to Miss Wentworth.

Soon a lovely blue lake became visible below, and then a little inn was seen on a stretch of pasture not far from the water's brink. This was the Engstlen Alp, which lies about a thousand feet below the summit of the pass, but is nevertheless at the lofty elevation of 6,000 feet, about the same height as the Grimsel Hospice. Surrounded by mountain tops, a white torrent streaming down a rock-face near, and the further vista breaking away into pine forests extending far, far down towards the valley—with the Schreckhörner and Wetterhörner hovering in dim Titanic majesty to close the prospect—it was a "picture for remembrance."

"Well, this is better than hunting after Mrs. Allingham West!" cried Dottie, dancing forward, with health and happiness sparkling in her eye. Miss Wentworth appeared dreadfully tired; she had been able during the last half-hour to remount her steed, but was very weary, nevertheless, and glad to enter the little wooden inn. The landlady gave the ladies a hospitable reception, and assigned them two rooms in the *dépendance*, which is some yards away, and larger than the original building. Tea followed, in a primitive *salle-à-manger*, and Evelyn then went forth alone to muse on a seat at the top of a little hill, whence she could enjoy the view in all its glory.

"She doesn't want me; she is composing poetry," said Dottie to Miss Wentworth, in tones of awe, as they sat at a little table outside the inn.

"I hope not," was the somewhat unexpected reply of the American lady.

"Why? Oh, Miss Wentworth, don't you like Evelyn's poems?"

"I don't think poetry is her forte," replied the American. "Very pretty, and so forth, but not original; she does not write *herself*, but only what she has heard other people say, or what she thinks she ought to feel. She has never grasped that precept of my countryman Emerson, 'Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string.'"

This was heresy, and Dottie had that very rare feminine virtue, dislike to unfavourable criticism of an absent friend.

"Oh, I am sorry you don't appreciate her!" she cried, with genuine distress. "I noticed you never said anything about 'Day-dreams,' and I was afraid you didn't like them. Everybody does at home, and Evelyn is quite a heroine, you know, among all our friends; they think it so splendid to have written a book."

"My dear little girl," said the lady, laying her curiously white soft wrinkled hand upon Dottie's arm, "I did not mean to find fault with your cousin's work behind her back. I shall tell her my opinion some day, when she knows me better. I think she is very clever and very charming; that is all the more reason why she should direct her powers in the right way, instead of getting spoiled and idle."

"Idle!" ejaculated Dottie.

"Well, well; you are a brave little champion, and we will not discuss Evelyn any more; there is much temptation in her way," rejoined Miss Wentworth, musingly.

This was very bewildering to Dot, who did not know anything about Emerson or iron strings, and who firmly believed that Evelyn was a genius of the first order, even if she were a little tiresome sometimes in running after authoresses.

Meanwhile the object of their conversation was absorbed in a happy dream. She was not, in spite of Dottie, trying to compose poetry; she found her lines and similes all too incongruous and halting to approach the glory spread out before her. And this was, as Miss Wentworth would have recognised, a step in the right direction—a step towards better work.

They were soon interested in watching the herdsman calling home the goats for the night. Standing on the pasture, he uttered a peculiar long-drawn cry, and immediately the hill-sides around became alive with leaping, running creatures, speeding from crag to crag, hastening down the slopes to their nightly rest.

Supper, with various guests in the little inn, followed; a pleasant meal, enlivened by chat and laughter. Many of the people were making a long stay in this fair, lofty pasture land, and spoke with enthusiasm of its invigorating air and the magnificent walks they could take over the surrounding heights.

Evelyn and Dottie wandered after nightfall near the sleeping waters of the lake, watching the summer lightning play upon the snow; then came rest and happy dreams, broken by a feeling of the strangeness of the place.

"Oh, how I wish we were going to stay here!" were Dottie's waking words; and were it not for the vision of Mrs. Allingham West, Evelyn would have echoed them. As soon as the cousins were dressed, they went across to the inn in the brilliant morning sunlight. Through the open kitchen door a pretty scene met their gaze. One of the inn servants, a buxom, handsome girl, whom

Evelyn had admired on the previous evening, was sitting, with her back turned to the *pot au feu*, reading a letter, a smile of delight and coquetry mingled on her face. A lad was busily eating his breakfast, inattentive to aught else. He evidently had been bearer of the missive, as well as of a large round cheese that still adorned his porter's tray, unstrapped now from his shoulders.

"What a pretty picture!" whispered Evelyn. And she found her imagination evolving an explanation of the scene.

The boy had brought an epistle from the Alpine maiden's absent lover; the cheese was an offering of affection, made by that lover's own hands. She felt an intense interest in watching the face of the pretty Marie as she spelt out the letter. Whether the latter part of the conjecture was true, history saith not; but the former part was accurate enough, as Evelyn learned a little to her cost.

As Miss Wentworth's horse did not excel in climbing, she started half an hour in advance of the others. The girls had paid their bill, and were ready to depart, when Marie, with a very red face, rushed out, extending a letter to Dottie, and uttering many excuses—excuses that Evelyn could translate a little more accurately than the Swiss maiden thought.

The note, dated the previous day, had come up from Engelberg, which the boy had quitted before dawn. It was from Mrs. Lancaster, containing rather startling news.

"Directly you had gone," ran the note, "there came a letter from Algy, saying he should be in from Lucerne to-day, and sure enough he came in after lunch, looking very well, with some German friends; but he seemed dreadfully put out to find you gone, dear fellow, and nothing would suit him but he must come on to the Engstlen Alp himself. I told him you meant to return, but he urges me to write and tell you to stay till he comes, so I must put off seeing you again till the day after to-morrow. We have had another surprise, for Mrs. Allingham West has come, and brought a note from Evelyn; she has taken Evelyn's room, which I consider a little forward on her part."

"Oh, dear!" cried Evelyn; "it is too bad of Algy. I did so long to get back to Mrs. West; and now we must stay here. And Miss Wentworth is quite out of reach. She will wonder what has become of us."

"She will find it out when she gets to Engelberg, and at any rate we can't help it," replied Dottie; "only I wish we had not had all the trouble of getting ready, and paying everything up. I should just like to know why we had not the note before Miss Wentworth started."

The fact was that Marie's lover, employed at the dairy farm of Herrenrütli near Engelberg, was the messenger's brother, and had sent a letter of his own in addition to that of Mrs. Lancaster; Marie had been so absorbed in the one that she had omitted to deliver the other.

It was after all not much of a hardship to linger in that lovely mountain pasture, among the grand old pines and

cedars, and by the margin of the lake. And not many hours elapsed before a young man, clad in grey, alpenstock in hand, and wearing an exceedingly joyous expression of countenance, was seen marching from the pass. Dottie flew into his arms.

"Oh, Algy! I am so awfully glad to see you again."

Evelyn followed sedately, and gave a kindly greeting to her cousin. He was four or five years older than his sister, slightly built, and below the average height; with fair hair and moustache, pleasant blue eyes, and a mouth and chin that to the critical observer would have betrayed a lack of firmness of character. But he was a prepossessing lad, and it said something in his favour that he had been partially, instead of completely, spoiled by the adoring fondness of his mother and sister, in whose eyes he could do no wrong. When he failed to take his degree at college, when he ran into debt, it was only "poor dear Algy's misfortune," and when these false steps were retrieved, wholly or in

part, he was a hero of heroes to these devoted women. Now he had been enjoying six months' freedom on the Continent before "settling down."

"What a charming place! How extremely fit you all look! Cousin Evelyn, the mountains agree with you." And Evelyn, in her plain braided summer serge, white blouse, and shady hat, was certainly a very attractive feature of the Engstlen Alp.

"I vote we stay here and don't go back to Engelberg," continued the young fellow, establishing himself between the two. "After all, that's down in a hole. What magnificent air! I say, I'm going up the Titlis; who'll come with me? I came up here on purpose, because I knew the Mater would be in a terrible fright if I did it from Engelberg. Cousin Evelyn, you speak German; let's come and collar a guide."

"But if you have been six months at Leipsic and all sorts of places, don't you speak German too?" laughed Evelyn.

"Not I; it's too much of a grind to learn such a language as that." And

the three were soon engaged in interviewing a tall, muscular Swiss, with a broad smile, who towered above Algy like a giant, and, as Dottie suggested, could carry him in case of need.

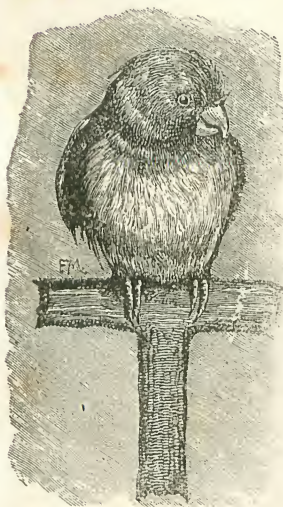
Evelyn and Dottie declined to attempt the Titlis, Dottie objecting firmly to start at two a m. They spent the rest of the day in rambling and sitting about, chatting so merrily that Evelyn almost forgot Mrs. Allingham West. She offered to draw out a list of phrases in German that might prove useful to her cousin—"I do not wish to be left in this crevasse while you go back to Engelberg for assistance." "How many thousand feet shall I fall if I slip down here?" and so forth; but Algy assured her that the Titlis was a perfectly safe mountain. "a lady's mountain," he added, hoping, perhaps, to induce them to come. It was, however, without envy that the girls heard him creep away at two a m., and watched from their window the lantern disappearing into the shadows of the pass.

(To be continued.)

BIRD LIFE IN JULY.

By A NATURALIST.

"When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees."



THE sun in all its power floods the wide commons with light and heat. The furze and its golden wealth of flowers, is the home of the furze-chat; a bright little fellow he is with his coal black head,

orange breast, and patches of black and white about him. "Chec, chec, chec!" he cries, as he daintily perches on the golden blossoms, diving down and up again with his continual "Chec, chec!"

On the branches of a scrub oak sit two birds that look very like small hawks. They are shrikes, beautiful creatures too, in their warm grey and bluish-white plumage, which is broken here and there with black. Their dark eyes are ever on the watch for prey, principally insects, which are plentiful and active in these sultry hot days of July, when other creatures are inactive and quiet. They do not object to larger prey, however—small birds and other things. Down they pounce, again and again, for they have their young to

provide for. These two we note are the heads of families; the mothers are with their little ones somewhere near; we can hear them "Chack!" Turning round some stunted cover, moving as quietly as we can, we come unexpectedly on the young perchers. What a hubbub ensues! With a scream and a dash both mothers dart round us in fine style, crying and chattering their loudest. Hearing the din, the father shrikes come bouncing over the bushes; altogether there is quite a commotion, quite unnecessary on their part, for no one has the least intention of interfering with them or any member of their family. The red-backed shrike is a bold as well as a handsome bird, and he does not fear to let you know it, if he considers you to be an intruder on his domain.

High up in the blue sky, some distance away, a bird hangs, to all appearance motionless. Now he dips down, rises again without any apparent effort, wheels round with his tail spread out, and then shoots nearer to us. As the light falls fair on him he shows himself. It is the kestrel, or as the rustic folks call him, "the windfanner"; a name well bestowed, for he does fan continually over the hillocks and anthills. During the hot weather, lizards run in all directions, or bask in the sun—pretty, harmless, brown lizards. The windfanner feeds on them when he gets the chance, as well as on mice. Like all other creatures, he varies his diet. Birds, mice, lizards, insects, and sometimes worms it consists of. His eye is dark and beautiful, his plumage red and grey; a true falcon as to race and habits, but as a pet one of the gentlest of his family.

As we wander on we come to one edge of the common; between this and the wooded hills are meadows well timbered, the hedgerows round show out fresh and green; there are the wild rose and the honeysuckle, the vetch and the briony, the bramble and the woodbine. Farms nestle here and there amongst the trees. As we look on the picture the song of the

woodlark is heard. This sweet little singer loves the meadows which border on woods; you will find him close to the timbered hedgerows and the little rill that holds trout, although if you looked at it you would think it could scarcely keep the small minnows alive. The skylark can be heard and seen anywhere, but the woodlark is a bird of the woodland coverts and meadows. His music, though beautiful, has a plaintiveness about it, to my ears. To hear it to perfection one should walk out at eventide, when the sun has gone down, leaving great streaks of crimson and purple in the west. All is wrapped in a soft purple haze and shadow, and the busy life that moved about in the sunlight is at rest. The occasional tinkle of a bell on the neck of some cow or sheep, as it lazily moves from its position, is the only sound you will hear. The perfume from the wild flowers is all around you, go where you will.

"The gentle breezes are upon the wing,
Bearing rich odours from the clover's hive,
From woodbines, roses, and sweet-breathed hay,
And many a bloom of blossoming beans and peas."

But for the chur of the fern-owl silence is now over all. As you approach that large oak with twisted limbs at the edge of the cover, close to the meadowlands, a bird rises in the air from one of the twigs; straightly he mounts at first, then his flight becomes spiral for a time, then he will hover and float about, singing in rich plaintive notes. The night is warm, if you can call it night, for it is comparatively speaking light, a soft gentle twilight. Listen to him as he rises, ringing round and round, higher yet! And now he is poised you hear his voice though he is out of sight. Soon you know from the sounds that he has turned earthward again, and the evening hymn of the modest little woodlark will be hushed as he touches the ground.

MY WORK BASKET.

FIG. 1.—CROCHET LACE FOR TRIMMING COUNTERPANES, TOILET COVERS, ETC.

WHITE or coloured crochet cotton is used, according to the article for which it is intended to trim.

This pattern is worked on the back thread of the stitch.

Make a chain of 41 stitches; turn back.

1st Row—Work 6 long stitches, beginning on the sixth chain

stitch. * 5 chain, miss 5; 1 long in the sixth chain; repeat from * 4 times.

2nd Row—5 chain; 1 single crochet in centre of space made by five chain; 1 long on long stitch, * 3 chain; 1 single crochet into next space; 1 long on next long; repeat from * 3 times. 6 long on six long of last row; 2 chain, miss 2, 1 long into the third chain stitch.

3rd Row—the same as first row; but at the end make 11 chain; turn.

4th Row.—1 long in the eighth stitch of 11 chain; 3 chain; 1 long in the last long of former row.

Work now according to the illustration, increasing every other row, as explained in the 4th row, until the 9th row, the end of which only make 5 chain instead of 11; 1 long stitch on former row. After this, decrease every other row until the scallop is completed.

The picot edge is formed of 4 chain: 1 double in space, 2 picots in the first space, 1 double in second space, 2 picots in third, 1 double in fourth space, 3 picots in fifth space, 1 double in sixth space, 1 double in seventh space, 3 picots in eighth space, 1 double in ninth space, 1 double in tenth space, 3 picots in eleventh space, 1 double in twelfth space, 3 picots in thirteenth space, which is the centre of scallop.

FIG. 2.—CROCHET INSERTION.

The insertion to match the above is worked exactly in same manner, and is commenced with 60 chain stitches.

FIG. 3.—CROCHET EDGING WITH VANDYKE BRAID.

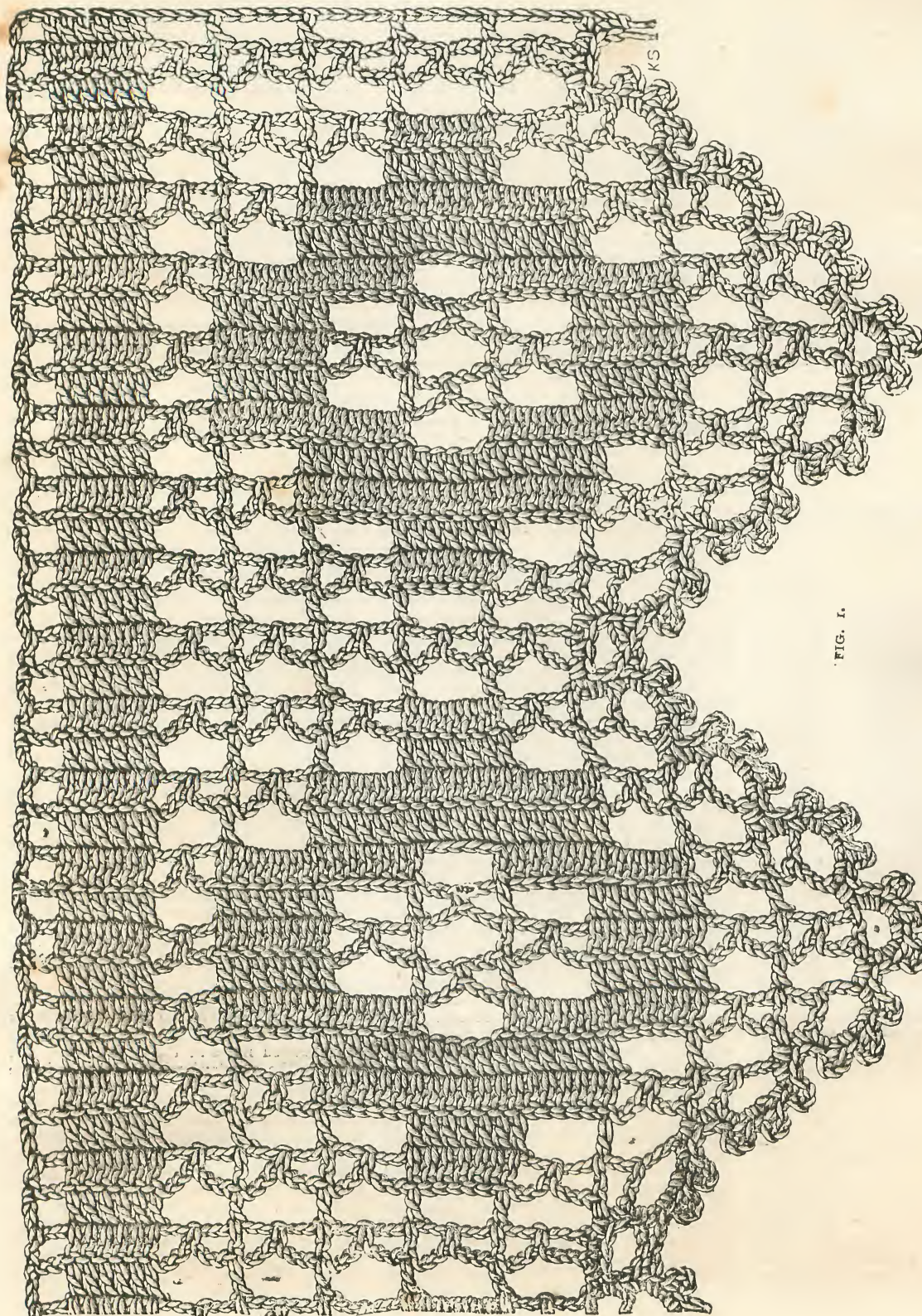
The foundation is made with 3 chain stitches. 1 double in point of braid.

2nd Row—1 long, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 long; repeat.

The upper points are worked as follows:—

1 single crochet on first point; 5 chain; 1 single crochet in same point; 3 chain; 4 long on next point.

These stitches are joined by 3 picots made of 4 chain; 3 chain; repeat.



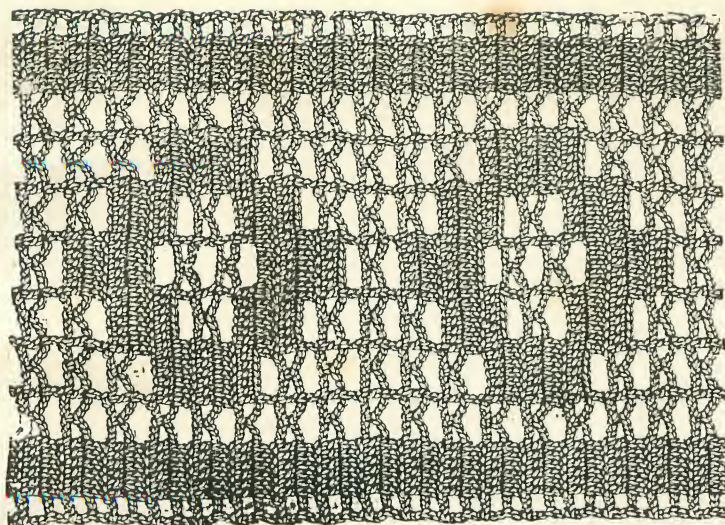


FIG. 2.

FIG. 4.—ELEGANT FOOT MUFF, FOR CARRIAGE OR INDOOR USE.

Materials required: Dark coloured leather; cloth to match; a lighter or contrasting shade of plush; fine old gold coloured silk cord, and sewing silk to match; wadding; quilted silk or rabbit skin for lining; and band of racoon or other light coloured fur for top edge.

The muff is composed of three parts—the bottom, band, and upper part. The bottom and band are made of leather, and the upper part of cloth.

Having cut the pattern the size required, the quantity of material necessary can be easily determined. The plush must be the same size as the cloth on which it will be appliquéd.

The design is drawn on tracing paper.

Place the plush smoothly on the cloth, and lightly but firmly tack on the design. Commence the work by tracing the whole of the pattern with fine white cotton. Then carefully tear away the paper, and work over the cotton with old gold coloured silk, in button-hole stitches, so as to allow the cotton to be drawn out. This done, the appliqué is cut round neatly, leaving the foundation of cloth clearly visible. The gold cord is then sewn, just far enough from the design to show a mere thread line of the cloth. The large spots between the detached designs round the edge of the cloth are made with the old gold silk cord closely twisted round and round until sufficiently large, care being taken to keep them a good shape.

The embroidery finished, the making up commences by stitching the leather band to the bottom, which is done on the inside. The band is joined behind. The cloth part is then attached to the upper edge of the band, close to the embroidery.

The lining should be made separately.

If quilted silk or satin is preferred to fur, it must be of some dark contrasting colour to the outside, or of the same shade and colour as the cloth.

The racoon, or any other band of the trimming, should be at least five inches wide, and slightly wadded.

FIG. 5.—CHILD'S CROCHET BOOT.

Our pattern is in white yarn, but many workers prefer the Berlin wool.

The boot is worked in four separate pieces—the sole, two sides, and the piece that laps over and forms the trimming. Each piece is worked backwards and forwards in double crochet stitches.

Begin one of the side pieces by making 20 chain stitches; turn back.



FIG. 4.

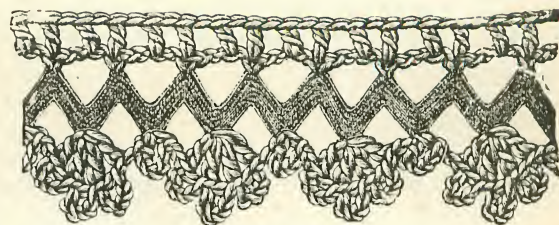


FIG. 3.

1st Row—leave 2 chain stitches; work 18 double crochet. 2nd Row—6 chain; miss 2; work 22 double crochet. 3rd Row—2 chain; begin in the second crochet stitch of last row, and work to the end of the row in double crochet. 4th Row—6 chain; begin in third chain stitch of last row, work 24 double crochet, missing the last stitch but one in former row. 5th Row—2 chain; begin on second double, work 23 stitches. 6th Row—27 chain; begin on the third, work 47 stitches, missing last but one in former row. 7th Row—2 chain; begin on second, work 46. 8th Row—2 chain; work the 2 first and 2 last together, which will leave 44 stitches. 9th Row—2 chain; miss the first double crochet and last but one, making 42 stitches. 10th Row—2 chain; the same as last row, making 40 stitches. 11th Row—2 chain; miss the first; make 39 stitches. 12th Row—2 chain; first and last stitch missed, making 37 stitches. 13th Row—2 chain; miss first; make 36 stitches. 14th Row—2 chain; miss first and last but one; make 34. 15th to 20th Rows—34 double crochet stitches. 21st Row—2 chain; 35 stitches; two worked in last stitch. 22nd Row—2 chain; 35 stitches. 23rd Row—2 chain; 36 stitches; 2 in the last. 24th Row—2 chain; 36 stitches. 25th Row—2 chain; 37 stitches; 2 into last stitch. 26th Row—2 chain; 39 stitches; 2 into first, 2 into last. 27th and 28th Rows—2 chain; 39 stitches. 29th Row—2 chain; 40 stitches; 2 into the last. 30th Row—2 chain; 40 stitches. 31st Row—2 chain; 32 double crochet; 1 single; draw the wool through and cut off, leaving 6 stitches. 32nd Row—turn the work; leave 13 stitches; work 1 single crochet; 20 double crochet. 33rd Row—2 chain; 16 double; 1 single; pull the wool through and cut off. 34th Row—turn the work; leave the first 6 stitches; work 1 single; 11 double crochet. 35th Row—2 chain; 7 double; 1 single; fasten off. Now one side piece is completed; and when the second is finished, sew both together up the back, and the front part up to the ankle.

The sole is begun at the heel by casting on 6 chain stitches; miss 2; work 3 double crochet into the third, 1 into each of the next two, and 3 into the last, making in all 8 stitches. 2nd Row—2 chain; 10 double, 2 into the first and last. 3rd Row—2 chain; 12 double crochet; 2 into the first and last. 4th Row—2 chain; 14 double; 2 in first and last. 5th Row—2 chain; 15 double; 2 into the last. 6th Row—2 chain; 16 double; 2 into the last. 7th Row—2 chain; 17 double; 2 into the last. 8th to 15th Rows—2 chain; 17 double. 16th Row—2 chain; 19 double; 2 into first and last. 17th to 21st Rows—2 chain; 19 double. 22nd Row—2 chain; miss first double; work 18. 23rd Row—2 chain; miss first and last but one; work 16. 24th Row—2 chain; miss first and last but one; work 14. 25th Row—miss the 2 first and the 2 last but one; work 10. 26th Row—2 chain; miss first and last but one; work 8. 27th Row—miss 2 first and 2 last but one; work 4 stitches. The sole is now ready to sew to the sides.

The flap is made with 20 chain; miss the last and work the remaining 18 stitches in double. 2nd Row—2 chain; 20 double crochet; 3 into the last stitch. 3rd Row—2 chain; 22 double crochet; 3 into last stitch. 4th Row—2 chain; 24 double; 3 into the last stitch.

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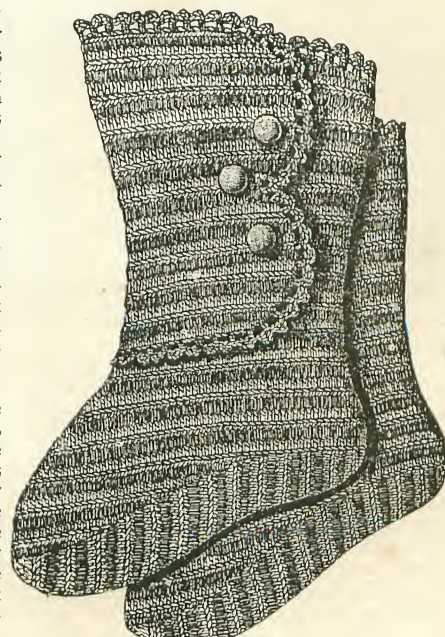


FIG. 5.

5th Row—2 chain; 3 double into the first double of last row, which makes a row of 26 stitches. 6th and 7th Rows—2 chain; 26 double crochet. 8th Row—2 chain; 25 double; miss the last but one. 9th Row—2 chain; miss the first; work 24 double crochet. 10th Row—2 chain; 21 double crochet; leave 4 stitches. 11th Row—4 chain; begin to work into the third chain stitch, 24 double

crochet, leaving one stitch at end. 12th Row—2 chain; 25 double; 2 into the last stitch. 13th Row—2 chain; 3 double crochet into the first stitch; in all 27 stitches. 14th Row—2 chain; 29 double crochet; 2 into the first and last. 15th Row—2 chain, 31 double crochet; 2 into first and last. 16th and 17th Rows—2 chain; 31 double crochet. 18th Row—2 chain; 29 double crochet; miss last

but two, and leave the last. 19th Row—2 chain; miss the first double crochet; work 2 into the last stitch; in all 29 stitches. 20th Row—2 chain; 26 double crochet; fasten off, leaving three stitches.

The straight or even edge is sewed to the side piece, and is finished off with a narrow edging, which is also carried round the top.

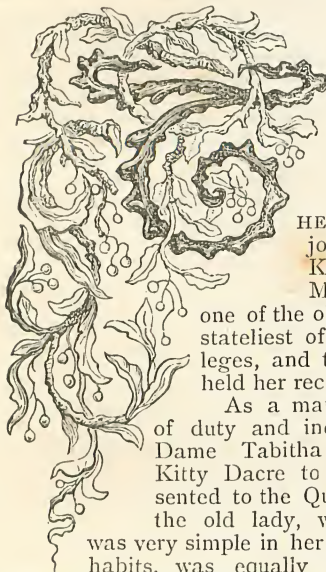
A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE QUEEN'S COURT—A DEVEY OF FAIR LADIES AND A GROUP OF NOBLE GENTLEMEN—"YOUNG LYCIDAS."



HE Queen joined the King at Merton,

one of the oldest and stateliest of the colleges, and there she held her receptions.

As a matter alike of duty and inclination, Dame Tabitha carried Kitty Dacre to be presented to the Queen; for the old lady, while she was very simple in her personal habits, was equally rigid in maintaining the privileges and obligations of her rank. In the same manner, though with the sorrowful wisdom of experience, and the blunt sincerity of her temper, she condemned much that she saw and heard—sometimes not altogether aware of the strength and candour of her condemnation, she made no question of what she owed her Sovereigns. Farther, she was convinced that if her duty and service were due to them in their prosperity, her homage was doubly due in their adversity.

Lady Ottery, her steward, and the next heir to Hayston, together with the King's Chamberlain, alone knew what liberal contributions she made to the royal purse without so much as seeking a crystal pledge in exchange. In freely offering her tribute and refusing to let her left hand know what her right hand did, she sacrificed not such luxuries as she had long dispensed with, for which she had no taste, but the cherished dreams of her declining years. Among these were her redeeming the greater part of her husband's estate for his heir, and her bestowing a portion on little Kitty Dacre, whose father was not likely to lay by a provision for her.

Sir Jasper Ottery's grand nephew must be content with a diminished inheritance; even Kitty must take her chance; all must go to the wall when Dame Tabitha's King and Queen wanted her savings.

No doubt if Henrietta Maria had known this she would have refrained from those expressive moves and gestures of diverted amazement which she made to her ladies and gentlemen behind Lady Ottery's back, at her stiff rectangular figure and antiquated full dress.

Kitty catching some of these signals, looked very grave, though her Majesty did not laugh at her; she smiled most sweetly on the blooming young girl in her white satin gown, with some of Lady Ottery's old lace falling from her elbows, and her own mother's little brilliant brooch, like a small cluster of fireflies, in her bosom. "She might have more to laugh at," reflected honest Kitty, indignantly; "nay, it is not queenly of her to make a jest of an old lady, her loyal subject, just because she is old, and old-fashioned. The Queen may be as royal, beautiful, and witty as she pleaseth, I know I do greatly prefer my dear old Lady Ottery, who I'll be bound never yet made a fool of the humblest visitor who sought her house to do her honour."

When Kitty had set out in her dainty array, she had been pitying her cousins at Islip Barnes, because the political opinions of the family shut them out of Oxford and its Court; she had been thinking, regretfully, how Alice would have enjoyed the gay scene, and how even quiet, staid Prissy would have brightened up at the brave sight. But now Kitty knew that all was not gold which glittered, and that there were thorns among the roses.

The Queen was flushed with victory and ready to lose her head over her triumph, which was not altogether to be wondered at, since she believed, poor soul! that she, wonderful little princess, had saved Charles and England.

Kitty felt the next moment that there ought to be allowance made for her Majesty, when the girl recalled how she had heard the cavaliers in the streets, as they passed the chairs which carried her and Lady Ottery to Merton, humming and trolling the last song in Henrietta Maria's honour:—

"When gallant Granville stoutly stood And stopt the gap up with his blood;

When Hopton led his Cornish band, And the sly 'Conqueror' durst not stand,

We knew the Queen was nigh at hand.

When great Newcastle so came forth,

As in nine days he scoured the North;

When Fairfax's vast, perfidious force Was shrunk to five invisible horse,

When none but Lady Fairfax* stayed to fight,

We knew the Queen was come in sight."

As if such songs were not enough, a silver medal had been struck at "the Oxford mint," which represented the King and Queen seated side by side in chairs of state. It was as if they were joint King and Queen regnant, and not merely that she was Queen consort. The sun was seen over his chair, the crescent moon and stars over hers. The dragon python, a symbol of rebellion, lay dead at their feet; an inscription on the reverse side said, "July 13th, the King and Queen of Great Britain and Ireland auspiciously met in the Vale of Keinton, and rebellion fled to the West. Omen of victory and peace. Oxford, 1643."

But Henrietta Maria was by nature neither insolent nor malicious. The devoted attachment of her personal attendants from first to last through her chequered career attest the truth of the praises which they gave to her original frankness and kindness; she was simply ambitious, self-confident, thoughtless, and fond of amusement in every form.

Close behind Henrietta Maria stood Lucy, Lady Carlisle, the Queen's great friend. From her high birth as a North-umbrian Percy, and because her husband, Lord Carlisle, and her cousin, Lord Holland, had been sent to France to conduct the treaty for the Queen's hand, when her marriage was arranged with King Charles, Lady Carlisle was early appointed to a post in the Queen's household. Even then she had been nearly eight years married, and was at least as many years her mistress's senior.

* By birth a Vere, and known to be on the Royalist side in politics.

At this date she was a little over forty, et the fame and power of her beauty were still as renowned as ever. The English poets of the day vied in singing her charms, even as they sang the Queen's.

Lady Carlisle is said to have been "soft, quiet, and innocent looking, with dove-like eyes and a sweet smile." If the description is correct, never was appearance more deceptive. She is believed to have been a woman of remarkable ability, but she showed it chiefly in weaving the most complicated webs of deceit and stratagem, which were apt to stand for wisdom and enterprise in those days. If the Queen was the King's evil genius, Lucy Lady Carlisle was the Queen's. She was the successful plotter and deceiver which poor Henrietta Maria vainly sought to be in politics, and could not, because she was after all too good for such a cold-blooded, heartless, scheming part. Her impulsiveness continually betrayed her and broke her down.

Lady Carlisle had become a proficient in the art which she had begun to practise in her early girlhood. The person to be hoodwinked and left in the lurch on that occasion was her father, the fierce old Duke of Northumberland. It was in the course of the fifteen years that he lay in the Tower, under the charge of being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot in the reign of King James. On the plea of visiting her father, the youthful Lady Lucy took the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the wicked Countess of Somerset, who was also in the Tower, accused of murder. At her suggestion, it is said, Lady Lucy, in direct violation of her father's prohibition, eloped with Hay, Earl of Carlisle.

He was a handsome, specious man, who had been an archer in the Scotch Guard in France, was presented by the French Ambassador to King James, became one of his high favourites, and received from him the earldom of Carlisle. Hay got other gifts to enable him to maintain the earldom, so that on his return to France to treat for Henrietta Maria's hand, in the name of his master and his master's son, Lord Carlisle wore a suit the value of which was estimated at forty thousand pounds.

The lady, who began life by being a false daughter, ended it by being a false wife, a false friend, and a false servant to her royal mistress. Lucy, Lady Carlisle's name, remains a very byword of treachery. Henrietta Maria, whose confidence Lady Carlisle grossly abused more than once in their relations, was too quick-witted not to be aware of the deceit of which she had been the victim; but, as if in involuntary admiration of the superior powers of dissimulation and intrigue shown by her friend, the Queen repeatedly condoned these offences against good faith, and continued to the end on terms of close intimacy with this very dangerous lady of her bedchamber. There was nothing lasting in the occasional quarrels between the two, for they did quarrel at times. In spite of her "dove-like eyes," Lady Carlisle, no less than her mistress, had a high spirit, and a passionate temper.

Another curious commentary on her superficial sweetness is the praise which one of her infatuated admirers professed to give her for her "noble scorn" of those beneath her in rank. Her character is probably not incorrectly summed up in the sentence, "My Lady Carlisle will be respected and observed by her superiors, feared by those who will make themselves her equals, and will not suffer herself to be beloved but of those who are her servants."

A dame of this description was certain to look over the heads of such obscure people as Lady Ottery and Kitty. Indeed, the old woman did not desire the Court lady's notice either for herself or her goddaughter. On the contrary, Kitty was in terror lest the stately mature beauty, who could be vivacious and agreeable when it suited her, should be aware of the snort of dissatisfaction and the deep-voiced murmur, "Little worth, intriguing madam," with which Lady Ottery turned away from her.

No more did Kitty's guardian approve of another of Henrietta Maria's ladies, a prominent figure in Oxford at this season. Lady Isabella Thynne was one of the daughters of Lord Holland. Lady Isabella's faults were more those of moral weakness, extravagant caprice, and morbid perversity than of high-handed unrighteousness. Dorothy Osborne, of Chicksands, was warmly attached to Lady Isabella's sister, Lady Diana, who was as good as she was fair, and Dorothy has a word of excuse for "poor Lady Isabella, who looks and speaks, and sings so prettily," and is married to "a beast." But Lady Isabella's whim at Oxford of dressing herself in what she imagined resembled the vesture of an angel, and having a lute played before her as she walked, to represent angelic music, was far from recommending her to Lady Ottery. She saw nothing angelic about Lady Isabella, the whole absurd mummery savoured of the profane to the old lady. She had even more objection to Lady Isabella's languishing graces than to Lady Carlisle's haughty airs. A third thorn in the aged widow's flesh was the young widow, Lady D'Aubigny, whose mourning for her slain husband had been soon ended, and who showed every inclination to be consoled. Lady Ottery compared her wrathfully to the young widows described in one of St. Paul's Epistles, and mentally recommended her to marry again as soon as she could manage it.

If Lady Ottery did not like the ladies in Henrietta Maria's suite, dislike was far too mild a word for her feelings towards most of the gentlemen. She clutched Kitty's arm, and dragged the girl away with an evident detestation of the circle, which might have afforded the French-bred Queen and her coterie still further food for jests and laughter. Her godmother would not have Kitty remain exposed to the bold stare of Prince Rupert, with his hawk nose and his tangled hair, the sneering scrutiny of Jermyn, the insolent gaze of Goring.

But see, here was the King coming, and behind the sad-faced man with the peaked beard, who was himself as manly

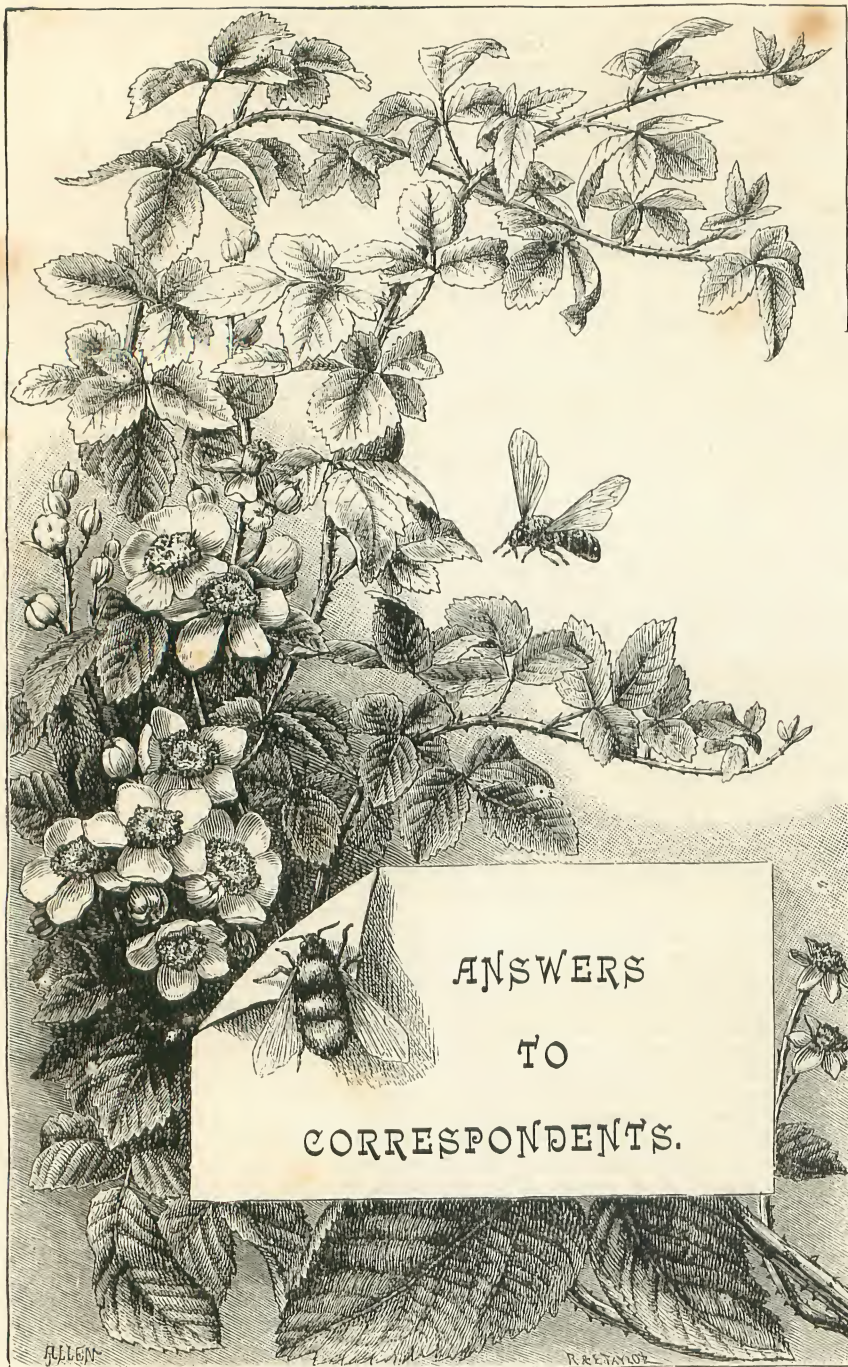
and temperate as any true man in his dominions, Lady Ottery's heart rejoiced to see a group of as fine English gentlemen as ever breathed. Here were Falkland, with his low stature and lofty standard of right and wrong, and the King's Scotch cousin, the Duke of Richmond, with the rare peculiarity in that company of modest diffidence setting off his noble qualities. The Marquis of Hertford was not far off. He had married secretly in his romantic, ambitious youth, another cousin of the King's, the unfortunate "Lady Arbel." He had lain some time in the Tower for the offence, and been condemned to live abroad afterwards. He was an accomplished gentleman and a worthy man, fond of the country, neither caring for nor receiving Court favour, but, like Falkland, coming to his King's side in his adversity.

There was Lord Southampton, who was equally guiltless of either seeking or getting Court promotion, who came, nevertheless, to stay with the King at Oxford. He was like Falkland in another way, for he too was a passionate lover of peace, and perhaps for that very reason, in those days, "a melancholy man." When he succeeded to his title in early life by the nearly simultaneous deaths of his father and elder brother, he was unable to conceal his great grief when he was addressed as "My lord." And now as a man it was only with much reluctance that he accepted the post of Member of the Council and Groom of the Bed-chamber.

Yonder stood Lord Leicester, Sir Philip Sydney's nephew. He must have been in a measure consoled for having been asked to forego his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, since none was fonder of books and study than Leicester, and few could beat him in his own branch of mathematics. He was married to a sister of Lady Carlisle's, who was as faithful as Lady Carlisle was faithless, to whom he was so loving and devoted a husband that their mutual affection made them be called "a noble Darby and Joan."

Talking with Lord Leicester was "the handsome Earl of Bristol," whose portrait in his looped hat and feather is still a model of manly beauty. Even after he was a grandfather he was as handsome as Lord Holland was reckoned in his prime, while Bristol was as straightforward and steadfast as Holland was time-serving and fickle. Lord Bristol had been ambassador in Spain when Charles, then Prince of Wales, paid his incognito visit to Madrid. The Prince conceived a strong prejudice against the ambassador, doubtless because of the violent enmity existing between him and the royal favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, which Charles refused to forgive or forget even after the Duke's death. But on the field of Edgehill the master and servant met again, and Lord Bristol, burying every grudge, rode back with Charles to Oxford. Clarendon, who tells so much and tells it so well, describes Lord Bristol as a loquacious, passionate man, spoilt by superciliousness, but wise and true withal.

(To be continued.)



WORK.

C. M. P.—There are several systems of dressmaking now taught, all of which are advertised in the daily papers. The 10th October, 1861, was a Wednesday. **OUR BESSIE.**—Do not trust to any specious advertisements. They are generally traps for the foolish. Your only way to earn, so far as we can see, is to do what you can in your present position—make butter, attend to the poultry and the garden, and get whatever needlework you can to help you still further.

DORIS E. WYE.—The pattern you send is very pretty, and would be a serviceable gown for the spring.

MIXCHA.—A plain silk, mixed with moiré, would be the best. You could also use the grey watered silk, with a plain grey woollen of a darker shade. With a bonnet to match, it would be a very pretty costume for your best. The dress must be mixed—silk and woollen. The woollen might be made up as a bodice, with revers and sleeves of the silk, and the silk used for wide panels on the skirt.

AGNES OLDFIELD.—We have pleasure in recommending your charitable society to the notice of our readers, especially as your work is one that can be carried on at home in odd minutes of leisure. We refer to the St. Clement's, Nott'g Hill, Knitting

Club, the articles of clothing made by the members being given to emigrants, and a working lads' club. Members requested to devote a couple of hours' work weekly, and to subscribe 1s. per annum. As it is a charity, no prizes for superior work are given, and no fines are exacted. Address the hon. sec., Miss A. Oldfield, 30, Ladbroke Gardens, Notting Hill, W.

IGNORAMA.—The reports of the Society of Lady Dressmakers are discouraging, business-like as its plan and arrangements are. Much promise is, on the other hand, to be found in the Dressmaking and Needlework Club at 97, Buckingham Palace Road. There is also a dressmaking department in the Technical Training School, 1a, Victoria Square, London, S.W., for the practical instruction of ladies. Classes are also held in the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework, to teach ladies how to cut out all garments on the true tailor principle.

COOKERY.

E. CARLIE.—There is a school of cookery in your own town of Hull, of which the hon. sec. is Mrs. Sissons, 84, Beverley Road. There is also one at 97, Albion Street, Leeds; the general hon. sec. is

Miss Robinson, 33, Lord Mayor's Walk, York. Diplomas are granted in these schools to efficient candidates trained as teachers. You must inquire about the terms, rules, etc., for yourself direct.

L. L. E.—The quince cannot be eaten raw, but is excellent cut up with apples for steaming with sugar, or baking in apple tarts. The Portuguese variety, more especially, is to be recommended for preserving as marmalade; and of the seeds the once popular *Bandoline fixateur* was composed. To make marmalade of quinces, boil them in water till soft, and rub them through a sieve. Then boil the pulp with half its weight of sugar until reduced to a consistence that will become solid when cold.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROSA and PEARL inquire how they can get rid of some of their superfluous lovers, as they will not take a snub nor the cold shoulder. We must inquire how you made their acquaintance? Was it with your mother's sanction? If they become intrusive, place their dismissal in her hands, and do not lower yourself by such vulgar means as "snubbing." 2. The recipe for making pancakes with snow has been quite recently given, and as we shall not have this ingredient (in all probability) till next winter, our young friends will have time to find the recipe.

EMA.—Stamps are manufactured by the Government and are sold by them. They form a part of the revenue of the Post Office.

E. H. LEICESTER.—"I live for those who love me" is from a poem by Guthrie.

A LATE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—Second-hand copies of Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary" can often be found at moderate prices.

CATHARINE C. C.—The name Katharine is Greek. Catharina is a Latin version. It dates from the eighth century only, and was brought to England by the Crusaders. Miss Yonge says that the cause of the various ways of spelling it appears to be that the more ancient English made no use of the letter "K," which only came in with printing and the types imported from Germany. "Katharine" spelt with a "K" and two a's is the original and right way of writing it.

KATR MOSS must read the many articles of "Medicus," and try to follow his advice in regard to health and diet. We could not give advice on the subject. You must be guided by your parents, and by your own good common sense. You are quite well able to judge how far any man is likely to be a good, kind husband.

DOROTHY.—We do not quite understand your letter. Do you mean that you have fallen in love with a man who has not paid his addresses to you, and whom you hardly know?

WILD DAISY.—Either pipeclay or dry flour is the best for cleaning all kinds of hair-brushes. Rub into the brushes, then rub them together till clean. Lay a newspaper on the table, or use a wash-hand basin, and do not take more than two tablespoonfuls of either flour or pipeclay.

Y. W. C. A.—We can only suggest that you should gather some ideas from the headings and topics treated in the "G. O. P."

FAITH.—A doctor's recommendation would be very valuable in getting a situation as attendant on an invalid lady; but you should have a knowledge of nursing. We could not say what the wages would be; it would depend on the case. There is no harm in writing to your clergyman for advice.

ADA L. M.—If subject to rheumatism, should be careful to choose as dry a place as possible, and a gravelly soil, not clay, to live upon. Many cases of rheumatism are benefited by sea air.

FLORENCE E. R.—The lines are on a most interesting subject, but they are in no sense "poetry."

JET.—We have explained this question many times. "Marriages of foreigners in England with English girls" may or may not be legal in the husband's country. In France he must have permission of his parents before marriage. In Belgium we believe there is a new law protecting such marriages; but you should not marry without seeking the advice of a lawyer.

I. DE B. B. (Douglas, Isle of Man).—We have succeeded in finding the refrain of your verse in "Hymns of Consecration and Faith," by the Rev. J. Mountain, page 219, No. 388, "The Great Physician." The rest of the poem, however, seems different, though the subject is the same. The author is said to be S. J. Vail.

A CANADIAN GIRL's note is creditable in every way to her.

GARTH DENTON and C. G.—The "Travels of Two Girls in Norway" will be found in the "G. O. P.," vol. vi. The account of Dr. Gordon Stables' journeyings in the "Wanderer" were written for the *Leisure Hour* and will be found in 1887, we believe.

A HOUSEKEEPER.—To avoid disappointment you will do well to send the curtains to a dyer and cleaner's.

AN INQUIRER.—We think that the subway between Praed Street and Paddington Station was opened last year.

IRIS.—We are sure that writing the verses gave you pleasure, and they are full of good feeling and love of nature.



Vol. X.—No. 495.]

JUNE 22, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SONG—SUMMER DAYS.

By JOHN HUIE.

CLEAR waters warble all day long,
By silver birch and purple
heather;
Weird fragments of an old world
song,
Through golden days of sum-
mer weather.

One hour the gurgling waters
weep,
Then gently ring with happy
laughter;
My idly musing moods they keep
To weave in songs that follow
after.

Fast by the brink the bracken dips,
Till fronds reflected meet their
double;
And fair flowers touch with tender
lips
The dews of shining bell and
bubble.

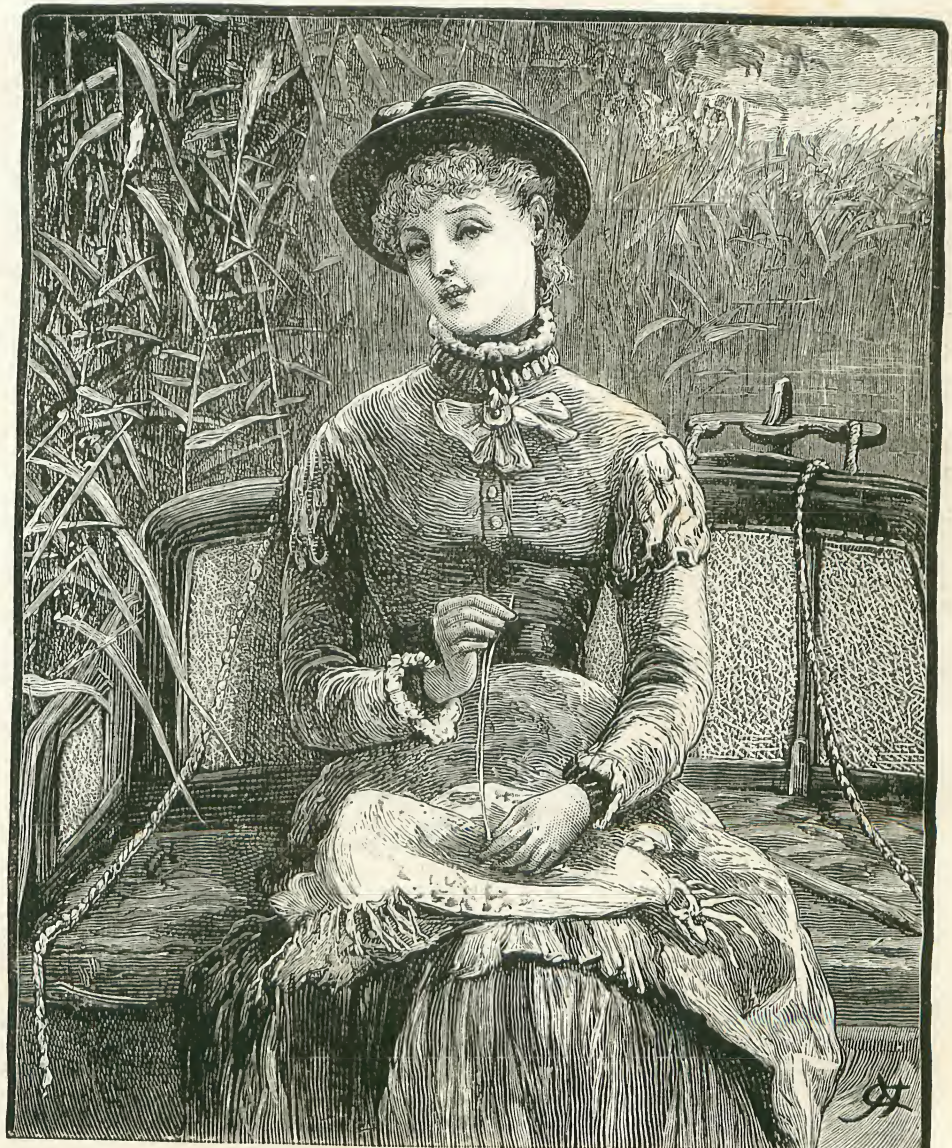
Sweet incense of the heather
bloom
From the long reddening slopes
expires;
And golden glory of the broom
Girdles the hill with altar fires.

The linnet in his bush anigh,
Sings, and his notes like pearls
are falling;
And far up in the sunlit sky
The lark from heaven to earth
is calling.

And far around the sounding seas
Fill with a psalm the boundless
air,
And pleasing notes in every
breeze,
And voices telling earth is fair.

O days of peace—O days of
rest!
Where busy Nature, still and
strong,
Works without toil, and bears her
best,
Unmarred by man, and crowned
with song.

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"IDLE MUSING MOODS."

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.



RAIN and storm! In the morning, when Evelyn and Dottie rose from sleep, the Engstlen Alp was in the clouds. No vision of the Bernese Alps was to be dis-

cerned; the thunder crashed among the mountains, and the girls could scarcely rush across to breakfast without getting drenched.

"Poor, dear Algy!" was Dottie's wail; and a piteous object was seen about eight o'clock returning across the pasture. Dripping with wet as though he had just emerged from a river, his ice-axe hanging useless in his hand, the guide towering behind him, he was a visible embodiment of the vanity of human hopes.

"Titlis! no, indeed," he replied to Dottie's eager questionings. "We got on the snow, and then, as we couldn't see a yard before us, and the lightning and thunder kept it up between them, I thought it was time to come back. I'm going to bed; bring up my breakfast, Dot, there's a good girl."

It was only too evident to Evelyn's impatient longings that another day at the Engstlen Alp was before her, and that intercourse with Mrs. Allingham West was still in abeyance. Algy had perforce to remain until his clothes were dried, although a young man who was staying at the inn lent him a complete suit, much too large for him. Released from the durance vile of his bedroom, he pervaded the little *salle-à-manger* in this attire, chattering to anyone who would listen, and giving an amusing description of his adventures of the night or early morning. He sketched a lively picture of himself crawling along steep snow-fields enveloped in gloom, and of the theatrical style in which his guide, when all further attempts were evidently hopeless, took off his hat and made a low bow to the mountain, saying, "Adieu, Titlis!" No *contretemps* could long affect Algy's easy good humour.

Evelyn spent the morning in listening and talking to him, but by the time the afternoon had come she was thoroughly tired of it, and felt inclined to enjoy a little quiet. Flitting through the rain to her room in the *dépendance*, and laden with pen, ink, and paper, she proceeded to carry out an impulse that had been strong within her since the morning, when she had seen Marie's radiant face. She had in imagination woven a little story of the Swiss betrothed pair; the one down at Herrenrütli, in the lovely vale of Engelberg, the other aloft on the breezy Alp; and she proceeded now to evolve

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height;
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?"

The exquisite lines of Tennyson in the "Princess" served her as motto and inspiration. She made a liberal use of local colouring, for the beauty of the scene had impressed itself deeply upon her, and she felt a new delight in describing, minutely and faithfully, what lay around her, bathed in the sunshine of yesterday.

Evelyn had already acquired the art, which is an essential for the would-be author, of writing her own language correctly and fluently.

She also had a talent for describing what she had seen, in virtue of which she was esteemed by her friends as a capital letter-writer. If she had known it, she was doing better work in this fragment of a story than in the artificial poetry she had placed before the public: for one was true, the other was false. "Trust thyself," as the American seer has it, is a precept of unfailing wisdom for the writer. Sketch what you see, say what you feel, and be no secondhand reporter of current phrases.

At supper Algy was loud in complaints of having been robbed all the afternoon of his cousin's society, and when he drew from her the admission that she had been "busy writing," his usually serene temper seemed to receive a shock.

"Oh, Evelyn, can't you stop that while we're up here?" he ejaculated. "Surely one book of poems is enough for one summer! I don't want to have to murder more than one reviewer."

"Reviewer! What do you mean?"

"Well, of course, I shall feel it my bounden duty to seek out and destroy the fellow who wrote those paragraphs in the *Critic*," replied Algy, playfully. But by the sudden flush that coloured Evelyn's cheek he saw he had made a mistake.

"Has there been any review of my book?" she demanded.

"Oh, didn't you know? Why, of course, it is attracting immense attention," replied Algy, with bravado.

"Don't tease me! Tell me directly, there is a good boy. Now, Algernon, I insist upon knowing," and Evelyn turned upon her cousin with determination.

Thus adjured, the unlucky Algy was obliged to acknowledge that there had been a short criticism in one of the leading weekly reviews. He had taken for granted that Evelyn had seen it, forgetting that the paper would only reach the reading-room of the Abendglüh hotel on the morning she quitted the valley.

"What does the review say?" But on this point Algy was adamant, and he declined to reveal what he had read,

only darkly repeating his threat of murdering the reviewer.

There was not much rest for poor Evelyn now until she found herself again at Engelberg. From Algy's nonsense it was evident enough that the review was unfavourable, and though the authoress's vanity immediately began to suggest the motives which would prompt an uncomplimentary notice, and to dwell on all the flattering things which had been said *per contra*, she could not help feeling extremely uneasy. Kind little Dottie said all she could to comfort her, and scolded Algy well in private for letting out anything about it.

"Come now, I like that!" cried the discomfited youth. "If Evelyn publishes, she must expect the things to be read, and criticised too. If she doesn't like it, she needn't publish, and I wish to goodness she wouldn't. I don't like the whole business—it's bad form for a girl like Evelyn to come out before the public. You and mother oughtn't to have allowed it."

"Allowed it! Why, Algy, Evelyn will do just as she likes; you know that well enough; besides, she is of age. And I think the poems are lovely."

"I can't make any sense out of them," replied her brother.

"That shows they are good; some of the best poetry now can't be understood at all," replied Dottie, with a wise air.

"Like the rhymes in 'Through the Looking-glass,'" retorted her brother.

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

Only there is a kind of key to that, and, so far as I can see, there is no key at all to some of the 'Day-dreams.'"

"It is too bad of you to compare Evelyn's poems to that rubbish," cried Dottie. "But I will stand up for her. Everyone now—Miss Wentworth too—is trying to run her down, and at home they all think so much of her. Poor Evelyn!"

"Nobody can admire Evelyn more than I do. I think she's one of the finest girls out," replied Algy, warmly; "that's partly why I don't like all this nonsense. Why can't she be content to let it alone?"

"Tell me, was the review really very severe?" asked Dottie, with bated breath.

Algy's answer was expressive. He brought his clenched fist down on his knee, with three words—

"A regular crusher!"

The next day was cloudy and uncertain, but the three young people were off in the course of the morning, leaving the beautiful Engstlen Alp with the hope of revisiting it some time for a lengthened stay. Their climb up the Joch was very uneventful, their descent to the Trübsee equally so; but when they came to the brink of the Pfaffenwand, a strange phenomenon met them. They looked

over into a sea of mist. Nothing was to be seen save the steep path descending a little way and then vanishing. It seemed really rather venturesome to step over the edge. As they were lingering, lo! the mist parted, and behold! far, far below, fields of living green were cleft by a hurrying river, and pine forests climbed into cloudland, while the convent bell sounded forth its mystic clangour. Anon all was veiled below, and the upper reaches of the hills became visible. From the Horbisthal, a glen running up a little way from the main valley, arose a perfect tumult of vapours, seething and ascending from the rocky basin like steam from a witch's cauldron; then they wreathed themselves round the Engelberg. It was fitting now that the metaphor should change, for a sudden gleam of sunlight struck aslant upon all this wild confusion of mist, and illumined the lower slopes of the hills; then away from the Mount of Angels sailed

"the train,
Whose skirts the glowing mountain
thirsted to detain."

Algy gazed on the scene with real pleasure, although his exclamation of "Awfully jolly!" seemed scarcely adequate to the occasion. Evelyn drank it

all in with delight as she descended. What artist could give an idea of this, save Turner? she thought. What prose writer, save Ruskin, depict it in language? And it began to occur to the girl that perhaps the attempt to transfer to paper wonders such as these might be a task worth her ambition.

Dottie had good-naturedly intended to seize upon the *Critic*, in defiance of the notice requesting visitors not to carry away periodicals out of the public rooms. But Evelyn was beforehand with her, and darted in quest of it the moment she entered the hotel. The room was untenanted, and she could scan the review with none to witness her discomfiture.

Yes, there it was; not, be it understood, engrossing a whole article to itself, but embodied in a couple of paragraphs in one of the general reviews that sum up the merits of current lighter literature on the last pages of the *Critic*.

"In 'Day-dreams,' a small and daintily-bound volume, published by Messrs. Dalrymple and Co., we have one more illustration of the vanity of young authors fed by the mistaken flattery of friends. The poems are evidently the juvenile attempts of some aspirant after literary fame who has not yet mastered the elements of her craft."

"Her, indeed! How did the wretch know I was a woman?" thought Evelyn. Her blazing eyes seemed as though they would scorch the paper; but a horrible fascination made her read on.

"Nothing better can be said for the majority of these verses than that they are a feeble attempt to imitate 'In Memoriam.'"

"The imitation goes no further than occasional identity of metre, and a lavish employment of adjectives, as the following specimen will show—

'When autumn winds blow chill and drear,

And dropping leaves are whirled away,
And crimson glows the parting day,
Full sadly wanes the waning year.'

"One poem alone, 'The Lark,' affords some indication that the author might in time do better work. We advise her, if her aspirations expressed in these three verses are sincere, to write no more poetry; or, if she must write it, to let it go no further than her waste paper basket. She has a far mistaken her vocation, and the publication of her pretty volume is a step which, in riper years, she may blush to recollect."

(To be continued.)

THE MICROSCOPE AND OURSELVES.

PART V. MUSCLE.

IN speaking of nerves, in my last article, I hinted at the important termination of white or medullated nerves in muscle. I think, then, that in this article the subject of muscle will not come inaptly for consideration. The term "muscle" carries with it pre-eminently the idea of definite movement, and when we consider how great a part this tissue plays, not only in our daily life, but in the appearance of our external conformation, it will, I think, be a matter of no small interest to see its minute composition. Look at the statues in our parks and exhibitions: the excellence of all these depends in a great measure on the proper treatment and portraying of muscles; on this depends the classic beauty of an Achilles or Hercules. Without the aid of our muscles we cannot move a jot; without the aid of that muscular organ, the stomach, we could not digest; without the presence in our chests of a little muscular pump, the heart, we could not live.

But this is not the first time that I have put the idea of movement before you. Do you remember *amœba*, an old and never-failing friend, who serves to elucidate so many knotty points? *Amœba* could move, but the movements of *amœbæ* are indefinite, not like those of muscle; the movements of *amœbæ* are those of a disorderly mob, the movements of muscle those of a trained battalion of soldiers.

Now all muscle is not alike in structure; it varies according to the function it has to perform; and in looking at our specimens under the microscope, we shall have several characteristics to note. Having prefaced our acquaintance with this little family group of tissues by some remarks about them, let us now be introduced to them. First, let us see that member of the group which goes to form the athletic limbs of a Hercules or other mythic hero. This member is called "striped,"

"striated," or "voluntary" muscular tissue. Very good specimens of this can be obtained at a microscope shop, and these specimens are often prepared from crabs, the muscle from the "claws" being treated in a stain called "eosine," which dyes it pink. The specimen is then mounted in the usual way in glycerine. Fig. 1 represents a specimen of striated muscle fibre, and now you will see why it is called striated or striped; the tissue reminds you somewhat of your brother's football jerseys in its striation.

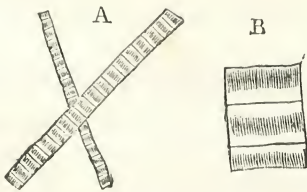


FIG. 1.—VOLUNTARY MUSCLE.

(A) Showing dark and light bands.

(B) The same enlarged, showing the thin lines of sarcolemma in the white band.

You will find it necessary to use your high power objective-glass for these muscle specimens, as they are very fine in structure. Looking then with your high power at the specimen of striated muscle, what do you see? You see a tissue made up of alternate bands of light and dark colours. Stay, you have only looked at it casually; look carefully, move the tube of the microscope up and down. Now what do you see? A still finer dark line traversing the middle of each light band. Would you like to know the measurements of the *large* light and dark bands? They measure about 1-17000th of an inch each. And now let us learn something about the meaning of what we see.

Each muscle fibre is encased, like we saw in

the case of nerve fibres, in a sheath called, in this instance, the "Sarcolemma." This is a somewhat strong and elastic membrane—stronger indeed than the muscle fibre which it contains, as is proved by the fact that we can often break the fibre across, as in Fig. 2, without breaking the sheath.

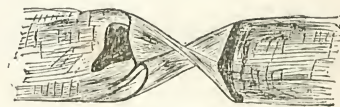


FIG. 2.—MUSCLE OF STRIPED VARIETY RUPTURED AND SHOWING THE SARCOLEMA INTACT.

I have told you that you require a high power to see the minute structure of muscle, and so difficult is its examination that scientific men are by no means agreed as to its structure.

For our purpose it will suffice to take a very simple view of the matter. Let us begin at the edge of the specimen. There is the sarcolemma; well, now this membrane ends in prolongations which traverse the whole substance of the fibre, and which appear as those fine dark lines which one might so easily overlook. Now between the side walls of the sarcolemma and a prolongation above and below live the little muscle elements, or sarcous elements, as they have been termed, and the aggregation of these elements in a straight line gives the broad dark line, and the white line is formed by the fluid in which each little element lives.

These then are the chief characteristic points in the structure of striated or so-called voluntary muscular fibres. They are called voluntary, because unlike other muscles they are under the control of the will, and in walking or sewing you exercise such muscles. The stripes undergo remarkable variations during

the exercise of a muscle or "contraction," as it is called; the dark bands become light and the light bands dark, and the variations in muscle fibres during contraction have been watched under the microscope in the water-beetle's muscles.

But now we have another member of the muscle family to meet with, and this is called the "involuntary," "unstriped," or "plain" muscular tissue. This, as its name implies, varies widely from the last kind we looked at; it is not under the control of the will, it is not striped like the other, and in fact it is simpler in construction.

Look at Fig. 3; it represents plain muscular



FIG. 3.—FIBRES OF NON-STRIPED MUSCULAR TISSUE.

tissue. You see that these fibres are simply elongated cells; there is the cell-wall, a defined outline, the cell-substance, and situated in the centre of the cell-substance a more or less elongated nucleus, there is no cross-stripping, and the nucleus is very distinct. There is no definite sarcolemma, though the various fibres are fixed together by means of a gelatinous medium. These muscles do not enter into the formation of the limbs as far as their naked-eye form is concerned; they are found in the stomach and lower part of the gullet, and also in the air-passages through which we breathe. These fibres also enter into the structure of our blood-vessels. They are very important, these muscles, and many of them are under the control of the sympathetic system of nerves which we spoke of in our last discussion. This then finishes the description of the first member of the involuntary group.

I said in the beginning of this article that were it not for the presence in our chests of a muscular organ known as the heart we could

not live. Now this organ is made of a kind of muscle which is found nowhere else in the whole body. Look at Fig. 4; this is a

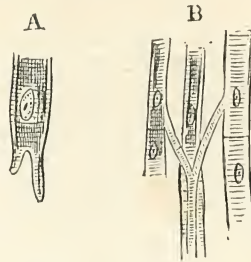


FIG. 4.

(A) Single heart-muscle fibre.
(B) A group of fibres.

specimen of mammalian heart-muscle which has been stained in logwood and mounted in Canada balsam; and now a few hints as to the preparation of the specimen for yourself. You can easily get your cook or butcher to give you a very small piece of a sheep's heart; a piece about as big as a small pin's head will answer very well; place this on a slide, and now with two small needles separate it a little, that is, "tease it out," to use a workshop phrase, in a little normal salt solution, the formula for which I gave in a recent article. Now drain off your salt solution on to some blotting-paper, now drop a little solution of hæmatoxylin or logwood, as it is often called, into the preparation; let this remain in a few moments, and then drain off the superfluous dye as you did the salt solution; the specimen will now be stained blue. Now to mount the specimen, you have the choice of two methods—you can either mount in glycerine or in Canada balsam; the first method is the easier, as a little diluted glycerine is simply dropped on the slide, and a cover-slip applied; the second method is a more complicated but better one in many ways. To mount in Canada balsam it is necessary first of all to get rid of all water, and this is done by running over the specimen some absolute alcohol, which has a very great affinity for water. When this has been done thoroughly, and the specimen is almost dry, it must be "cleared" with oil of cloves; this is

allowed to run over the specimen for a few seconds, and then is drained off like the previous fluids; a drop of Canada balsam is now dropped on the specimen, and the whole covered as quickly as possible with a cover-slip.

And now having prepared our specimen, let us look into it. What do we see? A tissue differing markedly from either of those which we have yet studied. We see a number of fibres which are striped, and yet are involuntary; they have distinct nuclei, and more than all, these fibres branch and communicate with one another; they are a sort of hybrid between the voluntary and involuntary muscle fibres which we have studied, and still have a peculiar characteristic possessed by neither of the others—that is, branching. The stripes, though distinct, are less strongly marked than those of striped voluntary muscular tissue, and the fibres are not so large in diameter as those of ordinary muscles; the cells, instead of being of the so-called "fusiform" shape of ordinary involuntary muscle fibres, are somewhat square in outline. The nucleus is large and pale, and somewhat oval in shape, and there is no trace of a sarcolemma. Of such tissue then is this little muscle-pump, which has so long been associated by poets as the seat of all emotions, made.

And to those of my girl-readers who have learned anything of physiology (and I do not doubt but that many of the older girls have), the beauty of adaptation which we have seen in all our specimens is still pre-eminent in these little fibres.

The voluntary impulses act best in the striped muscles; they expand with sudden alacrity; the unstriped muscle retains a profound impression from its stimulating nerve, and the heart-muscle is most admirably adapted in its structure for the accomplishment throughout our lives of its incessant beating, never to stop until the immortal spirit leaves us.

And all the while you see that all these wonderful structures are merely the modifications of simple cells; we are but highly modified amoeba, living by volition, and being made of cells; and everywhere it is evident that where there is a change of structure it is to ensure the equal distribution of balance, to the harmoniously working community of the great whole.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

LOVE VERSUS MONEY.

By L. SHARP, Author of "Nan's Story," "May's Dream," etc.

CHAPTER III.



LEEN, are you sure that no flowers have come for me?" asked Leslie, doubtfully. "Just run down again and see if there are none on the hall table."

But the maid returned with the same answer that she had given before. "There ain't nothing come, miss; shall I get you some from the greenhouse? Though to be sure, Miss Leslie," with an admiring glance at her lovely mistress, "you don't need flowers nor anything to set you off more. Shall I run and get some now?"

"No, never mind," with a sigh; "I dare say it will look as well without. You can go now, Ellen; I am going to wait here till the carriage comes," taking up a book as if with

the intention of reading it. But when the maid had left, Leslie laid it down again, and, shading her face with her hand, gazed dreamily into the glowing fire. "I wonder if he forgot," she murmured, wistfully; "yet he seemed so eager for me to have them."

A secret unrest possessed her; a secret trouble lurked within her eyes. Every day lately had seemed to grow more disturbing, if more precious. Was all her happiness to be ended now because of her uncle's caprice? What would Dr. Owen think of them if he was to be suddenly ignored? "Oh, dear! why can't all the world be happy in their own way?"

A fluttering, dolorous little sigh came as an accompaniment to the words, and then the soliloquy was broken by the entrance of Miss Cameron.

"Come away, Leslie," said the latter, "the carriage is waiting for us. How well that pale sea-green dress suits you, child!" glancing rapidly over the slight figure; "your golden

hair and brown eyes will do some mischief to-night, I am thinking."

On their way downstairs they were overtaken by Ethel Seymour, looking very handsome after her elaborate toilet in a creamy dress of cashmere; and in the hall by Sir Philip and the Captain.

"You are placed under my care by Mr. Barton's wish for this evening, Miss Leslie," said Sir Philip, holding out his arm to the young girl, and putting up his glass for a survey of her. "Pon my word—aw—it will be a pleasant duty."

"You are very kind to allow such a burden to be laid on you," replied Leslie, with a flash of her eyes, which left him in doubt as to whether she was in jest or earnest.

"You could never be that to me, Leslie," he whispered tenderly, as he led her to the carriage. "I wish you would let me have the care of you always!" pressing her arm to his side.

"Whv. what an idea!" she exclaimed

evasively; "I might manage to exist for one evening under your protection, but I always prefer to be under my own, don't you know?"

He glanced angrily at the sparkling face, so full of innocent unconsciousness. She had quietly withdrawn her hand from his clasp even before she had answered him.

"You are very cruel," with an angry twirl at the long moustache. "Pon my word, Miss Leslie, you treat me vevy badly."

Leslie shrugged her shoulders carelessly, and Sir Philip, now that the other pair had joined them, relapsed into sulky silence.

The expected guests had arrived at Mrs. Wilson's pretty house, and the music had begun when Dr. Owen entered the drawing-room. He looked round eagerly, after shaking hands with his hostess, until he saw Leslie. She was standing beside a tall, rather plain-looking young man, who seemed disinclined to let anyone approach her. She had not on his flowers!

He was dismayed, perplexed, downhearted. Could it be that she intended him to take the hint that their absence conveyed? He went forward quietly, but to his astonishment she did not seem in the least bit glad to see him.

"I hope I have not been unfortunate enough to have missed the new song which you promised that I should hear to-night, Miss Barton?" he asked, casting a reproachful glance at her. "I could not manage to get away sooner. Am I too late after all?"

"No, not for the song you speak of," stammered the girl, hastily, with an embarrassment she tried in vain to conceal. "I am going to sing presently."

"You will allow me to lead you to the piano, and turn over for you?" he said, a little anxiously, concerned at her evident coolness.

"Yes."

But her eyes never met his, and there was still the tell-tale colour in her cheeks; and the doctor's brow was overcast as he made a stiff little bow in walking away.

Northbrook looked after him, smiling.

"You are very good to your recreant swains, Miss Barton; you allow them to sing their wings now and then instead of extinguishing them at once. Do you call that merciful?"

Leslie drew her slight figure to its fullest height, answering haughtily—

"By what right, Captain Northbrook, do you question my proceedings? Kindly remember that I am not Ethel Seymour!" And with this parting thrust Leslie moved to the side of her hostess, and began to speak rapidly to her.

The girl's heart was sore within her. First Sir Philip, and then Captain Northbrook, had been sneering at her for her partisanship of the young physician; and what with that, her uncle's disapproval, and the forgotten flowers, she was quite unlike herself.

When Dr. Owen approached to offer her his arm across the room, he was more puzzled than ever. What had become of the frank, simple, charming girl of the last few months? It was an altogether different person who met him now, with a reserve which put him back into the region of mere acquaintanceship.

Leslie seated herself at the piano, Dr. Owen stationing himself beside her. As the melting tones of the girl's clear voice rose and fell, as the wild beauty of the music and the words of the refrain rang through the room, an expression of yearning passed over the young man's face. When the song and murmur of applause had died away, he quietly placed her hand upon his arm, and withdrew her suddenly to one of the adjoining recesses.

"Miss Leslie," he began, abruptly, "what have I done to offend you? Why have you not kept your promise to me of wearing my flowers?"

"Because I never received any flowers, Dr.

Owen," replied the girl, toying nervously with her fan, but trying to speak carelessly.

"But I sent them. Who could have kept them from you? But never mind that now. I want to speak to you, Miss Leslie. I wonder if you have any idea what you are to me?"

Leslie started, and glanced up for a moment with her lovely innocent eyes into his face.

"I think—I think—that—"

"What do you think, Leslie?" he questioned, softly, trying in vain to make her meet his impassioned gaze. "Is it that you know—?"

"Pardon my intrusion," said a sneering voice behind them, "but Mrs. Wilson says that you are sent for, doctor, and I have come to recall our fair singer to charm us again," and Sir Philip Seymour extended his arm with a smile of malicious triumph.

The hot blood rushed wildly into the young girl's face, while Dr. Owen drew back.

"I shall see you again!" and with a lingering pressure of the hand, Leslie was left alone with Sir Philip.

"Let us go to the drawing-room then," she cried, impatiently.

"All in good time, my little friend," calmly replied her companion; "but I have something to say to you first. Do you know that your uncle has given you to me? Will you ratify his consent and be my wife?"

"I could never give my hand without my heart, Sir Philip, and you know, you must know, that I do not care for you. Besides," in a lower tone, "the man I marry must help, not hinder me, in my efforts and struggles after a better life, and you do not approve of any of my hopes or plans."

"Will nothing that I can say make you change your mind?" with a look that boded ill for a refusal.

"Nothing," gently. "You do not really love me, Sir Philip, so it does not matter."

"Ah! I see. That presumptuous doctor has been before me! But do not think that he will be successful. You will never be allowed to throw yourself away on Dr. Owen, Leslie. It's all very well your flirting with him, but remember, foolish girl, that he would never seek you were it not for your reputed wealth." Sir Philip spoke quickly enough now. His voice was eager with suppressed rage, and with despair at the thought of the fifty thousand, which seemed likely to escape him. "For your own sake, do not throw away the chance of becoming the Lady of Hazeldean."

He saw with malicious glee that his words had stricken the warmth and colour from the pliant face.

An indignant reply trembled on the girl's quivering lips, but she was too proud to give it utterance.

"You have had your answer," with a cold dignity, ignoring his other remarks; "perhaps you would be kind enough to leave me now!"

With a face as black as night, Sir Philip strode from the room. His defeat was shown too plainly to his sister and friends for them to ask any questions; and the drive home was taken in comparative silence.

Mr. Barton's feelings may be imagined when Sir Philip disclosed the result of his interview with Leslie. "Send her to me!" he thundered, as the young man left the room.

"So, Miss Barton! And you dare to set my express wishes at defiance?" he began, on her appearance, with a harsh voice that grated on the girl's excited feelings. "No words, please!" as she was beginning to speak; "I merely wish you to understand my intentions. I give you one month—mind, I mean what I say—one month in which to come to a better conclusion. Should you decide then to accept Sir Philip Seymour you shall stand with me as before: should you refuse—you shall be turned from the door without a farthing. Now go. No, I shall not hear one word you have to

say until the month is up. Tell Miss Cameron to speak to me!"

With a heightened colour Leslie walked proudly from the presence of the irate old man.

Miss Cameron had barely received her instructions when the butler announced Dr. Owen.

The latter was first to speak.

"I am here in answer to your note, Mr. Barton," he began, pleasantly, "but before we begin, may I beg of you to listen to me for a few minutes first?"

"Say on," laconically, keeping cool with a tremendous struggle.

"It is only that, like many another, I love your niece," said the doctor, with one of his sunny smiles, "and I would be so pleased if you would give me your consent. I think I may say that I have a fair chance of winning her; and I need not tell you how earnestly I shall do my utmost to make her happy."

"I am a man of few words, Dr. Owen," Mr. Barton replied, slowly, "and I shall not mince what I have to say. It will be very unfortunate for you if you carry out your intentions of winning my niece."

Dr. Owen returned his keen, set look.

"Why so?" he inquired, as cool as he.

"Because you are not a suitable person to become her husband!"

"I do not understand you."

"You have played upon the fancy of an inexperienced girl who has seen little of the world, for the sake of her money. I feel justified in refusing my consent."

Dr. Owen paled slightly.

"I am no fortune-hunter, Mr. Barton," he said, coldly; "give me your niece without a penny, and I shall consider myself the most fortunate of men. It is not her money that I want, but herself."

"It is hardly necessary to say, sir, that I am at liberty to doubt that statement," sneered Mr. Barton. Then, with a sudden change of tone, "Give up this foolish idea, Dr. Owen, and I will befriend you. I will make you rich!" watching his face eagerly; "I will help you to increase your fortune."

The doctor's lips curled.

"You plead well—for your own interests," he said, bitterly.

Mr. Barton coloured at the thrust.

"I think of your interest as well as my own. Don't make me your enemy, Dr. Owen! Don't return my hospitality with such black ingratitude as this!"

"I neither ask nor wish for help, Mr. Barton." He was hot with rage. "I shall leave it to your niece to choose between me and wealth. I am not rich, but I have a little money of my own, and my practice is growing steadily. I can give her every necessary, and, above all, an honest, faithful love."

"You intend then to prosecute your suit?" harshly.

"Certainly."

"May I ask if you have spoken yet to Miss Barton?"

"Not definitely; but I think she understands."

"Dr. Owen, I am an old man, and Leslie is all I have; if she goes to you, she forsakes utterly and for ever her adopted home. Will you grant me a request?"

"What is it?" mistrustfully.

"That for one month—it is not long to wait—you neither speak nor write to my niece? Surely you can oblige me so far," impatiently; "after that I wash my hands of her."

Dr. Owen faced him steadily. "I am sorry, Mr. Barton, that you will not give me your consent; but," he paused, "you are an old man, as you say, and have been kind to Leslie. For one month I promise to accede to your conditions."

He rose, with a haughty movement of his

head, ignoring Mr. Barton's hand, and took his departure.

What an interminable month it seemed to the young physician; and how fearfully hard to refrain from speaking!

Christmas had passed with its festive duties, and January was already on the wane.

Poor little Leslie! Patience and passion were having a hard time of it in the proud silence of her heart. She had to act her part of hostess, and smile serenely as if quite content; she had to bear her uncle's ill-humour, and Sir Philip's hated attentions; and to feel that every moment of the day she was watched and guarded like a prisoner.

What were they afraid of? she thought, scornfully. That she would beg for the friendship that was now a thing of the past? They did not know her if they thought that.

No wonder that anxiety and unrest were making the young face pathetic. Not a day passed but she met Dr. Owen, and yet she had never exchanged a word with him since Mrs. Wilson's evening. Only a hurried bow was all that passed between them now. Every day she had expected some explanation of what he had begun to say that evening, which seemed so long ago; but no word, no line came to lessen her impatience; no hope but the lingering pressure of his hand, the look in his eyes with which he had said, "I shall see you again."

"What makes you so quiet and white, Leslie?" asked Miss Cameron, kindly, as they sat together one morning.

"I am thinking that to-morrow will be my last day here," replied Leslie, in a low, dreamy tone.

"Nonsense, child! You do not mean to throw away your splendid fortune and Sir Philip Seymour for a mere struggling doctor!" exclaimed Miss Cameron, unguardedly.

"Minnie!" Leslie's eyes flashed ominously, "do not couple my name with anyone, if you please. I am going to the hospital to-morrow as a nurse there," with a proud little curtsy. "Miss Jacobs, the matron, has promised to take me for a year's trial, and I am going to tell uncle my decision now." And without listening to Miss Cameron's expostulations, Leslie walked straight into the library.

"Uncle, the month is up to-day, and I have come to tell you that nothing, nothing would ever induce me to be Sir Philip Seymour's wife. As you are going to disown me for this refusal, I only wish to say, before leaving Fern Tower, that I thank you from my heart for your goodness to me the last four years, and that I am very, very sorry to have to leave you in anger with me."

"A nice return you make me for the goodness you speak of! I like deeds, not words, miss; and as you've made your bed, so you shall lie on it. Not one penny of my money shall you ever see; no, not if you were to go down upon your knees and beg for it; there!" And the old man glared at her as he thundered out the words.

"Good-bye, then, uncle," replied the girl, sadly. "I care nothing for your money, only you will not believe me."

With a heavy heart Leslie began to pack her things. She was half through with her work when the maid Ellen came in.

"If you please, miss," she said, with wide-opened eyes, "Dr. Owen is in the drawing-room, and wants to see you."

Leslie sprang to her feet, passing her hand across her throbbing brow, then slowly turned her steps towards the drawing-room.

The young man walked quickly forwards.

"Leslie!" he cried, with unspeakable longing in his voice, "Leslie! I promised your uncle not to speak until a month had passed; it is over now," with a sigh of relief, "and I have come to see if I can gain my heart's desire. You did care for me a little, did you not?" gazing anxiously at the white, still face, and taking her hands in his.

"Did care for you?" Leslie echoed under her breath, with a strange little laugh. "Ask me, rather, if I do care for you, and I will answer yes!"

* * * * *

In less than a month the old-fashioned house, with the vines creeping over the front, had gained a mistress; and Leslie's life blossomed with the happiness of a future that seemed to be overflowing with its golden promise.

Neither Doctor nor Mrs. Owen were much astonished when, a few weeks later, a grand and fashionable marriage took place in London, and Mr. Barton led Miss Cameron to the altar.

"It is not a case of 'Love *versus* Money' there, Leslie, is it?" said the doctor, laughingly, as he read out the announcement at breakfast. "But I think, my dear one, that we have the best of the bargain. A happy love is the greatest blessing we can know in this troublous life of ours, and I would not exchange it for the wealth of a Cræsus."

And Leslie quite agreed with him.

[THE END.]

THE CULTURE OF SILK IN IRELAND AND AMERICA.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.



HERE is no more interesting story in all the annals of women's labours for women than that of the organisation which was formed in 1880, in the City of Philadelphia, U.S.A. It was inaugurated by a noble band of devoted women, who adopted for it the name of the Woman's Silk Culture Association of America, and declared, in their constitution, that their object was "to establish industrial schools, for instruction in the art of silk culture and in the art of preparing silk for manufacturing uses. Also for the establishment of auxiliary associations for such instruction throughout the United States." These duties were at once entered upon with a membership of 150 persons, of whom 100 were ladies, and a revenue for the enterprise of \$1,627 (not quite £400), nearly all of which was efficiently expended within the first year. To all these ladies the practical knowledge of silk culture was unknown; but they were all swayed by one purpose, *i.e.*, to help their own sex scattered over their country; to carry on an interesting, instructive, and moral, as well as a remunerative industry, easily made accessible to every household, to the thousands of small householders of the country, to whom the labour channels of cities and the liberal patronage of the rich never flow. Thus the poor of the country

were the objects of this generous effort to introduce into a vast country the cottage culture of silk, as an auxiliary to slender incomes, and as a light and pleasant occupation for unemployed women and children. For in the beginning there was no thought of business profit to the association, only unselfish consideration and enlightened designs. After four years of work the association made an appeal to the National Government at Washington for its fostering care on behalf of the silk industry in the United States, with the result that in 1885 the "Agricultural Bureau" at Washington authorised the association to demonstrate the practicability of home-reeling, and to enlarge the other departments of their work, being aided by the Government in doing so with monthly appropriations for the covering of the expenses incurred. This was required to be under the direction of the department. Later on an appeal was made for a direct appropriation to the association, instead of leaving it in a dependent position, which was likely to hamper progress. This appeal was granted, and the American Government made a grant of 5,000 dollars, which has since been repeated yearly, and has now passed into a law.

This action of the United States Government enabled the Association of Women to ply their efforts to the furthering of the silk industry with redoubled strength and vigour, for they are not now dependent on private aid, nor compelled to make constant calls on

the public for support. In the year 1885 the association started the first reeling station in America, by opening rooms with steam power and all requisite appliances in Arch Street, Philadelphia. Here a line of shafting was introduced, with arrangements for six reels, three American reels being placed there early in June. Shortly after this date the first market was opened for the sale of reeled silk, and also for "waste," by a liberal offer from two or three firms of silk manufacturers. In 1888 a bill was introduced into Congress, asking for an appropriation of 150,000 dollars to aid and foster the silk industry in America. This seems to set the seal of success on the efforts that have been made by women, and shows that they have not been exerted in vain. There are at this date three stations of silk culture, independently of what the National Bureau at Washington is doing; and theirs is no mean work, having introduced the "Serrell reeling" system, and a Bureau of Information as well, for the distribution of seed and the purchase of cocoons. The Bureau of Agriculture at Washington set up a plant of the new "Serrell automatic reels" imported from France by the Ladies' Association for them in the year 1886. So it will be seen what really has been, in a period of about eight years, the work of a few energetic and devoted women in America, *i.e.*, the introduction of the culture of silk, the instruction of the people, the acquirement of a good American reel, the instruction of American girls in reeling, the testing of the French

steam reel—now in use in all the foreign filatures—and finally, the placing of the first flags of American-grown silk in the Senate Chamber and in the House of Representatives. There was an exhibition of American-grown silk and cocoons at the American Exhibition in London in 1887, which was well worth attention. The association has received several silver medals from various exhibitions, and fifteen certificates and diplomas from different States in the Union.

The question of the reel is one of enormous importance, and the association seems to have come to the conclusion that the small American hand-reel—when adjusted for steam power—is better than any of those at present in use on the Continent. They have carefully and patiently tested the Berthaud French steam-reel, as well as others, before coming to this conclusion. In the reeling department in Philadelphia they have American girls at work under the instruction of an Italian, and they have six reels running, the filature turning off twenty-four skeins of raw silk daily. In the future, when the cocoons are improved, it is hoped that they will succeed in throwing out from good products at least one pound daily in this reeling department, and thus must be answered the oft-repeated questions, "Will it pay? and can the reeling be performed so as to compete with foreign labour?" In the report of the association for 1888 they seem to consider these questions answered in the affirmative, and if answered for America it must be the same thing for both England and Ireland, where an exactly corresponding expense for labour is incurred. In 1888 the report says, "This superior reel of American make was invented by one of Philadelphia's skilled mechanics, assisted by one of America's scientific scholars, and is superior to all other reels, having a capacity double that of any other one in existence. The president of the association, who is now travelling in Europe, reports that she has seen none to equal it, and it must be remembered in dealing with the question that the silk reel bears the same relation to silk culture as the cotton gin does to cotton culture; it is the very first process in preparing the silk for the loom. . . . It has been said by many that silk culture was not possible in this country, because American girls could not be trained to the delicate art of reeling. This has been thoroughly refuted by trials, as quite a number have already been taught in its school to be expert reelers, and are now employed at good wages in the rooms of the association, where six steam reels are in operation."

Some of the States of the Union, especially Kansas, have offered a bounty of 50 cents (2s.) for the best quality of cocoons, and a descending scale for those not so good. Kansas has also established a silk station, and advertises to pay the highest market price for premium crops; and it also pays cash for all cocoons sent to the station, according to their value when tested, the price paid being in all cases strictly foreign market value.

In Mexico the raising of silk has been commenced. The Consul-General of the U.S.A. reports in 1887 that within five years more silk will be manufactured in Mexico than can be consumed by her own people. The factory started has machinery imported from France, and is in the hands of competent men. The silk worm cultivators in the vicinity of the factory will, it is expected, be able to supply all the demands.

In thirty-two of the States 6,673 mulberry

trees and cuttings have been distributed, and in the Southern States it will be possible to raise two crops in the year. The best quality of silk has hitherto been mixed by Ohio, and the American Association says it is a question for the people themselves to decide whether New York shall become the silk mart of the world, as she is already of foreign raw silk. In America there are at present 385 silk factories and 30,000 employees, and 20,000,000 dollars of raw material of foreign production is used. The imports of waste silk, pierced cocoons, at the ports of New York and San Francisco are valued at £185,838, and of raw silk at £4,425,378. The Americans have paid great attention to the improvement of machinery for throwing and manufacturing silk, and with so much success that some English firms are rehabilitating their mills with machinery from Connecticut, and discarding their more old-fashioned and cumbrous methods.

No wonder that these patriotic American women in Philadelphia see that in the face of an immense consumption like this it would be worse than a sin to allow the silk industry to be practically in the hands of foreigners, when the native American, especially women and children, could earn the money as well. The foreign fields of silk culture fall far behind in furnishing the increased demand, especially that of the American market, which is a comparatively new one. The tariff on manufactured silk goods has resulted in the establishment of several hundred silk mills of the most superior class, which consume an immense amount of material.

King James, who endeavoured to found and foster the silk industry in England, also did his very best for it in the then American colonies of England; years after so far had it advanced that a Court robe was made for the queen from silk raised in Pennsylvania, while the king wore garments made from silk grown in Virginia. The report of the association also gives us the copy of a letter from Washington, dated Philadelphia, July 29th, 1794, to Mrs. Anderson, of Gloucester County, Virginia, thanking her for a piece of silk of her own manufacture, grown in Virginia, which "the father of his country" promises to wear "as an evidence of what our climate, aided by industry, is capable of yielding, although it is an established maxim of mine not to accept a present from anyone." In the same way the Silk Association of the day has presented Mrs. Garfield with a dress pattern of black silk, which was purely American, from the worms who spun the cocoons, to the weaving, the pattern being a particularly fine design.

Have I interested you, my dear readers, in this story of women's efforts, patience, and victory? And do you long already to do something of the sort, and strive to found an industry in England, as well as Ireland, which shall in the course of years bring increased means of livelihood to women and children? Remember that the business man and the capitalist cannot try social experiments, and the banker has no room in his ledgers for motives of sympathy and beneficence. Therefore this new property, this new opening for labour and profit, must be created by women and girls, and they must begin without the idea of payment, only with the firm conviction that there is an ultimate success for them if they will begin to study the habits of the silkworm and to find a plot of ground where a few mulberry trees can take root and prosper. One benefit seems to be more clear than another, and that is, the small capital needed

to set up the silk grower. An acre or two of land of ordinary fertility and a few pounds for the purchase of mulberry trees and plants will enable anyone who is anxious to become a silk grower to lay the foundation for a plantation on an extensive scale. The way in which the mulberry may be multiplied by means of cuttings and layers is wonderful. It is said that they may be quadrupled every year. The white mulberry, or *Morus alba*, is that generally cultivated as the best species for the use of the silkworm; but in China, Spain, and Persia they are said to prefer the *Morus nigra*, or black mulberry, of which we have so many trees in this country. The *Morus alba* has been known to attain the age of 400 years; it has leaves earlier in the year than any other species, and is more rapid in growth than the black mulberry, while it contains more of the glutinous substance, like *caoutchouc*, which gives tenacity to the silk produced by the worms fed on its leaves. One acre of mulberries should feed from 80,000 to 100,000 worms, or from 300 to 500 lbs. of cocoons; but much depends on care, climate and soil. Hillsides, land sloping towards the east, south-east or south; and protected on the north and north-west by plantations or buildings, consisting of a dry, sandy loam, are the conditions suitable for the mulberry; a cold, damp, or heavy soil will not answer.

The Americans advise that hedges of mulberry should be planted round the grounds of farms, as in this case children could reach up and gather the leaves.

The temperature needed for raising silkworms is not less than 75° Fahrenheit. Where that cannot be obtained special means for raising the thermometer up to that degree are needful, and one of the foundations of the art of rearing silkworms is to know the various degrees of heat in which the silkworms should live. It is not heat apparently that affects them, but sudden changes from one degree of temperature to another. It is necessary that the growth of the worms should follow that of the mulberry leaves in such a manner that at the fourth age the leaves should have attained their full growth. If the first ages of the worms be prolonged, the leaf will grow and harden and become unfit for their use.

The last subject to be touched upon is in reference to the eggs of the silkworm (or "grain," as it is properly called). The various epidemics in Europe have rendered it needful to look to Eastern countries for it, and Japan alone supplies Europe and the United States with great quantities of eggs, no less than six million dollars' worth being exported from Yokohama to San Francisco alone. They perform the long voyage in the winter, and are purchased in Japan in September, having been laid in August. Great pains are taken to shelter them from heat, but they can stand any amount of cold, and in travelling they can be kept on ice without damage; but they must also be kept dry, and a cold, dry cellar is the best place for them in winter. They may be kept in linen bags, hung up to the ceiling in a cool place, or else in tin boxes with perforations in the sides. The eggs are sold by weight, their value being about 25s. per ounce; each ounce may contain 40,000 eggs; and so you may guess from this how much you will require when you begin your work as an "educator" of silkworms; and you can also make calculations about the leaves you are likely to have with which to feed them. An ounce of eggs will produce about 100 to 120 lbs. of cocoons.



A PLEA FOR CONVALESCENT HOMES.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

IN unhomelike City houses,
 With a hot and throbbing brow,
 Many a weary girl is struggling
 Through a convalescence slow;
 While o'er cool and verdant mosses
 Other maidens careless stray,
 Where across the dancing rivers
 Dart the dragon-flies at play.

Days go by with leaden footsteps
 In the narrow, noisy room,
 Where no ray of God's sweet sunlight
 Breaks the close, unlovely gloom;
 Yet the merry merle and mavis
 Make the woods resound with song,
 And the dusty bee rejoices
 That the summer day is long!

Only jarring City noises
 Fall upon the tired ear;
 There is not a leaf or blossom
 Wistful eyes to bless and cheer;
 Yet the summer's breeze is playing
 O'er the glowing, purple moor,
 And the tiny waves are kissing
 With soft lips the shining shore.

Ah! ye gay and gentle maidens—
 Ye, to whom God giveth all,
 Let a share of your abundance
 On less happy sisters fall.
 Hark! a still, small voice is saying,
 "Are My gifts not full and free?"
 What ye give to these my sisters,
 Ye have given unto Me."



OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS.

THE notion of putting down a few ideas on gardens and gardening occurred to me while staying with a most enthusiastic grower of flowers in Norfolk this year. The wealth of bloom that met my gaze every time I looked out of a window, or for that matter looked round the rooms—for my friend was not one of those growers who are afraid to pluck a flower—might have awakened enthusiasm for gardens and gardening in the breasts of the most indifferent; and as my friend kindly put at my disposal his own experience as a grower of flowers for many years, I determined to make the present attempt to say something practical, to help those readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* who are interested in the subject of gardening. Not that I shall attempt to write a sort of professional treatise on this inexhaustible theme (even if I were capable of doing so, which I am not), for if the Editor consented to print it (which I doubt), the readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* would, I am thinking, not give me their attention for long. I have my own ideas about what a garden should be, as I daresay have many other people. The subject of gardens has occupied my mind on and off for the last few years, but it is only recently that I have attempted to fix my thoughts on paper. One of my methods of study ever since I took up art has been to draw from plant form, and this has led me into a good many gardens at various times; and while seated, as I have often been, drawing some flower that has attracted my attention by its beauty or quaintness of form, I have had ample opportunities in the pauses of my work to note any striking effect of grouping, contrasts of colour, or the way one plant will throw up and bring into prominence another one growing in front of it. Nay, these very effects are often what I have gone into

gardens to seek, as well as for plants whose forms, flowers, foliage and growth are beautiful; and I shall in these articles dwell as much on the æsthetic—i.e., beautiful side of gardening—as on the practical aspect of the question. Depend upon it, the management of the flowers in a garden is every whit as important as the successful growing of plants, for unless great care be exercised in the placing of your flowers, much of their beauty will be lost.

Gardening is not a matter of chance, as some people may imagine. Gardening is an art, the art of decorating a confined area—for a garden, no matter how large, is relatively a small plot of ground—with plants of varied forms, colours, and growths. If we decorate a room, we seek for pleasing tints and happy combinations, so that the eye shall appear satisfied with a feeling of completeness. And we should do the same in a garden; and, let me tell you, a very difficult task it is to put all your various plants in appropriately, so that each is seen to its best advantage, and made the most of. But, say you, perhaps, the flowers in the field have no landscape gardener to fit them into their places, and yet who can deny their beauty? I would answer to such an one a garden is not nature, but an artificial product, just as much as a picture is. In a garden you have in a comparatively small space flowers that are distributed over a wide area, and which in their wild state are never found blooming together. And as you bring these widely different plants together, it is your duty to do the best by them. The hand which collects must also direct. And then, again, some flowers are so much more interesting to grow than others, and so much more beautiful when grown; and when there is such endless variety as there is now, seeing that novelties from all corners of the earth are continually being collected and brought to

England, it behoves us to make a judicious selection.

I hope my readers don't imagine that by novelties I refer to hothouse or stove plants—plants that require a constant artificial atmosphere to keep them alive. Let me emphatically state that my gardening is open-air gardening, and the plants I grow are hardy ones, and quite capable of taking care of themselves.

There is a talk now about herbaceous borders, and many people are going in entirely for hardy herbaceous plants. This is a most excellent move, and one quite in the right direction. Gardening a few years ago had resolved itself into having a few beds of geraniums and roses, two very good things in their way, but by no means the only flowers worth cultivating. Indeed, geraniums don't come under the head of hardy plants, and it is a question whether they are worth growing, unless you have plenty of glass for them in the winter, for, as you know, frost is death to them.

There seems to be some misconception as to what is meant by hardy herbaceous plants, and as it is a term often employed I had better give a definition of it. Herbaceous plants are those whose stems die down annually, such as the chrysanthemum and hollyhock, but unless disease attack the root, the plant springs into life again the following year, often increasing by the plant throwing out fresh shoots. It is therefore possible to have plants—annuals that die after flowering, and require to be replanted; biennials—plants that die the second year; and perennials—plants that live year after year under favourable conditions. There are some plants which come, strictly speaking, under the head of hardy plants, which by florists are separately classified. These plants are tuberous, as the dahlia, and bulbous, as the daffodils and lilies.



THE GARDENER.

Old-fashioned gardens were generally rich in hardy herbaceous plants and annuals; and very brilliant and even gorgeous is the effect of an old garden, with its hollyhocks, and white lilies, and bergamot, and Aaron's rods, and giant pyrethrums, and lychnis, and it is a great pity that these grand old flowers, that came up year after year, often with little care and trouble on our part, should have been allowed to fall into neglect for the sake of newer and what would be considered more fashionable plants. The greatest charm of a garden is variety and profusion of bloom, and diversity of growth and arrangement, and this is far from being realised by beds of geraniums and coloured leaf plants, arranged with a geometrical precision. I like a garden where the eye is continually meeting with some new beauty, a garden where one is constantly getting fresh peeps at flowers, and not one that is exhausted by a bird's-eye view. I like order and precision and neatness in a garden, but not too much formality, at least not formality of detail, though I think a certain formality of the principal lines in a garden, such as the walks, hedges, and main divisions, is desirable; as these are analogous to a picture frame, which to my thinking is always better the straighter and plainer it be, so as to throw into relief the richness and variety of the painting.

Good hardy herbaceous plants have their distinct uses in a garden. They are always something to start with when you begin your gardening for the spring: Only those who garden are aware of the quantity of plants a small space of ground will absorb, and it is a great relief to think, as one surveys a long border, that there are one's white lilies, phloxes, pyrethrums, delphiniums, geums, and other perennials, and that all one has to do is to fill out the intervals with annuals and a few bedding plants, such as geraniums and lobelias. Perennials come up year after year, and, once planted, all they require is manuring in the winter or spring, and just forking round the roots. It is a good plan when you cut down the dead stalks, or when they die down in the autumn and winter, to cover your plants with some good stable manure. This protects the roots from very severe frosts, and the plants are nourished by the rain washing the manure into the earth. It is always well, too, to place sticks or labels wherever you have any roots or bulbs. This is a most necessary precaution, as when the plant has died quite down, in forking over the bed one is very apt to inadvertently disturb the roots, or even fork into them, and perhaps ruin a choice clump. Bulbs frequently suffer from these accidents, and it is very probable that the reason so many bulbs get lost every year is, that they get disturbed and bruised, and eventually rot in the ground. It is even a good plan to mark down on paper the position of your plants, so that in sowing your annuals, or planting out your dwarf plants, due regard can be paid to what is already in the ground. When once a plant has got well established and appears to thrive in the particular spot in the garden, it is most important it should not be disturbed. Many of the lilies, irises, and hemerocallis grow into grand clumps and throw up dozens of spikes if the bulbs are not damaged. Therefore, be most careful when forking over the ground in the spring not to damage or disturb these corner stones of your garden.

In going into a strange garden, I always take in the general effect before studying the details of the gardening, for that is what, after all, is most pleasing in a garden. If the eye rests upon gorgeous masses of colour, great wealth of foliage and beauty of form, one's eye is satisfied, and it little matters what the plants are that produce this grand *mise en scène*. The general effect is what all gardeners should aim at, instead of, as they too often do, wasting all their time in bringing a few

flowers into bloom of some particular plant they have made their hobby. Make some one particular flower your especial study if you like, but don't do this to the exclusion of all else. A good gardener I consider one of the most generous of beings, for in gratifying himself (or herself), he gives pleasure, may be to thousands. Seeing it is so easy to be generous, no gardener should be selfish, and sacrifice the general effect of his garden for the sake of some particular plant. What matters it how common (if any flower is common in this sense) the plants that produce this wealth of effect be, so long as the general effect is one of splendour?

What a relief it is to the eye as one is driving along a country road or through a village, to have it cheered by a sight of brilliant coloured flowers! and I always lament that there are now comparatively so few real cottage gardens. Now and then you come across some country labourer who is a gardening enthusiast, and who has the strip of ground in front of his cottage gay with many an old-fashioned flower, with here and there perchance a rarer plant, that the gardener at the great house has given him. And let me tell you some very choice hardy plants are to be found in these cottage gardens, and I know my Norfolk friend is always on the look out as he drives through the country for some new acquisition for his own garden. Some of the flowers that our great great grandmothers grew still linger on in these cottage gardens, and you cannot do better than try to effect an exchange of some of your newer plants for cuttings or seeds of these old-fashioned flowers. Two or three generations ago our country folk were much more diligent gardeners than they are now. The wives of the farmers were often great flower-growers. These were the days before professional gardeners became so plentiful, and it was looked upon as one of the duties of the female members of the house to see after and tend to the garden. And they naturally, having so much of the work to do themselves, grew plants which gave the best results with the smallest amount of labour, and hence it was that hardy annuals and perennials formed by far the larger portion of the plants grown.

And your old-fashioned gardeners were not content to have a brilliant display for just two or three months in the year, with scarcely a flower to brighten up the garden all the rest of the time. There was hardly a month in the whole twelve that had not some plant blooming; and I hold it to be the duty of all gardeners to try and have a succession of flowers the whole year round, and not a brilliant show for a brief space, like a display of fireworks succeeded by utter darkness, all the more gloomy by contrast to what has been. Of course, except in very favoured situations, it is difficult to have many flowers in mid-winter, but as we shall see later on there is something to be had in flower even then.

I have occasionally—the rarity of the event makes it the more prominent—seen the small patch of ground in front of an old lady's cottage that for wealth of colour and variety of plants would put to shame some gardens near by, where a gardener is always kept at work. And what matters it to me whether the flowers in this cottage ground are old-fashioned, as though that were in itself derogatory, so long as the garden presents rich harmonies and subtle contrasts to the eye? While you are trying to grow some out-of-the-way novelty (as you call it), you are missing the opportunity of making your garden a perfect blaze of flowers. Colour is what I look for in a garden; given that and I am all but satisfied. I care not how it be produced, but I must have colour. Flowers have a wonderful way of harmonising themselves, and what in a picture would be intolerable, is in a garden, perhaps, just as gorgeous. Of course you

can greatly help the effect by placing together flowers that harmonise or agreeably contrast with each other. It is one of your duties, as I have said somewhere else, to do the best for your flowers; but still you needn't be frightened at getting too much colour in your garden. If that time should ever come it will be a sure proof that you have obtained the secret of blooming plants, and this is, when all else is said, the grand secret of all gardening. Among old-fashioned flowers may be enumerated the following:—

Butter polyanthus flowers soon after Christmas; primroses and oxlips, double yellow, mauve and crimson, and the old polyanthus "hose in nose" of all colours. Double wallflowers when in bloom make as handsome a bed of flowers as anything a garden can show. While staying this spring in a little country village on the Thames, I was struck with the beautiful rich appearance of a bed of wallflowers (double and single), from pale yellow to deep purple. The great variety of colour in the wallflower is one of its most striking features. Wallflowers are generally raised from seed, but can also be propagated from cuttings.

Dianthus or male pinks are very showy in beds and borders, and as it is a hardy perennial gives little trouble when once established. It flowers from March till late autumn, and is more brilliant at certain times than at others. Raised easily from cuttings in almost any soil, provided cuttings are particularly shaded from the sun. They are very much given to "sporting," that is, sending off varieties different to the parent plant, and some of these sports are very beautiful, and can be perpetuated from cuttings taken from the "sport." *Dianthus striatus multiflorus* (French) is the best variety.

The biennial Chinese pinks sown broadcast are deserving of attention.

Delphinium belladonna, a lovely sky blue, is the most beautiful of the delphiniums. It can be perpetuated by division or from seed. After throwing up magnificent spikes of flowers in May and June, it can be cut down, and will in the autumn throw up a sheet of short spikes of blooms, a very welcome addition to the garden beauties at this time of the year. It can be planted either in the autumn or spring. There are many varieties of colour, from pale mauve to deep purplish blue, and if planted against a dark background of yew, are most striking in the corners of a garden.

Phlox decussata is the late flowering herbaceous one, and is a valuable autumn plant. It is better to take cuttings from early shoots, as when the root throws up many shoots you can take the surplus ones for striking, as it is never necessary to leave more than three or four stems to a plant.

Phlox suffruticosa is an earlier flowering variety, with a dwarfer habit than the former.

The dwarf white Campanula (*C. grandis alba*) and *persicifolia alba*, single and double, and *cerulea*, single and double, are some of the choicest of the campanulas.

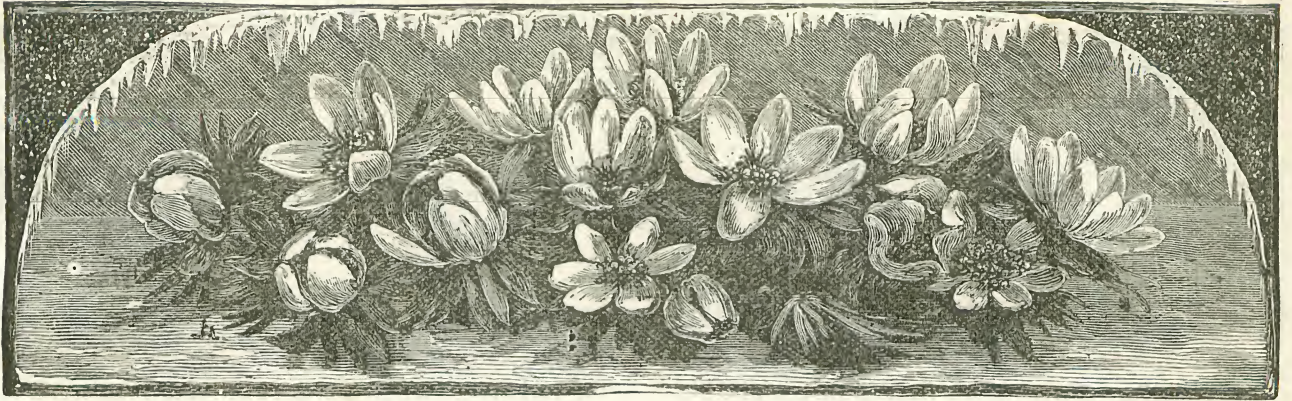
Of the Columbines, *Aquilegia chrysantha*, with its canary coloured flowers and glaucous, green foliage, is one of the most striking.

A. chrysantha hybrida, with red and yellow flowers; and also a striking one is *cerulea grandulosa*, with its striking blue and white flowers. These are all hardy perennials.

Lychnis chalcidonica, single and double, is a striking plant growing from three to four feet high, having dense compact foliage, covered with heads of scarlet or crimson flowers.

The sweet-scented bergamot (*Monarda didyma*) is an old-fashioned hardy perennial, and one distinctly worth growing, if it were for the scent of its foliage alone. It grows about three feet high, and flowers in distinct whorls of a brilliant scarlet colour.

FRED MILLER.



A BLOSSOM THAT NEVER DIES.

Words by CAROLINE RADFORD.

Allegretto tranquillo.

Music by CÉCILE S. HARTOG.

VOICE. *p*

Be - low the rocks where the

PIANO. *p*

sam - phire blows, The peb - bled beach in an in - let shows A

Sempre legato.

cres.

qui - et cave, where a green fern grows, By the sum - mer

poco rit.

cres. *dim.*

sea. *mf* 'Twould

a tempo. *p* *mf*

cheer and bright - en my home al - way, But fades if far from the

p *p*

fresh sea - spray, It could not live for a sin - gle day In the

f *f*

town, in the town with me. Be -

sf *colla voce.* *p*

- low the hills where the hea - ther lies, A maid - en sings, and her

p

smi - ling eyes Say— Love's a blos - som that nev - er dies,

cres. *colla voce.*

By the town or sea, Love's a blos - som that nev - er dies,

f a piacere. *f colla voce.*

By the town or sea.

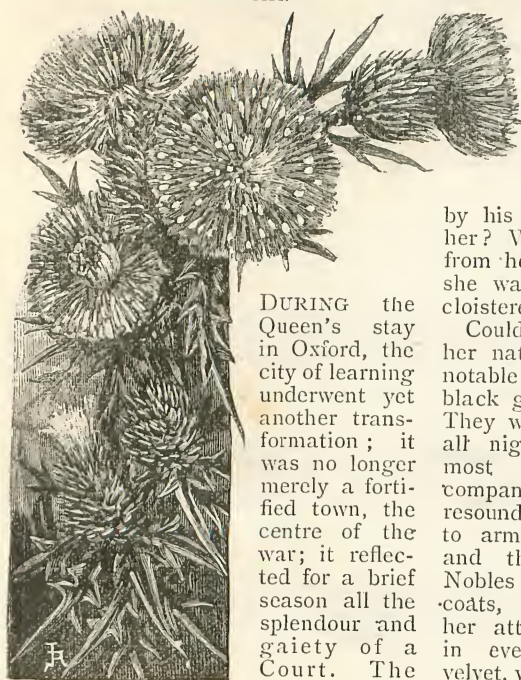
colla voce. *p cres.* *sf* *ff* *sva.....*

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XII.



DURING the Queen's stay in Oxford, the city of learning underwent yet another transformation; it was no longer merely a fortified town, the centre of the war; it reflected for a brief season all the splendour and gaiety of a Court. The numerous

Royalist families within its walls took advantage of the emergency which had brought them there, to brush up their best manners and shake out their most presentable clothes, in order to ruffle it, while their wearers might, in the finest company. They were glad to let the younger members of the families especially enjoy the lively change, with all its accompanying advantages, from such quiet halls and retired manor-houses as those in which the sons and daughters of squires were bred. If there were hardships involved in the removal from the roomy family mansions and fair gardens and parks, to be cooped up in Oxford lodgings over tradesmen's shops, there were many compensations in the abundance of gay company, with the crowning grace lent to it by the King and Queen's presence.

Kitty fretted at her separation from her father, at the absence of all news of her brother, and believed truly that she would have preferred her quiet home at Oriel, with the peace and leisure secured in the small family by the simple, thrifty house-keeping of Mrs. Judy, to the crush and bustle at Lady Ottery's, under the present circumstances. But she not only did her best to help her godmother and lessen the difficulties all round, she could not help being carried along with the tide and moved with sympathy. She experienced her share of the keen pleasure of youth in the brilliant stir and the seemingly constant joyous excitement. She knew from her own history that all was not what it looked at the first glance, that there were stings in these earthly joys

which nothing save a foretaste of higher happiness and a peace that the world could neither give nor take away would deprive of their poignancy. Kitty was wise for her years, and she had been tried, for had not her Jackie gone forth from his family denounced by his father, and for the time dead to her? Was she not separated indefinitely from her oldest, kindest friends? But she was neither cynic, nor stoic, nor cloistered nun.

Could these be the staid old streets of her native Oxford, in which the most notable passengers were wont to be black gowned professors and scholars? They were now thronged all day, and all night for that matter, with the most exquisite, the most motley company. The nooks and corners resounded with bugles calling soldiers to arms, with the clatter of cavalry and the tramp of foot regiments. Nobles and squires in military buff coats, dames and damsels, each with her attendant, dressed for conquest in every rainbow hue of silk or velvet, with all the accessories of sweeping trains, fluttering feathers, and glittering jewels, formed the strange wayfarers. They stopped continually to greet each other, and awoke the academic echoes with light talk and airy laughter, even when they had not lutes played before them to make sweet sensuous music as they walked.

It was like seeing a play to sit in one of Dame Tabitha's windows nowadays, and watch all that was going on below. There were veritable plays acted also, as if the crowd of occupations and engagements was not enough without them. Real players were brought down from London to help the amateurs to give Shakespeare in one or other of the halls, and as the players strutted about in their quaintly gorgeous dresses, and mingled with the grave and reverend flectors who still held their ground, a fantastic, dreamlike effect was lent to the scene.

"The King dined and supped in public and walked in state in Christ Church Meadows, Merton Gardens, and the Grove of Trinity, which the wits called 'Daphne.'

"A Parliament sat from day to day; service was sung daily in all the chapels; books, both of learning and poetry, were printed in the city; and the distinctions which the colleges had to offer were conferred with pomp on the royal followers, as almost the only rewards the King had to bestow."

Every day the long tables in the common rooms, in place of being surrounded by students, were encompassed by ladies and gentlemen of the rank to command such privileges. The velvet

turf of the smoothly shorn bowling greens, which were the pride of the various college gardens, was perpetually studded with animated groups, replacing the old dignified players.

Christ Church Meadows and the Grove of Trinity were the favourite resorts of the brilliant public. The paths by the rivers had their throngs of idle saunterers bandying the gallant compliments in which the ingenious Court poets and wits of the period delighted. Behind all, casting a lurid light on everything, lending it the desperate fascination of a dainty morsel snatched from a wild beast's jaws, like that ghastly vision of the mutilation of Master William Prynne which had haunted little Kitty Dacre in her first realisation of a play before royalty, was the prevailing sense of the danger, strife, and bloodshed outside these charmed walls, with the too probable tragic ending of the drama. In the eloquent words of the author just quoted, many of the actors in this wonderful historical drama "fell fighting on some hardly contested grassy slope, and were buried on the spot, or in the next village churchyard, in the dress in which they played *Philastes*, or the Court garb in which they had wooed their mistress, or the doctor's gown in which they preached before the King or read Greek in the schools." *

In June Hampden had fallen, in July the Queen had come to Oxford, and in September Charles marched to take the town of Gloucester; but when the Parliamentary garrison were reduced to their last barrel of gunpowder, Essex arrived with his army to their relief. The King was forced to raise the siege, the two armies meeting and fighting an inconclusive battle near Newbury. The battle was inconclusive of victory on either side, but where it raged hottest, Lord Falkland, who had sought the post of danger, charging at the head of his troops, was struck by a musket ball, and fell dead from his horse. He had shown such recklessness of courage, approaching to foolhardiness, that Lord Clarendon felt bound to remonstrate with him, receiving for answer the half-jesting speech that Falkland's office (that of Secretary of War) could not take away the privilege of his age (thirty-four years), and that a Secretary of War must be present at the secret of war. In spite of the jest on his lips, he left the impression that he was a broken-hearted man, unable to see any extrication from the terrible strait in which his love of freedom and justice on the one hand, and his love of the King on the other, had placed him. The conviction was forced upon him that his Royal master and friend would "neither be served nor saved" by the best which men could offer him. Thus he whose yearn-

* "John Inglesant."

ing for peace was fond and deep died fighting in the thick of the battle.

When the news reached Oxford there was great mourning, and it was said with reason that the King had lost his best friend. Kitty cried bitterly; she thought of Jack, and asked herself whether it would be his turn next. She recalled her father's happy visit to Great Tew, and how he had extolled its young master; he was so noble, so good, so gifted, so gracious. She remembered how proud she had been when she was presented to him at his request the day he met her with her father. And now it was all over here—his high and generous aspirations, his wistful loyalty to his King, his just, gentle rule over his dependents, his brotherly regard for scholars, his tender family affections, his devotion to his Church, his reverence for his God. He was but thirty-four, and he died fighting—he who so loved peace—in the flower and glory of his manhood. In Great Tew to-day there was nothing save lamentation, mourning, and woe, where his widowed wife, fatherless children, and bereft household wept and bemoaned him who would never more return to make their hearts glad. All over here, Kitty—but what of there, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, where the King in His beauty says "Well done" to his good and faithful servant?

Nothing but lamentation, mourning, and woe in Great Tew? That cannot be, when the woman he honoured with his love reminds his children what a man their father was, how he has been spared many a sickening care and torturing pang, and has gone forth early to receive his reward, and to meet and welcome them when they were permitted to repair to the heavenly habitations.

As it was on Hampden's death, Falkland's was felt as a great national loss. He had belonged, in a sense, to both of the contending parties, and had been regarded by all the finer spirits on either

side with the highest respect and the most cordial esteem.

Kitty got a letter from Prissy Walton, the first she had received since the announcement that her cousin had plighted her troth to Colonel Windebank.

"I cannot refrain from writing on this great misfortune to all," were Prissy's words. "I think my uncle would not find fault if he did but know how sorely Anthony feeleth it. Colonel Windebank is not more cast down and disconsolate, though he hath served, and hoped to have the honour of serving again, under my Lord Falkland. He was a man whose like we shall ne'er see again, Anthony says; and we go about singing his praises, and abusing this unnatural war, which hath already cost us so dear. But that is not right neither, for it is bound to have its purpose in God's great economy, and mayhap such a man as Falkland had not lived and shone out so clear, like a guiding star among his fellows, save in troublous times.

"'Lycidas is dead—dead ere his prime;

Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.'

Dear heart, I cannot tell at this present whether I ever read to thee Master John Milton's poem of 'Lycidas.' I know that my uncle Dacre doth not approve of his polemical writings, and holds him in despite because of them. But, sure, no scholar or man of taste but would delight in 'Lycidas,' and none who did have faith in immortality but would be ravished by its glorious end. I am advised by sister Alice that though I have read more than once to you in happier days Colonel Windebank's favourite sonnet, 'To a Virtuous Young Lady,' beginning you remember—

'Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth

Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,'

she doth not recall that I ever made you

acquaint with 'Lycidas.' I will adventure the copying out of its close from a fair copy I possess of the whole poem. I cannot think so ill of my dear uncle as to conceive he will take any exception to it. I have only to add that the dear friend Master Milton bewaileth did not fall in battle, but was, as I understand, accidentally drowned in the passage between Chester and Ireland.

'Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead, Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor,

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed, And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;

So Lycidas sank low, but mounted high,

Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves;

Where, other groves and other streams along,

With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,

There entertain him all the saints above

In solemn troops and sweet societies, That sing, and singing, in their glory move

And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;

Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore

In thy large recompense, and shalt be good

To all that wander in that perilous flood.' "

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. O. M.—The quotation which you make—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;

Its loveliness increases; it will never

Pass into nothingness."

is from *Endymion*, by John Keats (1795 to 1821).

HEARTSEASE.—Your idea of forming an Invalids' Mutual Help Society is a good one. But you give no address, and thus no one can communicate with you as to your rules and any assistance they could render in your undertaking. Of course, we could not publish the long list you have sent to us. You might, perhaps, procure old volumes of the "G.O.P." from the Society for the Dissemination of Pure Literature, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

MISERABLE BESSIE.—From all you tell us we can only feel assured that you are one of God's children, and that the "wicked thoughts" which grieve you so much, and which you strive to banish and pray against, are only suggestions of the Evil One, designed to make you miserable. When they come take up the Bible and read a little, or a hymn book, and sing a hymn if you can. There are many very suitable to your case. So long as you pray and strive against these thoughts the Blessed Redeemer will not hold you responsible for them. But you must rely on His strength in your weakness and temptations, and remember that while we are so faulty in ourselves we are accounted "complete in Him."

MOOLOOMOLOO (Is she a chimpanzee?) will not find "Cleanliness is next to godliness" in the Bible.

John Wesley quotes the phrase or proverbial saying in his sermon, No. xcii., on the subject of dress; but it is probably taken from a statement of Bacon's, who says "Cleanliness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence of God." (See his "Advancement of Learning.") This statement is in harmony with the laws of Moses, and is confirmed under the Christian dispensation; see Hebrews x. 22.

LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.—We sympathise with you and your daughter in her failure to obtain a prize at the competitions, to which you refer with natural motherly regret. But "fair play" must be extended to hundreds of other competitors, and only a few of the super-excellent amongst scores of good compositions can ever be awarded a prize. Your "not believing that any were given," that you "advise your daughter never to try for any more competitions, nor take in the 'G.O.P.' any more," are statements little to your credit as the adviser and trainer of your daughter. We regret that we are unable to return you the stamped envelope, which you say we ought to do, as you give no address.

DOSSIE.—Elocution classes are held at the Birkbeck Institution, Crystal Palace School of Art, and Miss Forsyth's Technical School.

R. A. D.—We thank you for so warm an expression of approval of our paper, evidenced in the verses you send us.

SHELT.—Marriage is so completely a personal question that advice must be given and taken with the utmost caution. You are, however, twenty-eight, and should have some experience to guide you as to what qualities would make you happy in your married life. Does the man who now addresses you possess them? You must look at the subject in this light, and you will soon arrive at a conclusion. Charlotte Brontë (Mrs. Nicholls) died May, 1855. Her father survived her about six years, dying in 1861, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

BROOK, MAUD STONE, FANNY.—We will answer all three letters. The 10th March, 1872, was a Sunday. We should think that your mother needs better and more experienced advice as to diet, etc., and perhaps some foreign baths. At Dresden there is a school called the *Pädagogischer Verein*, in Johannes Strasse.

DAME CARRUTHERS.—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the friend of Charles II., died April, 1688, and with him became extinct the ancient family of Villiers. The modern Dukes of Buckingham, which title has just become extinct again in the male line, are Grenvilles.

IBEX's poem shows some imaginative power, and is creditable to her in many ways. But we cannot say whether she will turn out a "poet-laureate" or not, judging from it.

MONKEY must put "s" apostrophe after the word James. The first question we do not understand.

Jessica.—Certainly, being a girl, our competitions are open to you. What you named is no impediment. We are sorry to hear of your troubles of the nerves; they are only too common.

D. D. L.—You can only become a good reader aloud by practice and great attention to what you are reading, so as to give point and emphasis in the proper places. We do not think you would require lessons in the art.

A TROUBLED HEART.—Your letter has shocked us. How came you to "engage yourself" (at least in intention, for it is not valid) to a man without your parents' consent? And what sort of a man is this "cousin" who dares to tempt a minor out of her parents' house, and knowingly against their permission? He must be a scamp, and no less so an ignoramus, not to be aware that the act is illegal, and he would have to pay the penalties which the law would enforce. Your marriage as a minor under such circumstances would not be legal. If your mother did "marry at eighteen" it does not follow that it was against her parents' consent. We regret that we can give you no comfort, as in "engaging" yourself against your parents' will you broke the fourth commandment; "and the way of transgressors is hard!" Submit yourself to them, and you will be on "the way of righteousness," always found to be "paths of peace."

E. W. N.—You are confounding two things. The soul passes away from the body at death to the place appointed for it; but the resurrection of the body, in a changed and glorified condition (for the children of God) does not take place till "the last day." Then will come the reunion of soul and body; "and we shall be changed." Do not feel distressed nor anxious: trust your Heavenly Master.

ETHEL.—Send us your address, and let us know what price you set on these second-hand volumes of the "G.O.P.," and perhaps we can meet your wishes in the disposal of them. (Vols. for 1831, 1832, 1833, and 1835.)



MRS. CRUK.—We are again indebted to you for the information you give on interesting trees and plants. We quote for the benefit of the readers of our answer respecting the Eastern mustard tree. "The Syrian 'cabbage tree'—the seeds of which were so small they appeared like dust, though found on examination to be round and perfect in form, the most remarkable fact connected with this seed being that, having been sown a few weeks, they spring up into trees some six feet or more in height, with branches in which birds might roost." The cabbage tree grows in Palestine by the waysides; the branches are large, and they bear pretty bunches of yellow flowers. Our correspondent inquires whether this tree with the wonderfully minute seed might not be the tree to which our Lord referred, and which was called (by our translators) the "mustard" tree.

MARY B.—There is no difficulty in disposing of cards and pictures of all kinds in a benevolent way. An appeal has been made on behalf of some Indian Military Hospital, and rolls or parcels of these (repaid) might be addressed to "The Brigade Surgeon, Station Hospital, Rawalpindi, Punjab, India." The sick soldiers would receive them gratefully, as they would divert their minds in making screens, fans, scrap-books, etc., during the weary hours of pain and enforced idleness. Illustrated papers would also prove a boon to them.

GEORGE and BESSIE.—For the pamphlet giving particulars respecting the Snowdrop Bands Society, write to Mrs. A. T. Watson, Southwold, Tipton Crescent, Sheffield. We are not aware that any subscription is essential for membership.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A BEAUTIFUL OLD LADY.

IN August, 1886, there passed away an old French lady whom we have called beautiful, for there is the beauty of old age as well as the beauty of youth. Everyone in Versailles, and many people in Paris, knew the venerable Madame André Walther, who when eighty years old, and her hair silvered with age, had still a countenance beaming with intelligence and goodness, and seemed to bear her cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit to the end. But it was the beauty of her disposition and character that made her most loved and best known, and many of our young readers may like to hear something about one who will be long remembered in her own country, although her name may be known to few in England.

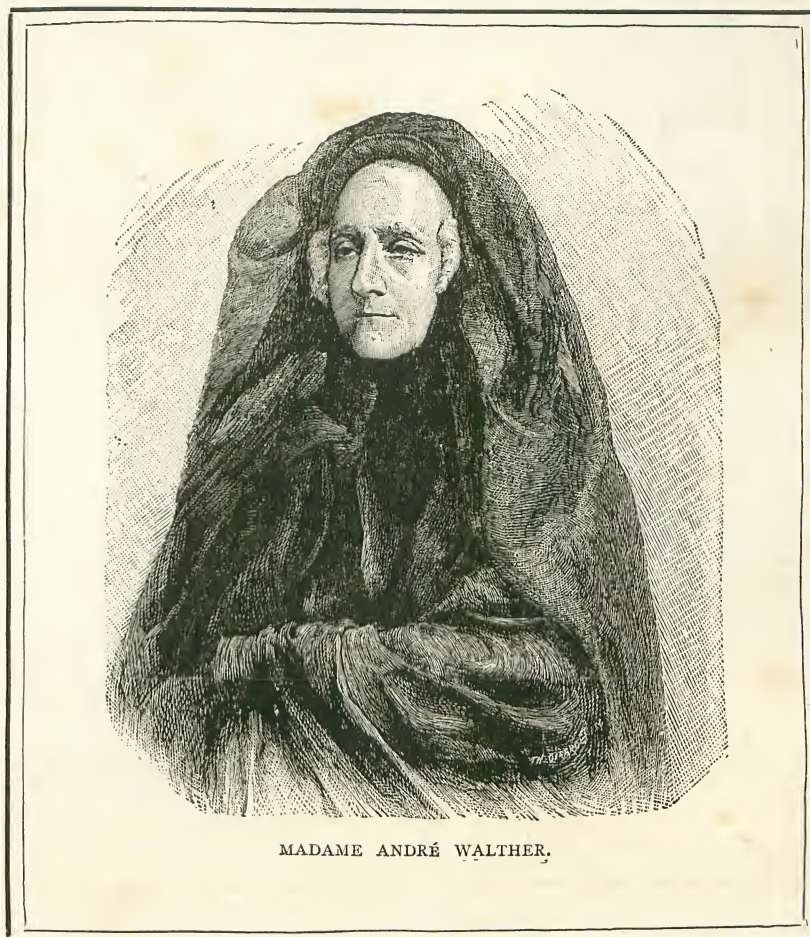
Madame André Walther was born on the 14th of June, 1807. She was the daughter of Count Walther, General of Division in the French Army, and Commandant of the Great Napoleon's Imperial Guard. She was god-daughter of the Emperor and of the Empress Josephine, after whom she was partly named. Her full designation in the baptismal register was Henriette Joséphine Napoléone Frédérique Walther. At the age of eighteen she was married to M. J. André, Receiver-General of Revenue at Tours, a man of good reputation and of great wealth. Rich, beautiful, and highly accomplished, Madame André was universally admired; and in society she had the prospect of a career as brilliant as any woman of the world could desire. But all this worldly pleasure and splendour did not satisfy her heart. Her own sound sense and good feeling made her feel sad amidst the amusements of "Vanity Fair." Her wealth and position seemed to require her presence in public assemblies, although she had no pleasure in the frivolous gaieties of the fashionable world.

While in this frame of mind she made the acquaintance of a well-known and much-respected Christian minister, Pastor L. Meyer. At the very first interview she felt that she had found a wise and kind counsellor, and it proved the turning-point of her life. What were her spiritual movements and experiences are not recorded, but the result was soon evident. She sought and found peace and joy in religion. She gave her heart entirely to God, and resolved to consecrate her life to helping the cause of her Redeemer. All the time not required for the duties of her home and her family she devoted to works of piety and beneficence. She did this without retiring from her position in society, and without taking upon herself

any of the vows and rules of religious life as others of similar devotedness have often done. She lived in the world, yet was not of the world. And all who came in contact with her—Catholics and Protestants, even sceptics and unbelievers—recognised the influence of her beneficence, which in her was the influence of the Spirit of God.

We are not giving her biography, but only wish to refer to one part of her later life, when her name was widely known and honoured. In her widowhood she lived in a charming

residence, Les Ombrages, not far from the magnificent palace and gardens of Versailles. At the time when the Communists had possession of Paris, and the French Government had its headquarters at Versailles, that old "Court suburb" presented a scene of busy and anxious excitement. The whole countryside was disturbed by the events of war, and for a time was overcast with the gloom of trouble and anxiety. But in the darkest time there was one spot on which the light of heaven seemed always to shine, and where the



MADAME ANDRÉ WALTHER.

peace of heaven appeared always to abide. This was Madame André Walther's home, Les Ombrages. It was like a rural "city of refuge," or one of those sanctuaries during the Middle Ages which were respected by the most turbulent spirits, even during times of revolution and war. To this refuge the municipality of Versailles, the prefects of police, the railway station-masters, the generals and staff of the army—all were in the habit of directing the homeless and the helpless.

Every spare room in the château, the green-houses and tool sheds in the garden, the stables and outhouses, every place that afforded shelter, was crowded with bands of fugitives and the houseless poor, till one day a miserable outcast was heard to say "There is no more room!"

The most remarkable fact of that Versailles time has yet to be mentioned. There are many who have hearts as kind as Madame André, but who have not the means that were at her command for deeds of charity. The singular feature in her position at that time was, that while every part of the place was crowded with the poor recipients of her hospitality, each night she received in her salon statesmen, ambassadors, cabinet minis-

ters, deputies, generals, and notables of all degrees, civil and military. Outwardly the scene resembled the salons of Parisian dames of high degree, where rank and fashion, art and literature and talent, are brought together mainly for display and ostentation. There was a loftier tone pervading the assemblies at Les Ombrages. No one who was present will ever forget the impression on the evening when Paris was in flames, and the sky was lurid with the light from the burning of the Tuileries and other public buildings. Madame André had a son at the front with the army that night, yet the mother appeared to her guests as calm and dignified as ever, and thrilled the audience by intoning, with her clear musical voice, a prayer and hymn to the Almighty, to save the poor people whose crimes had justly exposed them to Divine judgments. On leaving the house to return to Versailles one of the visitors said to his companion, "She is the youngest of us all."

Though old in years she was young in heart, because she renewed her youth at the source of eternal life. Till her death she manifested an ever-ripening beauty of character and fruitfulness in good deeds. No wonder that the following tribute was paid to her

memory in the obituary notice in one of the leading Catholic journals: "This soul was influenced by two powerful passions—faith and goodness. Her faith was truly Christian, above all sects and all controversies. Her goodness was bright and sunny, and shone everywhere and on all alike. Stern as regards sin, she was pitiful towards the sinner, and no one better knew how to comfort the mourner, and to cheer the broken-hearted, as well as to relieve the indigent. This goodness was not the result of mere feminine sensibility. Her mind was of lofty, masculine tone. The most tragic events, the calamities of war, the horrors of revolution, did not disturb her calm and resolute courage."

This was a remarkable testimony, but the truth of it was felt by all who knew Madame André. Her friend, M. Reveillaud, the editor of the *Signal*, the leading Protestant journal, who took up his residence at Versailles to be near her, could not have expressed the truth about her more forcibly. In her courage and dignity, and in the air of command in her manner, one could see the daughter of the old chief of the Imperial Guard. But this air of authority was tempered by gentleness and goodness, the fruit of Christian humility.

THE CHEF.

By MARY POCKOCK.

HOW A FRENCH COOK MAKES ENTREES.



DINNERS are so much later in many houses than they were formerly, that a somewhat lighter meal than was customarily served is found more beneficial. The housekeeper must therefore give more attention to entrées or made

dishes. I know many persons who dine late would prefer a chicken soufflé, followed by a well-cooked cutlet, or some other little dish, to a joint, but for these little dinners great variety is required, as people tire sooner of any particular dish or sauce than they do of quite plain dishes. Amongst the recipes for cooking beef, mutton, poultry, game, etc., there are many dishes that are suitable to serve as entrées.

Cutlets are so useful as additions to dinners that I have selected a good many recipes for their preparation. Some people are unaware what nice ones may be cut from an underdone leg of roast or boiled mutton. Slices should be cut of even thickness, then shaped to look like short neck chops (the trimmings make a mince or rissoles). They are cooked in any way wished, but are best egged and crumbed and served with a good sauce or purée. In a small family, where hashes are not liked, this is a good way of using up some of the cold meat.

Côtelettes de Mouton Grillées (broiled mutton cutlets).—Take a piece of the best end of neck of mutton, chine it, and take off the tops of the ribs, remove the skin, divide into cutlets, trim some of the fat off, and leave

a small piece of the top of each bone bare. Beat them with a steak beater or rolling-pin, but do not make them too flat; sprinkle a little salt on each, dip them in oil or oiled butter, then in bread-crumbs, and broil for eight or ten minutes over a clear fire, turning them as they cook. When done, slip a cutlet frill on the bone of each, and serve with any kind of sauce or garniture that is preferred. Cutlets simply broiled without the bread-crumbs are served on purées of chestnuts, potatoes, haricot beans, or any other vegetables or *à la jardinière*, that is to say with mixed vegetables stewed with butter and gravy. Some cooks brush cutlets over with glaze before serving to improve their appearance.

Côtelettes de Mouton Sautées.—Cut and trim the cutlets as above, warm some butter in a stewpan, arrange the cutlets in it, and cook them seven or eight minutes over a clear fire, turning them as they cook. When they feel firm pour four tablespoonfuls of good gravy over them, reduce this to a glaze, drain the cutlets, put frills on them and serve, or they are merely cooked in the butter, then frilled and served.

Cutlets à la Soubise.—Prepare as above, serve them in a circle with a neatly-shaped piece of fried bread between each, pour into the middle a white purée of onions.

Côtelettes à la Financière.—Cook as above, but with financière ragout (see article on Forcemeats, etc.) in the middle.

Côtelettes aux Laitues (with lettuces).—Same cooking as above, but in the place of the fried bread put small lettuces, stewed in gravy, between the cutlets (one for each), and sauce espagnole in the centre.

Côtelettes à la Chicorée (with endive).—Like cutlets à la soubise, but a purée of endive instead of onions in the middle. Purée with cream is generally used for this.

Côtelettes à la Bretonne.—Trim some cutlets, season them with pepper and salt, dip in beaten up egg, and crumb them; fry for ten or twelve minutes in butter, turning them. Prepare some onions separately thus: Chop them very finely, then cook in a little gravy;

when they are done stir in the yolks of two eggs, to which a tablespoonful of cream has been added. When the cutlets are a nice colour drain them, and arrange in a circle on a dish with the minced onion in the centre.

Côtelettes à la Provençale.—Prepare a well seasoned and sufficiently thick mince of onions, as for "à la bretonne," and let it get cold. Trim eight mutton cutlets, season, and dip them in butter; broil them on one side; put them on a dish, and cover the cooked side with a layer of the minced onion, sprinkle fine breadcrumbs over them, and brush over lightly with oiled butter; make some butter hot in a stewpan or baking tin, and place the cutlets in, uncooked side down; finish cooking them over a quick fire or in a hot oven, let the upper surface brown; if cooked in a stewpan, brown with a salamander. Send to table with a tureen of good brown gravy.

Cutlets à l'Estragon (tarragon).—Prepare seven or eight cutlets, season, dip in oil, and broil over a clear fire. Meanwhile put a cupful of good clear gravy in a stewpan with a small bunch of tarragon, cover the stewpan, simmer a minute or two, then take out the tarragon, put in a good pinch of finely chopped fresh tarragon leaves, arrange the cutlets on a very hot dish, pour the sauce over, and serve.

Côtelettes d'Agneau à la Purée de Champignons (lamb cutlets with mushrooms).—Trim a dozen lamb cutlets in the same way as mutton, cook them in a stewpan with butter, turning as they cook. When done drain the butter from them, and add two or three tablespoonfuls of good glaze (melted); let the moisture evaporate, so that the cutlets may be glazed. Make a flat topped ring of mashed potatoes, stand the cutlets up in a circle on it, slip a frill on the top of the bone of each, put a purée of mushrooms in the middle of the potato ring, and arrange mushroom heads cooked in butter round the outside. In France veal cutlets are cut from the neck the same as mutton cutlets (the veal is generally much smaller than ours), not from the fillet as with us.

Côtelettes de Veau Grillées (veal cutlets).—Put the cutlets in a marinade of hot butter,

chopped parsley, scallion, mushrooms, shalot, pepper, and salt. Turn and leave them ten minutes in this, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and put them on a gridiron over a gentle fire. When done put the remainder of the marinade over them, and serve alone, or with gravy with a little lemon juice in it.

Côtelettes à la Lyonnaise.—Lard the cutlets with bacon, gherkins, and fillets of anchovies, put them for an hour and a half in a marinade of oil, chopped shalots, parsley, sweet herbs, pepper, and salt, then wrap them in thin slices of bacon fat, and cook them in a stewpan in the marinade. Put a lump of butter in a small saucepan with some chopped shalots, parsley, and a little flour; stir for a minute or two. Skim the marinade in which the cutlets were cooked, and add it to the butter and flour with two or three tablespoonfuls of brown gravy. Stir, boil for a minute, finish with a little lemon juice or a few drops of vinegar, pour over the cutlets, and serve.

Côtelettes au Vert Prê.—Take some veal cutlets, shape and trim them nicely; put some butter in a stewpan with a small bunch of herbs and parsley; put in the cutlets and cook them over a brisk fire; when they are hot shake a little potato or ordinary flour over them, moisten with a little light white wine or water; add salt, nutmeg, and pepper, cover the stewpan and finish cooking over a slow fire; when done take out the cutlets, stir the sauce a minute or two. Take a handful of fresh chervil, while the cutlets are cooking, blanch it, and chop it finely; throw this into the sauce to make it green (do not cook it); add a little lemon juice or a few drops of vinegar, and serve at once over the cutlets.

Côtelettes de Veau Piquées.—Trim half-a-dozen cutlets, lard them on one side with fine pieces of bacon; put them in a stewpan, of which the bottom is covered with finely-chopped carrots and onions; sprinkle with salt, and pour a little oiled butter over them; add a small quantity of broth; let it reduce to glaze; add the same quantity of broth again, and a second time reduce to glaze, then moisten with more broth (but not to cover the cutlets), and let them finish cooking over a gentle fire, basting often as they cook with their gravy. When done they should be a good brown; strain and skim the gravy, and serve it with the cutlets. A purée of sorrel, endive, or potatoes, or tomato sauce is served at the same time.

Côtelettes de Veau, Braisées à la Périgieuse.—Cut the cutlets half as thick again as usual, lard them with square-cut strips of raw truffles, cover the bottom of a flat stewpan with bacon and chopped vegetables; place the cutlets on these side by side, moisten with broth until they are partly immersed, put over the fire, reduce the gravy to half the quantity, cover the cutlets with buttered paper, draw the stewpan a little to the side of the fire, let them simmer until they are done, adding a few spoonfuls of broth now and then as needed; when done drain them. Have ready on a dish a ring of forcemeat that has been poached; in the centre of this put a piece of bread that has been cut into shape (an oval block to stand a little higher than the forcemeat does, if nothing more ornamental can be attempted) and fried a nice light brown; garnish this with small cooked truffles, and arrange the cutlets round on the forcemeat. Chop and put the trimmings of the truffles in a stewpan, with the strained and skimmed gravy from the cutlets; add a little thick brown gravy, put some of this (after giving it a few minutes' boiling) round the forcemeat; send the rest to table in a sauce tureen.

Pork Cutlets are prepared like mutton, either cooked plain or with breadcrumbs, served with sauce. Robert or poivrade cutlets of all kinds are beaten before being cooked, and their appearance depends much on the

neat and uniform way in which they are trimmed.

Ris de Veau à la Parisienne (calf's sweetbread à la Parisienne).—Put four sweetbreads in warm water, and boil them from fifteen to twenty minutes; dip them in cold water, drain, and let them get cold with a plate on the top; then trim and wipe them. Lard two of the sweetbreads with fine pieces of bacon; cut some truffles as if for larding, point one end of each piece, put the pieces of truffle, point down, into the other sweetbreads as if they were nails, so as to make some sort of pattern, say one nail in the middle and a circle round; then put them all in a stewpan on vegetables (to braise), sprinkle a very little salt in, add good broth, enough to three parts cover them, and place a buttered paper over the top; let the gravy reduce one-third; then finish cooking with hot embers on the saucepan lid, so as to brown the tops of the sweetbreads. Meanwhile take a flat-topped border mould, butter it, and ornament the inside with pieces of truffles, then fill it with veal forcemeat, and poach in the bain marie or a stewpan. When the sweetbreads are ready, turn the border on to a dish, put a block of fried bread to stand rather higher than the border in the middle of the dish; fill in the space between that and the forcemeat with chopped mushrooms and truffles that have been cooked in the braise or in butter; arrange the four sweetbreads on the border, supporting the four ends on the block of fried bread; put a small truffle and two or three mushroom heads at each corner between the sweetbreads; skim and strain the gravy, which should be brown and of a good consistency, put a little of it in the dish round the forcemeat, and send the remainder to table in a tureen. Put a truffle and a blanched cock's-comb on a short ornamental skewer, and stick it straight up in the bread in the centre of the dish.

Ris de Veau à la Financière.—Prepare as above, but lard all the sweetbreads with bacon only; braise them in the same way, glaze and serve with a financière garniture. (See article on Forcemeats, &c.)

Ris à la Marengo (sweetbreads à la Marengo).—Boil the sweetbreads for ten minutes, throw them in cold water, then drain and cut in slices; cook them in olive oil, with salt, pepper, and nutmeg; leave at the side of the stove for about twenty minutes, put a little oiled butter over them, add mushrooms, truffles, chopped parsley, a little good sauce espagnole, and a tablespoonful of tomato sauce; serve very hot. For this and other dishes, when the sweetbreads are cut up for the sake of economy, lambs' breads are often substituted for calves'.

Croquettes de Ris de Veau.—Take remains of cooked sweetbreads, cut them in small dice, add half their weight of lean ham or of tongue, and the same of mushrooms; cut up like the sweetbreads; stir in some hot, well-reduced thick béchamel sauce; let the mixture get cold, then form into croquettes, egg and crumb them, and cook in boiling fat.

Vol-au-Vents are made with pâte feuilletée, and are filled after they are baked, just before being sent to table. A ragout à la financière; sweetbreads and mushrooms with espagnole sauce; fricassée of chicken cut in small pieces and without bones, with mushrooms, truffles, or poached quenelles of godiveau, are all used for vol-au-vents; also cod that has been boiled is broken into flakes, warmed in a little good béchamel sauce, with a small piece of butter and a little nutmeg. This makes a very nice dish; it is served as a "vol-au-vent de morue à la crème."

Tournedos Sauce Piquante.—Cut six or seven thin slices from a fillet of beef, beat them slightly, trim them into oval shapes; season with pepper and salt, sprinkle a little boiled vinegar over them; leave three or four

hours, then drain and wipe. Put a little butter and a tablespoonful of olive oil in a stewpan; put in the slices of beef, cook them over a quick fire, turning as they cook; when done (without being dried) drain, and serve with piquante sauce over them.

Soufflé de Foie de Veau (soufflé of calf's liver).—Cut the third of a calf's liver in slices; put some chopped bacon in a stewpan over the fire for a few minutes, then put in the liver; cook it quickly, season with pepper and salt, add the trimmings from some truffles and a pinch of thyme; when done let it get cold, then pound in a mortar. Take about one-fifth the quantity of bread panade that there is liver, and pound it with a lump of butter; when mixed add the pounded liver little by little; rub the whole through a sieve, mix with it four or five tablespoonfuls of well-seasoned gravy, and add six yolks of eggs, one at a time, then stir in the well-beaten whites of four eggs; put at once in a buttered soufflé dish, bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven, and serve immediately.

Soufflé de Volaille (chicken soufflé).—Take the meat of roast or boiled fowl (hot or cold) without skin, bones, or sinews, chop, and pound it with a little béchamel sauce, but not enough to make the purée thin; season if necessary; add the yolks of five eggs, beat the five whites to a stiff froth, stir them lightly into the mixture; put into a buttered soufflé dish, bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five or thirty minutes, and serve directly it is done.

Langue Rotie (roast tongue).—Take an ox or calf's tongue (unsalted), boil it gently in rather fat stock until half done, then skin; lard, and wrap it in sheep's or lamb's caul; roast before a good fire; when done serve with thick brown gravy or with sauce piquante.

Calf's Heart Eroiled.—Cleanse and wipe the heart, broil it over a quick fire, turning it without sticking a fork in it. Have ready some butter into which pepper, salt, and chopped parsley have been worked; when the heart is done put the butter in it, squeeze the juice of a lemon over the outside, and serve.

Cervelle de Veau au Beurre Noir (calf's brains with black butter).—Skin and remove the large fibres, then soak the brains in cold or tepid water, to get all the blood from them; when clean throw them into a saucepan of boiling water, with a little salt and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; leave them for five minutes, then take them out and put for ten minutes in cold water, then back into the saucepan with the vinegar and water; add a bunch of herbs, parsley, a large onion cut in slices, and a small lump of butter; boil for half an hour, drain, and serve with fried parsley and "beurre noir" over them.

Cervelles de Veau à la Poulette.—Skin, blanch, and scald the brains as above. Put a lump of butter in a stewpan, stir in a little flour and a cup of water, add salt, pepper, and some small onions; when the onions are tender put the brains in and let them boil twenty-five to thirty minutes, then add a thickening of yolks of eggs; do not boil again; finish with a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice, and serve.

Pieds d'Agneau à la Poulette (lambs' feet).—Put a piece of beef dripping in a stewpan with half a glass of water; when the fat has melted add a spoonful of flour, some hot water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt, onions, sweet herbs, parsley, and a carrot; put the feet in, let them cook for five or six hours, until the bones are loose, remove the large bones and drain the feet. Melt a lump of butter in a stewpan, and add two finely-chopped shalots and a tablespoonful of flour; stir a minute to cook, but do not let it colour, add a little of the broth (skimmed and strained) in which the feet were boiled, and a little water and some fried parsley; boil a few minutes, put in the feet, simmer five minutes, thicken

with two or three yolks of eggs, according to quantity; finish with a few drops of vinegar or a little lemon juice.

COLD ENTREES.

Chaufroix of game are favourite cold entrées. They are prepared by dipping fillets of cold roast partridge, pheasant, or whatever game is to be used, in a sauce made with two parts "sauce brune" and one part melted aspic jelly, allowing the sauce to set on the fillets, and then arranging them on a dish with chopped jelly, truffles, etc. The arrangement is the difficulty; the fillets should all be stood up and fixed with jelly. Quails and some small birds are boned before they are cooked, then dipped in chaufroix sauce and arranged with jelly, etc. It is much easier for an inexperienced person to make a pretty dish with small birds.

Pain de Lièvre.—Take the meat of the legs and shoulders of an uncooked hare, and the same weight of bacon, chop and pound together; then add half their weight of bread panade, season with salt and spice, rub the whole through a sieve. Scald a quarter of a pound of bacon fat, cut it in dice, and add it; stir in the yolks of three eggs. Butter a plain mould or tin; put the meat in it, cover the top with bacon, and steam it in a little water for from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, according to size; turn it on to a dish, and glaze it with a brush; serve with jelly round. This "pain" is also very good served hot with a rich gravy.

Pain de Lièvre à la Gelée.—Chop and pound some hare that has been cooked, add half its weight of poultry livers, also cooked and pounded, season, rub through a sieve. Put in a stewpan with a third its volume of aspic jelly and strong brown sauce warmed together; stir over the fire a few minutes. Let it get nearly cold, then work in a quarter of a pound of butter in small pieces; stir till the butter is quite melted, then put in a mould with a hollow centre and stand on ice; when set, dip the mould in warm water, turn the "pain" out, fill the centre with chopped aspic, and decorate the base with cut jelly, etc.

Pain de Foie de Veau à la Gelée.—Cut two pounds of calf's liver in very thin slices, cook it in a stewpan with some chopped bacon,

add salt, spice, and sweet herbs; when it is cooked add a small spoonful of lemon juice, leave a few seconds, then take from the fire; let the liver get cold, pound and pass it through a sieve, put it in a basin, work it with a spoon, adding gradually one-third of a pint of good "sauce brune," then half-a-pint or rather more of good strong jelly, melted, but not warm; stand the basin on ice until the jelly begins to set, then stir into it four tablespoonfuls of cooked pickled tongue, and the same quantity of cooked truffles, both cut in dice. Put all into a plain mould with hollow centre, and stand in ice; when it is set dip the mould quickly in hot water, dry it, and turn the "pain" on to a dish, go over it lightly with a brush with some jelly that is half set, and decorate it with rounds and crescents of truffles, which the jelly will cause to adhere to the sides. Round the base put neatly-cut pieces of jelly.

Pain de Volaille à l'Estragon.—Stand a plain mould in ice, put a little liquid aspic jelly into it, and move it so that the whole of the inside is incrustated with a layer of jelly. Put half a pound of cold chicken that has been pounded and passed through a sieve into a basin, moisten with a tablespoonful of oil and a quarter of a pint of cold velouté sauce; mix, add half a pint of aspic jelly (liquid, but not warm), stand on ice and stir; as soon as it begins to set, remove it, stir in two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar and some pickled gherkins; cut in small square pieces, put the whole into the mould previously coated with jelly; put it on ice for an hour, dip quickly in hot water and turn out; decorate to fancy with chopped jelly, etc.

Aspic de Volaille (aspic of fowl).—Put a little aspic in a mould, stand it in ice, and turn it about until the inside is coated with jelly, then make a design on it with hard-boiled eggs, bits of truffle, tongue, small leaves of tarragon, chervil or parsley; set this with jelly; when firm arrange small pieces of the white meat of cold fowl, bits of cooked truffle and of tongue, in the mould; add some jelly, then let it set, then more fowl, jelly, etc., in layers, until the mould is full. Turn out after dipping the mould in hot water and serve with chopped jelly round.

Aspic Jelly is made with calves' feet, veal

and ham, etc., but the following answers very well as a less expensive preparation: Two pounds of stock veal, six ounces of lean ham, one onion, one carrot, a bunch of parsley, sweet herbs, a bayleaf, piece of lemon peel, a few whole white peppercorns, very little salt, and three quarts of water, well boiled and skimmed as it boils, stewed down to about three pints, then strained through a sieve; when quite cold the fat and sediment must be removed, and one ounce, or more or less (depending on the consistency it is already), of gelatine that has been soaked some hours with water must be added; it is then cleared in the usual way with whites of eggs or raw meat, and a little tarragon vinegar is added. Aspic is needed much firmer for some purposes than others, and a good deal more gelatine must be used in summer than in winter, unless the dishes are kept in ice until they are served.

Salade de Poulet à l'Ancienne (chicken salad).—Take a cold fowl, remove the skin and bones, and cut the meat in small pieces; season with pepper, salt, and a little oil and vinegar; sprinkle with a pinch of chopped tarragon leaves. Prepare a mayonnaise with the yolks of three eggs, and rather more than one-third of a pint of oil, mix with it a few spoonfuls of good savoury or aspic jelly, cold, but liquid; place a pyramid-shaped plain mould in ice, fill it with layers of chicken and of mayonnaise, with here and there capers, cut gherkins, and stoned olives. When set, turn it out; if necessary smooth the outside with the blade of a knife, decorate it with fillets of anchovies, capers, and cut gherkins; put the heart of a small cabbage lettuce on the top with stoned olives round; put small hearts of lettuces round the bottom, then stand quarters of hard-boiled eggs that have been first dipped in half-set jelly close together all round to finish it; stand the dish on ice a little while, and serve.

Ice may be dispensed with in making most dishes, if time is allowed for the jelly to set before it is wanted; but this salad cannot be made without it.

"Pain" (as they are called) and "aspics" are often made in small dariole moulds, and look very well if tastefully arranged; they are pretty for luncheon or supper dishes. All cold entrées are suitable for supper tables.

(To be continued.)

ETHELWYND A.

By IDA J. LEMON.

CHAPTER I.



MISS HILDRED was grown up. Our mode of life had changed as she grew older, our occupations had varied with her years. There had been a time when we were her inseparable companions, and our life

then had not been all joy; then came the period of feasts, which was just before she went to school and began to learn French, feasts which she cooked, distributed to us on little china plates and consumed herself, though once she had placed a seductive fragment of cake and treacle on Charles' mouth,

and let it remain there throughout the meal for a pretence that he was eating it. It spoilt his looks, and he bears the mark of that meal to this day. Then she used to give us lessons, making us change places in class, as she did when she first went to school; and later on her favourite game had been to make us pay visits to one another. Then she left us alone for a while, and we lay undisturbed in the cupboard like ordinary toys instead of dolls, feeling very much neglected, knowing that she had become too old to play with us, and cared much more for her violin and her books and her friends.

But at last, one day, when her hair had been done up some time and she had become accustomed to long dresses, she opened the cupboard door, and, sitting on the floor, pulled us out one by one.

"I promised to send some things to the children's hospital," said she, "and it will be a good opportunity for turning out this cupboard. What a lot of rubbish there is in here!" And she picked out of the *débris* some pieces of the old china tea set, which we had

had make-believe parties with, a ball, dusty but unharmed, several children's books, and a German butcher's shop, with a leg of mutton still hanging to the only hook left over the door. The butcher himself was found with the chopper in his hand, but in a headless state (as if, in despair at the depression in trade, he had committed suicide by execution), in a box of dominoes, which, together with a battered money-box, where I remember she used to keep her farthings, and which had been wrenched open one day when she was particularly impecunious, was firmly established on the top of us.

Then she pulled me out and surveyed me with recognition, and ended by putting her red lips for a moment on my crumpled hair.

"Dear old Ethelwynda," she said, "what good times we have had together! You're a little bit crushed, my dear, but you look as young as ever. Why, I believe I love you still, you sweet creature. I'll keep you." And pulling my dress straight, and smoothing my hair with her fingers—they were much softer than they used to be—she laid me in her lap,

and leaning forward pulled Charles and Gwen out of the cupboard too, laughing.

"I really think," she said, "I will keep you all. You will be dull without each other after being together so long. Oh, Charles, how funny you are! Why, there is that dirty mark still on your face! And oh! you have only one eye, poor thing! Ah, Gwen, you are in the best condition of them all; but then I had you later, I think."

She laid us on one side while she arranged the other things, and then having rung the bell for the rubbish to be cleared away, she took us all three up in her arms and placed us on a table.

"There!" she said, "amuse yourselves as best you may. You always used to do what I did, so I suppose now I am grown up you must be grown up too. I expect you will be going to dances, and flirting, and doing all the things other people do. Don't get into mischief; and, Charles, don't trifle with the ladies' affections. You don't look dangerous with that gap in your face, but still, who knows? You're the only man they have."

So saying, she left us, and went singing down the stairs.

Charles and I were older than Gwen, who had come off the top of a Christmas tree at a party, and was pretty, and well-dressed, and conceited. I was rather jealous of Gwen when she first came, I acknowledge, because Miss Hildred had had me since she was seven, and I had always had the first place in her heart. Indeed, I am not sure but that I was spoiled by her affection, for we had slept together, which had made my hair very untidy, and she had given me so many kisses that a good deal of my paint had worn off; and once, too, when she was having her bath, unable to bear me out of her sight, she had asked nurse to put me on the edge, and I had fallen into the water. I am not china, but wax, consequently bathing does not agree with me. I have never recovered my colour, and I don't think the contour of my face has been so good since.

Charles and I are very old friends. He is a man doll, and was handsome in his youth. He is so still to me, although he has lost one eye from a fall off a high chair in the nursery. It is a great pity, but after all looks are not so important for a man as for a woman; and Charles has intellect, and is a deep and original thinker. Since his retirement to the cupboard he has had more opportunities for reflection, and many of his ideas, which were once crude, have matured and developed.

No one could live with him without benefiting by his society, and we had been friends so long that I think, as friends do, we had grown somewhat like one another in mind. He always impressed on me the foolishness of fretting and worrying over things (as Gwen, who was rather discontented, was inclined to do), bidding me consider the transitoriness of life and the possibility of change. I found his philosophy both useful and necessary, when I felt the weight of the money-box upon me, and I often repeated to myself his words—

"It is best to hope that things will come right until one is quite sure they won't, and then to make up one's mind it is right they should go wrong."

He confided most of his ideas to me, for Gwen did not care for wisdom, and was not at all sympathetic. She often made fun of him, and I had to scold her because she gave herself airs; but Charles was invariably lenient with her.

I didn't like Miss Hildred's remark as she left us. I thought it flippant, and was afraid it might put ideas into Gwen's head which she was better without.

"Well," she said, "so life has brought a change at last. I was sick to death of vegetating in that musty cupboard. I want to see the world, not to pass my days in a place

where there's not a soul to speak to or to appreciate me."

"I appreciate you," said Charles, gently.

"Oh, you," she answered, and the accent was contemptuous. I thought he sighed.

"I should like," she went on, "to have a life like Hildred. There's no doubt she enjoys herself. I expect she'll have lovers at her feet, like the princesses in the fairy tales she used to read us. But I am much more like a princess than she is, because her hair is only brown, and mine is golden, and my dress is white and has golden stars on it, even if it is a little crumpled."

"What sort of a lover do you want?" asked Charles.

I should not have humoured her nonsense, conceited child!

"Oh, someone very tall and handsome, wax, I think, and well-dressed, and with both eyes," and she laughed. "I think," she added, "that Hildred might have bought some new dolls and put up here, unless she expects us to drag on all our days like this."

"Oh, you're just as happy as you are," said I. "I don't believe much attention would be good for you. It would turn your head."

"And what would it matter if it did? It could easily be turned back again. It is not fixed like some people's, who have to turn their whole body to see what's behind them."

This was a hit at me, of course. She was always so proud of having a head that would turn; but I think it spoils her looks, because there is a mark all round her china neck, although it is artfully covered with white ribbon.

Charles said nothing. I could never ascertain whether he admired her or not. I think if he had snubbed her it would have been better for her. But at any rate, of one thing I was certain—Miss Hildred was far too old to have any more dolls for playthings, so that I did not think Gwen's wish at all likely to be gratified.

CHAPTER II.



FEW weeks later Miss Hildred came up into our room. We had nothing to mark the time by, but, as far as I can judge, it must have been about nine o'clock at

night. With astonishment I gazed upon her, for I had never seen her or any one look so beautiful. She wore a shimmering white dress, which made Gwen's

crumpled garment, of which she was so proud, look positively grey, and on her breast were such lovely flowers that I could not help wishing I were able to smell. She had come in to fetch something, I suppose, for she carried a light, which she placed on our table while she went across the room. When she came back for the candle she caught sight of me.

"Why, Ethelwynda, my dear," she said, "I do believe you are staring at me. Of course you have never seen me in evening dress before. I hope you think I look nice. I'll take you into my confidence as I used to do, and tell you that I specially want to look nice to-night for reasons you can't understand, because you are only a doll."

Ah, how much people think they know! How could she tell I did not understand? We see more than people think, we dolls, although

we do not talk much about it. But it has always been my opinion that the wiser people are the less they talk. Charles, for instance, who is very silent, knows more than any doll I ever knew, and I had a good deal of experience at the Burlington Arcade, where I used to live. The male population among dolls is smaller than the female, but there was a fair proportion of men there of various races, tastes, and occupations. There were niggers, soldiers, sailors, Japanese dolls, pages, and musicians, one of whom I specially remember. He was always beating a drum, and although they said he was clever at his profession, all his charm was lost on me because he was for ever showing off. There was a barrister in a wig, who talked a great deal, and there were several monkeys on sticks, whom I always considered so much like men that I generally ranked them together in my mind. I used to talk to them (the men, not the monkeys), and they all seemed more or less superficial, and in none of them have I found the depth of intellect observable in Charles, although I did consider those who talked least wisest among the others.

"You dear, silly old thing," Miss Hildred went on, "I used to tell you all my secrets once upon a time, and I think I shall have to tell you one now, because I must tell somebody, and you are not likely to repeat it to anyone else as most confidantes do. I believe—I am not certain—but I believe, Ethelwynda, that I am in love; and I believe, too, but of course I am not certain of that, somebody is in love with me." And then she grew very red, and looked so sweet in the dim light, with a look in her face that I have never seen even in the prettiest doll, that I could quite believe the last part of her speech.

"I suppose," she continued softly, touching her flowers with trembling fingers, "that when you are always thinking of somebody, and are never happy unless he is with you, and almost too happy then; when you can't help feeling jealous of everyone else who talks to him; and—and—when you are altogether foolish and unreasonable, and happy and wretched, and everything at once—oh, Ethelwynda, that must mean that you are in love! And I don't know whether I like it or not, but that is my state; and, oh, dear! I wish I were certain." And then she took up the candlestick, and went out of the room very slowly, leaving me to the darkness and my thoughts.

I have never forgotten that night. I never shall forget it, for it was the turning point of my life. I was very much interested in what Miss Hildred said, and I could not help thinking of her words, for in spite of her I did understand fully, and then in a flash I realised why it was I understood so clearly, almost as if I were in her place; it was because I too, although I had not awakened to the fact until to-night—I, too, loved, and loved Charles!

Was he not always in my thoughts? Were not my happiest times passed in his society? Was I not jealous of Gwen because she had been nearer to him in the cupboard than I? Yes, I loved him. I tried to realise what life would be without him, but the mere idea was insufferable. This gradual development of love was so different from mere infatuation, had so grown into my wax, and had penetrated so deep into my sawdust, that, unsuspected as it had been till this awakening, it was indeed my life.

And Charles, with what feeling did he regard me? Did he, too, love without recognising the fact? He liked and esteemed me, I knew; he respected my intellectual capability; he was in the habit of consulting me on a great many metaphysical questions he was trying to solve in the cupboard. But he had never spoken words of love. His very friendship, I was bound to confess, was too frank and unembarrassed for me to think his feelings

deeper than they seemed. But might he not think the same of me? Yet I believe I was a little nervous and self-conscious in his presence sometimes.

I passed the night torn by anxious doubts; it seemed that he did not feel towards me otherwise than to a friend. Was I content to go on thus? I hardly knew. Friendship is a very poor substitute for love, and is as unlike it as a rag doll is unlike a wax one; yet when we cannot have wax skins we must be content to have rag to cover our stuffing. Anyhow, it is no good tearing off the rag because it is not wax, and thus leaving oneself cold and hideous. This is of course only a figure of speech, as I personally am wax, even if somewhat soiled and battered.

As the first streaks of daylight stole into the room I had made up my mind to wait till time should dispel my doubts, and meanwhile to go on as before; to be bright and sympathetic to him always, and to hope that some day, at any rate, he would love me, if he did not now.

Above all, I must keep my secret from Gwen. I turned and looked at him as he lay on the table, in the early dawn. He was not one of those dolls who close their eyes when they sleep, and the gap which disclosed the black emptiness of his head was painfully distinct. His countenance was no longer comely, but smeared and furrowed and dented; his clothes showed the marks of time and hard wear, and the dust of the cupboard clung to him still; but I thought not of his outward form—I loved him, that was enough.

CHAPTER III.

THE days went on, with nothing much to mark them. Miss Hildred came in the day after the dance. She looked pale, I thought, but perhaps she was tired; she did not stay long or say anything, at which I was disappointed, as I felt the need of her society; neither did I hear her singing about the house as much as usual, or if she began a song she would stop in the middle sometimes. I am afraid, too, she was rather cross.

As for me, I envied her the power of moving about. It was so hard to have to be still, to have no way of venting one's feelings, to have Gwen's eyes upon one always, and to seem just the same to Charles.

Besides, he too seemed changed, or was it only my fancy? His philosophic calmness appeared to have deserted him, and he was rather irritable occasionally. I think Gwen worried him sometimes. She alone seemed her old self, only that the spirit of mischief had taken strong possession of her. She teased Charles more than ever, laughed at him, at me, at everything; talked incessantly, and was always wishing to get away, to go into society, to see life and the world.

At last one morning Hildred came in to do some work. She shut the door to, and then went over to the window and began to sew; for a few minutes we heard nothing but the sound of the needle in the calico, and I wondered to see her so industrious, as she never used to sit long at her work. But presently her ardour ceased, she dropped the work in her lap and sat still thinking, and at last she rose, let the work fall unheeded on the floor, and began walking up and down the room, her hands clasped.

"I can't stand it," she burst forth; "it's making me ill. If only I knew! I did think so till the other night, and then—to stay away when he knew I was going, till so late that I hadn't a dance to give him, and then amuse himself all the time with that odious Carrie. Oh, it's contemptible to care for anyone when you haven't been asked to! Well, he doesn't know, that's one comfort. I pre-

tended not to see his hand when he tried to say good-bye, and bowed as coldly as possible. I wish I hadn't worn his flowers; I don't believe I do care for him really. I don't see why I should. He's nothing so wonderful—oh, Charlie!" And then she fell on her knees by the table, and began to cry.

I was very sorry for her. It was so evident that she was going through the same doubts as I myself; and his name was Charles too! The table was shaken by her sobs, and even Gwen seemed awed.

When Miss Hildred got up, she was pale and tear-stained, but she seemed calmer, and she sat down and finished her work as if nothing had happened. When she had left the room Charles said to me in a low voice—

"Ethelwynda, I have something to say to you." Then he paused.

"Yes?" said I, encouragingly.

"Ethelwynda, I have hesitated to speak, but the sight of Miss Hildred's grief this morning urges me to do so."

Could he at last be going to make me happy?

"You remember," he went on, "the night she came in here, when she was going to a dance? I was not asleep, and I heard all she said. Did you?"

"Yes," I answered, "and it kept me awake all night."

"And me too—for it gave me so much to think of. We are nearly as old as Miss Hildred, older in comparison, because dolls grow old so much sooner than human beings. So if she has fallen in love already, it is not so strange that I should have, only I had not thought about it in that light. She put the idea into my head."

I came as near trembling as I ever did in my life when I heard Charles say these words.

"I fear," he said presently, seeing I did not speak, "that I am not the sort of doll to inspire love easily. My person is not attractive any longer, the plush is worn off my clothes."

"Ah," I interrupted, "looks are not everything."

"No," he answered, but not very cheerfully, I thought; "but I think with your sex they count for a great deal."

"But not to those who know you well," I ventured to remark.

"Don't you think so?" he said eagerly. "You ought to know."

My sawdust beat violently.

"Do you think," he said softly, as if he did not wish Gwen to hear (she was, however, turned away from us), "do you think she would agree with you?"

"She?"

"Yes, Gwen. She does not think so much of intellect as you do, dear Ethelwynda, and—"

"Gwen," I repeated, unable to say more, unwilling to realise the meaning of his words. How suddenly our sorrows come upon us, and yet how calmly we take them, outwardly, when our very life seems to have stopped! Mine had at that moment, yet to my old friend I seemed unchanged. Or was he too full of his own affairs to notice me?

"I felt I must tell you," he said, "because we have always been such friends, yet even you seemed surprised at my presumption in loving her. I know I am not worthy of her, with her beautiful china face and hands, and her aristocratic notions; for if you remember she sat at the top of the tree they had one Christmas for Miss Hildred. But perhaps if I am patient she may get to care for me in time; at least I have no rival. And it may be, in spite of her seeming coldness, she does care a little now; it seemed when I heard Miss Hildred that at any rate it is my duty to let her know how I feel, in case—"

"It might be as well," I said, speaking so calmly that I was surprised at myself.

It is very hard, when you love anyone, to be made his confidante on the subject of his love for another, especially when you are not only unprepared, but actually hopeful on your own account; and I could not help feeling the injustice of it all. I was always so kind to him; Gwen treated him so badly. I could understand and sympathise with him; Gwen could not. I loved him; did Gwen?

I draw a veil over my feelings that memorable day.

CHAPTER IV.



It is not a pleasant thing at any time to overhear an offer of marriage made to another, but it is certainly worse when made by the one you love.

Owing to our peculiar situation I could not withdraw when Charles made his offer to Gwen; although I tried not to listen, I could not help knowing how she received it. I heard her laugh.

"What!" she said. "Would you take advantage of my inexperience to force me into a marriage I should be sure to regret? I haven't seen many men, but I know they are not all like you. I came from Oxford Street, and I was not one of those who just lie in a box wrapped in paper. At least, I only did that for a very little while, and then I was grandly dressed and put in the window for Christmas-time. There were a bride and bridegroom quite close to me; he was very handsome—too good for her, I thought, with such pretty blue eyes, and a sweet smile, and brown horsehair curls. That is the sort of man I should like to marry."

She rattled on gaily, shrilly, excitedly, quite regardless of the effect she must have on him. What a way to have received his proposal! How heartless she must be!

"I know I am not like that," said Charles, meekly, "and I know you have a right to look higher, but I can't help loving you. Don't you think you could get to care for me in time?"

"I like you well enough," she said, "and I'm sure you are very clever, and all that, but oh no, I can't marry you."

What a strange world it is! It seems to get into all the muddles it possibly can, and never misses an opportunity of doing the wrong thing. If only Charles had fallen in love with me, everything would have been so simple.

I glanced at Charles when the silence told me he had accepted her verdict and ceased to plead.

Not even his emotion could mar the natural serenity of his expression, but I thought his attitude very pathetic. He was lying flat on his back, with his sweet smeared face turned up to the ceiling, and his arms stretched limply by his side; his legs were somewhat apart. Very listless he looked, as if he found life not worth living.

Gwen wore her usual somewhat haughty expression. She was still lying sideways, her fair hair floating round her face, her arms and neck bare, for she always wore evening dress. I could not help owning she was pretty.

The time after that passed very miserably. Charles was not unnaturally depressed; my relations to him were somewhat strained.

Gwen, though she had refused his proposal flippantly, seemed subdued afterwards. One feels fonder of a man when one has just refused him, even if one does not love him. Conversation was difficult, and we lay side by side, a dreary trio.

The weather, too, was wretched, the rain constantly pattering on the window-pane. It kept Miss Hildred in, I suppose, for she came into our room a good deal, and she would sit watching the rain for hours together, heedless of the book in her hand, not a bit like the bright, happy girl of so short a time back, but much more like me. Once she took me in her arms and said, "Oh, I wish I were a little girl again, and could play with you! Being grown up is so much harder."

I wanted to comfort her and tell her perhaps it would all come right, unless, of course, like Charles, the man she loved cared for someone else; but she could not understand my language, and dolls can't even put their arms round people's necks. They used to say I had great expression in my eyes, but though they were fixed upon her, I fear they did not convey any meaning to her.

There are some people you can't understand trouble coming to, although others seem born to sorrow. I always felt things would not go wrong for long with Hildred, and I was right.

There came a thundering knock at the door, and Hildred laid me down and ran to look over the banisters, as she used to do when she was a little girl and was doing her lessons. She came back in a minute very flushed, and stood with her hand on her heart, irresolute, looked at her own reflection for a moment in the cracked glass over the mantelpiece, and then went out of the room.

I did not see her any more that day. The next day was fine. It was intensely hot. It was rather inconsiderate, I thought, that no one came to pull down the blinds, for the sun shone full upon us. Charles and I are very susceptible to heat.

The suffering of the last few days had made us weak, and I began to hope that if this went on we might melt, if not in each other's arms, at least on the same table. It seemed to me that Charles was fading before my eyes, and I knew I looked ill, because Gwen, who is insensible to variations in heat or cold, told me I looked greasy, which I thought very unrefined, especially as she prided herself on being aristocratic. Though birth counts for something, all ladies do not live up to their birth.

It was significant that she did not make this remark to Charles, as she would have done once. I suppose she was a little ashamed of herself for the way she had treated him, and, perhaps, she was a little moved by his evident depression, for although she had been very cross lately, she had not been unkind to him.

When the servant dusted the room in the morning she had placed Charles and me very close together. Our hands touched, and it occurred to me that perhaps they would be joined. My sawdust thrilled; but ah! his face was turned towards Gwen.

Suddenly Hildred came in. She was singing, and was evidently happier in her mind, but I thought she looked excited.

"Why, you are melting!" she said, and she separated us. For the first time in my life I was angry with her, as that yielding hand—a good hand in its way, though its fingers were not well defined—was moved from mine. She went across the room, and drawing down the blind left it in semi-darkness. Then she sat down to the old piano in the corner and began to play something very soft and dreamy. She only played for a few minutes, then she stopped, and sat, as she so often did now, with her hands in her lap doing nothing.

In the room reigned perfect stillness.

Suddenly I heard the same knock as

yesterday; soon a step was heard outside. Hildred started, rose, then sat down again. There was a tap at the door, and a gentleman entered.

"Hildred!" he said, and went straight across the room and took both her hands in his without another word.

"How did you know where I was?" she asked, and her voice sounded quite different from usual.

"They told me I should find you here, and I could not wait. You were kind to me yesterday. Hildred, you know what I have come to ask you."

The rest of their conversation was in so low a voice that I could not hear it, but they seemed to have a great deal to say to one another, and to need to be very close to say it.

One remark of Hildred's I did hear.

"I did doubt it once," she said, "and I was very unhappy. It was after the last dance I met you at, and I thought —"

"I remember," he interrupted, "you were so cold to me that I thought after all I was mistaken. I couldn't help being late; one of our men had been taken ill, and I had to go and see him, poor fellow; he wanted to say 'good bye' to me. I didn't feel much like a dance after it, but I knew you would be there."

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said, tremulously, "but you were with Carrie so much that—"

"That you thought I cared more for her. Oh, Hildred! She knows the wife of this man, and I was telling her about it, because I thought she would go and see her the next day. She is very kind-hearted, if she is a little fast, poor girl, and then it seemed easier to stay with her than to worry about other partners."

"Don't say any more," said Hildred. "I am so stupid and jealous, and I don't deserve that you should love me. But being a girl is so different from being a man; we never know till we know, and we can't ask like you can."

I thought this was incoherent, but he seemed to understand her; and as they sat together talking in a low voice, they looked so very happy that I could not help thinking perhaps all was not so wrong in the world as it seemed.

At last they rose and came across the room together, holding each other's hands. As they passed the table she drew him towards us.

"These were my dolls," she said.

He regarded us with more interest than gentlemen usually bestow on dolls; the dim light hid some of our defects, but it could not hide the vacancy of Charles' eye.

The gentleman said—

"That's a handsome fellow!" and laughed. "What's his name?"

"His name," said Hildred, laughing too, "is Charles, and I used to be very fond of him."

"Prophetic," said he; "I don't think he will prove a very formidable rival."

"And this" (she took me up) "is Ethelwynda; she was the joy of my childhood. Poor Ethelwynda, she was pretty once." And she kissed me.

The gentleman took me from her, and kissed me too in the same place. Such a thing had never happened before; he was evidently above his sex in his appreciation of us.

Then he replaced me on the table, but not just where I was before, and in doing so knocked Gwen with his elbow, and she fell with a crash to the ground.

"Oh, what have I done?" said he.

"You clumsy man," Hildred answered, but not angrily, "you have knocked down Gwen."

"Oh, I beg Gwen's pardon, I am sure." He picked her up and laid her on the table by Charles. "I hope she is not injured."

"Oh, it doesn't matter if she is! Come." They went away together.

CHAPTER V.

"How heartless," Charles burst forth, with more anger than he had ever shown in his life. "Once Hildred would have wept over any harm that befell Gwen, but she has outgrown her love for us. Is there no woman who is constant? Is it only we who love always?"

Then he turned to Gwen, and his voice changed.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, tenderly.

To my surprise she gave no sign of being in pain, but smiled and looked straight in front of her. Was she aware that her nose was chipped?

Charles observed it. "Oh that it had been I," he said; "it would have made very little difference to me; but Gwen! Oh, if only I could have saved her!"

"Gwen," I said, feeling so sorry for her that I could not be jealous or angry any more, "can we do anything for you?"

Her answer amazed me.

"I have refused the Prince of Wales," she said. "I should so hate ever to be queen."

Charles and I looked at one another. What could she mean?

"I saw him go past the window in the procession; he looked at me, and the bride said he was looking at her, she was always so conceited." She evidently was thinking herself back in Oxford Street.

"I said I was very sorry to decline the honour, and he seemed very much distressed. I wonder if he has got over it. He fell off his horse, I think. I heard a great noise. But perhaps I fell. I can't remember."

Was she delirious?

"He kissed me," she went on presently; and now she evidently thought she was Hildred. "He is very handsome. His name is Charles. Will you make my wedding dress?"

"But you are not going to be married," I said.

"Oh, but I am," she answered. "Am I not?" And she looked at Charles.

He groaned, and said sharply—

"Ethelwynda, look!"

"What is it?" I asked. "What does it mean?"

"It means," he gasped, "that she is mad. Look!"

It was too true. We discovered that she was indeed injured beyond repair. So great had been the shock of her fall that she was, as we now saw, hopelessly cracked.

Charles was calm first; he looked sad, but there was a strange sweetness about him.

"Are you going to marry me?" he asked. "I am Charles."

"Why, of course," she answered, brightly. "Who else could it be?"

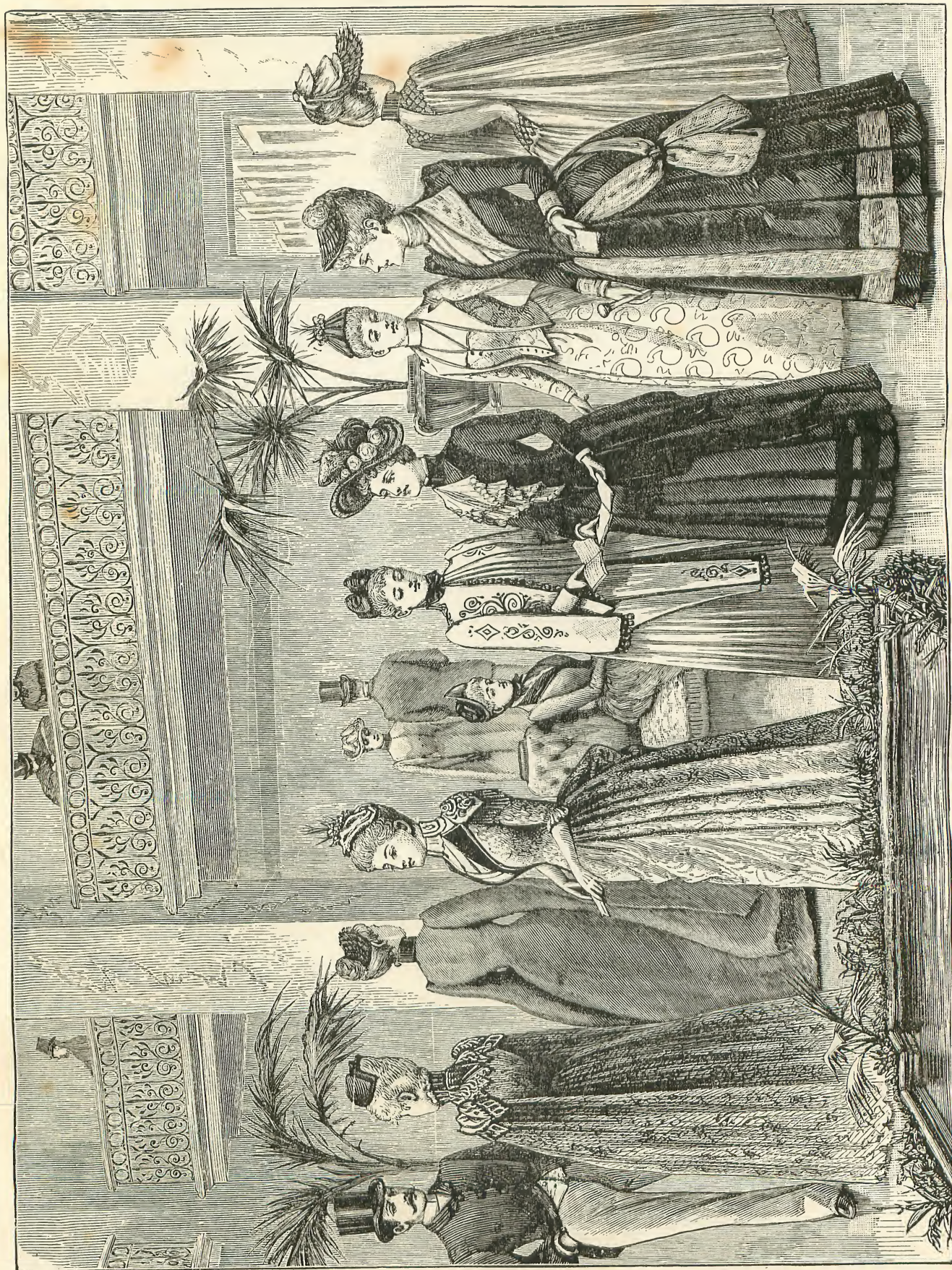
"Even so," he said, gravely but triumphantly. "You are always Gwen to me, and you shall be my Gwen, none the less that you have come to me in misfortune."

"I hope the Prince won't mind," said Gwen. "You are so much more handsome. I shall wear pearls."

It was a strange ending to it all. Gwen can never get well; but she is happy and more contented than she ever was in her sane days.

Charles is tenderness itself to her, and she is very fond of him; he humours her in all her whims and hallucinations. And perhaps he is not the only philosopher who has married a fool. To me he turns for friendship and companionship still, and all embarrassment is at an end between us, for he has never guessed my secret. If I think he has thrown himself away, it is useless to say so.

And I gain comfort from the fact, that as the summer progresses I seem to be slowly, but surely, fading away.



PRIVATE VIEW AT THE NEW GALLERY.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER



HATS AND BONNETS.

THE weather in May was not very good for the advancement of spring and summer fashions, and never have I seen them quite so dilatory in appearing. Many of the things we wore last year we retain, with trifling alterations. The small mantles, like habit skirts, trimmed with lace, jet, coloured beads, and passementerie, are just as much used this year as last; in fact, they seem too useful to be laid aside, and they add not a little to the richness of the dress. They also mark that stage of the spring when it is too cold to divest oneself of all covering supplying some slight additional warmth. Most of those that I have seen worn this year were, I am sure, not new, but of last year's purchase, yet seemed as good as new—a fact which showed how wise it is to have a good mantle from a reliable shop when you make up your mind to an expenditure of money, and then you may expect it to last two, or even three years, and neither show wear and tear, nor look too old-fashioned and antediluvian.

I should imagine from what I hear that this will be a great year for lace in every shape of out-of-door mantle. Large cloaks of lace, unlined, are amongst the novelties, and long lace scarves will be worn, as well as long coloured scarves with flowery patterns on them, put on as our great grandmothers wore them, *i.e.*, round the shoulders and arms, and hanging down in fringed ends in front. The lace pelisse or polonaise is a very pretty novelty; it is gathered at the neck and caught in round the waist. The trimmings are of watered ribbon, in bands, bows, and ends. There is no more pretty trimming for lace than watered ribbon or silk. It lights up the dull surface, and makes it look brighter and more charming.

At one of the private views a lady wore one of these long cloaks of clear Chantilly lace, which had "angel sleeves," and was of a very deep, yoke-like shape, in black moiré, on the shoulders, the back being caught in at the waist. Another method of making these cloaks is to have a shoulder-piece of black passementerie, which forms a pointed yoke. Some of the most stylish cloaks are made of light wool and silk, and have capes to them, and some of the prettiest new mantles are only capes with long scarf ends of lace, which are very full and are drawn in at the waist by ribbons. Others are of the small Zouave jacket kind, ending in front with lace and ribbon, while others are rolled back in front, just in the same way that jackets are worn at present, with the collars and revers all in one, the back being pointed, and all of it trimmed with lace. Nothing but Chantilly and its imitation is seen; all other laces seem to have completely disappeared.

In the new colours of the year we find a hue called "Empire," which is a kind of pink blotting-paper colour, which will be as much used in cottons as in woollens, and seems very bright and cheery, without being too vivid and

glaring for wear in the street; it will be most becoming to dark people. The new grey-blues and grey-greens are very charming, and the latter, still called by its old name of *réséda*, or mignonette colour, is very pretty in silk. The former is, perhaps, prettiest in wool. There is one new blue called "turquoise morte," which is greenish, and like a discoloured specimen of that stone; and as to the greens, they are the predominant keynote, and their name are legion, ranging from the delicate yellow-green of the first leaf which peeps out in the spring, to the hue of the cypress and the ivy. The admixture of green and black is just as popular as ever; and flowers seem to have entirely cast out feathers as the trimmings of our head-dresses of all kinds. Our old friend terra-cotta is back again, in an infinite variety of shades, from deep reddish amber-yellow to the yellow-red hue of the beech leaf when it falls from the tree. It is a deservedly popular colour, especially with young people. In many of the new dresses we find a great mixture of colours, such as pale blue and green, pale salmon colour and blue, terra-cotta and yellowish pink, lemon-colour and violet, mignonette green and heliotrope, coral pink and grey-greens. Black and white are used with all colours, including the newly married hues of terra-cotta and black moiré, which is so much liked.

I have before mentioned the change in bonnets, which, from their previous altitude, have now fallen to the level and size of very



NEW SMALL MANTLES.

small plates, or even of scallop shells, made of tulle and lace; the crowns often consisting of flowers, or even the bonnet itself. Black bonnets, with coloured flowers, are as much worn as anything, the strings matching the flowers, and not being of black like the bonnet. Short black lace strings are likewise beginning to appear again. Rosettes of "baby ribbon" and groups of looping form a very popular bonnet trimming, and look light and pretty in lace and tulle. It is much used as threadings in and out of the lace of both bonnets and hats, the ends of the ribbon, where it meets, being tied in bows and ends. The pointed and large round lace collars of former days are being used as hat trimmings. They are put round the crown and lie flat on the brim. Sailor hats and pork-pie



GENTLEMAN'S PYJAMA SUIT.

straws are both worn, in straw as well as in lace and tulle; and most of these decorations are placed either on the top of the crown, at the back, or quite low on the brim. We have rarely had so good a season for those who are obliged to make up their bonnets and hats at home; for the bows are sold ready made, and everything is done so easy that a little taste only is needed, with a very small amount of manual skill, to make things look as well as if people had been to a professional milliner's for their headgear. Strings are often entirely dispensed with, and, if used, are tied so as to hang down in long streamers on the hair. The flowers most used just now for bonnets and hats are white and mauve lilac, laburnum, white and pink may, daffodils, and mignonette. The method of making the long bows can be easily studied in the shop windows, and a bonnet-shape of net, lace, or straw, and a selection of bows, will give us something to wear with every dress.

The two flowers most used for bonnets which are all of flowers, are the violet, dark and light, and the forget-me-not. Both of these are small flowers, and both are used with few if any leaves. No trimming is used with the wide Alsatian bows, except an aigrette standing up or perhaps a small spray of flowers placed exactly in front.

Bordered robes are decidedly quite the rage; whether of embroidery on cotton or woollen, or of *appliqué* on the latter, they require careful making up to be pretty. They are generally made with a complete false underskirt, on the edge of which some moiré, striped silk, or chiorée trimming may be placed.

I have endeavoured to illustrate all the bonnets and hats which I have named, and even though some of them may be a little extreme in character, they have all been sketched from those actually in wear. The long cloak in lace with "angel sleeves" (at the extreme left of the picture) is very well shown, and so is the new mantle with straight sleeves, in the centre. The next figure to the right wears one of the long *jabots* of white muslin and lace which have taken the place of the large bow.

In the sketch of "Hat and Bonnets," a bonnet trimmed with "baby ribbon" will be found, the rosettes being under and over the brim. This figure also wears one of the new cape mantelettes, which are very elegant in their effect.

Skirts open down the front are still to be seen, but they are softened off by being laid in folds at each side, or by having fan pleats at the extreme edge, which lie on each other, overlapping. Sashes seem as much used as ever, both at the sides and back. At the sides they are slung from the belt and tied half way down the skirt. The length of skirt is a little longer when not needed for walking purposes. This is not an improvement, nor is it any more graceful in appearance. Indian pongee and Tussore are likely to be used a great deal this year for dresses, parasols, and also for the crushed hats, which are so much seen. These hats are very pretty. They are lined with the same sort of silk in a contrasting hue, and at the edge there is a finely-pleated frill inserted between the edges. Pongee is used for the linings of cloaks in pretty light colours, the old peach blossom being a favourite, but appearing under several new names. This is the case with many of our new hues; they are only old friends with new names.

I have mentioned the almost total disappearance of the dress improver from our midst, and some people have quite dispensed with it. The majority, however, do without the mattress, and have one steel only, which is ten inches long, put in eight inches below the waist, and a pair of strings tie in the back of the skirt about eight inches below the steel.

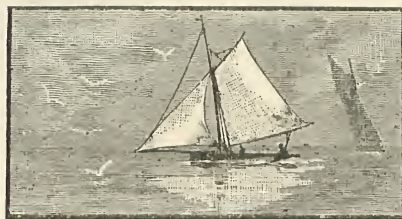
The tailor-made gowns do not seem so much worn in London as they were, but will probably be found again in the country and at the seaside. Coat sleeves, wide at the top and gathered into the armholes, without standing up much, are the new sleeves used for them, while for other gowns one sees several kinds of sleeves moderately full, and either in folds between the shoulder and the elbow, or else gathered, puffed, banded, or lying in folds, with the ends of the latter turned upwards. This last is the newest and prettiest style.

Stockings, spotted, striped, and embroidered, may be all worn by those who like them; and shoes strapped across seem to be the kind in vogue for very best. The toes of summer shoes seem invariably made of patent leather, and they are either laced or buttoned, as the owner pleases.

We have had so many applications for

gentlemen's pyjama suits, for sleeping in, which seem to have now taken the place of the old-fashioned night gown, that we have decided to select it as our month's pattern, as it is so easily made at home, very comfortable in wear, and possesses many advantages, we are told, over the old night shirt. The paper pattern is in two parts, jacket and trousers. The jacket has three pieces, the trousers two; the amount required for our pattern, which is an ordinary size, is about six yards; but it will probably cut into less, if the material be yard-wide, and the cutter out lay all the pieces out on the material before beginning to cut, when she can see how to fit them in to the best advantage. This is really one of the secrets of good management in cutting-out. The material may be of striped Oxford shirting, printed cotton, cottonette, twilled cotton, galatea, or indeed of any other material the intending wearer may think comfortable and useful. They are generally coloured, in preference to white; and striped seem preferred to all-over patterns of any kind.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, including the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays ("emancipation"), Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress with full back, bodice with *revers* for braiding, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" bodice with folds in front, the "Empire" dress (consisting of a bodice and a skirt, which may be had separately at 1s. each), gentleman's pyjama. No paper patterns supplied but those named in this list.



AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

PART II.
SUMMER FLOWERS.

HAD I searched all England over I do not think I should have found a spot more suitable for study and meditation. I had lingered and lazed too long in the New Forest, its weird beauty, gloom, and grandeur had cast a spell over me, which I found it hard to break. But editorial letters came at last, and work had to be done, so the horses' heads were turned off the main road, and in due time the Wanderer was safely bivouacked in a meadow not far from the sea. I do not mean to tell anyone the name of this village. It is mine by rights of discovery. Gipsies know it; one postman, who never does seem half awake, knows it; the swallows know it; it is the first village they visit in early spring; sea birds, wild ducks, and snipes know it, and find many a tit-bit among the sedges and the rushes that border a half salt lake near by; the south wind knows it well, and fiercely must it howl and blow in winter, for the trees, the hawthorns, oaks, and elms have all turned their backs to it, as if by common consent, and not even the gentle zephyrs of June can woo them round again; and song birds know it, the twittering martin, the reed warblers, and shore larks. I think they hardly ever ceased to sing; as early as two in the morning the birds would be patterning on the caravan roof, and singing in at me through the open skylights. By day there was no ruder sound to break the stillness than those bird-voices or the wind sighing through the ventilator, or out in the meadow itself the hum of insects and intermittent drone of workmen bees, as they passed from flower to flower. Then away over yonder, with half-a-mile of hayfields between, was the restless sea, and on the far horizon the cliffs of Wight, that regularly every evening at sunset took part in a marvellous transformation scene, while the swallows were holding their vesper revel, and bats in caves and under bridges were stretching their limbs and preparing to fly.

There is no hotel in the village near me, there is an inn. There is no doctor, for I do not think the people ever die. The buildings are quaint and curious, and stand anyhow, end on to the street, back to the street, or face to the street, and possess quite as much architectural grandeur and beauty as the houses boys and girls draw on slates at school. But quiet reigns everywhere. Children sometimes come and hang from my meadow gate for an hour at a time, and an older one may whistle; otherwise they look like a select assortment of juvenile Rip Van Winkles. My favourite walk is down through the meadows yonder, where the new mown hay lies in perfumed swaths, by a little footway which leads to the marsh and the lake. I wish I had space to describe a few of the splendid and curious grasses that grow here. But among them, and all over the marsh, are my flowers. When I want to cull them, I have to leap from hillock to hillock; were I to get between I might sink and never more be seen.

But there in abundance grow those taking, wee, blue-eyed fairies, the forget-me-nots—*Myosotis palustris*. They are not so compact as our garden kinds, but charmingly pretty. The legend says a knight in armour was gathering a bouquet of myosotis for his lady-love, who waited by the stream, and saw him borne away. He just had time to throw the flowers on shore and say "Forget me not," before the current floated him off, and hence the name. I do not believe a stream carried him away at all. He must have been in just such a marsh as this, and got between the hillocks and engulfed in the mud.

Town children frequently mistake the brooklime (*Veronica beccabunga*) for the myosotis. Country children do not; but it is well to get a blossom of each, and put them side by side in your collection, and one also of the water-speedwell—*Veronica anagallis*.

If you are walking almost anywhere in the country lanes or roads in summer, you cannot help noticing the beautiful flashes of ultramarine-blue that are spread out here and there. This is caused by the luxuriantly-growing germander speedwell (*Veronica chamaedrys*). A very fragile and insignificant wee floweret it is, not bigger round than the pimpernel, but we could not want that gush of beauty by the waysides for anything. The common pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*) you cannot mistake, owing to its wee, salmon-red flowers, and its somewhat lonely disposition. You will frequently find it growing among wheat or oats. Do not call it a weed, pray. Take it up tenderly and press it gently between the leaves of your stock book. Some song or another, that is running through my head, speaks of "the blue-eyed pimpernel." Well, it is sometimes blue; but rarely. I do not know why some flowers do change at times from blue to red, and *vice versa*—some little floral idiosyncrasy. There is also a bog pimpernel; and this is a perennial, the other being an annual.

Not in the marsh here itself, but near by it, grows the pretty pink or lavender-coloured flower called thrift. It bears transplanting well, and I have seen it used even in the interior of the country as edging for the flower garden. It is the *Armeria maritima* of botanists. It has long, linear leaves and single globe-shaped flowers, not unlike a half-blown double lilac primula.

And not far off from these banks of thrift I find the yellow-horned poppy (*Glaucium luteum*), called so from the glaucous or greenish-blue colour of its leaves. It is a very conspicuous and pretty poppy, and so is easily known. It is an annual, and must not be confounded with the perennial yellow poppy of Wales, sometimes called the mountain poppy.

And here is the beautiful sea-lavender, the *Statice limonium*. At a little distance its bluish purple flowers look to have the same arrangement as our garden heliotrope. The leaves are thick, glossy, dark-green, and lanceolate. This flower is perennial, and will grow well in gardens.

Growing not far from the borders of my marvellous marsh, I find splendid blooms of the gigantic yellow iris, or water-flag, *Iris pseudocorus*. Perhaps it has no business so near the sea, but here it is. This plant is called "Segg" in some places, and in Scotland Jacob's Sword, the leaves resembling a sword-bayonet. In shape it is altogether like our garden blue flag. With such flowers as these one may easily imagine I found no difficulty in making the Wanderer quite gay, the crimson flowers of tall ragged robins or red campions looking very beautiful among the green and beside the yellow.

A very large number of beautiful flowers are to be found on our seashore, and they differ to some considerable extent with each locality. But I have never yet seen anything like a really good collection of the wild flowers of the British islands. If they were well put up, well preserved, each with its botanical and provincial name, with probably a line or two of verse attached to each, and a photograph of the neighbourhood where found, it would be a collection of rare value indeed. Such collections could only be made by forming a wild flower club, whose members in different parts of the kingdom could assist each other.

I have noticed during my wanderings that the love of flowers seems to be quite a passion among many of the poorer cottagers who live by the wayside in England, and I have passed through some very humble hamlets, the windows of each hut or hovel in which vied with its neighbour in the beauty of its floral display. Perhaps these cots hardly possessed even the tiniest of gardens. That did not damp the ardour of the inmates, however—they had flowers, flowers everywhere: inside the windows on shelves; outside in boxes; crowding the tops of rustic porches; trailing over walls and roofs, and stuck into every crevice or corner.

There are certain flowers that grow so largely in fields in summer as to lend quite a charming feature to the landscape, especially when viewed at a distance, and either in open valleys or braelands. In painting tracts of cultivated land, nature, or art and nature combined, dash the colours on with a broad and unsparing hand indeed.

Take, for instance, the common charlock, the *Sinapis arvensis*, that grows among the corn in May and June, or rather graciously permits the corn to grow side by side with it. It is not an invited guest, the farmer does not like it if the artist does; but what a gleam of yellow it throws over the fields! Later on the corn marigold tinges acres and acres of ground with a richer, deeper golden hue. And bare fields of grass farther north are completely overgrown with the tall, shrubby yellow tansy. It grows up to the very udders of the wading cows, who are fain to put their tongues round its hard stem to find a fresh pluck of green.

So much for yellow. The dark rosy clover gives a charming cast to some fields; so does the white clover; and how the cows do luxuriate on this last, till their sides glitter, their eyes stand out, and their very ears grow shorter with fat! But as they eat it they breathe hard on it, to scare away the busy bees of commerce. Clover, both red and white, form also one of the many-coloured carpets that bedeck the sward by old-fashioned roadsides. And people who do not travel as I do, can form no conception of the amount of sward that flanks our highways and byways. In olden times this waste land was useful to afford grazing for the immense herds of cattle that used to be driven slowly from north to south. Now the cattle journey by train, and not even the poor man is allowed to make use of the herbal wealth that is spread about in such abundance.

Fields of flax or blue linum are not often seen now; but I have seen them in Yorkshire. The spring green of this plant is of an indescribably tender tint, and the blue of the cup-like flower is inimitable.

But even flax must yield the palm of beauty to scarlet poppies among the corn, or to the crimson glory of a field of blooming sainfoin.

Perhaps colour lends a greater charm to English landscape in June, than contour or lines. On a clear day we passed through a lovely country some leagues south of Salisbury Plain, and it was a pleasure to note the various—and ever-varying with the light—shades of green on the trees. The oaks could be told a long way off by their bright yellow-green tints, contrasting finely with the darker hues of the glorious elms. Ash trees, wherever seen, were well worth looking at, in colour a tender spring-green. The tints of the willows or waving pollards seemed to have a dash of blue in their composition. The lindens or limes again were more akin to ash trees in colour, but in foliage more, far more silken and fragile, though they would harden as the

summer advanced. When a cloud shadow fell upon an elm tree wood, the sycamores in it grew dark as ink. And towards night those elms were gloomy blots, and the Scotch pine trees black, solemn, and weird.

There were tall hedges at each side of the roads, as a rule starred over with the huge white flowers of the elder. You could have told that elder was growing there, even had you kept your eyes shut, owing to the luscious perfume that hung so heavily in the air.

At times the trees closed quite over the road, so as almost to impede my progress; the branches would go rattling and rustling along the roof, and leaves fall into the saloon through the skylights. Every now and then in this sylvan wilderness a cottage would appear, always with a garden, containing roses, rhododendrons, ivies, hollies, and brown-legged children. These pretty cottages popped up in the woodlands when least expected, in a way that was charmingly accidental.

We passed a wondrous hedgerow. It was half a mile long and about twenty feet in

height, and quite a study in bronze, green, and gold, all the effects of the sunlight, for the foliage was only that of blackthorn and dwarf oak.

Next we rolled past a park, and I suppose there was a mansion house somewhere hidden in the wood; but the park was a picture in itself: it had clouds of lordly elms in it, and clumps of copper beeches, and knots of weeping ashes, and tall, light-green, feathery acacias hung with drooping white flowers; and then, on rising knolls, there were groups of brown-stemmed pine trees. Don't you think you see it, reader? and isn't it nice to be a gipsy? But there were banks of rhododendrons in this park, and patches of golden furze as well, and here and there a patch of water rippling in the sunshine, where Chi-chi ducks were swimming.

By-and-by we came up out of all this grandeur of woodland, and the half-bare rolling plains of Salisbury hove in sight. Fields of all shades of colour in view now—the dark blue-green of oats, the silvery sheen of

waving barley, the harsher hues of wheat, golden yellow of wild mustard, and splendid crimson of corn poppies.

Three especial wayside favourites of mine are the blue geranium, the mallow, and rest-harrow. Both the former last very well in bouquets, and even bloom in water, while the latter, when in perfection, is an extremely beautiful plant.

The blue geranium is the meadow cranes'-bill—a stupid name, my own is best—the *Geranium pratense* of botanists, in leaf and flower and all it looks every inch a geranium, but a deep and indescribable blue. The foliage changes to orange and crimson in autumn. I never could make out what determined this flower's choice of situation. Botanists who write books tell us it loves moisture and shade, but gipsies know a deal more than *soi-disant* botanists, and I have found the blue geranium on the sunniest, barrenest of hillocks, by the side of the road as well as crouching among nettles and hiding near woods. I met it in Hampshire and Dorset, in Yorkshire and Northumberland, and even in Scotland; met it when least expected, and we always pulled up to kiss and cull it.

The mallows, like the poor, we always have with us. This is that tallish pink or mauve geranium-looking flower you see growing by every wayside and on waste land. There is the common mallow, *Malva sylvestris*, and the pretty and brighter musk mallow, or *Malva moschata*, the leaves and petals of which are different. You ought to get specimens of both and compare them. One glance would be enough, and you could never forget the characteristic differences.

Rest-harrow, *Ononis arvensis*, is a shrubby plant, trailing or semi-erect, very thorny, or with only rudimentary prickles, which grows on banks and bare patches by the roadsides, both in Scotland and England. I have met with it among the Grampian mountains, but it was somewhere in the Midland counties that I saw it in perfection, in Bedfordshire I believe. Well, it looked there just like pink furze. You would know it from that description.

The flowers are a rosy pink, and not unlike in tint and shape to those of the sainfoin. Both the furze and the rest-harrow belong to the same natural family, the *Leguminosæ*, but it is only when the rest-harrow is at its best that the resemblance is well marked.

In the next part I shall have some very beautiful flowers to speak about—flowers of hedgerows, fields, and river banks, among them wild roses and thistles.



A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY OTTERY'S FRIENDS (LADY ELEANOR DAVYS, LADY PEMBROKE, AND LADY DERBY).



HE world and the war went on, though Hampden and Falkland lay in their narrow graves. In connection with the latter, indeed, Kitty felt, with the sharp intolerance of youth, as if the friends among his party who had professed to pay him great homage awarded scant consideration to his memory when he was gone. It did not appear as if the Court and the noble company at Oxford abated much of their striving and pushing for place, their wrangling over their conflicting claims to promotion, their feasting and merry-making, their marrying and giving in marriage, during the ensuing winter, because of what had happened so late as on that September day on the field of Newbury. But Kitty might have been content. Falkland's name was written on many a doubting, distracted heart, labouring to keep its doubts and distractions to itself and to maintain a brave show of good cheer. His memory will be green so long as England itself survives.

War, like poverty, carries in its train strange company. It was a reproach brought against Dame Tabitha that in the exigencies of the situation she stuffed her lodging, not simply with all her fine acquaintances among the visitors, but with "the halt, the lame, and the blind," in the shape of the queerest, most piteous waifs and strays hanging on to the skirts of their better endowed brethren. A little knowledge of the needs of her neighbours sufficed. The poor parson come up to plead for his unpaid tithes, without the value of which his family would starve in their distant parsonage; the spendthrift player, who had not a penny left to pay for his bed; the young volunteer-soldier, who had arrived to offer his sword to his King, but had not calculated

on the shortness of his purse, which was like to deprive him of rations till he should be drafted into a regiment; the old mother or aunt or maiden sister, who had found her way to Oxford to see the last of the hero of home. He was already cumbered enough without the additional responsibility of looking after and providing for an unprotected female, in a good many senses more helpless, in spite of her more primitive habits, than she is to-day. None came amiss to Lady Ottery.

But Dame Tabitha had at least three famous guests whom Kitty could never forget. One day a lady was shown in—a tall woman with the long head and face, the chin straight and prominent, and the slight set simper which is not infrequently the indication of incurable self-complacency and conceit. Her eyes were, however, the most remarkable feature in her face. They were large, light eyes, restless, and with a curious glitter. She was dressed in the ordinary style adopted by a gentlewoman past her first youth. Indeed, she was so much in the fashion that she wore dangling at her side a huge bunch of seals, like so many hazel-nuts. For the last fancy of fine ladies was to make and wear collections of seals of every variety of stone, cut in every variety of device—the more grotesque the better.

The visitor did not trouble herself to go through the usual forms of greeting. She advanced a few paces into Lady Ottery's parlour, then stood still, and announced, in an oracular, self-important voice, as if her movements were of the utmost consequence to the whole world—

"I am come to see the fulfilment of my prophecy."

"Thou hadst better sit to see it, an it be the same thing to thee, Lady Eleanor, since thou must have come some distance," said Lady Ottery, quietly rising, taking the stranger by the hand, and leading her to a seat, into which she dropped as if exhausted with the burden of her powers.

As Lady Ottery returned to her own chair, she made the comment, with a dangerous approach to audibility, "As mad as a March hare by this time." Partially aware of the indiscretion, she cleared her throat and hastened to inquire, "How doth my old friend, Sir John? Is he with you, or do the toils of the law hold him fast in his lodging, as they were wont to do in the law courts?"

"Sir John is an unbeliever," said his wife, with startling candour and decision. "He sinneth against the clearest light; he remaineth blind and deaf to the most undeniable proofs."

"Nay, I hope that thou wilt not furnish him with the test whereby to try thy truth, that thou didst vouchsafe to thy first husband," Lady Ottery remarked, half to herself.

Lady Eleanor Davys, the wife of the Attorney-General Davys, was neither daunted nor affronted.

"Yea, I did predict the death of my first husband three days before it happened, and he as hale and well at the time as you are at this moment," proclaimed the formidable woman, with evident pride in this testimony to her gift. "And I foretold the birth, christening, and death on the same day of the Queen's first-born. I told her, likewise, that she should have another son, with fifteen more years of grandeur and happiness for her own portion. Behold, the years of the vision are accomplished."

"Art not sorry that it should be so, Lady Eleanor?" demanded Lady Ottery, with some indignation. "Methinks, if I prophesied evil to my sovereign and friends, I'd as lief be forsworn as witness my words of ill-omen come to pass."

"What have I to do with sorrow?" retorted Lady Eleanor, a little wildly. "My prophecies are not of my making. I have a commission to make known what is sealed. The letters of my name can be transposed until they read, 'Reveal, O, Daniel.' See, I have the keys to all mysteries in these my seals." She held up one bearing an impression of the three Hebrew youths walking in the midst of the fire uninjured; another showing the den of lions into which the bound prophet was cast; and a third displaying the rising sun; then dropped the whole three, and sent the rattling bunch swaying to and fro. "It was not for nought that I was a scholar from my youth up, or read Holy Scripture in the original tongue."

"Over-study," protested Lady Ottery, shaking her head, "over-study is a bad thing; better thou hadst attended to the napery closet and the stillroom, though thou hadst been twice over Earl Castlehaven's daughter."

"So say the common herd," answered Lady Eleanor, loftily. "Methought thou wast a little above them, but in that I erred and was deceived. No one can say I have not been faithful to my high office. I was had up before the Star Chamber for my deliverances, because, forsooth, they offended the proud stomachs of my lords! I was bidden prophesy smooth things, but I would not. The King flouted me, and told Sir John to make me hold my tongue. Marry, let him make his Queen hold her tongue; for her light words are foolishness, and my weighty sentences are wisdom. My husband, with his mind poisoned by my enemies, flung a whole bundle of my papers into the fire; but I was even with him. I writ them all over again, and stowed them beyond his reach," nodding her head in triumph, with a gleam of cunning in her glittering eyes. "I am here to challenge the bold disputants of my words, whether they have

in aught failed. Lady Ottery, I see there a young maid," glancing at Kitty as she spoke; "belike she would care to know her future fate."

"No, no," cried Dame Tabitha, hastily, "thou shalt not meddle with Kitty's fortune; she is a wise little girl, content to wait God's pleasure. Tell my fortune as long as you will, but let the child a be."

"Thou art no better than Sir John," said Lady Eleanor, disdainfully, and stalked out of the room without further greeting, as she had entered it.

Then Lady Ottery told Kitty that Lady Eleanor had always been so—at least since the days when she studied Hebrew and Greek, and gave herself up to musings which were to high for her. There was no accounting for the tastes of men, since she had found two husbands—one of them the present Sir John Davys, as wise a gentleman as was in England.

"I have not heard neither that she had any great fortune," Lady Ottery broke off to say reflectively.

It was thought that a cure might have been wrought on the morbid speculations and diseased vanity of the lady, when a gentleman of the Star Chamber took the pains to prove to her that the transposition of her name into the words, "Reveal, O, Daniel," on which she founded her claim to prophesy, was an act which could be done in more ways than one, and might be made to bear quite different significations. For instance, the letters composing "Dame Eleanor Davys, or Davis," could be pulled down and built up again into the sentence, "Never so mad a lady."

But it was useless to try to beat Lady Eleanor with her own weapons, especially when silly people pandered to her weakness, and were in the habit of consulting her as an oracle. Yes, it was sad, but poor Lady Eleanor's vagaries were a dispensation of Providence, though they were fed, no doubt, by human credulity and folly. It was still sadder that the sorrows of the times were wrecking the sound wits of many poor women.

Kitty knew Lady Ottery was referring to Lady Fairfax for one. She was growing distracted between the associations and predilections of her birth and early rearing, and the obligations involved in her husband's prominent position in the Parliament army. Kitty also remembered the words long afterwards, when she heard their substance applied to a daughter of the Lord Protector Cromwell, who was said to sicken body and mind of the national troubles.

Lady Ottery had dug intimation of the arrival of the next two visitors. The first of the two was the wife of the Chancellor of the University, Lord Pembroke. Nothing on earth would induce her to abate one jot of her pretensions. Even in signing a letter she wrote herself, "Anne Dorset Pembroke Montgomery," in assertion of her right to these titles, the first from her first husband, the second and third from Lord Pembroke. She was a large, imperious-looking woman, the daughter of Elizabeth's sea-captain, Lord Clifford, and the grand-

daughter of the peasant Earl of Clifford. His love of astronomy, which caused him to build a tower, in order the better to scan the stars, dated from the time when he was brought up as a shepherd among shepherds, with no knowledge of any noble pedigree. His own ignorance was part of his scared mother's design to hide him from the next heir to the titles and estates, after his father had been slain in one of the battles of the Wars of the Roses. But Countess Anne Dorset Pembroke Montgomery had inherited little either of the reckless chivalry of her father or the wise modesty and simple dignity of her grandfather; she was a domineering woman of some strength of character and considerable ability, but still greater arrogance. Her velvet robe was the most sumptuous that could be worn, her feathers the tallest. If she could have borne a crown of gold on her high head without any discourtesy to the Queen, she would have done it. She did not cast her eyes on any member of the present company save Lady Ottery. Even her hostess the visitor only took in with a sweeping glance and the tail of her eye.

Lady Pembroke could speak at any time, for a room full of company, on any subject under the sun. The magnitude of a topic no more awed her than the pettiness of another subject fretted her. The time-honoured learning of the city of Oxford did not silence her. Lady Pembroke's tongue went like the clack of a mill, in a deliberate, ponderous, over-bearing and unintermittent clack, in keeping with the birth, rank, and great fortunes of its owner. Although the most profoundly read or the wittiest, as well as the gravest and most reverent of Oxford's doctors, had been present, she would not have hesitated to give an ample specimen of the breadth of her discourse, which was said to range "from slea silk to predestination."

Kitty sat not so much crushed under it as kicking against it in Lady Ottery's parlour. A very wonderful and a very wearisome woman was the great Lady Dorset Pembroke Montgomery. Kitty was angered at the degree to which the visitor talked down and silenced Lady Ottery in her own house. The girl consoled herself by thinking that, for her part, she would a thousand times rather have had one of her dear Lady Ottery's blunt, jerked out sentences than all my Lady Pembroke's well-balanced, wire-drawn periods. And after all the wayward and ridiculous beauty, Lady Isabella Thynne, was not more unequally mated than was this imposing *bel esprit*, Lady Pembroke. Lady Ottery had said there was no accounting for men's tastes; she might in fairness have added there was no accounting for women's either. Everybody in Oxford knew that though my Lord Pembroke was one of the greatest noblemen in England—which to be sure was the reason that had not only qualified him for the chancellorship of the University, it had also won him his wealthy intellectual wife—his brutality and violence were matched by his rudeness and illiterateness. He could only speak of hunting and hawking and of his

stables, which would have afforded accommodation for the stud of a prince. There was one thing which his lady, who feared nobody, need not apprehend from her hectoring, swearing lord, and that was rivalry in her conversational feats.

When Kitty, in her youthful zeal, ventured to remonstrate with Lady Ottery on allowing Lady Pembroke to engross the conversation, without as much as edging in a word to show that she, Lady Ottery, knew as well, and a good deal better, than the speaker with regard to some of the matters on which she was enunciating information and laying down the law, all the answer she, Kitty, got was, "My dear, it pleaseth her to hear herself talk, and it doth us no harm to listen. Nay, rather, it giveth us time to rest a little and consider. Besides, she is a woman of parts, and her dissertations are generally well enough worth hearing. She is also a mighty great lady, who is condescending to us in noticing such humble folk as we are by comparison. Fie! Kitty, do I see thee gecking your head and bridling your neck? Where is your breeding, madam, if you cannot pay honour where honour is due?"

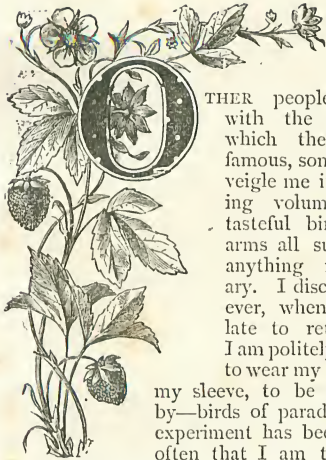
Kitty's experience of Lady Ottery's old acquaintances, or, perhaps, as Lady Pembroke would have said, patronesses, was not such as rendered the girl enchanted at the prospect of encountering a third specimen. This was especially the case when Lady Ottery, who in spite of duly recommending Kitty to pay honour where honour was due, had taken the earlier company easily enough, was absolutely fluttered by the anticipation of the third arrival.

"Little Kitty, this is a *grande dame*; you'll never see such another. The Queen herself would come with less natural state than this lady doth bear about with her in her simplicity. Great! I trow she is great. Her father was a duke of the bluest blood in France, her mother was a princess. Her cousin hath just been wedded to our little Princess Mary. Her husband is like a king in the north, where the people cry, 'God save the King and the Earl of Derby.' In good truth he is King in the Isle of Man, of which he is the lawful sovereign. I came to know her when I was at the Hague with Sir Jasper, and she was one of the Prince Stadtholder's family. I did chance to render her a little service once, and such as she forgets not a service, and loses not sight of an old friend, great or small; whether he or she hath grown rich or hath lost a fortune, it is all one to a *grande dame*, who can only confer distinction and not receive it. Kitty Dacre, your woman Pettit is right, you are in luck to have sat in the same room, and that not a palace presence chamber, with two such great ladies as my Lady Pembroke and my Lady Derby, of whom the last hath the true ring of earthly greatness. I say not that the other giveth forth a false sound, or is not entitled, alike from her rank and her parts, in Oxford above all, where my Lord is chancellor, to be received with duty and honour."

(To be continued.)

MY CONFESSION.

BY A CANDID BACHELOR (OF ARTS).



OTHER people's sisters, with the craft for which their sex is famous, sometimes inveigle me into opening volumes whose tasteful binding disarms all suspicion of anything revolutionary. I discover, however, when it is too late to retreat, that I am politely requested to wear my heart upon my sleeve, to be pecked at by—birds of paradise. This experiment has been tried so often that I am thinking of saving time and trouble by getting my confessions printed, and pasting a sheet in any inquisitive book to which I may be invited to contribute. Being anxious for the diffusion of high-class literature among the masses, I append a copy for the sake of its wider circulation among the readers of this journal.

Your favourite virtue.—Virtue, the art publisher.

The vice you most detest.—Advice.

Your chief characteristic.—Meek impudence.

Your idea of happiness.—Doing what I like.

Your idea of misery.—Doing what I don't like.

If not yourself, who would you be?—My brother.

Where would you like to live?—In a Pullman Car.

Your present state of mind.—Utter vacuity.

Your favourite colour and flower.—Reckitt's blue. Cauliflower.

Your favourite painter.—Zeuxis.

Your favourite composer.—Mrs. Winslow.

Your favourite names.—Sal, Sophonisba, Aristarchus, Mike.

Your favourite heroes in real life.—The Man in the Iron Mask and O'Donovan Rossa.

Your favourite heroines in real life.—Queen Anne (deceased) and Jessie Brown.

Your favourite heroes in fiction.—Uriah Heep, Bill Sikes, and the Conservative working man (if the owner of the book is a Liberal).

Your favourite heroines in fiction.—The Muses, Topsy, Lucy Gray, Mrs. Gamp (including Mrs. Harris).

Your favourite food and drink.—Tripe. Liquorice water.

The characters in history that you most dislike.—Æneas and George Washington.

The time of year you like best.—Dinner-time.

The greatest living statesman.—Myself.

The reforms you would advocate.—The reformation of the female sex.

The wrongs you would redress.—Those of third-class passengers.

The scenery you admire most.—Poole's Diorama.

Your favourite recreation.—Ballooning.

Your chief ambition.—To answer these questions truthfully.

Your definition of love.—Lunacy.

The place of women in society.—At the tea-urn.

Your favourite study.—Chinese music.

Your favourite books.—Confession books.

Your ideas on matrimony.—Matrimony has nothing to do with ideas.

Your favourite bird and beast.—Vampire, bat and rhinoceros.

Your opinion of the girl of the period.—I have no opinion of her at all.

Your opinion of the young man of the period.—Not worse than the young man of other periods.

The age at which a man should marry.—Dotage.

Is a lady justified in concealing her age?—If she can.

The opera you most admire.—Ciceronis opera.

Your favourite musical instrument.—Paper and comb, if played with expression.

Your favourite novelist.—Any leading historian.

The coloured eyes and hair that you most admire.—Pink.

Do you believe in love at first sight?—I have no faith in second sight.

Were you ever in love? if so, how often?—The heart knoweth its own bitterness.

Your favourite quotation.—“When you ask for it, see that you get it.”

Your favourite proverb.—Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

Your age last birthday.—Too old to be caught.

I shall now have the comforting thought that whenever my work is done, I shall have left behind me ample and varied materials for the biography of the season.

VARIETIES.

DO YOUR DUTY.—“Let all people,” says Plato, “whether successful or unsuccessful, whether they triumph or not, let them do their duty and rest satisfied.”

THE EXACT TRUTH.

A party of English visitors was being shown round a famous Scotch abbey, and one who gave himself the air of being the wit of the company, said to the guide, “Now, old fellow, we don't want any cock-and-bull stories about this place; tell us what you are sure is true—the exact truth, you know.”

“Ay, sir,” quietly replied the guide, and walked on in silence.

He led the party through the abbey, and then turning at the gate said, “Ye've seen the auld abbey.”

“Yes,” said the Englishman, “but can't you tell us by whom it was built, or anything about it?”

“The exact truth,” returned the Scot, “is—that's the auld abbey. I canna swear to ony mair aboot it,” and he left them.

WILLING TO RISK IT.

“Do you know, young man,” said the old gentleman, looking keenly at him, “that in asking for my daughter you ask me to part with something that is most dear to me?”

“Yes,” said the business-like youth, “and I expect she will be rather dear to me too;

but it will take her a long time to run through £5,000 in Consols, and nearly as much in gas and water.”

A GREAT BENEFIT.—The greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD.

Travelling in a second-class carriage between Hamburg and Berlin, Saphir, the Jewish humorist, had a little misunderstanding with a lady, the only occupant of the compartment besides himself, in reference to the opening of a window.

“You don't appear to know the difference, Mein Herr, between the second and third class,” said the lady, cuttingly.

“Oh, madame!” said Saphir, “I am an old railway traveller; I know all the class distinctions. In the first-class the passengers behave rudely to the guards, in the third the guards behave rudely to the passengers, in the second” (with a bow to his fellow-traveller) “the passengers behave rudely to each other.”

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—If a girl empties her purse into her head, no one can take it away from her. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

YOU CAN BE MINE IF YOU LIKE.

“Will you be mine, darling?” he asked, after a year's courting.

“No; it can never be,” was her reply.

“Then why have you let me hope so long?” he said, as he went towards the door.

“Because I intend never to belong to any man. You can be mine if you like.”

He saw the difference, and stopped.

A few years afterwards he saw the difference still more clearly.

MORE LIGHT.

A wise man having a window one yard high and one yard wide, and requiring more light, enlarged his window to twice its former size, yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How was this done?

This is a catch question in geometry. The window was diamond-shaped at first, and afterwards made square.

ENGAGED.—No woman who loves rightly, and means rightly, insists upon keeping an engagement secret.

THE MATRIMONIAL YOKE.—For men of higher intellectual avocation, for poets, philosophers, and for all those in general who devote themselves to science and art, celibacy is preferable to the married life, because the conjugal yoke prevents them from creating great works.—*Schopenhauer*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ENQUIRER AFTER TRUTH.—We have pleasure in drawing attention to the course of lectures to be given at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on "Human Nature and Non-Christian Systems," by the Rev. C. L. Engström, rector of St. Mildred and St. Margaret-Moses, E.C., secretary and lecturer of the Christian Evidence Society. Every Sunday from May 5th to July 7th (omitting May 19th and June 23rd), at 3.30 p.m. A list of the subjects of these, the "Boyle Lectures," to be had on application at the office of the society, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

ART.

A WOULD-BE ROSA BONEUR.—The exhibitions of the Royal Institute of Painters in Oil Colours are held in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, in Piccadilly. They are open to the works of all artists, subject to selection, and members are elected by the Committee. The exhibitions are annual, and commence in November or December. Address the secretary, Royal Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, Piccadilly, W. AUDREY will have to take what is offered her for her painted cards. The specimen sent us is neither very saleable nor pretty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRATEFUL FLORENCE.—The nails are appendages of the skin, and belong to the same cutaneous system. They are therefore affected by almost every condition which influences the skin. A disordered, nervous, and digestive system, for example, affects the nails. From your account, we should suppose something of the kind was the matter. In treating them, avoid the use of the penknife, and press back the flesh at the root of the nails with the damp towel, when washing the hands. You had better also take a doctor's advice about your diet, etc.

QUEEN ESTHER.—Palpitation of the heart may arise from indigestion. You had better consult a doctor, and read the articles by "Medicus" in the "G.O.P." on health subjects.

A LOVER OF SPARKS.—The only way of getting well is to try to improve the general health, and consult a doctor upon your diet and medicine.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—"Hosanna" means "save now"—Matt. xxi. 9—is used either as a form of blessing or an ascription of praise. Thus, when "Hosanna" was shouted, as in the passage just cited, it was as if the people had cried in joyful exclamations on every side, "Lord, preserve this son of David; heap favours and blessings on Him, and through Him on us." The same exclamation is supposed to have been used in the procession at the Feast of Tabernacles.

HEATHER BELL will find Green's "Smaller History of the English People" a very interesting one. The second wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was the Countess of Essex, which displeased Queen Elizabeth very much. Elizabeth had previously proposed him as a husband for Mary Queen of Scots. He is supposed to have aspired to Elizabeth's own hand.

F. B. must, we think, postpone her action and all such decisions on religious matters until she be older, and submit at present to her father's wishes.

PARASOLS may be re-covered at home if you wish. You must first take off the old covering, examining and studying it carefully so as to know how to put the new cover on; then unpick one or two of the gores, and use as patterns to cut the new silk by. The stitches must be small and strong, and the whole of the work very evenly performed.

ALLIE.—The initials for embroidering on handkerchiefs are usually placed with the tops towards the centre of the handkerchief. The 21st July, 1862, was a Monday.

EIFFEL TOWER.—Soda makes the hair light in colour, but it makes it brittle, and also ruins its glossy beauty and growth.

LILIAN IVY.—We know of no way but to wash the frames with hot soda and water. The 12th of June, 1876, was a Monday.

C.E.—The phrase "*place aux dames*" does not apply until school-time be over, and the daughter of the house be promoted to having her name on her mother's card, having been introduced into that circle of society to which her parents' position may entitle her to belong. The earliest limit of age should be eighteen. But there is no hard-and-fast rule as regards precedence in being served at dinner, or the occupation of a back seat in a carriage. Advanced age, or the condition of health, should be considered, and any gentlemanly feeling on the father's part might have to be lovingly overruled by wife and daughter. A well-bred man would invariably insist on being helped last, and before his sons only (if residing at home), and would take a seat with the back to the horses, so long as a grown woman, albeit it were a daughter, could thereby be provided with a better place.

PRAIRIE.—You should communicate with your own family, and endeavour also to see the friends through whom you went out. It might be well to invite them to pay a day's visit, or to go to see them, and to consult them as to whether you should endeavour to make a change to recruit your health before too far broken-down to earn your own livelihood as you did before. Your parents should be your guides in so difficult a position; and your friends (before-named) might assist you in following their advice. You might go away on a visit, and perhaps permanently.

A LITTLE SCOTCH LASSIE has a great love of nature, which is, of itself, nearly enough to make her a poet, and so her attempts are worthy of notice. But she needs study and time, and also perseverance in writing, to find out how much talent she may have. Dr. Angus' "Handbook of the English Tongue," which is published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C. (price 5s.), will be a help to her in her study of language, and the true nature and rules of composition in poetry and prose.

VIOLET seems to be very young and foolish. She drinks vinegar, and writes love poems, and does not seem to have grasped the purpose of her life here, which is to serve and love God and her brother, and come short in none of her daily home duties. To take much vinegar means to destroy her digestion and deteriorate the blood, and she will cease to be a worthy object of love if she fall into ill-health through her own folly.

"ROSEMARY:
that's for remembrance."—*Ophelia.*

BEING THE

EXTRA SUMMER PART

OF THE

"GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

is now published, and may be had of all booksellers.

As this number will not be reprinted, it is necessary for those who wish to possess it to order one at once.

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MASON.

Varieties.

THE HAUTE VIEW READING CLUB's address was left out by accident:—Miss Johnston, secretary, Primside, Kelso, N.B. It has been in existence for ten years, and is in a flourishing condition.

JAY (Southern India).—We regret the oversight about Miss Johnston's Haute View Reading Club address, but we cannot be sorry that it was the means of bringing us your pretty letter of thanks and of sympathy.

Miss K. L. HALL sends us the address of the Kingston Reading Club—the Châlet, Crystal Palace Park, Sydenham, S.E.; the members of which agree to read standard works during six hours a week.

MAI LIEBER MAI.—The shop attendant where you purchase your colours will advise you as to a medium; for if a first-class place, they will not keep anything but a good article.

DORIS CHESLEIGH's best way to earn money ultimately is to make the most of her time now in her studies, as she is very young, and must have plenty to do in them.

E. I. T. A.—Some are portraits in the picture, not all. Your writing might be improved, certainly. Why not try?

R. A. SCARBOROUGH.—We suppose you mean a "pantograph."



THE FISHER GIRL.



VOL. X.—No. 497.]

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



IN SUMMER TIME.

DAISIES nod and blue-bells ring,
Streamlets laugh and song birds sing,
To the clover bee-lips cling.

Cornfields wave their locks of gold,
Poppies burn and wings unfold,
Earth stars twinkle on the mould.

Butterflies—live blossoms, blown
From that Eden once our own—
Make of every flower a throne.



And a royal purple dyes
Yonder heather-hill, that lies
Fitting footstool for the skies.

And the gorse is all ablaze,
Lighting up the moorland ways,
And the days are golden days.

E'en the myriad mooded sea
(Earth-bound, yet than earth more free)
Wears a look of *constancy*.

And your love, that in the spring
Was a shy, uncertain thing,
Like a bud just blossoming,

With the summer's growth has grown,
Till our two lives, lived as one,
Make a summer of their own.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

PHEASANTS.

By BARONNE H. DE BOERIO.

I WONDER if any of "Our Girls" keep pheasants. Of course numbers go in for poultry. Indeed, I can hardly imagine any girl who lives in the country and has plenty of room not doing so. What a source of amusement and interest, but also what a source of anxiety in the spring-time, when hens that ought to sit won't sit, or calmly desert their nests after a week or so, and utterly ruin a valuable *covée*.

"Theo" has written some very interesting and useful chapters on poultry-keeping during the last few months, chapters which I have read with a great deal of interest as a poultry-keeper, and from which I have taken some valuable hints.

Now I propose to tell "Our Girls" all I know about pheasants, and as I have kept them some years, with very good results, I daresay my experience will be of use to some one or other.

There are thirty-one different sorts of pheasants, all handsome, gay-plumaged birds, each more splendid than his neighbour, so that it is difficult to say which is the most beautiful.

Those most known are the common wood pheasant, the Silver, the Gold, Lady Amherst, Swinhoé, Cabot, Elliot, Vénére. Most people imagine that to keep pheasants successfully one must have a large parquet with plenty of grass, low-lying bushes, etc. This is quite an erroneous idea, though I do not deny that if possible it is preferable, as more approaching to their natural state. All created things must be happier and healthier under the conditions of their natural state, from man downwards, *ça va sans dire*; but it is within our power, by order and great cleanliness, to render the captives' life on the whole happy enough. Those born in captivity know not what they have lost, so make the best of what they have, and, as far as my experience goes, thrive well.

I have not a very large garden, so my pheasants have less space than I should like to give them.

My aviary is 48 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, and 6 ft. high. It is divided into four compartments; each compartment has a little wooden house for shelter, just large enough for a cock and two hens. Of these shelters, however, they take no advantage, remaining outside in all weathers.

Gravel and sand are laid down thickly, and well raked every morning. Sometimes I plant

old pear trees in the centre to serve as perches; but they are not very necessary, as pheasants do not seem to care about perching themselves, at least, mine do not, and if the birds are at all wild, the pear trees break the tail feathers as they fly up suddenly.

I feed mine morning and evening on buckwheat. In the spring and summer I give them green food of all sorts—cabbage leaves, grass, salad, groundsel, etc., at middle day. This is very necessary. Also worms and snails, as I happen to find them in the garden, and occasionally a little sopped bread for a treat.

On this fare my pheasants thrive splendidly, their plumage is glossy and healthy, and they themselves always appear cheerful and contented. During seven years not one has died from disease; though last year a friend's ferret got to the birds and killed twelve in one night. My feelings towards that friend and his ferret were not of the warmest, or rather, I should say, they were too warm for some time after. Four were replaced at once, but the rest, though promised, came not, and old *Father Time* will be a year older next month since the accident. I also lost a cock golden pheasant last year. He was rather wild, and someone coming round the corner upon him suddenly, he flew upwards swiftly, struck his head in a vulnerable part against the woodwork of the aviary, and fell down dead. I mourned him sincerely, but as there was nothing else to be done I ate him, and very tender and delicious he was too.

I do not know how much buckwheat costs in England, but here in Brittany it is 12 francs the 100 kilos, or about 10s. the 200 pounds. This quantity ought to last fifteen pheasants from three months to three months and a half. I give my birds only just enough buckwheat for their breakfast and dinner, as whatever is left over is eaten by the sparrows, who hop in through the wire netting by dozens, and eat as much, if not more, than the pheasants. Of course this is easily avoided by using the very smallest netting; but mine is unfortunately just large enough to admit these little thieves, and they fly in and out so nimbly it is impossible to catch them. And now I will tell you about the management of the young pheasants. To anyone used to bringing up chickens it is quite the easiest thing in the

world, and not at all the delicate operation some people make it out.

In the first place you must put hens to sit on your pheasant eggs. Very few pheasants are good sitters or mothers; they are quite the exception. Though the common pheasant seems to get on well in her native state, in captivity it is far safer to put the eggs under a hen, a smallish hen with small feet, and quiet in her movements, as most of the pheasants' eggs are smaller and more breakable than fowls', and the little ones are half the size of chickens when born, and easily killed by an awkward and large-footed mother. The tamer and quieter the mother, the more likely are you to bring up your brood without any accidents of this kind. Bantams and Silkies are the best fowls for bringing up pheasants.

The eggs take about twenty-one days to hatch. They should be put under the hen as fresh as possible, though I have known eggs a month old before the hen began to sit hatch out all right. One of my golden pheasants laid thirty-five eggs straight off on end, so that had she been left to sit herself her first eggs would have been over the month.

Every day I look to my nests and take away the eggs; this is most necessary with the silver pheasant, as both cocks and hens are often inveterate egg-eaters; this is the bane of the race; with some it is so confirmed a vice that unless you are present when the egg is laid, it is almost impossible to get an unbroken egg at all, and you are obliged to give up all hopes of breeding.

The young pheasants require much the same treatment as chickens; they require no food for the first twenty-four hours; after that time you must give them ants' eggs, picking out the eggs, placing them on a board, and pointing them out to the young pheasants with the point of a small stick; this is, of course, the mother's work, and sometimes she does it so well there is no need to occupy yourself with the matter, but it is most necessary that the young should eat plenty during these first days. The water, place as for chickens.

After fifteen days mix a little millet-seed with the ants' eggs, gradually increasing the seed and reducing the quantity of eggs. After a month you may give them buckwheat, and if it is more convenient, leave off the ants' eggs.

Young pheasants require otherwise precisely the same treatment as chickens. A nice dry

run, with plenty of grit and grass to scratch in, well exposed to the morning sun, if hatched as late as June, as the midday sun burns too much. I forgot to say, when talking of their first food, that lettuce and a little onion chopped very, very small must be given regularly after the second day, and continued for a fortnight or so.

Damp or wet is fatal to young pheasants as to chickens, and very great care must be taken in this respect.

I have now only four sorts of pheasants: Swinhoé, the golden and silver pheasant, and the *faisan des bois à collier*. I have not the slightest idea of the English name, so I give the French. It is in every respect like the common pheasant, save for a white collar and green horns lying back horizontally. Each cock has two hens, so I am not so badly off after all, despite my friend and the ferret. Another smaller aviary is waiting to be filled; in it I shall put Lady Amhersts and Venérés, two magnificent kinds of pheasants.

And now about the price. Here, in France, I buy my birds through the *Journal de l'Acclimatation*, a very useful paper in much the same style as the *Exchange and Mart*. The birds being offered by ladies and gentlemen who, like myself, go in for breeding for pleasure, are very much cheaper than those offered by professionals.

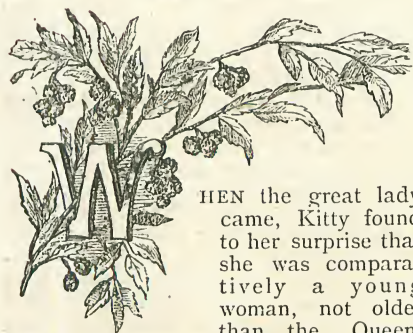
Swinhoés are generally 35f. to 40f. a couple, Venérés ditto, at one year old. Golden and silver *faisans des bois à collier* 15f., 20f., and 25f. a couple, according to their age, though I have bought bargains which turned out very well 10f. the couple. Lady Amherst, de Cabot, and Elliot are from 25f. to 35f. Of course the cheapest way to get up your stock of pheasants is to buy eggs in March and April, and put them under a hen. The eggs vary from 8f. to 22f. the dozen, according to the sort. In order to be sure of selling mine, when I have any over, I sell them a few francs under the usual price, and they are sure to be snapped up at once. I can assure "Our Girls" that though pheasants demand a little outlay at first, they will, if properly cared for, fully repay the trouble, not only paying their own expenses, but bringing in a nice little sum to their owner. This with systematic care—mind, not much care one day and oblivion the next; but this, we hope, is not the likely sort of thing any of "Our Girls" would do.

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.



WHEN the great lady came, Kitty found to her surprise that she was comparatively a young woman, not older than the Queen, only a few years over thirty. But in these anxious times, when boys and girls shot up into men and women,

because of the exigencies of the situation, their seniors soon passed from the noon of life into the lengthening shadows which herald the decline of day. The air and habit of command likewise tended to lend a majestic, mature air to persons hardly past the flower of their age.

Charlotte de la Tremoille or Stanley was not very tall, though she carried her figure so well that none missed the absent inches which would have given her the advantage of statelier height; she had a striking, rather than a beautiful face, a strong nose, a straight, firm, but not thin lipped mouth, a chin already with a slight tendency to double itself, and notably arched black brows. She had the bright dark eyes of her father's

country, while there was a trace of her mother's Dutch descent in the lingering red and white of a complexion which in its bloom Rubens might have painted. She was dressed in a plain, dark cloth travelling hood and mantle. As Lady Ottery would have said, she was beyond dress: it could neither add to nor take from her dignity, though on occasions, to grace a family event or a public ceremonial, she wore the costly stuffs and jewels of a princess, which simply became her.

She entered the lodging in the High Street with as much quietness and grace as if she had never dwelt in palaces. She spoke in the same unaffected, unobtrusive manner, calling Lady Ottery, with evident sincerity, her friend—her old friend

—begging her blessing, and inquiring with interest after her welfare, before she proceeded to tell about herself.

But with all Lady Derby's quietness, it would have been a bold man or woman who would have either interrupted or contradicted her. Kitty felt as if a disapproving look from these bright dark eyes, which scanned everything and seemed to pierce one through and through, would be sufficient to turn an offender into stone. She did not refuse to let her eyes rest on Kitty as Lady Pembroke had done; Lady Derby even smiled on the girl. "A young kinswoman of thine, Lady Ottery?" she took the trouble to inquire. "Not a granddaughter? Surely thou hadst neither chick nor child when I had the good fortune to come across thee."

"A goddaughter, an your ladyship please; the child of a friend, a learned and worthy doctor of the University. Her mother, who was likewise my friend, died soon after her birth, and she hath had to be beholden to me for such womanly training and countenance as I could give her."

"She could not be in better hands, my friend," commented the Countess, gently; "say you not so, my young lady?" And she turned again to Kitty.

The girl, whose whole impatient youthful nature had risen in rebellion against the oppressive supremacy of Lady Pembroke, rose as by an impulse she could not restrain, walked across the room, curtsied down to the ground, and kissed the white hand which was held out to her by one to whom the act of receiving homage was as natural as it was to sleep or to breathe. Lady Derby had royal tact, too, and something of the exquisite grace and kindliness which made so many of the faults of her countrywoman, Henrietta Maria, be forgotten by those who came into personal contact with her Majesty. In other respects the women were very unlike.

Lady Derby turned aside to Lady Ottery, and said, with an expressive little nod, while Kitty was still within hearing—

"I like the child; I believe she is as good as she is charming. I would that I had her as a companion and friend for my daughters. If she had been in Lancashire" (she pronounced the word "Lenquishire," though she spoke English much better than the Queen spoke it), "and if my son Strange had not been as old as she, I could have wished her, for her own sake, as well as for his, to have been one of the twenty young ladies—daughters of knights and squires—who carried his train at his christening. Ah! I shall always say that was the prettiest sight I have seen since I came to your England; you will forgive a wife and mother for saying so."

Withal Lady Derby was a born and therefore a perfect courtier. She had come from Chester, where the Earl had a house, to make her relationship with the husband of the little English Princess an excuse for craving an audience in order to plead the cause of her lord, which ought not to have needed any pleading. Lord Derby was a nobleman of the highest personal qualities, who from the moment that the Parliament

resorted to violent resistance to the Royal mandate, exerted his great power in the North of England on Charles' side. But James Stanley's family pride did not recommend itself to the King, and his austere virtue, though it might have been more acceptable to his master, was equally in disrepute with many of the King's servants. In return for Lord Derby's exertions on behalf of the Crown, he received marked and repeated slights. At this very moment the troops which he had raised in Lancashire were put under another commander, while he had the Royal orders to repair to his domain of Man and defend it against any possibility of attack. The command sounded what it was, a polite excuse for getting and keeping the Earl out of the way.

But not a word of any grievance passed the Countess's discreet lips. The King was the King whatever he did. He was also included in the alliance between the great Orange, de la Tremoille, and Tour d'Auvergne families. In the same manner the lady talked with the greatest complacency, and without a single word of censure, of the Queen and her Court; of those endless diversions of hers—balls, plays, and so forth, indulged in at such a season—which were beginning to provoke sharp criticism even among the friends of the Royalist cause; of the tribe of plotters, Jesuits and Papists, she kept about her. It might have been supposed that all these offences would have appeared especially heinous to the daughter of a great Huguenot leader, who had suffered severely for his religion. But she was a *grande dame*, with all a *grande dame's* weakness, no less than her strength, to the core, even as she was a high-minded, heroic-souled woman. She spoke of someone who had offended her without a trace of unseemly reviling, but with a cold implacability which appalled Kitty. Lady Derby talked a little to Lady Ottery of how she, the Countess, should settle her sons and daughters in life for their profit and happiness, above all, for the honour of their family; as if these high-born young men and women could not by any possible chance be supposed to have a voice in the matter. She went as she came, in the serenity of an absolute security as to her position, and of the utter absence of self-consciousness.

Within the year there flew all over England the wonderful tale of how the Countess of Derby, in the absence of the Earl, her husband, was holding out his house of Latham against a Parliamentary army. Latham was a great mass of building, standing on a Lancashire flat. The building had nine ordinary towers, and a tenth, the Eagle's Tower, higher than all, in the middle. The gatehouse was also defended with strong towers, and there was a moat nine yards wide and two deep, protected by strong palisades. While as yet only watched by the Parliamentary general and his men, the Lady of Latham had contrived to store the place by night with food, ammunition, and soldiers, herself singling out every sentinel for his post, and appointing a siege captain.

When summoned courteously enough by Sir Thomas Fairfax to give up

Latham, she answered that she much wondered Sir Thomas should ask her to give up her husband's house without offence on his part, and begged to consult him.

Sir Thomas declined the delay involved in communicating with a gentleman in the Island of Man, and invited her to meet him and his generals at New Park, another house of Lord Derby's in the neighbourhood. She answered she did not forget either the honour of her lord or her own birth, and conceived it more knightly that he, Sir Thomas, should wait on her than she on him.

She consented to receive a deputation of his colonels, when she let them see plainly from where she sat at the end of her long hall, with her two young daughters by her side, that the house had been really converted into a fortress bristling with men and guns.

When the siege began* Lady Derby and her two noble girls—Lady Mary and Lady Catherine Stanley—saw to everything, distributed food and powder, attended to the wounded, and often visited the ramparts. It was only after bullets had fallen two or three times into the countess's bedroom that she consented unwillingly to change it. A shell burst in the dining-room when the family were at dinner, breaking glass and scattering furniture; but the children were so well trained that, to their mother's satisfaction, they did not move, and scarcely changed colour.

She had service celebrated by the chaplain four times every day in the chapel, and with her women punctually attended each service. Yet, alas! alas! when an exchange of prisoners could not be effected with the Parliamentary army, she consented to the massacre of those at Latham House.

The Earl of Derby, away in Man, hearing the news of the siege and not knowing how it was going with his lady, sent a letter to Sir Thomas Fairfax asking him to permit the Countess and her children to quit Latham House, "if it seems good to my wife," the letter ended.

Sir Thomas forwarded the letter to Lady Derby, and her silence signified that it did not seem good to her to leave Latham.

Sir Thomas withdrew from the siege, and Colonel Rigby, who took his place, commanded the lady rudely to surrender. She sent him back his letter torn in two, telling him he should neither have her person, goods, nor house. Sooner than fall into his hands her goods and house might burn, and she and her children perish in the flames.

To the horror even of the rough soldiers, a mortarpiece, charged with grenades, was brought against Latham, but it was captured and destroyed in a sortie of the garrison.

In the meantime the dame's provisions were running short, though for that matter she would have echoed the defiance of little Robert Blake, when he kept Taunton for the Parliament, and replied to the scoff that he would be starved out presently, "Will eat my boots first."

* Life of the Countess of Derby.

What was still harder to bear, Lady Derby was apprised of Royalist defeats on every side, while she could not know that the Earl of Derby had written to her kinsman, Prince Rupert, offering his troopers three thousand pounds to raise the siege of Latham and relieve the Earl's brave wife.

Communication with the world without had grown so difficult that after a poor woman, who had been employed to carry out letters and papers, had submitted to have her hands burned to the bone sooner than betray the secrets of her employers, the garrison were reduced to availing themselves of the services of a dog, which went to and fro with a slip of

paper hidden in its collar. But one day in swimming the moat the animal was shot in sheer wantonness by one of the besieging soldiers.

After all it was Lord Derby himself who had the supreme triumph of raising the siege, and delivering his wife and children. He was able to reach the coast of Lancashire in time to join forces with Rupert, and lead the attack on the town of Bolton, where the Parliamentary General lay, routing the enemy, and of course freeing Latham and its mistress. Prince Rupert sent his cousin twenty-two flags taken from the Parliamentary soldiers, and she hung them with pride round her chapel. But she had to seek

refuge with her family in Man, and six months afterwards, Latham, without its lord and lady, surrendered.

Kitty Dacre was full of girlish enthusiasm when she heard of the defence of Latham. She admired her heroine almost as much as she honoured Lady Ottery's hero, gallant, God-fearing old Sir Jacob Astley, whose famous prayer at the head of his column before the battle of Edgehill was known to his contemporaries, and has been handed down to later generations: "Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. March on, boys."

(To be continued.)

EVENINGS AT THE OBSERVATORY.

By SIR ROBERT S. BALL, F.R.S., Astronomer Royal for Ireland.



AM attempting in these papers to give a conception of the varied nature of the objects which the skies offer to our contemplation. We have looked at a body of the most solid description, evidently cold and hard, in the moon. We then saw that Saturn was

entirely destitute of those rigid features which gave the moon its beauty. The charms of Saturn lie in quite another direction. Then we passed from these sun-illuminated bodies to a group of suns themselves in the glorious star cluster. Now we look to an entirely different class of objects, compared with which even the vast clouds of Saturn must be considered as dense and opaque.

The telescope, ever an ally in the study of the heavens, is in this part of the science absolutely indispensable. In other branches of astronomy we can learn something without its aid. Indeed, many great astronomical discoveries were made long before the telescope was invented. But ere this memorable event in the history of science, it was impossible for us to know anything of the existence of the nebulae. It is indeed true that there is one of these objects which can be just detected by the naked eye. It lies in the constellation of Andromeda, where, on a clear and dark night, a faint spot of light can just be discerned by a good eye. But a mere glimpse gives us really no adequate notion of the true character of the object. It might only, so far as the naked eye discloses its nature, be a cluster of stars like that we have already discerned in Perseus, or like the similar group that, under the name of the Beehive, is comparatively familiar in the constellation of Cancer. With the single exception of the nebula in Andromeda, all the objects so called are entirely telescopic, yet how important a constituent the nebulae form in the contents of the heavens will be shown by a look at some of the lists of these objects. There are now several thousands of the nebulae known, and their positions in the sky, as well

as the details of their appearances, are fully set forth in the catalogues.

It will therefore be proper that during our evenings at the observatory more opportunity should be taken to examine these mysterious nebulae. An exceptionally fine night should be chosen for this purpose. The sky should be clear and bright and the moon should be absent. Indeed, when the moon is present the light it scatters over the sky is sufficient entirely to extinguish the faint nebulae, and greatly to impair the lustre and the beauty of the brighter ones. A good test of the suitability of a night for such purposes is found in the visibility of the milky way. If it be seen clearly spanning the sky, then the night will usually be favourable for such observations. From the same considerations we may infer that it will not do to choose nights in the middle of summer. Then the twilight glow over the sky in our northern latitudes has a similar effect to the moonbeams, in so far as it greatly detracts from the telescopic effectiveness of the nebulae. In fact, these objects are most of them so faint that the caution I have already given as to the liability to disappointment must be especially remembered. Many of them can only be made out by careful watching, and for the fainter ones an eye specially trained to such work is required. It is for nebulae that the leviathan reflectors have been chiefly constructed. The great mirrors are specially adapted to grasp all the feeble rays of light that these objects diffuse, and concentrate them so as to produce an image bright enough to admit of being observed.

The most glorious constellation of stars in the firmament is undoubtedly that of Orion. This splendid group is seen in the south during the winter months, and towards the close of January it is situated in a very convenient position for observing early in the evening. The group is specially characterised by the number of unusually bright stars which it includes, and the three stars in the centre, forming the so-called Belt of Orion, is as well-known a celestial figure as the sky contains. Directly under the belt are three much smaller stars nearly in a line, which points directly upwards to the middle star of the belt. These three lower stars are usually known as the sword handle of Orion, this being the position which they occupied in the fanciful old sketches of the constellation. The three stars of the sword handle of Orion are plunged into the great nebula. This object cannot be seen by the unaided eye, though doubtless around the central star a little haziness is perceptible, and

even the slightest telescopic aid will suffice to indicate that the central star of the sword handle is attended by a surrounding glow of light, which renders it quite unlike other stars. This can indeed be sufficiently shown with an ordinary opera glass, one glance through which will awaken in the beholder a keen desire to study the object under more favourable conditions. But to do justice to the object, telescopes of large power are desirable.

To realise fully the magnificence of the great nebula, the observer who is being introduced to the object for the first time should not, strange to say, direct the telescope at the nebula; the instrument should rather be pointed at the heavens, just a little to the west of the nebula. The clock driving the equatorial should not be started, and the observer should take his seat and look through the eyepiece before the nebula has entered the field. He will see, no doubt, a few stars on the deep black background, which gradually pass in procession across his field of view. This is merely the ordinary diurnal journey of the heavens, by which all the objects move slowly from east to west; I ought rather to say *appear* to move, for of course the motion on the heavens is only apparent, the fact being that it is the earth which is turning around.

After the observer's eye for a minute or so has become familiarised with the dark aspect of the heavens under ordinary circumstances, he will begin to perceive on the eastern side (it will appear in the telescope no doubt as on the western side) a faint dawn of light. Gradually there will steal across his field of view a sort of ghostlike luminosity that is in marked contrast to the darkness in the rest of the field; as the seconds move on, this object will disclose itself until the full splendour of the great nebula comes into view; then the entire field will be filled with the light, and then it will gradually advance and gradually pass away again to emphasise the contrast between the brilliance of the nebula and the darkness of the sky. Unless this method is adopted, the full interest of a telescopic view of the great nebula is not attained, for when the entire field is full of the glow the beginner will hardly recognise the nebula. He will be apt to think that the fainter part of the field he sees is the ordinary groundwork of the sky, and this illusion can only be dispelled by enabling him to witness the actual contrast in the way I have described. The central portions of the nebula are, however, so brilliant and so wonderfully marked with interesting detail, that even a small instrument will suffice to

reveal much of its beauties. In the centre of the nebula is the star known to astronomers as Theta Orionis, the most prominent star of the sword handle. To the eye this looks like an ordinary star, but the telescope speedily dispels that notion. Theta Orionis is found to consist of four, or rather six, stars all so close together that the unaided eye fails to distinguish them separately. A structure so complex gives to this star quite a special, indeed a unique, interest, wholly apart from the marvellous nebula of which it is the focus. We must dwell a little on the peculiarities of this star. We are familiar with stars which are called double; there are indeed some ten thousand of objects so designated, known to astronomers and duly registered in catalogues. Some of these are no doubt merely casually doubles. It happens that two stars lie nearly in the same line of vision: they are thus found to be very close together in the heavens. Such objects are merely said to be optically double, and so far as their physical nature is concerned they are of comparatively little interest, though their practical utility in facilitating the discovery of the distance of the nearer of the pair ought not to be overlooked. It will, however, often happen that two stars are not merely apparently near each other on the sky, but are actually quite close together in comparison, that is, to the immense distance at which they are both separated from our system. This we know because we often see the stars actually revolving one around the other, not, it is true, with any very rapid motion, in the ordinary acceptance of the word. One of the stars may require many years to complete a revolution around the other, but the fact that such revolution has been noticed is sufficient in the cases where it occurs to prove the connection existing between these stars. We must also, of course, remember that these stars are suns of stupendous proportions and from a view of our own system, in which the great planets take many years to complete one of their mighty journeys around the central orb, it is not in the least to be wondered at that the periods of revolution of these double stars should demand not less intervals of time. Many of these double stars are objects of extreme telescopic beauty; sometimes they offer to our admiration a delightful contrast of colours; perhaps one will be topaz colour and the other bluish, or on rare occasions a pair of emerald gems will be seen with an invisible band of mutual connection. Sometimes triple stars are found, in which three stars are obviously in alliance; but multiple stars of greater complexity are comparatively rare; and so marvellous a spectacle as Theta Orionis, in which no fewer than six stars are obviously an allied group, is an absolutely unique phenomenon. It is not a little remarkable that we find the most exquisite multiple star which the sky can show, beautifully framed or set in the centre of the grandest of the nebulae. Of course it might conceivably happen that the apparent concourse of these objects was fortuitous. The actual phenomenon could be accounted for by the belief that the great nebula was either very much nearer or very much farther than the multiple star, and that they happened to lie in the same line of sight, and had no other connection. But to me it appears that this view is quite at variance with every reasonable probability, that the most wondrous multiple star should have happened to lie in line with the very centre of the most wondrous nebula, would indeed have been a coincidence, against the occurrence of which the probabilities were almost infinite. There can be no doubt that the multiple star and the great nebula are part of the same system, and that the star is, in truth, placed in the middle of the nebula, as it actually appears.

And now as to the composition of this

mysterious object. Here, indeed, the terrestrial analogies seem to render us but little assistance. While we were discoursing about the moon, we could appeal to the volcanoes, both active and extinct, on the globe, as offering some clues to the nature of the lunar moonbeams. So also when we were speaking of Saturn we were able to derive some assistance in our attempt to understand it by the analogy of the clouds we know so well, but no such resource is open when we study the nebula; we may look in vain for natural phenomena on this globe which shall render the needful assistance.

The word nebula means, of course, a little cloud, but the expression is apt to be a misleading one. In a sense no doubt they are little, inasmuch as the patch of the sky which a nebula covers would be small compared with one of our ordinary clouds. Indeed, a nebula which covered as large an apparent part of the sky as the size of the moon would be ranked as a large object of its class, while even the greatest of them is perhaps not more than ten or twelve times as great. Nor is the word cloud, as applied to nebula, an appropriate one. What we mean by a cloud is of course only a vast mass of watery vapour raised by the sun from the sea, and poised aloft until such time as it shall be again dispersed into invisible water, or until it shall descend to the earth as rain. Such clouds are of course within the limits of our atmosphere, and are rarely more than a few miles above the earth's surface. The light which renders clouds visible only comes from reflected sunbeams, and at night when the sun is absent, clouds of course become invisible, though the astronomer is often only too unpleasantly reminded of their presence by the opacity with which they shut out the stars from his view.

Utterly different in all respects are the nebulae. They are not masses of watery vapour. It may no doubt possibly be that water in some form is there, but it is not water which we see. We are looking at some gaseous material of a bluish hue. The light with which it glows is no reflected sunlight. The nebula is indeed indebted to no foreign source for that weird—I had almost said ghost-like—radiance which it gives forth. The light comes from the nebula itself. But how, it may well be asked, should a purely gaseous substance be able to radiate forth light? It is easy for us to comprehend how stars or suns or comparatively solid bodies can, in virtue of their tremendous temperature, glow with heat like red hot or white hot iron. It is true that flame is gas in an incandescent state, but in flame a vehement chemical union of oxygen with some other substance is in progress, and this is the source of the heat and the light that flame gives forth. We can, I think, not regard the great nebula in Orion as originating in anything resembling flame.

We can, however, in our physical laboratories arrange an experiment which seems to throw some light on the composition of the nebulae. Into a glass tube a small quantity of hydrogen gas is admitted, the air having been previously extracted. Then, by means of two wires, one at each end of the tube, an electric current is transmitted through the gas. Here there is no combustion; the gas is merely the vehicle by which the electricity flows from one pole to the other. In doing so the gas instantly begins to glow with an intense bluish light, and a very beautiful effect is produced, which can be renewed or terminated at will by simply making or breaking the electric current. It would seem as if the gas we see in the nebula were in a condition somewhat analogous to the gas in the tube. I do not mean that the passage of electricity through the nebula is the source of its luminosity. There is, indeed, no ground for such a supposition. It is the property of electricity when passing

through a conductor to warm that conductor; thus we know that if a powerful current be transmitted through a wire of the most infusible of all metals, platinum, the wire will not only get warm, but it may become red hot, white hot, and even melt under the influence of the heat which is generated. In those beautiful incandescent electric lamps which are now happily coming into such extensive use a current of electricity flows through a filament of carbon, and kindles that exquisite incandescence which is maintained while the current flows. It would appear that so long as the electricity is flowing through the glass tube its action on the gas is to impart a very high temperature. It is in consequence of this temperature that the gas glows. Now we can offer a reasonable account of the luminosity of the great nebula in Orion. The particles of gaseous or vaporous material of which it is formed are of an extremely high temperature, sufficient to enable them to glow with the brilliancy which renders them visible.

It is now almost twenty years since a marvellous accession to our knowledge of such objects as the great nebula in Orion was made by Dr. Huggins. I have used our gas hydrogen as an illustration in describing the character of the nebula, but I have now to add that the presence of hydrogen is no mere fiction but a substantial verity. Truly we here open up one of the most marvellous chapters which science has to disclose. The chemist can analyse two different substances on the earth with his test tubes, and he can tell the elements of which they are composed. But in this old-fashioned chemistry it was at least reasonable for the chemist to demand a portion of the substance he was expected to analyse. Unless he were provided with a sample, how would it be possible for him to grind it up or submit it to the various operations of his laboratory? In these modern days the chemist can perform operations of which his predecessors never even dreamed. No doubt the old method is still used—nay, is indeed at this moment cultivated with greater skill and means than in any previous age—but side by side with the old method, and as an invaluable supplement thereto, the new method of chemical research, called spectrum analysis, has been created, and has already conducted to many profoundly interesting discoveries in the most varied branches of science.

In the application of the spectroscopic method it is not indispensably necessary that we actually have a fragment of the substance; all we require is a beam of light which that substance can be made to yield when heated to a sufficiently high temperature. No doubt this statement should receive some more precise qualifications, but for our present purpose it will indicate the nature of spectrum analysis with sufficient accuracy.

To begin with a simple case, the colour of a light will often afford an indication of its character. Thus the red light seen in displays of fireworks is due to the presence of the element strontium. The ghastly yellow hue produced by burning common salt with spirits of wine is equally characteristic of sodium. Rarely, however, in nature is a simple unmixed light presented to us, as it is no doubt in the two cases I have mentioned. Suppose that a number of distinct hues are blended into a single beam, we could hardly expect to recognise the combination they produce. We must have some method for disentangling the several ingredients so that they can be tested separately.

The spectroscope gives the means of effecting the required decomposition. A beam of light is passed through a wedge-shaped piece of glass called a prism, or more frequently through a whole series of prisms. If the light under examination be a sunbeam, then the prism unfolds a beautiful series of hues; the red,

orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet forming all the colours of the rainbow. Thus we demonstrate the highly composite character of a sunbeam; but the light from the nebula in Orion, with which we are at present concerned, is of a much more simple character.

When a beam of the nebula light is transmitted through the prisms, it declares at once that the object from which that light has come is totally different from a star. Instead of the beautifully coloured band, decked in all the glowing hues of the rainbow, the nebular beam is seen to be composed simply of six or seven widely separated strips. It is of intense interest to test the character of the light in these strips. Fortunately this can be done in a way that is completely satisfactory. We can produce artificial lights from known sources, and observe them through the spectro-scope simultaneously with the light of the nebula. There are in the composition of this globe some sixty or seventy different elementary substances, and speaking generally, each one of these substances can afford a perfectly characteristic spectrum. Thus the way of making the comparison with the nebula is to try with the different elements one after another, until one can be discovered which renders forth a light that is treated by the prism as is the light from the nebula. Pursuing this inquiry, Dr. Huggins found that when hydrogen gas was ignited to incandescence by the passage of electricity, it emitted light which, after passage through the prisms, came to coincidence with one of the lines in the spectrum of nebula; and the hydrogen character of two of the other lines has been since demonstrated. It was thus established that hydrogen is one of the constituents of the great nebula in Orion. Further confirmation of this important discovery was forthcoming when the photographs of the spectrum of the great nebula were subsequently obtained. On

those photographs lines were present which are constituted by light of such a nature as to be wholly invisible to the eye, though perceptible on the photographic plate. It is of the greatest interest to discover that these invisible rays from the nebula are also indicative of the presence of hydrogen. Thus we obtain a beautiful confirmation of the fact that the nebula is partly composed of glowing hydrogen.

There are, however, some remaining lines, the character of which has not yet been ascertained.

It would be a little premature to assert that there must be some substance in the great nebula not at present known to us on the earth. This would be, no doubt, one interpretation of the facts. We must, however, admit the possibility of another explanation. It is frequently found that the lines yielded by an incandescent material vary to some extent when the physical conditions of temperature and of pressure are modified. It is, therefore, not impossible that the unknown lines in the spectrum of the great nebula may be due to some element known to us, but which has not yet been tested under the conditions which would make it yield the particular rays we are speaking of.

The composition of a nebula as disclosed to us by these researches is of much interest. Here we are looking at an object which seems to lie on the very surface of the visible universe—an object so remote that our attempts to fathom its distance are quite unsuccessful; yet in this inconceivably distant part of our system we find at least one ingredient which we know so well on the earth. Previous to actual trial no one would have expected, I think, to find the great nebula largely constituted from such a familiar element as hydrogen. This gas enters into the composition of water, and is thus an element of extreme abundance on the

earth. That an element so well known to us here should also be abundant in these awfully distant regions of the universe is one of the most astonishing facts which modern science has revealed.

As the eye follows these ramifications of the great nebula, ever fading away in brightness until it dissolves in the blue of the sky; as we look at the multitudes of bright stars which spangle out to us from the depths of the great glowing gas; as we ponder on the marvellous outlines of a portion of the nebula, which a somewhat fanciful imagination has compared to the plan of a great city—we are tempted to ask what the true magnitude of this object must really be. Here, again, we have to confess that science is unable to satisfy this very legitimate curiosity. The only means of learning the true length and the breadth of a celestial object depends upon our first having discovered the distance from us at which the object is situated. Unhappily we are, as I have said, entirely ignorant of what this distance may be in the case of the great nebula in Orion. Our ordinary methods of conducting such an inquiry are hardly applicable to such an object at all, and its position so near the equator introduces fresh difficulties into the problem. We shall, however, certainly not err on the side of exaggeration if we assert that the great nebula must be many millions of times larger than that group of stars and planets all placed in their true position which we call the solar system.

Our evenings at the observatory have now been spent, we have looked at the most remarkable objects which the universe contains, and we have, let us hope, acquired a fresh appreciation of the sublimity of that scheme of creation in which our earth plays a small though very dignified part.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

THE LAMP OF LIFE.—The comparison of human life to the burning and going out of a lamp was familiar with Latin authors, as we know by the term *senes decrepiti*. Plutarch explains the origin of this metaphor thus. The ancients never extinguished their lamps, but suffered them to go out of their own accord, that is, by the last crackle. Hence a lamp just about to expire was said *decrepitare*, to cease to crackle. Hence, metaphorically, persons on the verge of the grave were called decrepit men.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

A man walks round a pole, on the top of which is a monkey. As the man moves, the monkey turns round on the top of the pole, so as still to keep face to face with the man. Query, *who*? the man has gone round the pole, has he or has he not gone round the monkey?

Most persons at first sight will be inclined to answer that the man has not gone round the monkey, since he has never been behind it. The correct reply, however, is that the man has gone round the monkey in going round the pole. That the monkey has turned once on its own axis has really nothing to do with the question.

THREE FRIENDS.—Three people are my friends: she that loves me, she that hates me, and she that is indifferent to me. Who loves me teaches me tenderness; who hates me teaches me caution; who is indifferent to me teaches me self-reliance.

IN GOOD COMPANY.

"It is better for you," says Thackeray, addressing young men, "to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious to their nature."

"All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her girl Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment."

MISERLY BACHELORS.—Misers are generally bachelors. This circumstance, it has been remarked, "undoubtedly originates in a peculiar species of economy; for, possessing the faculty of retention in an eminent degree, they seem averse to the idea of even squandering away their affections."

PERSONAL PROPERTY. The best things in life cannot be borrowed; they must be all our own.

A REPLY BY TELEPHONE.

Brown (who has just had telephonic connection established between his office and house, and is very much pleased with it): "I tell you, Smith, this telephone business is a wonderful thing. I want you to dine with me this evening, and I will notify Mrs. Brown to expect you." (Speaking through telephone): "My friend Smith will dine with us this evening!" Now listen, and hear how distinctly her reply will come back."

Mrs. Brown's reply (coming back with startling distinctness): "Ask your friend Smith if he thinks we keep a hotel."

MUSICAL FAMILIES.—Great musicians almost invariably come of a musical family. It was so with Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart. Still more striking is the case of the family which boasted John Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of its musical genius. Through eight generations it produced multitudes of musicians of high rank, of whom twenty-nine were reckoned eminent.

RED HAIR.

In Ireland locks of the most fiery hue have long been regarded as an attribute of beauty, even by the peasantry. "She's an illigant lady, good luck to her!" some ragged loiterer will say. "She's a mighty fine woman, entirely; only it's a pity that she has not red hair." An old Irish ditty has these lines:—
"Heigh for the apple, and ho for the pear,
But give me the pretty girl with the red hair."

A SUMMER EVENING.

By W. B. YEATS.

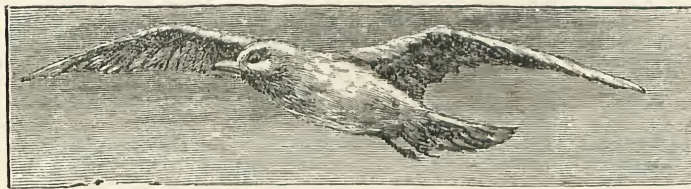
THE living woods forego their care,
 Their dread of autumn's mortal wing,
 And shake their birds upon the air,
 And like a silver trumpet ring.

The giddy bee's complacent croon,
 Where long grey grasses bow and bend,
 In all its honey-thickened tune
 Has no word of the sulphurous end.

The sunflowers weave a golden clime,
 As though their season had no date,
 Nod to the iron shoes of Time,
 And play with his immortal hate.

And, maiden, be thou mirthful too,
 Lay down the burden of thy race,
 For God is walking in the dew,
 An evening presence fills the place.

The hollow woodlands feel Him there,
 And dread no more foul autumn's wing,
 And shake their birds upon the air,
 And like a silver trumpet ring.



A CALIFORNIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.



It was a Californian country house of the usual type—one storey high, built of wood, and sheltered back and front by verandahs covered with Nature's own beautiful drapery, sweet pea vines, and morning glories—the lovely climbing convolvulus of English gardens, looked on here as a pestiferous weed, and usually ruthlessly exterminated; while under the windows were wide shelves holding a dazzling display of scarlet geraniums, begonias, and pinks, although it was yet but the early part of April. The doors and windows were carefully shrouded with mosquito netting, in readiness for the objectionable intruder who might be expected to appear before long, and whose efforts to make life a burden during the long summer months appear to be quite superfluous to us mortals. Around the house were vineyards and fruit orchards, and beyond them stretched grain fields and hay meadows, at that season a plain of living emerald; further still the sheep were grazing on the rocky mountain slopes, while between the hills ran a foaming torrent, one of the most precious possessions imaginable, for it never dried up, and on its banks were to be found spring's fairest floral treasures, hidden in every nook and ravine, over which the feathery blossoms of the Judas-tree cast a rosy shadow.

The "location" itself was a large fruit ranch belonging to a wealthy Englishman, and its occupants were a young brother and sister of the same nationality, the former of whom had spent five years in the country, and having shown great aptitude for the post, had been appointed manager to the absentee owner, who was now living in Europe with his wife and family, but who paid a yearly visit or so to his American estate, to advise and help his

young assistant, Charles Aytoun. Once inside the house, you soon forgot the very meagre style of its architecture, so deftly had all the deficiencies been concealed; evidently both the former and the present mistress of the house were women of cultivated tastes, and managed somehow or other to find time to indulge them a little—a very difficult matter in such places, where "help" is scarcely to be had for love or money. There was pretty matting all over the stained floor, the curtains were fancifully looped up with pale blue ribbons, and the little tables standing about were covered with all those trifles which are scarcely valued at home, but which to people "out West" are simply priceless, that is to say, if they have not sunk to the level of their surroundings. For it is a sad fact that in the majority of cases the incessant round of manual labour which generally falls to the lot of a colonist renders him (or her) almost careless of appearances after a few months' residence in the new country, and takes away too often whatever of refinement or culture they may have possessed in early days. The walls, instead of being papered as is usual, were left the natural colour of the wood, and thus made an excellent background for photographs of scenery and a few good water colour sketches of the wonders of the Yosemite valley; the corners and empty spaces were utilised for brackets and bookshelves, the whole presenting a very different aspect from the neighbouring ranches, where, as a rule, nothing but the bare necessities were to be found, not from lack of means, but want of taste.

As summer had not yet arrived, it was still possible to sit outside without being devoured by mosquitoes or flies; and on the back verandah at the shady side of the house two young ladies were reclining comfortably in rocking chairs, a little tea-table between them. The graceful foliage of a cluster of pepper trees hid the farm buildings, which stood behind the house, and the view which met their eyes was a very lovely one. Indeed, there is more than one of these remote places in California which may fitly be described as

an earthly paradise during, perhaps, eight months in the year. One of the girls had the rosy cheeks of old England, the other the pale and faded look so common out here; the former, Lilian Aytoun, who was the mistress of the house, had only been a few months in California; while her cousin, Mrs. Selwyn, had been married already some years, and lived with her husband in Colorado. Their ages were respectively nineteen and twenty-six years. Both were pleasant to look upon, well-educated and accomplished, but their fate had called them to a far distant home, where such qualifications were far less valued than the ability to manage a dairy or cook a good dinner.

"If the folks at home could see us now," remarked Lilian, "they would hardly believe what an amount of work I have got through to-day. I do not think I look as if I were in the habit of getting up at five o'clock in the morning, and churning before breakfast. This is the first holiday I have had, Nelly, since I came out here, and yet I feel stronger than I did at home; though I can fancy that if I had to lead the same kind of life for years, as most women do, I should get very tired of it, and cease to care to have pretty things about me. Charley says the summer will try me a good deal though, as the heat is so great; that is why he sent for me in October, so that I might become acclimatised first."

"He was very wise. But do you mean to say you have no help at all?"

"Well, I was determined that the day of your arrival should be in some respects a leisure one, so Charley came home an hour earlier than usual yesterday, and made the bread for me. This morning we both got up extra early to get the dinner arrangements forward, and we decided to have nothing but porridge for breakfast, in order to have no washing up."

"I hope you do not intend to make a visitor of me; that would be rather absurd, considering I have gone through all this sort of thing myself. The first year we were married, Harry and I had to do everything for ourselves, and if he had not been so fortunate



"AN EVENING PRESENCE FILLS THE PLACE."

in selling his ranch in Arkansas, we should have been just as badly off now. The first use he made of his newly-acquired gains was to write home and ask whether a daughter of his father's gamekeeper would come out to us as our servant; she consented, attracted by the high wages, and has turned out a perfect treasure. I never do anything in the house now; she will not hear of it."

"But are you not afraid she will marry, as they all seem to do in this country, and leave you?"

"She married six months after her arrival; but to Harry's head man, an Englishman, a faithful creature, who makes our interests his own. Like myself, she has no children; if I had, of course I should have a busy life once more; but I often think, when I see the over-worked house-mothers around me, some of them from homes as good as mine was, how thankful I ought to be. Harry sometimes thinks we might have another of Sarah's relatives out, and train her for you; for I suppose in another year you will be able to afford a servant."

"I hope so, for if we had I could have a garden, and flowers would sell very well in Santa Monica, which is only twenty miles off, and is developing, they say, into a kind of small 'health resort.' Charley thinks, as I do, that it would be better if I had something to take me out of doors, and the profit I should make on them would pay nearly half the wages of a girl."

"That is an excellent idea; we must talk it over together before I leave, and see if I cannot help; in the meantime, I am going to take my share in the housework, for it will be a pleasant change to me; so will you tell me what is to be for supper?" (It should be explained that supper is the name given to a six o'clock tea, which is the last meal in all American country households, late dinner

being rarely taken.) "I hope you have not adopted the hot one usual here."

"When we are alone we always have cold things, certainly, for we both prefer it, and Charley refuses to allow me to cook at all in the evening, unless for someone very particular indeed; but the neighbours here think me a very stingy housekeeper, and I know several people have remarked on this in an unfriendly way. I do not see any particular virtue in hot meat, but evidently they do."

"I know; but we made it a rule from the first, and anyone who comes to our house has to take what there is. In a country like this, where fruit abounds, it is far more wholesome to have plenty of that on the table than the eternal beefsteak. You have plenty of eggs and cream, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, and strawberries too, though we have not picked any for sale yet, but we have had them on the table for about a fortnight; also cherries. Then we have any amount of last year's canned apricots, peaches, and pears."

"Then I will go and set the table. No, I shall not allow you to leave your chair." And in a quarter of an hour the bright little lady returned, announcing that as all was ready she would like to go for a stroll, and soon the two girls were on the way to meet the master of the house, who was probably by this time on his way home. As they passed the fence which divided the home-field from the "corral" or farmyard, Lily drew her companion's attention to a large tarantula which was impaled upon a thorn. "That is the work of a butcher bird," she explained; "the cruel creatures constantly bring their prey here, and kill them in this unnatural fashion. I am told the object is to attract wild canaries and other small birds, of which they are especially fond; it is supposed that the grasshoppers and various insects which they bring to what they consider

a likely place, are intended for bait for their feathered victims, and they lay in wait till they see an opportunity of seizing them by the neck, killing them instantly; the butcher himself is so pretty and tame, it is hard to believe him capable of such wickedness. The oriole, another dreadful mischief-maker and thief, is also very beautiful. His plumage is black and yellow, and the nest is hung from a tree like a basket; but he is poisoned whenever there is a chance of catching him. The number of creatures looked on justly as 'pests' here is almost incredible. Last year was a 'grasshopper year' in some parts of Southern California, and people have told me that they came like a cloud, moving steadily forward till not a vestige of green was found in their march, except the live oaks and the tar-weed. If you left a door or window open, in they came, and would get into drawers and cupboards, and bite holes in whatever they found at hand. A new neighbour of ours, a Mrs. Abbott, who owns a large vineyard about fifty miles away, told me all about it; the Indians had an ingenious way of 'trapping' them, she said. About twenty or thirty of them form a circle round a deep hole, each armed with a large brush made from the manzanita tree, and they sweep and sweep till the insects are driven into the hole, when they throw the brushes over them, setting them alight. As soon as the fire is burnt out, the grasshoppers are taken from this fiery grave, placed in large cone-shaped baskets, and swung on to the Indians' backs, ready to be taken to the camp for future use, for they eat them, and are always delighted when there is a 'grasshopper year'; I believe they are what we call in Europe locusts. But here is Charley at last, and he has someone with him. I think it is the son of the Mrs. Abbott I have just been speaking of."

(To be continued.)

TYPES OF VIRTUE;

OR,

IDEAL HEROINES OF ENGLISH WRITERS.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

LOYALTY: FLORA MACIVOR.



IN the strict sense of the word, loyalty is the quality or state of being devoted to the maintenance of the law; and the sovereign being theoretically the chief magistrate, loyalty is used to denote a faithful adherence to allegiance. The allegiance to the king is sworn to by the members of parliament, but the oath was considerably modified after the revolution of 1688, and has been still further modified in the present reign, so that in nature and extent it is now somewhat difficult to define.

In the year 1688 a portion of the English people called a Dutchman to the throne, thereby breaking their oath of allegiance to James II., who was still alive. James had left the country, had ruled tyrannically, and the revolution was effected without bloodshed; nevertheless a great number of the English people—perhaps the majority—regarded him as their lawful king. After William's death, Anne, the daughter of James, ruled. She died without leaving an heir, and the Elector of Hanover was invited by the Whig party to

take possession of the throne. He responded to the call, and was proclaimed and crowned as George I. This was in the year 1714, and in the year following the adherents of the Stuarts, under the leadership of the son of James II., the Pretender, as he is called, rebelled, and were for a time successful in defeating the troops sent against them. The rebellion was, however, suppressed, and for thirty years no organised attempt was made to upset the Hanoverian dynasty. Meanwhile George I. had died, and his son had been crowned, and the majority of the English people had become reconciled to the reigning house. Intrigues to restore the Stuarts did not cease, however, as was shown in the year 1745, when Charles Edward, the grandson of James II., made a final effort to gain possession of the throne. This rebellion was also suppressed, and the era of civil war closed in this country.

I recall these events in order to remind my readers of the cause in which Flora MacIvor's enthusiasm, or, as I have called it, loyalty, was enlisted. Of course there are girls who will exclaim, "Flora MacIvor was disloyal, nay, treasonable, in abetting an insurrection against the crowned king, George II." Nor can I contradict them without fighting for a principle, the moral value of which is open to controversy. I use the word "loyalty," however, in the

sense it is now often understood, as meaning constancy to a house that hereditarily should possess the throne.

With those who hold exalted notions of kingship, such as the opinion that the sovereign holds power, not by will of the people, but by Divine right, the actions of the king are only to be criticised when they run counter to the obligation we all owe to the Creator. It is presumed by those who hold this opinion that, in the majority of instances, when the king and his subjects disagree, the king is the best judge of what is good for his people, just as a father is a far better judge than his children of what is for their benefit. These theorists would give to the king the command of the executive, of course; would make him chief magistrate, in practice as well as in theory; would give him autocratic power, in short. In Mediæval England the power of the king was kept in check principally by the great nobles, but the terrible Wars of the Roses destroyed so many of these "hereditary legislators," that the king, of necessity, had to create peers, who, owing their advancement to him, became the mere creatures of his pleasure. Thus the Tudors possessed almost unlimited power, and claimed to rule by right Divine; and it was on account of their attempt to carry on the traditions of the Tudors that one Stuart king was beheaded, that another was obliged to fly

the kingdom, and that the family was ousted from the throne.

There can be little doubt that an immense number of the English people did not relish the idea of having a Dutch king to rule over them; but William III. was an exceedingly able monarch, and his rival, James II., had made the absurd mistake of leaving the country and relying for help on the French king. After Anne's death the little Elector of Hanover, **George I.**—the least attractive of monarchs, foreign in sympathy, undignified, ungainly—could hardly gain enthusiasm for himself. Nor could George II. be exactly described as a fascinating man. The Chevalier and his son, on the contrary, possessed that magic charm of manner and those showy qualities which were such marked characteristics of the Stuart family. Thus, both those who had exalted notions of the kingly prerogative and those who were attracted by the Stuart personality, so to speak, were in enmity to the house of Hanover. But there were many others who sought only their own aggrandisement (in fairness, however, it must be stated that the "self-seekers" were at least as numerous on the other side), and it being a most corrupt age, many politicians of high standing "hedged"—to use a sporting phrase—that is to say, received pay from the Court of St. James', and secretly intrigued with the Court of St. Germaines.

In my last article I spoke of Sir Walter Scott as a great writer of fiction; but in addition to that, he may almost be said to be the historian of the Jacobite rebellion. Flora MacIvor is one of the heroines in "Waverley," a work which gives the reader a capital insight into the insurrection of 1745, headed by the young Pretender.

Edward Waverley, the hero of the story, is described as a young man of imaginative temperament, the nephew and heir of a rich baronet of Jacobite opinions, but whose "Jacobitism had been gradually decaying, like a fire which burns out for want of fuel." Owing to his father's wish, Waverley becomes a captain in a regiment of dragoons quartered in Scotland, and Sir Everard, though he regretted that his nephew should enter service under the Hanoverian dynasty, consoled himself "with logic something like Falstaff's, that when war was at hand, although it were shame to be on any side but one, it were worse shame to be idle than to be on the worst side, though blacker than usurpation could make it."

Waverley works at his profession in a half-hearted sort of way, and after awhile determines to pay a visit to the Baron Bradwardine, to whom his uncle had given him a letter of introduction. The Baron is one of Scott's best characters, and the daughter, Rose Bradwardine, is one of the heroines of the novel; a gentle, beautiful, and amiable girl, though she "had not precisely the sort of beauty or merit which captivates a romantic imagination in early youth. She was too frank, too confiding, too kind; amiable qualities, undoubtedly, but destructive of the marvellous, with which a youth of imagination delights to dress the empress of his affection."

Waverley does not love Rose at first, "the very intimacy of their intercourse prevented his feeling for her other sentiments than those of a brother for an amiable and accomplished sister; while the sentiments of poor Rose were gradually, and without her being conscious, assuming a shade of warmer affection."

The Baron is like Sir Everard, Jacobite in sympathy, but, unlike the Baronet, is situated in a country which was on the eve of showing its sympathy in a practical manner; and Waverley remains under his hospitable roof longer than it were politic in a servant of the reigning dynasty. When he had remained a

guest for nearly six weeks a raid is made on the Baron's property by robbers from the neighbouring Highlands, and Rose confides to Waverley that her father was free from such robbers so long as he paid blackmail to Fergus MacIvor, the chieftain of a powerful Highland clan. Waverley is fired with an ambition to see the Highland chief, and an envoy arriving from the latter to conclude peace with the Baron, Waverley departs with the envoy to visit Fergus.

Just as the Baron Bradwardine and his daughter Rose, and their retainers and friends, give us so admirable a picture of the Lowland Scotch, so do Fergus MacIvor, his sister Flora, and the people of Glennaquoich, of the Highlanders; at the time of the rebellion of 1745.

"Flora MacIvor bore a most striking resemblance to her brother Fergus. . . . They had the same antique and regular correctness of profile; the same dark eyes, eyelashes, and eyebrows; the same clearness of complexion, excepting that Fergus's was embrowned by exercise, and Flora's possessed the utmost feminine delicacy. . . . But her loyalty, as it exceeded her brother's in fanaticism, excelled it also in purity." A good deal of ambition and of selfishness tinctured the political faith of Fergus. "In Flora's bosom, on the contrary, the zeal of loyalty burnt pure, and unmixed with any selfish feeling; she would have as soon made religion the mask of ambitious and interested views as have shrouded them under the opinions which she had been taught to think patriotism."

Flora was highly accomplished, and possessed of a knowledge of literature; she had also bestowed some part of her time "upon the music and poetical tradition of the Highlanders." Her manner was grave, "though she readily contributed her talents to the amusement of society." On Waverley being introduced to her, Fergus asks his sister to translate and recite some Highland verses, which Waverley had heard in the original Gaelic. This leads to a short discussion on Highland minstrelsy, and in the evening Waverley is led by one of Flora's attendants to a beautiful spot, there to await Flora, who is to sing a Highland air amid such wild and appropriate surroundings.

After awhile Flora and her attendant appear, like inhabitants of another region, propped as it were in mid air on the summit of a small pass. "The sun now stooping in the west, gave a rich and varied tinge to all the objects which surrounded Waverley, and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full expressive darkness of Flora's eye, exalted the richness and purity of her complexion, and enhanced the dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a figure of such exquisite and interesting loveliness."

About the same time that he finds himself in love with this romantic woman, he, owing to certain events which, though they form part and parcel of the plot, are outside our purpose, decides to throw in his lot with the Jacobites.

He has been persuaded to this by Fergus, but Flora bids him pause before taking so important a step. This surprises Waverley, and he asks of her whether she does not share her brother's ardour.

"Do I not?" answered Flora. "God knows that mine exceeds his, if that be possible. But I am not like him, rapt by the bustle of military preparation, and the infinite detail necessary to the present undertaking, beyond consideration of the grand principles of justice and truth, on which our enterprise is grounded; and these I am certain can only be furthered by measures in themselves true and just. To operate upon your present feelings, my dear Mr. Waverley, to induce you to an

irretrievable step, of which you have not considered either the justice or the danger, is, in my poor judgment, neither the *one* nor the other."

She thinks that he has been drawn into the enterprise by pique, rather than led to take part in it by his own convictions. During this same interview Waverley suddenly declares his love, but his suit is not favourably received. "Permit me, then," she says, "to arrange my ideas upon so unexpected a topic, and in less than an hour I will be ready to give you such reasons for the resolution I shall express as may be satisfactory, at least, if not pleasing to you."

Shortly after this Waverley again seeks Flora.

"I dare hardly," she said, "tell you the situation of my feelings, they are so different from those usually ascribed to young women at my period of life; and I dare hardly touch upon what I conjecture to be the nature of yours, lest I should give offence where I would willingly administer consolation. For myself, from my infancy until this day, I have had but one wish—the restoration of my royal benefactors to their rightful throne. It is impossible to express to you the devotion of my feelings to this single subject, and I will frankly confess that it has so occupied my mind as to exclude every thought respecting what is called my own settlement in life."

All the principal characters in the book follow the army of Charles Edward as he descends into England, and Waverley sees, not only Flora, but Rose Bradwardine repeatedly. "Flora MacIvor called Rose her pupil, and was attentive to assist her in her studies, and to fashion both her taste and understanding. It might have been remarked by a very close observer, that in the presence of Waverley she was much more desirous to exhibit her friend's excellences than her own."

Waverley, when he discovers the utter uselessness of attempting to win Flora, gradually transfers his affection to Rose, and in the sequel marries her. This is very naturally and beautifully described, and is more satisfactory than if he were made to marry Flora.

By wonderfully good luck, Waverley escapes the penalty which so many gentlemen who took part in the unlucky rebellion had to pay. Fergus is taken prisoner and hanged; but to Flora the failure of Charles Edward must have caused the greatest sorrow. The gallant Fergus, whom we love notwithstanding his faults, thus speaks to Waverley, just before he is led out to execution—

"Poor Flora! She could have borne her own sentence of death; but not mine. You, Waverley, will soon know the happiness of mutual affection in the married state—long, long may Rose and you live to enjoy it—but you can never know the purity of feeling which combines two orphans like *Flora* and me, left alone as it were in the world, and being all in all to each other from our very infancy. But her strong sense of duty, and predominant feeling of loyalty, will give new nerve to her mind after the immediate and acute sensation of this parting has passed away. She will then think of Fergus as of the heroes of our race, upon whose deeds she loved to dwell."

We may deplore the waste of blood occasioned by these Jacobite rebellions, and the evils which must always arise from civil war; but the extraordinary, the self-denying spirit, and the splendid constancy to a fallen house which characterised so many of the adherents of the Stuarts, cannot but win our admiration.

We English are not a fickle race; a reverence for authority is one of our traits, and beyond question we are, amongst the nations of Europe, one of the most sincerely loyal.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

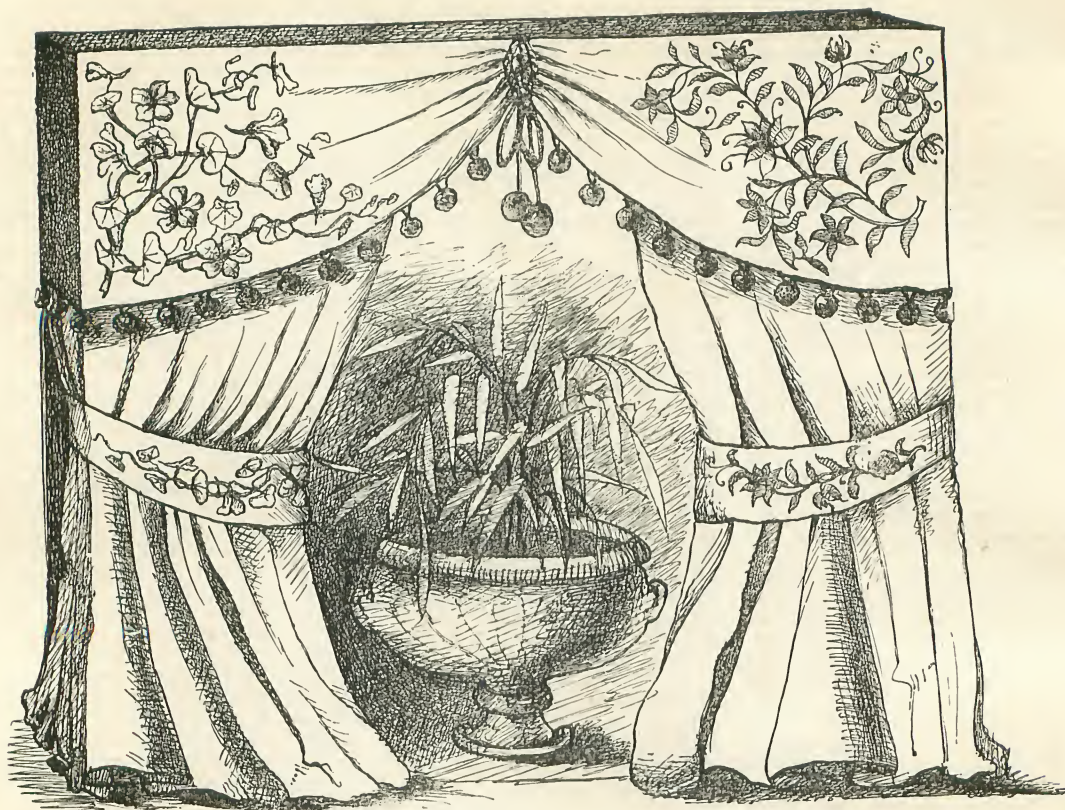


FIG. 1.—MANTEL VALANCE WITH CURTAINS AND BANDS. TWO DESIGNS.

WE have lately heard or read somewhere that mantel valances are going out of fashion, but, judging from the number of those which have been displayed at all the latest exhibitions of art needlework and decorative work of all kinds, we venture to think this is a mistaken notion,

founded probably on the changes in form which are always taking place. These changes do not always tend to prove the so often repeated charge of fickleness in public taste; rather are they the outcome of ever-increasing culture and love of true artistic decoration. Instead of the straight bands or borders of embroidery which have so long been used for the purpose, we now more often see draped valances, and the style of the needlework is not so much confined to "all over" patterns.

In Fig. 1 we give a sketch arranged so as to show two different styles of design adapted for the same mode of draping, so that either can be used for the whole. The material is rich brown plush. On the left side is a design of nasturtium, the flowers of which are of a variety of natural shades, from deep red to pale yellow. It is worked solidly in crewel, with a few stitches of silk here and there to indicate the lights. The band of the curtain has an adaptation of the same design.

On the right side of the valance the pattern is more Japanese in style. It would look very handsome on crimson plush, with the design worked in satin stitch in shades of terracotta red, and the whole outlined with Japanese gold thread. Plush drapes so beautifully that its own folds are sufficiently handsome for the centre of the valance and also for the curtains. The effect of the latter with bands of embroidery only is in better taste than if they were covered with needlework. The valance is trimmed with plush ball fringe, the appearance of which is very complete and pretty.

Velveteen or soft cloth can also be used if plush be more costly than is desired. Both valance and curtains must be lined, or they will not drape so well; the bands should also

be finished with silk cord round them, or, if liked, with ball fringe at the lower edge, to match the trimming of the valance. Another way to drape the latter is to loop it up between twenty and thirty inches from both ends, thus making three festoons, in each of which a spray should be worked. A fireplace is always so much the centre of attraction—the heart of the room, so to speak—that we do not think the decoration of it will ever cease to be the first effort when we turn our thoughts to making our homes beautiful. It has often occurred to us that the heaviness of effect, which is so difficult to avoid in the arrangement of this most important part of a drawing-room, could be overcome if (in cases where it



FIG. 2.—BELLOWS.

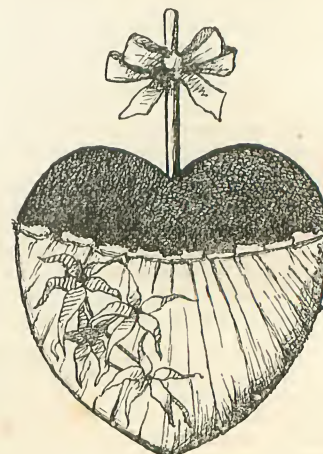
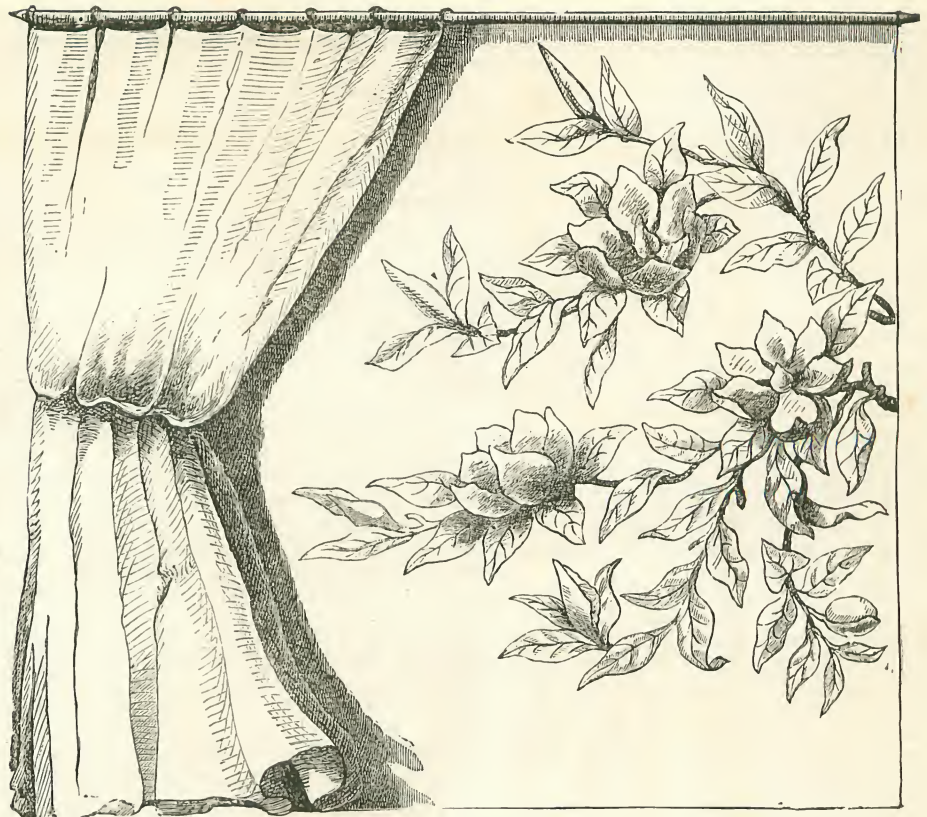


FIG. 3.—WALL POCKET.

be architecturally practicable) a tiny hanging conservatory could be built outside the wall over the fireplace, having a single large pane of glass or a window let into the wall of the room. The over-mantel, which should have no back, can then be placed over this window, prettily draped with soft silk or muslin. The little conservatory thus made may be filled with hanging pots of ferns, which could easily be attended to by means of a ladder or steps, and showing through what appears to be the glass back of the over-mantel, they would make a very light and pretty natural decoration. The great drawbacks to this plan are that it could only be carried out on a detached drawing-room wall, and that it would necessitate the chimney being carried on one side. Doubtless some of our readers can improve on this suggestion (for the introduction of which, in an article on needlework, we make a humble apology).

Fig. 2 represents a design for a pair of bellows, which are covered with velveteen. The design is worked in crewel, in satin stitch, the flowers in shaded white, or pale pink, and the leaves in olive green; the veins of the leaves and flowers are of fine gold thread. This pattern would look very well embroidered in olive green satin, or in natural coloured silk. Bellows are amongst the oldest objects to which needlework and all manner of art decoration has been applied, examples of which we have seen in various quaint and charming shapes.

Fig. 3 is a sketch of one of the innumerable wall pockets made of fans, which are always so greatly in favour with amateur embroiderers, and is very simply made. It is a penny palm-leaf fan, the front of which is first covered with crimson plush. It may have a thin sheet of cotton wool inserted, by way of padding, under the plush. If liked, a spray of palm leaves is worked in outline with Japanese gold thread on a piece of terra-cotta coloured pongee or tussore silk, which is gathered across the fan with elastic. To form the pocket a silk cord can be sewn all round, and a handsome bow in two contrasting shades of ribbon attached to its handle. This wall pocket may be made in any colour or combination of colours, and any simple spray will do to embroider on it, or tiny powderings will do, if preferred. It might be varied by the fan being covered with silk, whilst the pocket is of plush. Another way would be to place the pocket diagonally across



PIANO BACK.

the fan, and have long ribbon loops attached to the handle on one side.

Fig. 4 is a decoration for a piano back, which could easily be managed at home if a light wooden frame the size of the piano be made, with a brass rod and rings for the curtain. The material is of wallflower red velveteen, on which a branch of magnolia is embroidered in natural colours with crewels, with a few stitches of silk. Care must be taken to introduce the russet and golden browns in the stems and backs of the leaves, which are the great characteristic of the magnolia. The flowers, too, need careful shading with grey and pale green, the buds at the ends of each branch having a good deal of pale green at the base. The panel must, we think, be worked in a frame, and when finished will want stiffening with embroidery

paste before it is nailed into the wooden framework. A curtain of pale terra-cotta coloured pongee silk is then arranged on the unembroidered side, and a very artistic and effective piano back is the result. It would look equally well on brown velveteen, with a curtain of old gold. Any large branch of effective and graceful plants, such as honeysuckle, chrysanthemum, etc., would do to use for this purpose, or two or three stems of lilies, foxglove, or iris springing from the base of the panel at one side. The large flat surface of a piano back is one which naturally lends itself for purposes of decoration. The addition of a curtain breaking the expanse is a great improvement, and the embroidery being confined to one side only, it does not really cost more than a plainer style of ornament.

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER IX.



HERE is Evelyn?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Lancaster. The large, brilliantly-lighted *salle à manger* of the *Abendglüh* was filled with a motley crowd, from which arose a Babel of tongues. The evening strife between Germans and English as to whether the windows should be shut or open had set in, and at the "English table" our compatriots were triumphing over their adversaries.

The Lancaster party was a large one,

for Mrs. Lancaster, Miss Wentworth, Dottie, and Algy were reinforced by a stranger couple, with whom the young gentlemen seemed on the best of terms. The head waiter on hearing the name "Lichtenstein" had wished to place them elsewhere, but they apparently liked fresh air, and were thoroughly at home among the English.

The gentleman, with spectacled blue eyes, long hair, and a drooping, fair moustache, had something artistic about his appearance. His wife was evidently an Englishwoman. Her sweet face, with brown hair ruffling back from a smooth white brow, blue eyes, and an intelligent

mouth, had a particularly bright expression. She was soon absorbed in conversation with Algy, laughing like a merry schoolgirl at his account of his adventures.

"But where is Evelyn?" again asked Mrs. Lancaster, piteously. "I haven't seen her yet, to speak to, since she came back."

"Oh, she will be here soon. Evelyn doesn't like to be hunted up, you know, mother," replied Dottie. But an anxious shade was on her brow that did not clear till Evelyn came in.

As she walked up the long dining-room the girl attracted the glances of

many a pair of eyes in her direction. Her tall figure in its graceful white dress had a distinction about it, enhanced by the proud way in which she held her head. Her face was paler than usual, and her mouth was closely set.

"She looks like a tragedy muse," murmured Algy to his sister; but admiration was very visible in the boy's face.

"Why, my dear, we missed you. Wherever have you been? Have you enjoyed yourself? Don't you want your supper?"

A long catalogue of such questions fell from Mrs. Lancaster's lips as her niece took the vacant chair opposite. The good lady did not wait for an answer to any of them except the last.

"Don't you feel well? I fear you've overtired yourself; that's what you've done—with that York Pass."

"I am perfectly well, thank you, auntie, and I am not tired in the least. We have had a glorious time," replied Evelyn, trying to smile.

"And did not you drop a tear when you thought of your poor American chaperon?" quaintly inquired Miss Wentworth. "There was she, looking back and watching for the couple of truant girls that never came, all the long and weary way to Engelberg. A fine fright I was in before I reached home! But fortunately I met Mrs. Lancaster in the pine woods."

"We were very sorry, but we were quite helpless," replied Evelyn.

"Well, we've not made much progress with your gifted compatriot, Mrs. Allingham West," pursued the American, in a lower tone.

Evelyn started. The dreadful review had driven Mrs. West out of her thoughts for the time. And now, half the sweetness of the recollection was gone; for how could she claim even the lowest place in the same Temple of Art when her one effort, her darling book, was said to be so much waste paper by the horrible *Critic*?

"Why hasn't she my room? I forgot all about it?"

"Well, she had it the first two nights, till they gave her another; and now she has a parlour as well; and she doesn't come down to meals," explained Miss Wentworth. "But I'm surprised to hear you'd forgotten, for you seemed so anxious to get back to see her."

Evelyn felt just then as if she cared about nothing and nobody, except that unknown destroyer of her happiness, whom she would gladly have attacked face to face. All through the succession of courses at supper she kept on framing crushing speeches, of the direst satire, which she would delight to hurl at his head. She had quite made up her mind to write to the *Critic*.

"Look here, Evelyn, I'm awfully sorry you're so cut up," remarked Algy. The two were sitting in the verandah outside the hotel; the moon was silvering the lovely scene before them, and the voices and steps of visitors pacing up and down on the gravel only reached them as a confused murmur.

"How do you know I am 'cut up,' as you are pleased to express it?" demanded Evelyn.

"Any fool could see it. I'm awfully sorry, I am indeed, that I ever mentioned the thing; I'd have bitten my tongue out first; but I thought you knew—I thought it would be a joke."

"Your idea of a joke isn't mine, Algy. But you needn't vex yourself; I should have seen it, of course. I always read the *Critic*."

"I can find the fellow out when we get back to town, and knock him down, if that'll be any comfort to you?" suggested Algy.

Evelyn felt inly amused as she imagined the slight little form of her cousin engaged in single combat on her account.

"No, thank you; that wouldn't mend matters at all. I don't want to talk about it."

"But I wouldn't expose myself to that sort of thing, if I were you," persisted the young man. "You see, there are always a lot of rough fellows hanging about, ready to be down on anybody that writes poetry; and you are not fit to stand it."

Evelyn heaved a sudden, passionate sigh, as she thought of her brilliant dreams of a literary career. Not fit to stand it! Was this to be the end of all?

Dottie's was the more welcome style of consolation when she joined the pair a few minutes later.

"I wanted to hide the stupid old paper, but I couldn't. And, Evelyn dear, never mind. You remember there were crowds of people, Milton, and Keats, and Wordsworth, and ever so many more, attacked by reviewers, but the reviewers were all wrong, and the poets were all right. Don't be like Keats, who was killed by a review."

This was very delectable, and Evelyn, though she knew Dottie was no judge at all on the subject, drank in her flattery with thirsty eagerness. Algy hemmed and hawed. He knew better, and didn't quite approve of this style of comfort. He hated that Evelyn should be public property, and wanted this incident to act as a warning to drive her away from the paths of literature. He was sorry that she should suffer, but hoped it would act as a wholesome deterrent.

The conversation was interrupted by the sounds of music. Someone was playing the piano; not in the large *salon*, but in the music room, with its glass doors opening on the garden. And the tones that came forth upon the still night air were so exquisitely clear, delicate, and pure that it was evident a master was at the instrument.

"That is Lichtenstein!" cried Algy. "You ought to hear him play, Evelyn. He *can* play, and no mistake. He's a professor at the Leipsic Conservatoire."

The girls rose and stepped through the glass door into the room, where they found a crowd beginning to assemble. Herr Lichtenstein appeared to be improvising, and wandered on over the keys in "linked sweetness long drawn out." His head was thrown back, his hair drooped on his shoulders in true musician style, but no affectation characterised him; he was entirely absorbed in his beloved art. As the people streamed in from the hall

of the hotel, curious to see and hear what new entertainment was in progress, he paused.

"Do go on, Lichtenstein. My cousin and sister are longing to hear you," urged Algy.

"I shall play with pleasure," responded the musician, "so long as people do not laugh and talk and walk about the room. If they are not still," and he shrugged his shoulders, "then, see you, the instrument cannot speak to them, and the labour is thrown away to make them understand."

Herr Lichtenstein accompanied this speech with such an expressive look round, that a hush fell upon the company. It was perfectly evident that the *maestro* intended to have silence, and the people arranged themselves expectantly in their seats. His wife, with her bright face, stood near the piano.

"Play that 'Mountain Reverie' of your own—do," urged Algy. And Herr Lichtenstein complied.

This was not, as Evelyn at first expected, an imitative composition, introducing cow-bells, the horn of the hunter, the jödel, and so forth. Herr Lichtenstein would have spurned anything of that sort with scorn ineffable. A blithe allegretto opening passage appeared to echo the joy of nature:

"And come, for love is of the valley, come!"

It seemed to cry. Then followed a soft and mysterious movement, an air with a running accompaniment in the left hand. The execution was perfect, and the air was exquisitely sweet, with a plaintive strain in it that harmonised well with Evelyn's mood. This was an echo of the joy that is half a pain; the solemn rapture of the wanderer as he stands alone in the presence of Nature, and feels the spell of the mighty mother on his soul. So at least the composer understood it, and though the cue might be lacking to many hearers, the same mood was produced in those who were musically organised as the mood of the worshipper at Nature's shrine.

There was a murmur of applause when Herr Lichtenstein had finished his Reverie, and rose from the piano. Evelyn was delighted with the performance; she had never heard such playing in her life before. This German artist seemed to woo forth all the charm that lay hidden in the pure, cold keys.

"Why do you call that a Mountain Reverie, Herr Lichtenstein?" inquired Miss Wentworth, who was always well to the front, and had edged herself through the crowd up to the professor. "I listened for the Ranz des Vaches, and the jödeling, and all that, but there was none of it. The music was very fine, but mightn't it mean anything else just as well?"

This was a fine opportunity for the professor, and he began at once.

"Madam, music is the language of emotion. I am not in my Reverie, which you are so good as to praise, trying to describe. That is, in my opinion, outside the province of music. I try to reproduce in that composition, by the help of sound, the moods that are appropriate to certain surroundings of nature. That is

almost the same thing, say you? Not so. The one deals with the inner life, the other with the outer world. A 'soul atmosphere' is what I strive to create. I may fail—that understands itself—I do fail when there is not the ear to comprehend, the heart to feel; yet I strive all the same."

"And you succeed," murmured Evelyn, who had intensely enjoyed the Reverie. She thought Herr Lichtenstein must be something like the Abbé Liszt, and longed to hear him play again; but the rattling of billiard balls that had begun in the adjoining room brought a determined refusal from him to have any more music; nor would he let his wife take his place at the instrument.

"Music and billiards do not harmonise; it is sacrilege," he declared. Then he began to talk to his little group

of friends about the organ in the monastery church.

"Mendelssohn played upon it," he informed them. "He visited this vale and loved it well. For his sake I love the place already, and I must see if the good monks will let me play upon the organ 'hallowed by the Master's touch.'"

Evelyn had enjoyed the evening after all, in spite of the crushing blow that three hours since had made her feel as if the brightness of life were over. So delightful is it to come in contact with those who can charm by art, or teach by language—so refreshing is the intercourse with stranger minds.

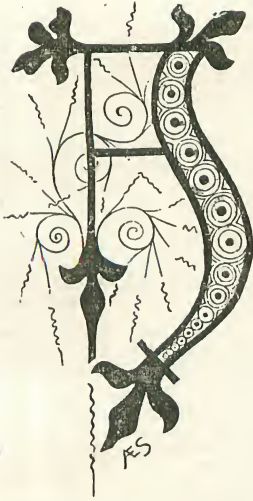
When she withdrew for the night she opened "Day-dreams," and sat with her candle looking out. The lights in the village were almost all extinguished, the mountains brooded over the sleeping

valley. She read a page here and there. Was it fancy? or was there in reality something lacking of the old charm? Here was a poem on "Sunrise" that used to delight her. But the description of the mists fleeting away seemed tame and inappropriate. Here was another on "Music." Did it convey anything of the emotion she had lately felt? With a shock of disappointment Evelyn recognised that her own delight in her work had undergone a sensible diminution; her resolve to write to the *Critic* died away.

"That wretched review has put me out of tune for enjoyment to-night," she thought, as she closed the book. But there were other reasons; and Evelyn's new experiences were fast carrying on the work of education.

(To be continued.)

THREE WORTHIES OF BETTWS-Y-COED.



AMONG the places which Her Majesty will probably visit during her stay in North Wales this summer is Bettws-y-Coed, that "sheltered spot in the woods" (as its name implies) which was first made known to the world of artists and tourists by the pencil of David Cox, some half a century ago. Its church and churchyard, dedicated to

St. Michael the Archangel, contain the dust of, at all events, three local worthies, whose names are well deserving of a wider fame.

As you cross the stile near the church porch, you see the last resting-place of Maurice Ap-Hugh, an ingenious blacksmith, who died, as the gravestone tells you, in 1735, at the age of sixty-six. He was indeed a cunning artificer; for by a process of his own, which he never would reveal, he was able to weld steel in such a manner that not a flaw could be detected after the closest inspection. Old women used to bring to him their broken darning needles, and he would give them back to their owners next day as sound as ever they had been. One summer day, the local story says, there arrived at the little inn at Bettws-y-Coed a gentleman who seemed to be greatly troubled and distressed. He had been climbing about the cliffs on the mountain side, had fallen into the mouth of Davy Jenkins' Cave, and had broken his trusty sword, which he valued as much almost as his life. The sword had been his companion in the wars under the great Duke of Marlborough, and had done duty at *Blenheim*. His name was Robert Wynn or Wynne, and it happened that he was a distant relation—a Welsh cousin, probably—of the Wynnes of Gwydir. The landlady of the inn told him that he need not make himself unhappy about his sword, for that there was in

the village, and a small village it was then, a man who could join it together so that neither its master nor anyone else could detect the fracture. The old smith was called, and the sword was handed to him in two pieces. The gentleman followed him closely as he carried it to his workshop in the wood. "No spies, and no witnesses, if you please, sir," said the smith; "I always do my jobs apart from every mortal eye." The gentleman hesitated a moment, but thought it better to comply with the smith's request. In a few hours Maurice Ap-Hugh returned, with the sword welded perfectly, as he had promised. Unfortunately he died not many years after this; and, being a bachelor, and a man of few words and of no friends, and living the life of a recluse, he quitted this world without having imparted his secret to a single soul. The stone which marks his resting-place, and the inscription upon it, were placed there by Captain Wynne, the owner of the sword.

Another noted character of the neighbourhood was a bard and harpist, who flourished here in great fame about the dawn of the seventeenth century. His name was William Owen, and Pencraig, the place where he lived, is still in the hands of his family. He is said to have been outlawed, because he had incurred the displeasure of the king. The story goes that one day, when he was at Conway, playing on the triple harp, an instrument made by his own hands, in an assembly of the bards, a person entered the room and privately whispered that a writ of outlawry had been issued against the bard, and that, if he valued his freedom, he had better quit Conway at once. One of the bards present was a sailor, and his boat being moored near the harbour, he offered to take him off privately to Flanders, for which land he was about to make before daylight on the morrow. Owen had no time to send home any message to his wife and children, beyond the fact that he was forced to go abroad, and that he would return in the course of time, be it weeks, or months, or years, when the king's wrath had passed away. So saying, he locked up the harp, put the key in his pocket, and made his way on board.

Fifteen years passed away, but no news of William Owen's whereabouts came to Pencraig, and his wife, having given up all hope of seeing him again, had cast her eyes round the neighbourhood of Conway and Llanrwst for a second partner. On reflection she found

no one better fit than a man who had been in the employ, and stood high in the confidence, of her former husband. The wedding day had been appointed and fixed, and indeed was just at hand. But on the very day before the widow and her second spouse were to be made one at the altar, there came late in the afternoon to an inn at Bettws an old man, of way-worn and tattered appearance, like the minstrel in the opening lines of Scott's "Marmion." He walked up the street, unknown and perhaps unnoticed, and asked who now lived at Pencraig. "A Mrs. Owen lives there," was the reply; "she is a widow; she lost her husband many years ago; he was supposed to have been killed in the French wars. His widow is to be married again to-morrow morning." These tidings, it may be supposed, smote his heart; but he quietly made his way to the door of Pencraig, where he knocked, and asked admittance for a poor bard, and a lodging for the night. The request was granted, and the supper being laid upon the table and finished, he asked permission, or was asked, to try his skill on the harp. "Unfortunately we have no harp here," was the reply, "but that of William Owen, and that is locked up; for when he left Conway he carried the key with him." He still expressed a wish to see the harp, and his request was at once granted. While no one was looking, he then quietly took the key out of his pocket, and began to tune the strings, and then struck on it a favourite air. With his very first touch the stranger convinced all who were present that William Owen had indeed returned to his own; and the wife, having looked closely into his face to see that there was no deception, recognised her long lost husband by a scar on his temple. The house was at once in commotion; tears and laughter and joy abounded; and the intended bridegroom of the morrow made his retreat from the scene, and was never heard of again in North Wales. It was the story of Ulysses and Penelope re-acted, without the intervention of the faithful dog or the shepherd or the intervention of any Homeric deity.

The last of the three "worthies" of whom I tell was Cadwallader-y-Clogwyn (Cadwallader of the Rock), a man whom perhaps I had better have styled an unworthy, for he was a notorious character in many ways. He lived on the rocky hill through which a tunnel is cut on the road leading to Pont-y-Pant and

Festiniog, near the Beaver's Pool. He was a desperately wicked man, held in check by no consideration of shame, justice, law, or humanity, and he was a most formidable because a most unscrupulous enemy. There was nothing that he liked so much as to revenge himself on those who had offended him, no matter whether intentionally or not; and yet he would work out his wicked ends so cleverly and so secretly as never to come into the clutches of the law. Two neighbouring farms, both the property of a man to whom he owed a grudge, were fired the same night, and in

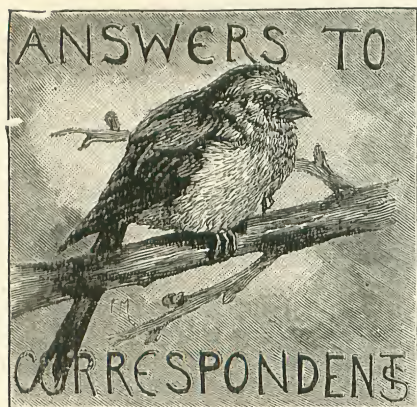
one of the two farms the cowsheds were burnt while all the kine were fastened up within them.

It was indeed an awful scene, and one which local tradition hands down with perfect accuracy. But an end comes to everything at last; and one day it was clear to Cadwallader-y-Clogwyn that his end was very near. Whilst lying on his deathbed and wandering in his mind, he shouted aloud at intervals "Let loose the cows! They are burning! Let them loose! Ah! ah! I see before me the bottomless pit; I look down into its depths! I see they are filled to the brim with fire!"

Oh! save me! help me from falling! Oh! the kine, the kine!"

All his cries were vain. He died in great agony of body, but in still greater agonies of mind. A few ruins of the hut in which he lived and died yet remain on the bleak hill-side; but the old people in the neighbourhood never mention his name with a blessing, it may be supposed; and after dark no one, old or young, likes to follow that path which he used to tread, for fear that he or she should see Cadwallader's ghost.

E. WALFORD, M.A.



EDUCATIONAL.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—The "Swedish drill" is taught by Madame Bergman Osterberg, Hampstead Physical Training College, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W., close to the Finchley Road Station. Write to Madame Osterberg for information about classes, as there are others held, perhaps, in the neighbourhood you prefer.

AN INQUIRER.—The United Telephone Company employs a large staff of women, the conditions being akin to those of the Post Office and Telegraph appointments. They must be the daughters of professional men, or men not engaged in business. The salary begins at as low as 10s. weekly, and does not increase quickly. There is a lady superintendent, and there are many appliances.

FRAUD, A MEMBER OF THE HEXAGON, we think, must first have her parents' consent to enter a hospital, and be trained. Perhaps they might like the idea better if you looked forward to becoming ultimately a "Grey Sister" for Army nursing. London hospitals are rather full, and it would be, perhaps, better to try for an opening in the provinces. St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W. (London), or the Royal Hants County Hospital, Winchester, might answer.

BRILLE.—You do not need any knowledge of art to help the blind by means of the "Braille writing." The cost of the whole of the needful appliances amounts to 5s. 6d., and Dr. Armitage, British and Foreign Blind Association, 30, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, W., from whom they may be obtained, undertakes to correct the first exercises of those who wish to learn. It is a great charity towards the blind, to provide them with suitable reading; and the "Braille system" can be worked in this way. A lady makes a first copy of a book; then this copy can be copied again by the blind themselves, and so multiplied many times. But the first copy must be made in the "Braille writing" by those who see.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BUSY MRS. B.—The "Tauchnitz Edition" is solely for the Continent, and it is not permitted to bring the book to England nor sell it here.

KITTY'S poem on the daisy is pretty and well written. She will do well to persevere.

"JUST AS I AM."—Your letter is very neatly written, and you express yourself well. We are glad to hear that even in South America we have friends amongst the readers of the "G. O. P."

KATHLEEN could paint some heartsease with her text in memory of her brother. 2. She had better inquire at a photographer's as to how such positions are obtained; generally by advertisement, we believe.

MARGERY DAW.—We think that the Bible Guild in connection with the Christian Women's Education Union would be what you require. The hon. secretary is Mrs. C. H. Waller, 16, South Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead Heath, N. Your writing is not yet formed.

SNOWBIRD.—The verses have much merit, but no poems can be published that have not a certificate of age with them, as well as an assurance from parent or guardian that they are the unaided work of the writer.

ALPENROSE.—There are no merits in the verses, and the English is involved and difficult of comprehension.

J. E. W.—As you are very young, you may grow out of such pains. Your mother will know better what causes your pains in the head than we can. If residing in a very damp place or house, they may be either rheumatic or neuralgic, or else purely constitutional.

KATE KNOYLE.—Answer all invitations in the style in which they have been written, whether in the first or third person, with "compliments" or "kind regards." If the host's name be included with that of the hostess, address them both in your reply, but direct the envelope to the hostess. If there be only one man at your dinner or supper party, bid him take down the chief lady present; on no account reserve him for yourself, being the hostess.

SAILOR asks "What would be the best thing to stop stoutness, and full in the face?" A dentist would show you how to "stop" a tooth, but not to "stop" "full in the face." We strongly advise you to "stop short" in your pursuit of leanness, or you will destroy your health.

MANTEL.—We believe that what is called the "Bigamy Act," which provides for the punishment of bigamy, allows the marriage of a woman whose husband shall have been continually absent for seven years, and is not known to be living at the time. In the case just decided, which will be a precedent, no doubt, it seems that provided a wife can show that she has a reasonable ground for her belief that her husband is dead, she may marry again, even though the seven years have not elapsed since she was deserted by him. In a case like yours you had better take legal advice.

JOYCE.—Edna Lyall is an English authoress; you will find her "Story of a Slander" a wonderful lesson on the dangers of social life and of careless words.

BABIE should brush the straw well, and make a weak solution of gum arabic to wash over it; this will restore the colour and brightness. Yellows, terra cotta, reds, and greens would suit your complexion and stature.

MAUDE.—The lines are not poetry, but a poor attempt to rhyme very unoriginal prose.

NINETEEN.—Your handwriting seems careless and scribbly, though fairly legible. We do not profess to delineate character by the handwriting, so that if you wrote on that subject your letter would be destroyed.

EDITH.—It is not true that "domestic servants are looked down upon"; truly respectable ones who know their place and are not foolishly "above it" are always respected. It is the silly and ignorant class amongst them that kick against the wise dispensations of that Providence that ordained for them the circumstances of their birth, and gave them their special place in His church on earth; their special duties, trials of faith and contentment, and their distinctive pleasures. All are very evenly balanced. The cares and the restrictions of classes above them are quite as trying, in their own way, as those which domestic servants are called upon to bear. St. Paul had far more to bear, yet he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.—The Virginia creeper would be the best and hardiest, if you do not like the ivy.

DAPHNE.—The dictionary definition of love is "an affection of the heart excited by that which delights or commands admiration."

J. E. S.—The little sonnet is very neatly turned and prettily written. We think you could do better; and we congratulate you on having escaped from any young person who could behave as related in regard to your note.

HILDA MAY.—Velvet and plush are not very suitable materials to put together, and either of them would be better with silk, satin, or cashmere.

POPPY.—We cannot say, as we have never tried it, but the instructions given on the bottle would be the best guide.

DORKING.—You can sometimes let your neighbours have the use of them and get something in return.

GERDEINAR and EDITH.—We cannot read your letter—the handwriting deserves to be put into a museum, so extraordinary is it, and so impossible for anyone to read. Have it copied in round hand, and get the copyist to give you a few lessons. No one has a right to inflict such horrors on either friends or enemies.

L. G.—The verses have but little merit, but have given you pleasure in the writing; so they have performed their office.

IVY.—Yes, the use of back and face boards simultaneously might be of use to you; but at the age of eighteen, and having ceased growing, as you say, your chance of improvement is not such as it would have been two or three years ago.

S. A. SWEETING might apply for "temporary relief" to the *Governesses' Benevolent Institution*, and state whole case to the secretary, Charles W. Klugh, Esq., 32, Sackville Street, London, W. There is also the *Horbury House of Mercy* at Wakefield, where you might obtain help or advice as to where you should apply for it.

SEVENTEEN, MINUS THE SWEETNESS (New Zealand).—We are very sorry we cannot help you with your quotation, but your own little poem deserves much praise and admiration. Unfortunately it is not certified by parent or guardian, nor is the age given by them. Go on, and do not be discouraged.

EFFIE (South Africa).—Money can be sent to England by postal order, but you must see that an English order is used, not a Colonial one.

ENID G.—The little story is a pretty and fanciful one, but is not suitable to our columns.

ONE AUSTRALIAN-BORN (Victoria).—Poems both good, and fairly well written. Prose not so good, but there is promise in all.

DOLLY VARDEN seems a vain little girl, and must try to be steady, and improve both mind and character, "for the night cometh," and we must all of us work "while it is called to-day."

NIL DESPERANDUM.—There is a small instrument usually combined with a fine file for pressing down the skin from the nails. But the simplest way of pushing it down, is to do so with the damp towel whenever you wash your hands. This ought to be enough, and after a little time and patience you would find it answer very well.

BUSY BEE.—The grand centre of the "Time and Talents" department in connection with the Y. W. C. A., which has lately been organised, is at 16A, Old Cavendish Street, W.; the hon. president is the Lady Victoria Buxton; there is a branch established at Putney. For the information of any who have not heard of the institution, we may observe that the idea is to promote the better employment of time and talent amongst girls of the upper classes, for the benefit of those in a sphere beneath them.

WYNIFRED.—Yes, there is a branch of the Guild of King's Daughters in England, just recently established. It has been started at Southport, and the address of the president is Mrs. Stephenson, The Vicarage, Birkdale, Southport.

M. U. L.—You must keep the mackintosh in the open air for a little time to take the smell away; not in the sun, of course.

MIRIAM MAY.—Judging from the length of your letter, you have too much time on your hands, and grow morbid and fanciful. Your handwriting is so bad that it is a cruelty to send forty pages of prose and poetry to any heavily-burdened editor to read. The first thing for you seems to be to practise your personal duties, teach yourself to write, and lay out a course of reading to strengthen your mind, and give yourself something useful to think about, and do not write any more letters till you know how to do so with pleasure to others.

A DALKEITH LASSIE will probably be more comfortable with shoes in the house than boots. 2. Wire brushes should be cleaned with flour or oatmeal well rubbed into them.

A SOJOURNER BY THE SEA appears to need good medical advice as to diet. She has allowed herself to get too low, and has probably overworked and underfed herself, and has taken no healthful exercise.



VOL. X.—No. 498.]

JULY 13, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.
(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

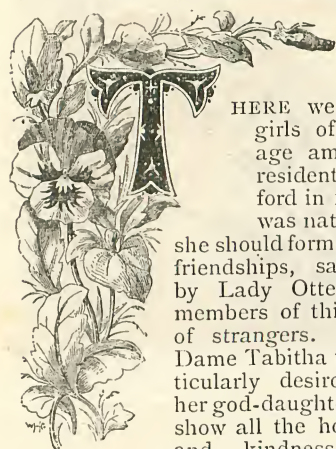


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"FOR VERY SHAME THEY HAD TO LET HER SIT DOWN IN A SHOP."

CHAPTER XV.

KITTY'S OWN FRIENDS (MRS. MARGARET LUCAS, OF COLCHESTER, AND MRS. ANN HARRISON, OF BALLS)—A FAREWELL SUPPER OVER A BAKER'S SHOP, AND A MARRIAGE IN HOPE IN WOLVERCOT CHURCH.



HERE were many girls of Kitty's age among the residents in Oxford in 1643. It was natural that she should form personal friendships, sanctioned by Lady Ottery, with members of this colony of strangers. Indeed, Dame Tabitha was particularly desirous that her god-daughter should show all the hospitality and kindness which every loyal inhabitant of Oxford was bound to display to the King's adherents; and she wished Kitty to get every advantage which could be derived from a variety of good company.

"I do not desire thee to grow up a recluse, child, which mayhap is to be feared in the daughter of a man buried in his books like thy father. The lawful commerce of society is one of the things that is ordained of God to make us understood of each other and helpful to each other. Moreover, it of all practices doth tend to rub down the angles of our characters and to make it easy for us to meet each other, so that we end by being accommodating and friendly, where conscience doth not forbid, instead of odd and churlish. Seek not to be odd and unnecessarily unlike thy neighbours, Kitty, unless thou also seekest to take the first step in the direction of Bedlam."

Thus Lady Ottery did not merely suffer Kitty to make friends; the old lady encouraged the girl to be frank and sympathetic towards cordial, unsophisticated young people like herself.

A girl who attracted Kitty with a curiously-blended attraction made up of surprise, provocation, admiration, and finally strong liking, was the latest-come maid-of-honour to the Queen.

This girl was so different from some of the worldly-wise, scantily scrupulous, bold, handsome coquettes who held a similar office, that she was like a Quakeress in a fashionable assembly, a softly gleaming pearl in a cluster of richly-coloured flashing rubies and emeralds. Her bashfulness was such that she was, as she said, counted a fool by her companions, but she would rather be held a fool than be "rude or wanton." She was Margaret Lucas, of Colchester, the daughter of an honest gentleman in Essex, whose house when he died became like a cloister to his widow. Lady Lucas never mentioned her husband's name without tears during the many years that she survived him, and rarely went abroad save to church. She had all the society she desired in the home where her numerous sons and daughters resided for the most part with her, even after they were married.

Margaret was the youngest, and had been so upheld and indulged by the others that she felt utterly lost trying to stand alone, and being out in the sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued world without brother or sister to speak for her and back her. She had come to Oxford, as she told herself, with the romantic aim of seeking to make up the proper number of the Queen's maids, which had been allowed to fall short in the country's troubles. When she found that Henrietta Maria, even when she graciously accepted the offer of service, yawned coldly over the uncongeniality of the offer and appeared to feel that it would be too fatiguing to live even for an hour at a time up to this prim puritanical girl's standard, Mrs. Margaret would fain have returned to the shelter of her much-loved home and people. But her mother decided that, having deliberately chosen, even begged to be suffered to lead a Court life, her daughter was bound to abide by her choice for a longer time than a few months.

Moreover, soon after Margaret Lucas arrived in Oxford, the news reached her of the sequestration of her eldest brother's and her mother's estates. The first advance which Kitty made towards an intimacy with Mrs. Margaret was in trying to comfort the poor lonely, laughed-at girl for the outrages which had been committed on what was so sacred as well as so dear to her.

"Yes, indeed, 'tis true, Mrs. Kitty," Mrs. Margaret sobbed in her comforter's ear. "The trait bands from the town broke into my brother Sir John's house, which is situated at the end of Colchester, and carried him and his wife, my sister Ann and my honoured mother, to the common jail. I have told you about my mother, Mrs. Dacre?"

"Yes, madam," answered Kitty, "and I have many a time and oft thought she must bear a resemblance to my Aunt Walton. Her spirits and health have been very uncertain ever since she was left a poor widow woman, so that she is hugely dependent on the care and kindness of her family and friends—unlike my Lady Ottery, who, whether wed or widowed, rich or poor, I wot hath always been rather more given to serve others than to be served herself." The girl ended with a certain proud inflection of her voice, which implied that in her youthful strength and spirit, and in the sound sense and dash of heroism which she shared, she regarded Lady Ottery's as the better way.

"Ah, but my mother is of a most majestic demeanour!" Mrs. Margaret hastened to explain, for it was one of her transparent weaknesses to hold that there was no other family on earth equal to the beloved household at Colchester, and to have a jealous anxiety that their pre-eminence in wisdom and virtue should be universally acknowledged. "Alack, madam, my honoured mother was so shook and breathless as the wretches hurried her along, that for very shame they had to let her sit down in a shop which formerly supplied our house with tin wares; but shame did not prevent a brutal countryman on horse-

back from striking at her hoar head with his sword in the street." Mrs. Margaret's youthful voice broke down in its wounded tenderness, and Kitty had to resume her office of comforter.

"It was very cruel and wicked, Mrs. Lucas; but cheer up, the ruffians did not dare to do her any real hurt, and I would not, if I were you, give them the gratification of knowing that they had vexed me."

This was all very well, but Margaret did not care that her tale of wrong suffering should be cut short.

"The would-be murderers maliciously destroyed all the deeds and papers in our paper room. Then they did deface our pleasant garden, and killed all the poor, innocent deer and cattle in the park. They did worse an you can imagine it. These rascally volunteers did sacrilegiously force their way into St. Giles' Church and made for our vault—the Lucases' vault. There with pistols, swords, and halberds the rabble wreaked their vengeance on the sainted dead, by transfixing their mouldering remains in their coffins."

"It was barbarous!" cried Kitty. "But they could not hurt the dead; and even the living were rescued from their clutches. Said you not Sir John, after he had been carried a prisoner to London, was soon let out on bail?"

"Because they could find naught against him," declared the faithful sister, triumphantly. "All the uproar was caused by a false report that he had two hundred men hid in the cellars, ready to sack Colchester, and that they had begun by killing nine of the townsmen."

Mrs. Margaret Lucas was a comely young creature, tall and fair, "well-featured and clear complexioned," with a shy dignity in addition to her beauty which became her well, in spite of the scorn and ridicule she excited in the world around her, from which she shrank. The perpetual levity of the courtiers, the gay passages at arms and endless idle flirtations in which the gentlemen and ladies engaged with *abandon* and persistency when they were not playing cards, or such games as the frivolous young Queen had brought from France with her, constituted to them the business of life. But the whole scene was regarded with serious, abashed eyes by a maiden like a vestal virgin, who, as she said, "did dread marriage, and shunned men's company."

It was by no means because the grapes were sour, or for the reason of her hard-favouredness, or because she had no womanly wit, or had passed her youth, and so looked enviously on the sports of her contemporaries; she was younger than most of them, and as fair as any in her pure, sweet maidenliness, even though it was a trifle self-conscious and complacent. According to Mrs. Margaret her four sisters and her three brothers were all as highly favoured in their persons and minds as she was. There was not so much as a bandy leg or an unsound tooth, a stutter or a "whorl" (mispronunciation of the letter r) among them. The women, three of whom were married, were all gently bred models of

virtue and discretion. The men who had served in the wars in the Low Countries, were brave and "gallant to look upon." They fenced, wrestled, and shot for their diversion; but they considered hunting and hawking, especially singing and dancing, "which they never did," beneath their manliness.

Kitty Dacre, who had a shrewd wit for her years, and a considerable sense of humour, was sometimes wearied, sometimes amused, and on other occasions decidedly provoked, by the long list of the young Lucases' perfections.

This was particularly the case when some of the married sisters came to lodge in Oxford for the time, and she was eagerly introduced to sister Killigrew and sister Walters. For Kitty found, after the great expectations which had been aroused in her, that Lady Killigrew was but a dull woman, and Lady Walters just a shade simpering and silly.

Kitty had no opportunity of judging the brothers Lucas in what she was inclined to call to herself their ferocious manliness. But she was almost driven to welcome, as a relief from meditating on a company of paragons, a report which reached her and was afterwards amply confirmed. One of the brothers, poor Sir Charles Lucas, who was shot by the Parliamentary soldiers at Colchester, was a good soldier and doubtless a good man enough, yet he was reckoned by judges of human nature as "of narrow understanding," and so rough and proud in his manner that it was hard for his equals to endure his intolerance and arrogance. Kitty's kind heart and affectionate temper reproached her when she recognised how absolutely child-like in their sincerity were Mrs. Margaret's confidences. Kitty bethought herself what an eloquent defence she could make for her Jackie, whose name she durst not take into her mouth. She recalled, too, how she had wished that God had given her a sister, when this other girl grew garrulous, like a fond mother, over the lovable qualities of her sister Pye, the married sister nearest to her in age, and when Mrs. Margaret positively pined for her former companion's company.

There were more confidences imparted to Kitty, which, in her ignorant inferiority doubtless, she had less hesitation in smiling at. The young maid-of-honour told her new friend, in all seriousness, in one of their early girlish communications, how she, Mrs. Margaret, had been from childhood addicted to contemplation, to solitariness, and to melancholy, how she had been more given to writing with the pen than to working with the needle. In fact, she had been an author unknown to her family before she was twelve years of age. She did not require much entreaty to show Kitty some of her compositions in prose and verse, of which John Dacre might have made something, but his sister could only decide that the verses and paragraphs were always like Mrs. Margaret's self—dutiful and devout, the soul of high-mindedness and purity, at the same

time overflowing with quaint conceits and involved paradoxes.

Another secret Mrs. Margaret told the loyal but not always sympathetic listener. For the lonely maid-of-honour when she could not get to her own family, had closely attached herself to Kitty, which was a high compliment, since Mrs. Margaret Lucas was reserved to the world at large, and hardly spoke in company.

This last secret concerned the delight she took in "fine dressing" and in fashions, especially those she invented. She lamented the restraint which was put on her by Court rules and by the circumstance that she, as the youngest maid-of-honour, had to conform in a general way to the style of dressing adopted by the other maids. As it was, she endeavoured to dress herself "in her best becoming," but her passion was for "singularity even in accoutrements and habits," a statement which startled Kitty, coming as it did so soon after Lady Ottery's warning against any oddity or eccentricity of behaviour. It made her think that the excellent Lucases, of Colchester, must have lived too much by themselves and for themselves, apart from their neighbours, over-indulging themselves (in all moral honesty and bodily temperance) in the perilous practice of complacently regarding the virtues of the race. Kitty by her own instincts came to the conclusion that Mrs. Margaret, with many rare and beautiful gifts, was ill-balanced mentally and ill-educated, chiefly from a lack of knowledge of the world as well as of books. Even in the latter she had missed the advantage of such an exact and thorough training as would have served at once to develop and control the faculties that were disposed to run riot, which would have been invaluable to a woman of Mrs. Margaret's brains.*

Kitty's second friend—Mrs. Ann Harrison, of Balls—was unlike Mrs. Margaret Lucas in everything save an honest and good heart. She was a high-spirited, pretty, motherless girl of nineteen, who had come with her sister on their father's summons, to be within reach of him and of the Court. "A fine experience of Court life," she called it, when, instead of their own country-house of Balls and its liberal table, they were lodged over a baker's shop, and reduced, when provisions got scarce, to "one meal of meat a day." But it required a great deal of hardship and suffering to starve vivacity out of Mrs. Ann. She was what she herself called afterwards, "a hoyting girl," though not precisely a country hoyden, since she had spent every winter in London till she was fifteen, and had been carefully taught, not only in reading, writing and ciphering, and in every kind of fine work, but in singing and dancing, and in playing the lute and the virginals. She could also read and speak French with an ease and correctness which put Mrs. Kitty Dacre and her interminable French romances to shame. Mrs. Ann had all the well-bred familiarity

with society, the *savoir faire* of company, the common sense and humorous sense which Mrs. Margaret Lucas lacked; Mrs. Ann could not be kept from laughing immoderately at Mrs. Margaret's innocent pretensions, and seeking to draw them out at their author's expense.

Indeed, Ann Harrison was so full of fun, and inclined to turn everything into jest when Kitty first knew her, that she was rather too much for the girl—two years her junior certainly, but brought up in the shade at Oriel, and rendered prematurely staid and subdued by family dissensions and severances. Kitty might have drawn back from this Ann, and never known her any better, had not circumstances contributed to soften the newcomer.

While she was mocking at this social incongruity, and railing at that girl's foolish sentimentality and turning up her merry little nose at royalty itself—under a cloud, Mrs. Ann met her fate in these strangely-crowded academic streets, college halls, and scholars' walks, with the great war thundering at the gates. Speedily in the course of their acquaintance Kitty learned to look out, with an arch accusation in her own blue eyes, for her gay young gossip, blushing vividly and hanging her head a little as she was discovered with her sister bearing her company—the pair constantly attended by a distant kinsman of the family. He was a tall man, easily distinguished by his high nose, long, curling brown hair, and a habit of walking about Oxford with a book in his hand. In reality he was a sober-minded, accomplished scholar, as solid in his parts as his young cousin, Mrs. Ann Harrison, was brilliant in hers. He had need to be, for he was nearly twenty years her senior, and held the responsible office of Secretary of War to the Prince of Wales. But in spite of the discrepancy in age, the grave duties of his office, and the difference in the temper of the two, young Ann loved Dick Fanshawe so dearly, and was so proud of him and of his love for her, that the love and pride softened and sweetened indescribably whatever was a little hard and tart in her. He, on his side, in all his cares of State, heavy troubles and manifold anxieties, never failed to prefer her society to that of every other person in the world, and was never so happy as when he could snatch an hour to ride or walk or sit with her.

The final touch which quieted rather than quenched Mrs. Ann's originally somewhat overpowering liveliness, was the violent death of her young brother William, killed by a fall from the horse which was shot under him, in a skirmish with Essex's troops just outside the city walls. His body was brought into Oxford, and he was buried in the Chapel of Exeter College, with which the Harrisons of Balls had some family connections.

What a solemn episode young Will Harrison's funeral was in the middle of the bustle and gaiety of wedding preparations under difficulties! for Mrs. Ann and Mr. Dick were to be married at once, come what might of it. Kitty cried

* Life of the Duke of Newcastle

heartily at the sad funeral, not because it was that of a prince in Israel, like Hampden or Falkland; not because she knew the poor lad well, or had many cherished associations connected with him—she had not seen him above once or twice, or done more than exchange a few half formal, half friendly greetings with him. She was sorry because he was young like herself, young like another poor lad fighting with, not against, Essex; she seemed to see in Will Harrison's father's haggard face and his sisters' quivering lips all that was lamentable in the promise of a life thus nipped in the bud.

If Mrs. Margaret Lucas had got these details communicated to her—alas! it was a common enough occurrence for the news that there had been a brush with the enemy, in which a young fellow of birth and breeding had perished, to be told in every company—she might have written a mystic ode in memory of poor young Will, who, though he was a keen sportsman and a dashing soldier, had never been given either to reading or writing odes. As for Kitty, she only wept her eyes dim that day.

But life moved with swift strides in those months. When such great events were happening every moment, there was little time to mourn, any more than to rejoice. Mrs. Ann was to be married, and there could be no deferring of the ceremony. The bride invited Kitty Dacre both to the supper in the lodging over the baker's shop, which celebrated the putting up of the banns and the wedding itself, which for greater quiet was to take place in a country church two miles off, but still within the district commanded by the Royalists. The spirits of the heroine of the occasion rose under strong pressure, and so far recovered their natural buoyance that she was able to make sundry witty speeches, and to take her share of chequered amusement out of the situation. She told Kitty seriously that she

thought people would soon have to live in tents, as the buildings in Oxford would not contain a tithe of the fine company seeking their shelter, even though gentle-folks lodged over bakers' shops, and young couples of distinction hired two rooms in which to quarter themselves and their marriage finery. She announced that the bridegroom had a pledge from her father of ten thousand pounds for her portion, and Dick Fanshawe's promised salary was in proportion to the dignity of his office and his undeniable qualifications for it, notwithstanding it was well known that he was not in favour with the Queen's majesty; no, nor with Lord Goring, nor Lords Jermyn and Digby, the speaker said in parenthesis, holding her head high with a happy smile on her lips. But in spite of all the grand things which were coming to them, the "venture-some" couple's capital in hand was just twenty pounds in all, and it was laid out in pens, ink, and paper, her future lord's stock in trade.*

In the middle of the brave banter which she was seeking to keep up, in order to cheer her father and all the party, Mrs. Ann suddenly gave way, and precipitately quitted the room with Kitty.

"Oh, Mrs. Kitty!" she sobbed, flinging her arms round her companion's neck, "think not I have forgotten our boy lying cold and still in Exeter Chapel. I would give all I have in the world to know my brother Will standing by my side to-morrow."

It could not be, unless that, in the mysteries of the spirit world which mortals are not permitted to penetrate, he was suffered to look down at that troth-plighting in Wolvercot Church, when the fate of two of those friends in whose fortunes he was so nearly concerned while he dwelt on earth, was sealed with the Church's blessing.

Kitty thought of Will Harrison during

* Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.

the pretty wedding, even more than those closely connected with him could think, for they were all occupied for the moment, and Mrs. Ann was full of her great happiness. But a disengaged looker-on like Kitty Dacre could spare time and thought for that pensive shade, even when other spectators were plucking at her sleeve and bidding her remark the large, massive-faced handsome man who was standing by, for that was the great lawyer, Sir Edward Hyde, who had so much to say in the King's business. Sir Edward had been present at Mrs. Ann's christening, and he was now one of the witnesses gracing her marriage, when Dick Fanshawe wedded her with her dead mother's wedding-ring, according to that mother's last request.

Outside Oxford it was a sweet spring day, on which the kindly influences of the season and wholesome country work were going on briskly. Nature rejoiced in spite of armed camps, the ashes of burnt-out watch-fires, torn gaps in hedge-rows, where cavalry had forced themselves through, and last year's grain trampled down and rotting in some of the fields.

Who that saw the handsome couple issuing from the porch of Wolvercot Church could have foreseen, even though the gazer had known well the stuff of which bride and bridegroom were made, and the times in which they lived, other days in the far future? There was one at sea, on board a ship, bound for Malaga, and threatened by a Turkish galley, when Mrs. Ann disguised herself in the dress of a cabin boy in order to stay by her husband's side, and have a chance of sharing his dismal captivity. There were other days in London, when she was found at her post near the prison doors by four o'clock in the raw mornings, whether in sun or in rain, clinging to the hope of exchanging a word with the lover of her youth and the father of her children.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE FOR THE BLIND.

By ANNE BEALE.

THANKS to persevering Christian effort, the gates of literature are now opened tolerably wide to the blind. Hitherto comparatively few could obtain the books printed in raised types for their benefit, because they were naturally located in large cities, and only within the reach of certain members. But now a circulating library has been started at 114, Belsize Road, London, N.W., the books of which are at the service of anyone who pays the small subscription of one penny per week. These volumes are printed in the different types thus far discovered for finger reading, Moon, Braille, and Lucas; so that any blind person instructed in either of these methods may avail themselves of them. The most numerous are in Braille type, because kind and interested friends prick new works in that species of lettering, or reprint the old, worn out by constant friction. Miss Arnold, the librarian, is herself blind, and to her efforts her fellow-sufferers are mainly indebted for the foundation of the library, now containing about seventeen hundred volumes.

It is curious to see the two good-sized rooms on the ground-floor filled with large books, the contents of which are almost as much sealed to the sighted as those in the ordinary type are to the blind. Once a week these somewhat cumbersome volumes are despatched to subscribers all over the United Kingdom, or are fetched from the library by the blind themselves, for "whoever runs may read."

Many generous-hearted people, blessed with means, pay for those who are not so blessed, and thus flowers from the fields of literature reach individuals who would otherwise be unregarded by their perfume. We earnestly hope no weeds may mingle with the blossoms, no tares find place among the wheat. In these days when the post brings to our fog-bound isle flowers from the sunny south, it is well to know that it also conveys mental blossoms to numbers who see only through vivid imaginations.

Strangely interesting letters reach Miss Arnold from subscribers who benefit by the library, and are grateful for it. But the sorrow

expressed by those who are unable to continue their subscriptions for lack of money is very touching. They are put on the free list when funds permit; but funds are not always forthcoming in times like these, when everybody is appealing for something. But there is no unnecessary expenditure here, since not only our blind secretary, but all the sighted ladies who help her, work gratuitously. If persons desiring full information would write to them for it they would obtain it, also gratuitously, though they are not above receiving donations for the furtherance of their work. And they are very glad of volunteer helpers, who are capable of the pricking process. This, though easily learnt superficially, requires much care and practice to be done to perfection. But when so done, what pleasure does not the production of a new volume give to the reader, whose keen sense of touch conveys the contents to the mind! Doubtless there are amongst our girls some who, by "patient continuance," might perfect themselves in an art which would give them the privilege of adding a work to our

library. Miss Arnold would send them the "Braille" primer for sixpence. An extract from a letter written by a blind subscriber, by means of a type-writer, will show how such efforts are appreciated:—

"I wonder if the ladies who write these books ever have any idea of how much pleasure their labours afford, if they remember that every tedious hour they spend bears fruit a hundredfold in the shape of pleasure to a hundred readers, or if they ever realise that they are gradually opening up to us the great world of literature, with all its pleasures of thought and fancy, with its boundless stores of wisdom, knowledge, and instruction!"

We wonder, in our turn, what the writer of the above will say of a new magazine, just brought out in Braille type by ladies! These friends of the blind have long been engaged in pricking books for them, and came to the conclusion that they would greatly rejoice in a high-class periodical, such as delighteth the souls of the sighted. Accordingly, having surmounted immense obstacles, and displayed unwearied energy and perseverance, these young ladies published in March last a serial entitled "Santa Lucia," which is to appear monthly. They undertake to send it, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom. The price is two shillings per month, and it consists of forty-four pages, imperial 4to. It is both edited and published by its originators, Miss Mariabella Eliot Hodgkin and Miss Elizabeth Howard Hodgkin, at Childwall, Richmond-on-Thames. They "respectfully solicit subscriptions for copies for the use of those whose means do not enable them to subscribe on their own account." As a guarantee for the nature of its contents, they have obtained permission from many of the best authors and publishers of the day to reprint works written or published by them; and thus periodical as

well as general literature is opened to the blind. The subscribers to our library are already clamouring for the magazine; and the one copy for which Miss Arnold subscribed is altogether insufficient to satisfy them. But to multiply copies is to multiply expense, and rigid economists are compelled to consider the £ s. d. Money! money! nothing can be done without it; not even the printing and binding the huge books in Braille which good ladies prick; and besides, it is no joke to keep the library afloat. Still, we will hope that all subscribers may be blessed, in turn, with a perusal of "Santa Lucia," and that the magazine may be so successful as to be within reach of all those for whom it is intended.

The "Braille" type has been chosen as the most modern and useful; but great expense and inconceivable labour are incurred in stereotyping works in this method. We talk and hear much of philanthropists, and must place amongst them those ladies who have undertaken to become printers, publishers, stereotypers, and editors, for the benefit of a class to which, happily, they do not belong. Some idea may be conceived of the laborious nature of their undertaking by a glance at the books in the Library for the Blind. The Holy Bible in "Braille" is in forty large volumes; in "Moon" sixty-two, and in "Lucas" thirty-eight. These are stereotyped, and have been presented to the library, we believe, by Bible societies. A single play of Shakespeare requires two large volumes, and even a short story, such as Hesba Stretton's "Alone in London," swells into two also. The expense of sending such books weekly by post may be imagined, and in like manner the labour and outlay required to forward "Santa Lucia" to subscribers at home and abroad. Many kind friends pay the carriage from and to the

library for poor members; but the only mode of aiding the magazine seems to be by subscribing for those who cannot afford the money themselves, as previously stated.

This subject of Literature for the Blind brings to the front a suggestion of Miss Arnold's, made the other day, concerning their employment as bookbinders. She thinks they would be capable of learning this trade, and since, in the Normal College for the Blind and elsewhere, they are taught to forget their loss of sight, and to work, walk, and amuse themselves just as if they had seven senses instead of four, there is no reason why they should not try their "prentice hands" on binding books.

Yet one word more concerning these "senses" of which we are so liable to be deprived. Sir Lyon Playfair said the other day at the annual meeting of the Normal College at Grosvenor House, that he was much interested in a little girl of eight, who possessed but one of the five senses originally given by God to man. She could neither see, speak, hear, nor taste; she could only feel! And through this one sense she was being educated—this one sense of touch. He thought he had almost given her a sense. He was holding her hand during a musical performance, and he insensibly beat time upon it; she felt the time, and in some inscrutable way responded to it, as if she were acquiring a new sensation. This is, indeed, mysterious, for the soul of the child must be attuned to a melody she cannot hear. In some such manner are the souls of God's children attuned to heavenly melodies, and by faith in the unseen are able to join the celestial choirs in singing—

"Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."

SUNDAY SONG.

"O SAVIOUR, I HAVE NOUGHT TO PLEAD."

Music by C. A. MACIRONE.

VOICE.

Allegretto con grazia (M. $\text{♩} = 86$).

PIANO.

p

p

O Sa - viour, I have

nought to plead, In earth be - neath or heav'n a - bove, But just my own ex -

The first system of the musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are "nought to plead, In earth be - neath or heav'n a - bove, But just my own ex -". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp. The music features a variety of note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests.

- ceed - ing need, And Thy ex - ceed - ing love.

The second system continues the musical score. The voice part has the lyrics "- ceed - ing need, And Thy ex - ceed - ing love.". The piano accompaniment continues with similar musical notation, including chords and melodic lines.

p The need, though great, will soon be gone— Ex - ceed - ing great, but

The third system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The voice part has the lyrics "The need, though great, will soon be gone— Ex - ceed - ing great, but". The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line in this system.

cres. quick - ly o'er; The love un - bought is all Thine own, And lasts for ev - er - *f*

The fourth system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic marking. The voice part has the lyrics "quick - ly o'er; The love un - bought is all Thine own, And lasts for ev - er -". The piano accompaniment also features a fortissimo section.

- more;..... The love un - bought is all Thine own, And lasts for ev - er -

The fifth system concludes the musical score on this page. The voice part has the lyrics "- more;..... The love un - bought is all Thine own, And lasts for ev - er -". The piano accompaniment continues with sustained chords and melodic fragments.

p

- more ; The love un - bought is all Thine own, And lasts for ev - er -

p

f

- more, for ev - - er - more,

cres. f *cres.*

rall. *p*

for ev - - er - more,..... for ev - - er - more.....

rall. colla voce. p#

.....

morendo.

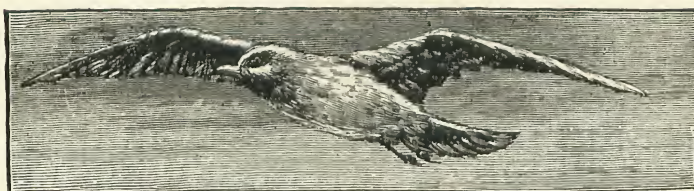
pp

SONNET.

If Nature, Truth, and God should seem less dear,
 Because thou hast become so dear to me,
 Then should my heart misgive me, lest there be
 Unworthiness in Love; and I should fear
 My spirit had become less quick to hear
 The Voice that speaks through all things far and near:
 By mountain, valley, river, lake and sea.

But 'tis not so. Each high and holy thing—
 The pure delights of Nature and the calm
 Still voice of Duty to my spirit bring
 A deeper joy; as when an evening psalm
 Breathes benediction o'er some peaceful hearth,
 While Love—the gentlest nurse in all the earth—
 Soothes every heart wound with her healing balm.

T. H.



A CALIFORNIAN STORY.

CHAPTER II.



Two young men were riding down the mountain in close conversation: one fair and curly-haired, unmistakably an Englishman, and the brother of Lilian Aytoun, so closely did he resemble her; the other a dark and handsome young American,

who made no attempt to conceal a start of pleased surprise when he observed the girls sauntering along the valley a few feet below them. It was a lovely evening, as all who know anything of the climate of southern California in the month of April will imagine, and in keeping with the beauty of the surroundings. The ground was covered with the early blooms of spring: flame-coloured escholtzias, yellow wood violets, white azaleas, scarlet delphiniums, blue nemophilas—a long list, far too long to write down here, of what at home are some of our choicest garden flowers, growing here in wild profusion; and overhead the wild grape-vine, the purple Judas-tree, the dark green arbutus, the graceful madrone, the feathery pepper tree—treasures innumerable, which strike the new-comer with bewilderment, so various are they and so luxuriant in their growth.

"You have a friend staying with you, have you not, Aytoun?" said the young American to his friend, as the ladies came into full view. "Miss Aytoun's companion is a stranger to me, I think."

"Yes, a cousin from Colorado; her husband had to come to California for the summer on business, and has left his wife with us till it gets too hot for her here. Then I think she

will go to Santa Barbara, or one of the sea-side places, and I shall try to send my sister with her, for I am afraid the summer may be rather a trial to a girl fresh from England. I have not mentioned my plan to her, though, yet, for I know she will object, as she thinks it too lonely for me, but I shall settle it with Mrs. Selwyn, and then it will be too late for her to refuse."

"Our mountain ranch is beautifully cool in summer, and I know my mother would be only too pleased if your sister would come up to her for the great heat; she means to send the invitation, I know; she goes up the middle of May, and remains till the end of September."

"It is very good of her to think of Lily, but I fancy she will want to be with her cousin, if possible; indeed, the Selwyns would be offended if we proposed to send her anywhere but with them. Don't think me ungrateful, however; your mother has been the best neighbour to me a man could possibly have."

By this time the two parties had met, and greetings were exchanged. The evening was so beautiful, all were glad to linger on their walk, but before sunset they gathered round their unpretending little table, and enjoyed to the utmost the simple meal and pleasant talk which accompanied it. Afterwards the rocking-chairs under the verandah were occupied, the gentlemen being permitted to smoke; each appropriated a lady, but at first the conversation was general.

"Summer has really begun, I fear, Lily, and we must put up a tent for the cooking-stove very soon, so that you may have your kitchen out of doors," remarked her brother; "the house will soon be hot enough without artificial warmth."

"That will be nice if I can have it under the shade of one of the live oaks. And I suppose you will be wanting to sleep in the open air before long, Charley?" said she; "it sounds a very nice idea, but somehow I know I should be always thinking of the insects which are certain to be crawling about. There are enough in the daytime; and then what about the rattlesnakes?"

"You must look round well and cautiously before you seek your couch, and dislodge any intruders."

Lily gave a slight shudder, and her cousin remarked that she advised her always to sleep indoors, as, though the fresh air was very delightful at night, there were a great many drawbacks for a lady in such circumstances, until she had had some experience of camping out.

"I am hoping that both you young ladies will come and camp out up at our place," said Mr. Abbott. "I was just telling your brother, Miss Aytoun, that my mother goes up to the mountains in a fortnight's time, and there, where it is so much cooler than here, I really think you would enjoy it; the insect life is far less numerous, and we will take care that your tent shall be made snakeproof."

"I should like to do so very much," said Mrs. Selwyn. "I believe your mother and I will turn out to be old acquaintances, for I believe I have met her in Denver."

"It is highly probable, therefore I hope I may take home a message to the effect that both you and your cousin will come up to us on the first of May, and you, Aytoun, could ride over very well every night, if you had anything to do over at your prune orchards and muscat vines. They are only ten miles from us; and you do go over every two months or so, do you not?"

"Yes, I should have had to go there shortly, in any case, and I never like leaving my sister at night, so if you are sure the arrangement will meet your mother's views, we shall be very glad."

"How do you manage when you are away, Charley? Who comes to stay with Lily?" asked Mrs. Selwyn.

"I have only been up to Hope Ranch once since she came, and the only creature we could get to sleep in the house was an Indian woman who lives the other side of the river. She is the wife of one of our men, and a good sort of body; but poor Lily was dreadfully afraid of her when she appeared, were you not, little one?" he asked playfully.



"THE VOICE THAT SPEAKS THROUGH ALL THINGS FAR AND NEAR."

"I was indeed, and, of course, we could not exchange a word; but Charley has taught me to use a revolver," she added, turning to her cousin. "If anyone had told me a year ago that I should have slept at all under such circumstances, I should not have entertained the idea for a moment."

A moonlight stroll was now proposed by one of the party and agreed to by all, and as the narrowness of the path obliged them to divide, Charley and Mrs. Selwyn fell behind.

"I like your friend," she remarked, when the others were out of hearing. "It strikes me that he too likes somebody. Don't be shocked," she added, hastily, as a somewhat pained expression passed over the features of her companion; "it seems to me that it must be obvious to everybody."

"Of course I understand you, and I am not shocked, only I half hoped it was only my fancy. Perhaps it is selfish of me, but I do not want to lose the dear little sister directly I have got her. If you have noticed it, I fear there must be something on his side, anyway; his mother, too, is always inviting her over; she never goes, and so Mrs. Abbott or Frank keep coming over here on every possible excuse. Of course he only pays his visits when I am likely to be at home, and she nearly always walks off and leaves us together; she has never shown the least sign of liking for him."

"Well, no; I should not suppose she would at present. Is he as nice as he seems?"

"He is a thoroughly good fellow, a real friend to me; and I can trust him, I know. But I do not want him to marry my sister."

"Why?"

"I scarcely know, but I shall be sorry if he asks for her and wins her."

"He can, I suppose, give her a good home, and would be kind and nice to her?"

"Oh yes, all that."

"Well, then, your objections are utterly unreasonable, and if my surmises are true, and anything does happen, you must simply find a wife for yourself."

"That is all very well. I like the American girls very much, but my wife must be an Englishwoman, and how am I to find her out

here? I have not spoken to an English girl, except Lily, for two years."

"You must get leave of absence, and go home for six months."

"Impossible! And even if I could, how could I bring a girl out here, and condemn her to this isolated life for at least ten years to come? I can give her food, clothing, a house, beautiful scenery, a fine climate, and that is all. I have a good salary, of course, but if I am ever to go home again, I must save the half every year, and she must turn herself into a general servant, as poor Lily does. No, I have seen the experiment tried many times, and unless the means are large enough to enable a man to take his wife away to civilised life for some months every year, and give her that almost unattainable luxury, a good servant, I think it always results in failure. She becomes a mere household drudge, and all enjoyment dies out of her life. Where the means are even less than mine, it is of course worse. We should not have such a house and so many comforts if we were ranching on our own account. Three rooms and a kitchen, and bare necessities in the way of furniture, is all we could command."

"Yes, all you say is true enough. If Harry had not been fortunate, I should have developed into one of these household drudges myself, I suppose, indeed, if I had not been lucky enough to meet with Sarah, I should have had to struggle along with a dirty and impertinent help, or do the work myself. It seems to me that all over the world the lack of good service is being felt now, and yet the position of a servant out here is very good. I only wish ladies in England, who are not well educated enough to teach, would come out and undertake household work here. We give Sarah £70 a year."

"I have often thought that English people who would really work conscientiously, and not be above the services required of them, might find a good field here—young ladies, I mean. But then such a thing would have to be properly organised, and homes provided for them on their arrival, until they could be suited; this would need co-operation on both sides of the Atlantic, and the Americans show no

desire to do this. They would be willing enough to engage a lady with good recommendations if she were brought to their very doors, but will take no trouble or responsibility in the matter. But if you know any Englishwoman who has a turn for philanthropy, who would come out here and establish such a home, I believe she might do good in disposing of some of those superfluous women we hear of in England, and who are really badly wanted here."

"It is such a serious matter, I do not like to suggest it to any of my friends at home, yet I see as clearly as you do what a benefit it might be, if the right person undertook the management. But if she happened to be the wrong one, it would be disastrous."

"Yes, that is true, and in the meantime we must be content to do the work ourselves; but next year I really think I shall be able to keep a servant, if Lily remains with me, so if your estimable Sarah has any relative about thirty or so, whose suitability for the post she will guarantee, we should very much like to have the refusal of her, should she desire to come. Of course she must be made to understand that the work will be twice as heavy as it would be at home. She must be willing to relinquish the idea of holidays entirely, be content to live a very isolated life, and be able to do—or willing to learn—the work of a farm servant, a cook and a maid-of-all-work. In this case we could offer her £50 the first year, and a rise each succeeding one. A married couple would be best, and if we cannot meet with an Englishwoman, we shall have to go on as we are, except that we could then afford to have an Indian woman two days a week instead of one; the American helps are far too independent to suit us."

"You do not think of having an Indian woman altogether then, if you cannot get an English help?"

"No; they are insufferable in the house. Lily would like to have one Mondays and Tuesdays, to do all the washing, ironing, and scrubbing. We can only manage it for one day weekly this year; but here we are at the cannery."

(To be continued.)

THE MICROSCOPE AND OURSELVES.

PART VI.



In my last chat with you I told you how that many structures in ourselves were made up of a so-called muscle-tissue; among other structures I mentioned the heart. Now the heart is a living muscular pump, whose duty is

to force on the nutritive fluid of the body—the blood—through a series of tubes known as blood-vessels. I propose now to give you some insight into the structure of these blood-vessels, reserving the adaptation by structure to function for some future occasion. It will, however, be necessary for you to know the names of the various kinds of blood-vessels

before we proceed to our investigation of their minute structure. Starting from the heart, then, the first set of tubes through which the blood must pass are called arteries; they branch like a tree into smaller and smaller branches as their area of distribution becomes larger. The smallest arteries are called arterioles; these arterioles lead to a perfect network of thin, little tubes, which are called capillaries, and these terminate in larger vessels, called "venules"; these running together form larger vessels, called "veins," and by these veins the fluid is conducted back. I shall now describe roughly the structure of these various tubes, and show you how they differ from one another. You will notice that there is nothing new in structure in these tubes; you will have seen all their constituent elements before in other structures that I have spoken about; the only novelty is their arrangement.

First, then, let us look at one of those blood-vessels which carry blood away from the heart to the rest of the body, I mean arteries. Of course you know they are tubes, and you know that if we take a slice off a tube, the slice will be a ring of greater or less thickness. When, therefore, we wish to see what an

artery is made up of, we take an artery and imbed it in some material, and then cut it transversely to its longitudinal axis, in the same way that a confectioner cuts up a Swiss roll. When we have done this, we stain one section in some stain, such as logwood or carmine, and mount it in the usual manner on a microscope slide. Now let us look at our section first with the low power; we notice that we have a more or less circular structure to examine; I mean, that our section looks like a ring.

This ring is seen under the low power to consist roughly of three parts; the innermost part is the thinnest, then come two layers whose relative thickness varies. These are the so-called "coats" of the artery. They are technically termed as follows: The innermost coat is called the "tunica intima"; the middle coat is called the "tunica media"; and the external coat the "tunica adventitia." Now let us, with the high power, proceed to a more complete examination of these tunics, and let us commence with the innermost coat—the tunica intima.

The tunica intima is made up of elementary structures, all of which you have examined in previous specimens. Do you remember our

talk about "epithelium"? and do you remember "tesselated" or "pavement" epithelium?

Well, the innermost element of the tunica intima is a single layer of such cells, the cells are somewhat irregular in shape, and have oval



FIG. 1.—EPITHELIAL LINING OF ARTERY.

nuclei, in which are small nucleoli. Of course to see this layer well we would have to cut the artery longitudinally, and look at it from inside, as it were. Fig. 1 represents this element of the tunica intima isolated and treated with a substance known as nitrate of silver or lunar caustic, which shows very well the lines of junction between the various cells, and also brings out the nuclei and nucleoli in very bold relief.

Next to this delicate lining of epithelial cells comes a layer of tissue, with which you are also already familiar, I mean "white fibrous" tissue. In this case, however, a few amoeba-like cells are living in the white fibrous tissue, and the substance is now called "connective tissue." Now comes a layer of a tissue which you know of—"yellow elastic" tissue, this forms the greater part of the tunica intima, or inner coat, and consists for the most part of layers of yellow elastic fibres, such as I have already described in "yellow elastic cartilage," and also elastic tissue of a membranous character, such as that shown in Fig. 4; this last form is known as the "fenestrated membrane of Henle," from the Latin for a window, and it is called after the anatomist who described it. It is said to be fenestrated on account of all those little holes or "windows" which you notice in it.

This, then, completes the examination of the internal coat of an artery, and we see that it is made up of three elements. They are, starting from within, outwards, a thin epithelial layer, then a white fibrous connective-tissue layer, and lastly an elastic layer.

Now let us go further afield in our specimen, and proceed to examine the next outer coat, or tunica media. The constitution of this coat will depend in a great degree on the size of the artery of which we have chosen to take a section. It is *par excellence* the muscular coat of the artery, and you remember that, in speaking of muscle, I described two main varieties,

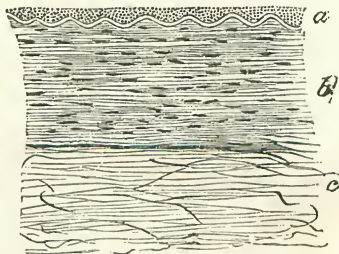


FIG. 2.—TRANSVERSE SECTION OF ARTERY.

(a) Tunica intima. (b) Tunica media.
(c) Tunica adventitia.

"striped" or voluntary, "unstriped" or involuntary. Now the muscle-tissue of our artery is of the latter description. The muscle-tissue is arranged in bundles disposed circularly round the artery; the thickness of the artery

wall depends in a great measure on this coat, and in some of the smaller arteries, whose walls are very thick, there are many layers of this muscle-tissue; here also one often finds elastic membranes of the same character as those found in the tunica intima.

The muscle cells (Fig. 2, b) range from 1-300 to 4-200 of an inch in length; the nuclei are very distinct, and somewhat oat-shaped, being occasionally curved. I have said that elastic membranes occur in this coat. Well, elastic fibres are found as well, and sometimes white fibres, but as a rule in the small arteries with thick walls the muscle-tissue is fairly free from any other tissue, whereas the larger arteries have most of the elastic and white fibrous element in the structure of their middle coat.

The other coat remains for examination, and that is the external coat or "tunica adventitia." This consists almost entirely of that tissue which is pre-eminently strong and protective, one which best withstands injury—I mean white fibrous tissue; this is arranged round the arteries in a closely packed manner, and traversing the bundles of white fibrous tissue, and running the long way of the artery are bundles of yellow elastic tissue, often so numerous in the larger arteries as to have been described as a separate layer. This tunica adventitia has in its substance the "blood-vessels of the blood-vessel" (Lat. "*vasa vasorum*"), i.e., minute arteries which carry blood to nourish the artery to which they run.

This, then, is a rough description of the various coats which go to form an artery.



FIG. 3.—ELASTIC FIBRES FROM ARTERY.

But how about the other members of this set of tubes? How about the veins? They present many analogies in structure to arteries; but they also present many differences. Veins have very much thinner coats than arteries; the tube in this case is collapsible, and is not so rigid as an artery, but still they are very strong, and it has been stated by some observers that a vein is, as a rule, stronger than an artery of the same calibre. Let us take a section similar to that which we took of the artery as regards cutting, staining, and mounting, and let us examine it in the same methodical manner as we did the artery. By this means we shall more easily comprehend, and more fully appreciate, the little likenesses and differences of structure between the two vessels. We will first, then, examine the internal coat, it is very much like that of an artery, but is less brittle, and is separated more easily. Like the tunica intima of our artery, it consists of a thin layer of tessellated epithelial cells, and then of a fibrous-tissue layer, above which are super-imposed various layers of elastic tissue; the only difference in the minute structure of this tunica in veins from the corresponding one in arteries is, that the fenestrated elastic membrane, mentioned as being of frequent occurrence in arteries, is rare in veins. So much for the inner coat. Now let us move the specimen under the microscope, as we did in the case of our artery, until we come to the next coat, called as in the artery the tunica media. Here we see a marked difference

in several respects from what we noticed in the artery; the coat itself, to begin with, is very much thinner than what we saw in the artery, and here we observe at once two elements in sharp outline which we did not see in the tunica media of the artery—yellow elastic

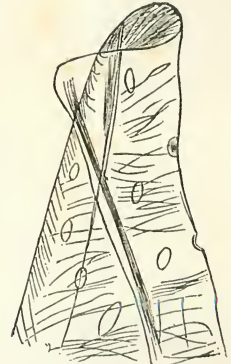


FIG. 4.—FENESTRATED ELASTIC MEMBRANE.

fibres and white fibrous-tissue. The elastic part of the coat consists of strong yellow fibres, which form a network, the general direction of which is longitudinal. Next to a layer of this sort comes a layer of muscular fibres like those of the artery, arranged in a circular manner, but intermingled with a considerable amount of white fibrous tissue, and also containing a few fine elastic fibres.

These layers alternate then for a various number of times, according to the size of the vein—the medium-sized veins containing the most of the muscular element, and the large veins having more fibrous tissue in their middle coats. Now let us look at the external coat; it is unlike that of the artery, thicker than the middle coat, which it covers and protects. It is made up of thick white fibrous tissue, and also some elastic fibres arranged in the same longitudinal direction as those in the tunica media of the skin. Sometimes, in the larger veins, muscle is found in the external coat, similar to that found in the middle coat.

The tunica adventitia of a vein, like that of an artery, carries its own nutrient vessels, and as in the artery, so in the vein, these vessels are technically termed the "*vasa vasorum*" ("vessels of vessels"). Many veins are, unlike arteries, provided with valves, but as this is of

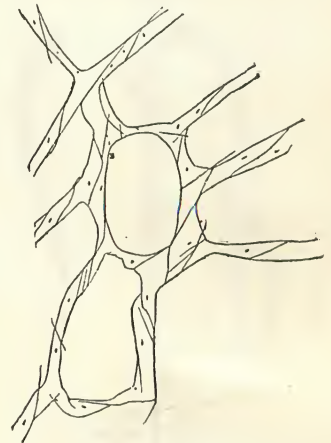


FIG. 5.—CAPILLARIES.

no special microscopical interest, and is greatly concerned in the function of those veins, I shall not deal with it here. We now see the main differences between the arteries and veins, as regards their very minute structure, but we must take into consideration the structure of

those tiny tubes which the fluid has to pass through on its way from an artery to a vein, and these form a perfect labyrinth or network of little tubes. What are they made of? Have you ever seen at a scientific conversazione the circulation of blood in a frog's foot? If you have, you will have seen these little tubes or "capillaries," as they are called; they consist of a simple tube of epithelium (Fig. 5), a thin epithelium, somewhat curved, and joining with its fellows at its edges.

The specimen indicated in Fig. 5 has been prepared in a particular way, to show the individual cells and their nuclei. The part has been dipped in lunar caustic or nitrate of silver solution, and exposed to the sunlight for a short time, after which the specimen is stained in hæmatoxylin, and thus the nuclei are brought out in bold relief. You see, then, that the capillaries are merely a repetition of the tunica intima of the artery or vein without the two additional coats.

These are the three great constituents of the blood circulating system—the arteries, veins and capillaries; each set has its special functions to perform, and each is specially adapted for the performance of that function. You will, after knowing as much as you now do know about the structure of these tubes, easily appreciate and realise the reason for their variations of structure, and see the wants that those variations are intended to meet.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART IV.

THE *Laurel* (*Laurus nobilis*) or "Daphne," known in this country as the "Sweet Bay," is the next flower-bearing shrub that claims consideration. It is improperly called "Bay," which is the name of the fruit alone; derived from *baie*, the French for fruit. The species (of which there are many) known by its large and beautifully lustrous leaves, has usurped the name of "Laurel," as the chief representative of the genus, and is erroneously supposed to be that from which our more favoured poets derive their title, "Laureate."

The flowers of the *Laurus nobilis* are of a yellowish-white colour, small in size, and growing in clusters on their axils; and the fruit or berry is of a purple colour. It was a favourite decoration of the Greeks and Romans, for their temples, palaces, and statues, employed at their feasts and in their devotions, and was conferred as a mark of distinction on their kings and warriors, their distinguished scholars, poets, and the victors at their public games. The fêtes held every ninth year at Thebes,

fold. It has had a reputation of being propitious, to the human race, averting the evil influences of sorcery, and dangers attending storms with lightning. The tyrant Tiberius



ARUM LILY.

was a coward as regards the latter; and, like a timid child, would creep under his bed and cover his head with laurel leaves to ensure his safety. His pusillanimity may be explained by Shakespeare; for

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

The withering of the laurel was considered a bad omen, a reference to which tradition is to be found in *Hamlet*—

"The King is dead! The bay-trees are withered."

In early ages this tree was credited with disinfectant properties, such as are ascribed to the Eucalyptus. An example of this belief is to be met with in the removal of the Emperor Claudius, during a severe outbreak of the pestilence, to Laurentium, the capital of Latinum, by recommendation of his physicians, on account of the large number of laurels growing in the neighbourhood, after which the city was named.

Another historical flower is the *Leek* (*Allium parvum*), which, though of ill flavour as such, must hold a very distinguished position, as being the national emblem of our Ancient British brethren of Wales.

The origin of wearing it on St. David's Day, March 1st (that of their patron saint, Arch-

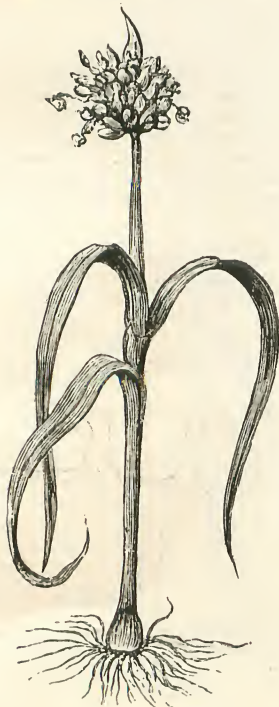
bishop of Carleon, A.D. 544) appears to be rather a vexed question. According to Shakespeare it dates from the battle of Cressy, the site of which is twelve miles from Abbeville, where Edward III. and the "Black Prince" gained such a splendid victory. "Fluellen," addressing Henry V., reminds him that "The Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow; wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service, and I do pelieve your Majesty takes no scorn to wear leek upon St. Tavy's Day." Indeed, the King need not to have scorned it, for he owed his life, when, at the battle of Agincourt, he engaged in personal conflict with the French knight, the Duc d'Alençon. The latter had vowed to kill or take the King a prisoner, and eighteen other knights pledged themselves to do the same. But three gallant Welshmen, David Gam (his squire) and two others, not only rescued the King when the French knight clove the crown in two which encircled his helmet, but killed the duke and all the eighteen knights that had conspired against him. And there, as the three noble Welshmen lay bleeding to death at their sovereign's feet, he did all that was left in his power to do for them, and made them "Knights Banneret" on the "field of their fame." Doubtless the green and white emblem of their nationality was to be seen on their headgear, though the old Cymric colours must then have worn a very unnatural hue.

Other historians affirm that the wearing of the Leek was in commemoration of a great victory of theirs over the Saxons, and that they put them into their hats by order of St. David, thereby



THE LOTUS.

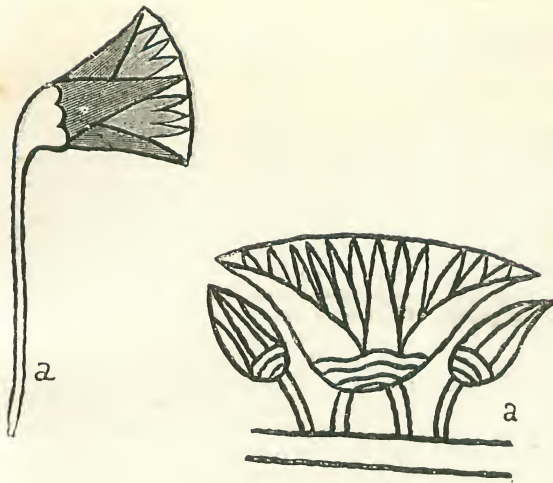
the better to distinguish themselves from their enemies. These also can quote a poem in support of their tradition (Cambria of Rolt, 1759):—



LEEK.

called "Bœotian fêtes," and in honour of Apollo, were designated "Daphnephoriæ."

The superstitions connected with the laurel in modern, as well as ancient times, are mani-



CONVENTIONAL LOTUS.

From Egyptian Mummy Case about B.C. 1350.

"Tradition's tale
Recounting, tells how famed Menevia's
priest

Marshaled his Britons, and the Saxon host
Discomfited; how the green leek his bands
Distinguished, since, by Britons annual
worn,

Commemorates their tutelary saint.

Readers of the Holy Scriptures will recognise
in this vegetable one of those to which the
ancient Israelites looked back with hungry
longing and regret, though enjoyed in the
land of their cruel bondage, so degenerate and
demoralised had they become. According to
Pliny, the Romans had an equal esteem for
them, Nero having brought them into notice
by his use of them taken with oil, to clear his
voice for singing, a fancy that gave him the
sobriquet of *Porrophagus*, or "the Leek-
eater."

Some affirm, and amongst them Dr. Owen
Pugh, that the origin of the adoption of the
leek as an emblem of the Ancient British
race is to be found in the custom of their
meeting at the Cymmortha, or association
for mutual assistance in the ploughing of
their land. On such occasions the farmers
each contributed his leeks to help out their
general repast. Again, another tradition
solves the question by reference to the extreme
abstinence of their patron saint, who fed on
the leeks he gathered in the fields. So to
commemorate his holiness and extreme self-
denial, the Welsh have worn a leek in their
hats as his emblem on each successive anni-
versary of his special day. This is a legend
related by Drayton, and, I believe, it sums up
the whole list; and I leave my Welsh readers
to select from amongst them the story that
bears the strongest internal or historical
evidence of truth.

When our blessed Lord counselled His
hearers to "consider the lilies of the field,"
He did not refer to the English "lilies of the
valley," nor were those so named in the
Canticles of the same species. Of the wild
lilies of Palestine, Sir J. E. Smith, the famous
botanist, speaks much. He says that "the
fields of the Levant are overrun with *Amaryllis
lutea*, whose golden liliaceous flowers, blossom-
ing in autumn, afforded one of the most
brilliant and gorgeous objects in nature." To
this flower the statement that "Solomon
in all his glory was not arrayed like one of
these," was (says this writer) "peculiarly
appropriate." The species of lily named at
verse 13, chapter v. of the Canticles is supposed
to have been that of Persia, in the flower-cup
of which a fluid somewhat like myrrh is con-
tained; the lily named in chap. ii., ver. i

(*Ibid*), was, it is supposed, a
species growing wild, much
under cover of leaves and hidden
from view. According to R.
Folkard, the lily of Palestine
was the *Lilium chalcidonicum*
of some fifty species. The
white, or "poet's lily," *L.
candidum*; the orange, *L.
bulbiferum*; the "Turk's cap,"
L. Martagon; the "Tiger
Lily," *Tigrinum*; and the *L.
superbum* and *L. canadense* are
the best known, and have been
the longest under cultivation.

An order of knighthood was
instituted by Ferdinand of
Aragon, A.D. 1403, known as
the "Order of the Lily," the
collar being composed of these
flowers and in combination with
gryphons. The fact of the lily
being an emblem of the Blessed
Virgin was the origin of this
order, but why associated with
gryphons does not, I think, ap-
pear.

What are commonly called "Lent lilies"
are Daffodils, or otherwise Narcissus, an
emblematic flower of Lent and Eastertide,
once, in the long past, called "Affodilly,"
a corruption of *Asphodelus*. I have already
named these and the *Fleur-de-Luce* or *de-Lys*,
of heraldic history, and shall thus pass over the
subject, only including in this beautiful family
of flowers the majestic Ethiopic species of
Arum (*Calla Ethiopica*). The Hebrew name
"Susannah" signifies "a lily," and became
the special emblem of purity and chastity.
It is associated, as I said, with representations
of the Blessed Virgin and many of the
ancient saints as well as angels in the paint-
ings of the old masters. The white lily was
the badge of the Ghibellines, and the red of
the Guelfs.

Following naturally in succession is the
Lotus or water-lily, that grows in the inundated
lands of Egypt (*Lin. Nymphaea lotus*).
Amongst the Greeks and Romans this flower
is associated with their mythological
histories; and in Hindu theology it
is regarded as specially sacred. In
the representations of their various
deities the latter are often to be seen
seated on a flower of the lotus. It
was adopted as typical of Upper, and
the papyrus of Lower Egypt. In the
British Museum there are several
statues holding sceptres of this flower,
and also a mummy, with the arms
crossed, holding one in each hand.
The Persians regard it with similar
reverence, and so do the Hindu,
Tibetan, Chinese, Japanese, and
most of the Oriental races. The
Persians represent the sun as crowned
with it, and it is the special symbol
of Buddha; his followers also asso-
ciating it with the sun, being sur-
mounted by a trident (typical of the
sun). The *Scābhavikas* inscribed
their temples with the words *Aum*
(Jehovah) *Mani* (the Jewel) *Padmi*
(Lotus), *Hoong* (Amen). "This
sentence," says Richard Folkard,
"forms the Alpha and Omega of
Lama worship, and is unceasingly
repeated by the devotees of Tibet
and the slopes of the Himalayas." He
goes on to say that "for the easy
multiplication of this prayer, the
'praying wheel' was invented," than
which a more impious travesty of
homage to the Divine Creator was
never conceived. It virtually de-
clares, "I offer an act of worship
without giving myself the smallest

trouble; neither using my brain, nor sacrificing
my breath in words. I have no sin to confess;
no pardon nor grace to crave; no gratitude
to express, no desire for closer communion
with my God. A long course of years, replete
with ever-accumulating proofs of Divine for-
bearance and love, finds me just as I was,
when I began to grind the machine, and to
present four words neither expressive of prayer
nor praise. I am saved all trouble, and that
is enough for my Maker and for me!"

David declined to offer to God "that which
had cost him nothing." If your offering cost
you no thought, self-denial, fatigue, time, nor
money, it is worthless. Excuse the digression.

There are three species of the Lotus (*Nym-
phæa*) cultivated in Egypt. One has frag-
rant white blossoms, bearing edible fruit and
resembling our white water-lily. The streams
near Damietta are full of it, the flowers rising
two feet above the water. Then there is the
blue Lotus; but the sacred "rose-lily of the
Nile," so called by Herodotus, is a larger
flower than either of the foregoing, and its
blossoms are of a brilliant red colour. Its
roots, seeds, and stalks are all good for food,
as well as its fruit, which is formed of many
valves, and consists of a cluster of almond-
flavoured nuts, each valve containing a nut.
The somewhat obscure passage, "Cast thy
bread upon the waters," is elucidated by the
fact that the seeds of the *Nelumbo* are made
into bread, and sown, by enclosing each in a
ball of clay, and throwing it into the water.
The *Nymphaea lutea* and *Nymphaea odorata*
(the latter very beautiful, and of exquisite per-
fume) are natives also of North America; like-
wise the *Nymphaea gigantea*, the flowers of
which very frequently measure twelve inches
across, and afford an edible fruit. But for
size and beauty no other species can compare
with that of British Guiana and in La Plata,
discovered by M. d'Orbigny in the river Ber-
bice, the leaves stretching out twelve feet
in diameter, and the blossoms fifteen inches
across. The *Zizyphus Lotus* is a thorny
middle-sized tree, and must not be confounded
with the sacred Pythagorean bean of Egypt,
or lotus lily.



LAUREL (BAY).

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER X.



MRS. ALLINGHAM WEST, whose name was darkly whispered about the hotel as lending a glory to the spot, "kept herself to herself," as Mrs. Lancaster expressed it in homely phrase. Her renown was such that she would have been the mark for every glance and every tongue among the hundred and fifty guests had she gone in and out freely among them; so she remained for the most part a mysterious presence in her balconied rooms in the *dépendance*. Those who were fortunate enough to see her go or return from an excursion were not slow to proclaim the fact, and it

invested them for the time being with a kind of borrowed lustre. However, she was not forgetful of Evelyn's courtesy, and on the day after her return from the Engstlen Alp a little note was brought by a waiter, requesting the pleasure of Miss Hope's company to tea that afternoon in Mrs. West's private sitting-room.

Evelyn's heart beat high with excitement at this communication, and she re-wrote her acceptance three times. Miss Wentworth was immediately very curious and interested. She was much disappointed that *she also* was not included in the invitation, and seemed at first inclined to accompany Evelyn unasked.

"I could say that, as an Amuh-ican interested in literature, I had just called in to express the homage of my countrymen to the gifted authoress. I need not stay to tea, of course, unless she asked me after that."

"I'm sure it wouldn't do at all," declared Evelyn, in mortal alarm.

"But when I return to my country it would be worth saying I had had an interview with anyone so renowned," pleaded the American.

"Go instead of me, Miss Wentworth, if you like," said Evelyn, sternly. But this, of course, was out of the question, and the elder lady was compelled to resign her half-formed project.

Evelyn was ready in her fresh white embroidered cambric gown long before the hour of four, and took many tremulous excursions between the clock in the hall of the hotel and her distant bedroom, fearful of being too early, yet afraid of being too late. Her own watch was not regarded as sufficiently trustworthy or *au fait* in Swiss time to direct her movements. At last, with a

beating heart, she tapped at the celebrated authoress's door.

Evelyn could never quite recollect her entrance; she had a confused vision of a pale, dark-haired lady of distinguished mien, in a tea-gown of lace and silk, where some subtle shade of silver-grey melted into black, rising from a sofa to greet her, and murmuring a civil word or two. When she was seated with the teacup in her trembling hand she could take in the details of her surroundings. It was evident Mrs. West had made herself at home here, for signs of her presence were everywhere, from the latest English reviews lying on the table, to the wealth of fern and ivy that adorned wall and bracket. Photographs, that Evelyn could see at a glance were of distinguished men and women, stood about here and there, there were books in a bookcase on the wall, and many lying on table and cabinet. There was, in one sense, a litter in the room, but it was an artistic litter, giving it a pleasant and a homelike familiarity.

"I wished to thank you for your kindness the other day," observed Mrs. West. "I had thoughtlessly omitted to write to Engelberg beforehand, and as the hotel was crowded, I found your offer of great service. My maid and I used your rooms in your absence for two nights. I hope it caused you no inconvenience."

"Oh, no," cried Evelyn. "I was only too glad to be of any use to you. But I am sure anybody in the hotel would have felt honoured to do the same."

Mrs. Allingham West was thoroughly used to adulation and homage. She had leapt at one bound into the front rank of modern novelists, though for years she had been doing good and comparatively unnoticed work. But she happened to hit a theme that was much in the popular mind at the time. After a phase of contemptuous incredulity and lack of interest in all psychical phenomena, the intelligent thought of the age was beginning to turn with interest to various aspects of human consciousness, and various strange facts, that might suggest the retort to the sceptic.—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Mrs. West's book, a romance in which the natural and supernatural, so called, were weirdly mingled, achieved, therefore, a sudden and complete success.

"I am afraid you overrate the popularity of my work," she said, smiling for the first time. "I have no such claims on gratitude as you seem to suppose. But I am glad you like my book. I hope you enjoyed your stay at the Engstlen Alp?"

This determined turning away of the conversation from literary topics was a great discomfiture to Evelyn. She did not want to talk about the Engstlen Alp. The golden moments of her visit were

fleeting past; for she instinctively felt that Mrs. West was not likely, having once paid the debt of civility, to rush into any continued intimacy. How much time is lost, in this hurried life of ours, by a lack of knowledge as to one another's cherished subjects! It takes so long to find out that which our brother or sister really *is*, and meanwhile the opportunities for intercourse are going by, and the chances for interchange of sympathy, information, help, are slipping from our grasp for ever. But Evelyn could not force the conversation into any channel her hostess did not indicate, and so she replied that she did like the Engstlen Alp very much; and in answer to further inquiries, she duly notified that it was her first visit to Engelberg; that she thought it one of the loveliest places she had ever seen; that she had explored the church; had been to the Tätschbach-fall, but not yet to the Arnitobel, and so forth. While this civil interchange of questions and answers was going on—to poor Evelyn, like husks to one who asked for bread—a slight movement of Mrs. Allingham West on the sofa where she sat displayed the title of a paper lying beside her, that had been put down on the girl's entrance. Alas! it was the *Critic*.

In her state of nervous agitation, Evelyn could not help a sudden flush and start, with such a look of dismay, that Mrs. Allingham West broke short off in her civil nothings, and gazed at her with astonishment.

"Are you not well? Perhaps the room is too warm for you?"

"It is nothing of that sort, thank you," gasped Evelyn, trying to recover her self-control. Mrs. West felt she had a very puzzling guest, and casting about for some fresh topic of conversation, she took up the *Critic*.

"Do you often see this? I was glancing at it when you came in. There is a very severe, though rather an amusing, short review at the end, of some young author's poems—Would you like a glass of water?" For Evelyn had turned first scarlet, then very pale. Hurriedly there flashed through her brain the thought that she must fly; she put down her teacup, and half rose from her seat; then sat down again.

"Have I distressed you? Perhaps you know the author?" inquired Mrs. West, quite at a loss to account for this excessive display of agitation, and inwardly resolving not to invite unknown young ladies to tea any more. It was fortunate for Evelyn that, suddenly making up her mind concealment was hopeless, she murmured, in a faint voice, "I am the author." Her face crimsoned again, and all at once she burst into tears.

There was something piteous in it after all—the heroine-worship that had led the girl to regard introduction to her idol as one of the greatest boons life could offer, the hope of kindred intercourse, and the pride with which

she dreamt of saying, "I, too, am an author." And now Mrs. West had been smiling at the cruel words that condemned her efforts! Bitter were the tears that fell; bitter were the sufferings of wounded vanity in poor Evelyn's breast.

The authoress was very much astonished, but grasped the situation with her habitual keenness. She quickly sought a glass of water, and holding it to her guest's lips, said in a brisk, decided voice, "There, there! do not cry. Dry your tears and tell me all about it."

Tears were very rare with Evelyn, and these were quickly dried, but they had brought relief. She could not choose but comply with her hostess's invitation, which sounded, indeed, very like a command; and she was soon, though with faltering lips, in the midst of her story, how her father used to write in the *Fortnightly*; how he died when she was very young; how she, too, loved writing, and had written poetry ever since she was eight years old; how everyone said her later poems were good enough to publish, except her uncle and the publisher, Mr. Wrexham; how the book was published and all her friends praised it; and now this cruel review (which Evelyn spoke of with the bitterest resentment) made fun of her attempts.

"But, my dear Miss Hope, if you publish, you must be prepared for criticism. Look at me! What would become of me, do you suppose, if I cried my eyes out over every unfavourable review?"

"Ah, but you are different," sighed Evelyn, truly enough. "They all praise you."

"Now they do, but they did not at first. And I can assure you I learned some very helpful truths from my reviewers, though they were not always very palatable. Did you publish, may I ask, at your own expense?"

"Yes," replied Evelyn.

"Ah, that is never very wise. If a

book is worth anything, you can generally find some publisher who will at least share the risk. But you wanted to see yourself in print. Was not that so?"

Evelyn could not but own it.

"And you would not take the advice of those who had experience and judgment—your uncle, and Mr. Wrexham, whom I know very well?"

Evelyn was silent.

"You see, Miss Hope, this is part of the price you have to pay for your enjoyment," resumed Mrs. West. "Everyone is free to print what he writes; but everyone is not free to command praise and flattery from the public."

"Do you think I ought not to have done it?" faltered Evelyn.

"I cannot tell until I read the poems themselves, but, I think you are decidedly young to publish poetry; and these reviews are written by a friend of mine, who is usually very discriminating in his judgment."

"A friend of yours! Oh, please tell me his name?" entreated Evelyn.

"No, certainly not; it would not be fair, for he writes anonymously. After all, there is a redeeming touch in this notice. Do you not see that he praises one poem?"

"Very faint praise," said poor Evelyn, bitterly.

"Still, it should encourage you. And if you are not afraid to hear my candid opinion, lend me this little volume of yours."

"I think I shall burn every copy," declared Evelyn, with vehemence.

"No, don't do that. Make this book a stepping-stone to better things. The writer's art is not to be lightly entered on or flung petulantly aside," declared Mrs. Allingham West, and as she spoke her dark eyes glowed. "It is worth your pains; if, indeed, you intend to publish, not for the sake of gratifying vanity, but in the hope of doing work worth the doing. Life is short, at the

best, and Art is long; but happy are those who in their brief career can do something, however little, to lift the thoughts of their fellow-men."

She spoke musingly, and Evelyn looked upon her with a new impulse of adoration. Then she returned to her brief, decided tone.

"I must send you away, Miss Hope, for I have letters to despatch before supper; but let me have this little book of yours, and in a few days' time I will ask you to come and see me again."

Evelyn scarcely knew what she said, nor how she escaped to her room, where she flung herself down on her bed, in a tumult of excited feelings. After all, how kind Mrs. Allingham West had been! It was disappointing that she seemed to take sides with the reviewer instead of with Evelyn; "but perhaps when she reads my poems she will alter her mind a little," whispered Vanity. Then, after all, she had been in the same room with the celebrated authoress, taken tea from her hand, talked to her on equal terms! That was a glory and delight nothing could take away.

"Well," cried Dottie, through the door of partition, "do tell me all about it, Evelyn; oh, do!"

But Evelyn wished to remove the traces of tears from her eyes, and place her recollections of the eventful hour in order.

"Afterwards, Dot," she answered.

"I don't believe Evelyn has enjoyed herself at all," said Dottie, in confidence to Miss Wentworth, as they sat in the *salon* waiting for supper. "I have only caught one glimpse of her since her grand visit, and she looked as if she had been crying."

"Very likely," replied the American. "My opinion is that Mrs. Allingham West is haughty, and I am on the whole glad I did not go in for the interview myself."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

FLORA McIVOR.—"Prevent us," in old-time English, was the same thing as "go before us;" so that God's blessing might be not only on the finished work, but on that we merely think of and are going to begin. The two lines—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all,"

is by Frederick von Logan, translated by Longfellow; the name of the poem being "Retribution." The meaning seems to be clear, *i.e.*, that even very small and insignificant actions have their effect, and their retribution or their reward.

G. H. G.—We strongly recommend you to apply for information and admission into the students' branch of the Christian Women's Education Union to Miss Petrie, hon. sec. and treasurer, Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, London, W. Sixty-two or more ladies have been enrolled as teachers. The secular subjects taught are the English language and composition, English history and literature, Greek, Latin, arithmetic, mathematics, French, German, physical geography, church history, and Christian evidences. Members give half an hour daily to the Bible in connection with a Bible class. None can join who are under sixteen years of age. There are no fees, but members pay a small subscription towards the expenses of postage and printing.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LOUISA.—To clean rusty fire-irons cover them with oil for twenty-four hours, then rub them with emery paper, or make a paste of soft soap and emery powder and rub it on. Rub off when dry with a dry leather. 2. Wash the hands in oatmeal and water, or use a little glycerine on them while your hands are wet.

CHERRY RIPE.—The best way to clean white coral that has been much neglected is to put it into a pot large enough to hold it, where it may be well covered with cold water. Then put it on, and as it gets hot add a little washing soda to the water. After a little boiling it will be quite clean. You might try Judson's dyes, perhaps.

MARY.—It is impossible to tell you how to restore polish, unless we knew whether the furniture be varnished or French-polished. If the latter use a mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ gill vinegar, 1 gill spirits of wine, and 1 oz. linseed oil. Shake well, and apply with a flannel made into a flat pad. Rub in a circular direction, using only a few drops at a time.

ANNIE.—If the floor be very dirty you should employ Fuller's earth to clean it. Dry it thoroughly, and mix the Fuller's earth into a paste with boiling water, adding a third part of fine sand. Sprinkle this over the boards, and then scrub with a suitable brush with the grain of the wood. If they be spotted with grease, use $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pearlash mixed in a pint of hot water, and scrub, as before, a little sand being mixed with the pearlash.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CONSTANT READER.—The question does not seem a very important one. If a man wants his betrothed wife to buy something agreed on by both, as a present for herself, we cannot see much difficulty in the matter. 2. Unless a clerk on £100 per annum has been able to save money, get his life insured, and so prepare for a married life, we should not advise any girl to take him.

IRIS.—Wish him many happy returns of the day. We are quite unable to judge whether a present be needful or not; ask your mother; probably not.

F. C. E.—Only by a determined attempt to bear the subject in constant remembrance will you get the better of your bad habit.

WANTING LOVE.—We regret to hear of your serious condition of health. If "one lung be gone" you should turn your mind the more exclusively on your eternal interests. Such a solemn warning should forbid your contemplating marriage. Even if the man cared for you, and proposed it, you would be highly dishonourable in encouraging his suit in your state of health. But as it is, he does not, and you have reversed the order of nature in seeking him. It is for the man to seek the woman. How often we have to remind our girls of this important fact. You have a mother; devote yourself to her, and requite her care; and remember, also, that if she be your only near relative, "there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Seek for happiness and peace in His service.



EDITH and DAISY.—“East or west, Nanie’s best,” appears to be a Scotch proverb, not a quotation. So is the Italian about which you inquire, which is only a proverbial saying with a double meaning, “Vedi Napoli e poi mori”—“See Naples and die.” There is a town called “Mori,” and you may say the Italians sarcastically make it to mean either one or the other.

GLADYS does not mention whether she would have her dinner with, or walk with, her pupil. We should think from £30 to £40 per annum would be enough, and the six weeks’ holidays would be a matter of arrangement with the parents. Writing certainly not pretty nor elegant.

MISS MAXFIELD, who formerly was hon. secretary to the Early Rising Association, Edith Grove, West Brompton, has written to say that the present hon. sec. is Miss Clift, Fernbank, Cheltenham, Miss Maxfield having resigned about two years ago. Miss Clift will be glad to hear of young ladies wishing to join the society.

SYMPATHY must say to her own doctor that she would like a second opinion on her brother’s case, and ask him to recommend a London specialist, and, if possible, get a note from him to explain the case and its previous treatment.

MISS HAINES, Bellary, S. India (whom we thank for her kind letter), has two schools of Hindoo girls under her care, and she would be very glad to receive contributions of Christmas cards, coloured pictures, and dressed dolls, to be given as prizes to the children under her charge. China-headed dolls, or those with black hair, preferred, as they fancy that light hair is a mark of old age. Any contributions designed for them to be sent to Miss Bennett, 22, Cavendish Square, W., for Miss Haines, Bellary, South India.

JESSIE.—If you find that the heat caused by wearing your hair massed on the top of your head is making it thin on that spot, you should endeavour to make some change to lighten it and let it in the air. It is a good plan to have the ends singed by a careful hairdresser. Do not attempt to do it yourself. A wash of rosemary applied to the roots with a small sponge will promote the growth.

EDNA G. F.—Do not feel discouraged by your sins, temptations, and frequent falls. Ask for Divine aid continually; the grace promised to those who ask, and that with a hearty effort to amend, will be made perfect in your weakness. When temptations come, betake yourself to prayer, or to reading, or some active employment, or to the companionship of someone who will turn the current of your thoughts.

R. V. M. G.—1. The degree of Bachelor of Arts is a step to the higher honour of Master of Arts, which latter is obtained by payment of a considerable fee. So also a Bachelor of Divinity, who has passed his exams. for that degree, has to pay a fee to be entitled a Doctor of Divinity. 2. The 7th of February, 1870, was a Monday. 3. We are pleased to hear that you so much appreciate our paper, and especially the “Answers to Correspondents.”

MADGE.—We recommend you to take a tepid bath in the morning, washing rapidly, and rubbing well till very dry, so as to quicken the circulation after it. We recommend, as usual, our “Handbook of the English Tongue,” by Dr. Angus.



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THE HILL OF ANGELS.

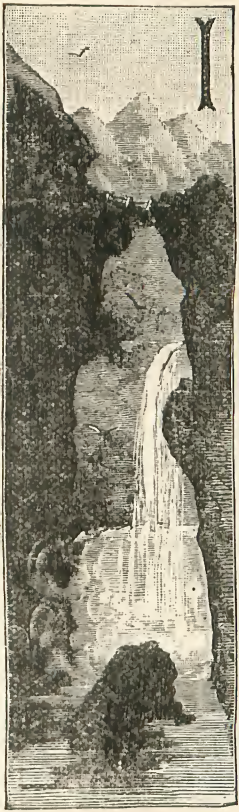
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ENGELBERG.

CHAPTER XI.



It was Sunday, and from an early hour the bell had been resounding over valley and hill, calling worshippers to the monastery church. Evelyn and her party of friends had resolved to follow the general example of the English in visiting the edifice; so, at a little before nine, they went through the bright, clean village, bathed in sunlight, and entered the portals softly, without the noisy, curious irreverence deprecated by the "Avis aux Etrangers." There was only standing room for them and other visitors at the

back of the seated multitude.

It certainly was a wonderful sight. The church was thronged with worshippers, chiefly of the peasant class, women on the one side, men on the other. The dress of the women was specially remarkable with regard to their head-gear. Their hair was divided into rolls, one on each temple, and at the back was covered in two ways; either by a head-dress composed of tiny pieces of stiffened linen, or a sort of double spoon of steel. Through the linen head-dress were thrust long pins of silver metal, with filigree heads exquisitely wrought. These pins are greatly prized by their wearers, and are handed down as heirlooms from mother to daughter. On this occasion the majority of the women also wore white wreaths of artificial flowers. For the rest, their dress was composed of dark stuff, or of linen jacket and stuff skirt. The men gave less evidence of care in their attire, being, as a rule, in their shirt-sleeves!

In the pulpit a dignitary was preaching with an eloquence and fire that would have put many a Protestant clergyman to shame. Evelyn could scarcely understand the dialect of German in which he spoke, but one thing *she could understand*, that the sermon was all about angels—the angels who early indicated the site for the monastery, who gave their name to the valley, and who should be imitated by the privileged dwellers in so sacred a spot. Engel—Engel—Engel; the word recurred again and again, as the preacher, nearing the close of his subject, dwelt with enthusiasm on the destiny before his hearers, who dwelt in the valley consecrated by angels, and

who one day might hope themselves to rise to the angels' sphere. As the hour of nine drew near, the curtain veiling the screen before the chancel was noiselessly drawn aside by two attendant monks, and Evelyn caught a gleam of the glories of the altar-piece by Spiegler.

The mass that followed was long, and for the most part incomprehensible to Evelyn, but she understood at least the magnificent thunder of the organ in the *Kyrie eleison* and *Agnus Dei*. There seemed many officiating, and Evelyn remembered she had heard it was the first mass of a young priest. She suddenly became aware that the congregation were rising, and filing one by one through the chancel, depositing coins on a table before the altar. The men went first, followed by the women. What could be the meaning of this? The white flower wreaths were connected in some way with the ceremony. She tried to discover, inquiring afterwards of one or two old inhabitants of the place, but they could only reply, "It is the first mass of a young priest; it is the custom here."

At length the service with its magnificence and bewildering intricacy was over, and the villagers streamed forth, some for a distant journey home again; for they came from many miles round. It was all very wonderful and interesting to Evelyn. That such a magnificent ceremonial, so largely attended, should be found in this remote Alpine valley seemed strange indeed, and her mind went pondering over the past. Ever since 1121 has this Benedictine foundation existed, and its history is full of incident.

The simpler service in the pretty little English church, filled to overflowing, brought help and refreshment. Evelyn tried to put away all thoughts of her book, of the terrible review, and to live as far as might be in gratitude to the Creator of the sublime beauty in which she was delighting.

"Now, can't we have a long excursion, all together?" demanded Algy, next day, as the party met to enjoy their early rolls and coffee. "Every one of us; you too, mother."

"That depends, my dear, where you are going to," replied Mrs. Lancaster, a good-natured smile creasing her plump cheeks.

"Well, I should like to go up to the very head of the valley, on the way to the Surenen Pass," proposed her son. "You could easily manage it—on a horse."

Mrs. Lancaster shook her head.

"None of your horses for me," she declared. "I shall be very happy at home."

It was finally decided that Mrs. Lancaster should spend the morning in the enjoyment she loved best, sitting about in the hotel gardens, chatting to one and the other acquaintance, and that she should drive out to the Tätschbachfall to meet the pedestrians for afternoon tea on their homeward way.

Before starting Evelyn made a neat little parcel of "Day-dreams," and sent it down to Mrs. Allingham West's door. With what fear and trembling

she performed this act, and how different was her feeling from that with which she scattered copies broadcast on their first publication! She could scarcely bear to open the book now, and she knew that if she read the poems through again she would never dare to submit them to the critical eye of her illustrious friend! Such change already had experience wrought in her.

Evelyn found herself walking by Madame Lichtenstein, whose face and manner attracted her greatly. The two women were drawn together by a sort of mutual sympathy, and soon found themselves talking quite confidentially.

"Yes, I love Engelberg more than any other place in Switzerland except Gimmelwald," Madame Lichtenstein was saying.

"Except Gimmelwald! I never heard of it. Do you not mean Grindelwald?"

"No, Gimmelwald, a lovely spot high above the Lauterbrunnen-Thal. It was there I met my husband. I was a teacher of music in London. I went abroad with friends. I cannot tell you what that holiday was to me—poor, overworked, lonely. I met Herr Lichtenstein at the Pension Edelweiss there. He, too, was a professor of music, but of a very different stamp, as I need not say, from myself. But it is a long story—you do not want to be wearied with hearing it."

Evelyn, however, did want to be "wearied with hearing" it, and was gratified by her friend. As the story may not be unknown to some readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, it need not be repeated here in detail. The girl listened with great interest to the account of Esther Fielding's encounter with the critical professor *à propos* of music, her offence at his strictures, the performance of the *Moonlight Sonata*, the adventure upon the Schilthorn steeps, and the *dénouement* of all.

"I do not know why I tell you this," concluded Madame Lichtenstein. "Sometimes one feels as though one could confide to a new friend what one does not tell to every old one."

"It is a romantic story. I need not ask if it has turned out happily," said Evelyn, deeply interested.

"I think I am the happiest woman in the world," cried her friend; and she gave Evelyn many details of her congenial home life in her adopted country.

"I will tell you something in return, if you will let me, which I do not talk about even to Dottie," said the girl; and to her *confidante's* willing ears she poured forth the account of her recent experiences and the interview with Mrs. Allingham West. Esther Lichtenstein listened with sympathy, putting in a gentle word or two now and then.

"Oh, you must not be discouraged," she said. "It is a great honour to have so well-known an authoress talk to you at all. Even if she criticises you will not mind. And how much time you have before you! A long life, money, and friends to help you! You will study, and succeed. You must not expect to spring at once into full power."

"Like the torrent yonder," said Herr

Lichtenstein, who had overheard the last sentence, and who pointed up the hillside to a broad, white stream, filling the air with noise and fury, and hurling itself down to the valley.

"What do you mean? Where does that river come from?" cried one and all; and they pressed up the side path to explore.

It was certainly a curious phenomenon. The torrent began suddenly, as a broad, deep stream, welling out of the earth and rushing along its channel with as much force and violence as if it had risen in the correct manner high up under the heavens in a mountain spring, fed by numberless kindred rills, and growing in volume as it descended.

"So you want my display of talent to begin like that?" laughed Evelyn to Herr Lichtenstein. "How very much I should take every one by surprise!"

Herr Lichtenstein's reply was oracular. "That stream has long been gathering force in silence and in dark," he said. "Only so could the waters well forth in power and abundance."

"Very good, Herr Lichtenstein! I should like to be allowed to put that down in my commonplace book," interposed Miss Wentworth.

"Madam?" inquired the uncomprehending musician. But when it was explained to him, he laughed joyously. "Your book of commonplaces? Even so, madam; that will be a fitting place for it."

They had been walking along the floor of the valley, through fields and woodland, for some time, and they now reached the Tâtschbachfall. This is the one short excursion from Engelberg that everybody makes. The white leap of the torrent above the forests, seen from afar, irresistibly draws the pedestrian; the signboards pointing in its direction, the carriage road, the footpath all point it out as a fitting goal. To make it easier still of access, a waggone runs several times a day to and fro. The party from the Abendglüh sat for a while outside the little hostelry looking on

the waterfall and wondering why the game of gigantic ninepins always reappeared at every crisis of natural beauty; then they left the haunts of sightseers behind, and went on and on into a far more lovely region, where the carriage road vanishes, where the glen narrows, and the glaciers approach more daringly towards the valley. They walked through exquisite woodland with the Engelberger Aa foaming on their right and the mountains towering at every glimpse among the trees more nearly overhead. Then they left the wood and came out on wild moorland dotted with a group of chalets. They could no longer discern Engelberg, for the vale makes a sharp deflection towards the left. Anon a cleft with a white rush of water just appearing against the edge of the chasm came into view.

"That is the Stierenbachfall—the fall of the Steer's Brook," said Miss Wentworth, stopping, "and I'll just tell you about the legend, if you like."

All expressed willingness, seating themselves on the moorland, and Miss Wentworth began—

"There was once, several hundred years ago, a peasant, who so loved a favourite calf that he baptised it by a Christian name. This displeased Heaven, and the calf became a terrible monster, devouring all the pasture in the valley of Engelberg and for miles over the hills. Then came a message by a holy friar to the villagers that they must take a young bull, without spot or blemish, feed it only on pure milk for a certain number of years, and let it loose to fight with the monster. This was done. The bull—or steer—found the monster on these heights, closed with him in single combat, and they both fell together into the brook and were drowned."

"Miss Wentworth, you know everything," cried Dottie.

"Awfully interesting! only I don't quite see the moral," observed Algy, pulling up handfuls of the short, stunted grass as he spoke.

"There isn't any moral; it's a simple statement of fact," rejoined Madame Lichtenstein.

"Evelyn shall write a poem on the legend," said Algy. "Rather hard for the steer to be drowned, don't you think so? All right for the monster, but not for the good animal. Now, then, Lichtenstein, can't you dispose of that by some moral reflections?"

"I will very soon dispose of *you*, my young friend," rejoined the professor. "The way down into the torrent is very steep and very short; another word, and down you roll!"

"I thought it was more in your line to rescue distressed personages off Alpine ledges than pitch them over," observed the incorrigible Algy, fleeing away from the vengeance threatened by his Leipsic friend. And so, with merry talk and laughter, they climbed the hillside by the Fall, and came out upon wild, rounded heights at the very head of the Engelberger Thal. Mountains towered around them, and the path to the Surenen Pass led away in the distance. From yonder ridge they knew that Lake Lucerne could be described.

The men went on to the summit of the pass, but the women preferred to rest in this lofty, scented pasture, threaded by its brook, with the Alpine air bringing health, life, vivacity in every breath. When they reassembled, they spread luncheon—though Evelyn declared it was sacrilege to think of eating—and glad sallies of mirth and conversation rang through the solitude. A little herd-boy was the only other human creature visible, and him they plentifully enriched with the fragments of their meal.

So the day passed; one of those days long to be remembered, when the joy of God's world stirs the pulses of His creatures with such intensity that the sorrows of humanity seem far away, and the heart throbs in unison with the Divine satisfaction in His work—"And behold it was very good."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

GROWING.

I hold this true—whoever wins
Man's highest stature here below,
Must grow and never cease to grow,
For when growth ceases death begins.

YOUTH AND AGE.—In youth one has tears without grief; in age, grief without tears.

A HIGH-BORN POET.—Lord Tennyson not only springs from English kings, but from the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and from several kings of Scotland, notably Malcolm III. The Earls of Derby are also among his forefathers; he has in his veins the blood of that Stanley who routed the right of the Scots at Flodden, and whose name rang on the expiring lips of Scott's Marmion.

A COMMON WEAKNESS.—There is no greater weakness than that of letting our happiness depend too much upon the opinions of others.

BRITTLE WARE.

"Guard," said an old lady, "I hope there won't be any collisions."

"Oh, no fear, mum," answered the guard.

"I want you," said the old lady, "to be very careful. I've got two dozen eggs in this basket."

A DAILY QUESTION.—Time waits upon the soul early every morning, and says, "What wilt thou have me to do to-day?" It is a shame to say what the answer too often is, but it will one day be known.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES.—The chances of marriage for blondes appear to be not so great as those of brunettes. Dr. Beddoe, who collected statistics on the subject, discovered that of brunettes seventy-eight per cent. were married, whilst of blondes only sixty-eight were married. Thus it would seem that the brunette has ten chances of getting married in England to a blonde's nine.

AN OLD SUPERSTITION.—It used to be a vulgar notion that everyone who bore the name of Agnes was fated to become mad.

A CALCULATING GIRL.

"Papa," said a sweet girl, "young Mr. Thistle has written me a note, in which he asks me to be his wife."

"Written you a note? Why didn't he come himself?"

"It would have been pleasanter that way, no doubt, papa, but I suppose he feels a little timid; and besides, papa, think how much more binding the note is."

PLEASANT TALK.—The soul of refined conversation is the same as the soul of refined manners, namely, goodwill towards others and a desire to secure their comfort and increase their happiness. This great law underlies all the rules on the subject. The authoritative putting of this law is—Do as you would be done by.

FLOWERS OF THE OBERLAND.

AMONG the many charms which Switzerland offers to the tourist in summer, one of the greatest perhaps is the variety of flowers to be found both in the valleys and the high pastures. Without going beyond the beaten route of the ordinary pedestrian, the bright flowers which adorn the meadows and clothe the mountain sides not only enhance the intense beauty of the scenery, but offer great attractions to the nature-loving holiday-maker.

Surely the sight of the flower-decked lower Alps must inspire even the least enthusiastic with a desire to pluck some of the bright blossoms, and carry them away as a memento, and in the long dreary winter recall the sunny days spent in that ever-beautiful country! On the well-trodden paths of the Bernese Oberland a great variety of flowers may be found, some specimens being entirely unknown in England.

In a talk on the flowers of Switzerland accessible to everyone, the far-famed Alpine rose seems to claim the first attention. Coming down from the Wengern Alp in the direction of Grindelwald, on a lovely July morning under a cloudless sky, the sight of the sloping pastures thickly covered with the low shrubs of the *Rhododendron hirsutum* is a sight never to be forgotten. The glorious background formed by those three gigantic mountains which bound the valley on the one side, with their precipitous grey rocks and peaks capped with eternal snow, contrasted well with the bright pink flowers glowing in the brilliant sunshine. The *Rhododendron hirsutum* differs from the *Rhododendron ferrugineum*; the leaves are hairy, and the undersides are covered with scattered but not coalescent resinous rusty-brown glands. The funnel-shaped corolla of the flowers is also dotted on the outside with resinous glands. In summer the mountainsides are quite carpeted with these beautiful rose-coloured flowery plants, with their bright myrtle-green leaves, and are among the loveliest adornments of the Alps. The Alpine rose is so associated with mountainous districts that the Swiss peasants are almost as much affected by the sight of them as they are on hearing the sounds of the Rang des Vaches.

Another beautiful flower which grows abundantly in Alpine pastures is the *Astrantia major*, or as the Swiss call it, the Grosse Sterndolde. The florets are a delicate whitey-green in colour, sometimes also a delicate violet, tipped with deeper green; the undersides are so tenderly and minutely marked as to look almost like a tiny green leaf lying on a larger white leaf. The stamens are very numerous, and of a violet colour, and the anthers shoot out smaller and shorter stamens. The abundance of these stamens massed together in the centre of the florets produces a feathery appearance, and is very striking.



EDELWEISS AND OTHER ALPINE FLOWERS.

There is something very charming in the blending of the colours of the *Trifolium agrarium*, the bright gold-coloured blossoms fading into brown. The Swiss call it "Gold Klee," and it is found in abundance in mountainous pastures. The anemone, *Alpen Windröschen*, had flowered and withered by July, and only the feathery heads of the seeds remained. But it looked very quaint and pretty, although the bloom was over. The anemone sends out a shoot, a little distance off the last, each year, and by thus annually moving its position, and being long-lived, it makes a long journey during its existence. It blooms from May to July.

Winding round one of the mountains near Andermatt, and gradually ascending, a glacier can be reached where there is quite a nest of the cotton plant, with large, soft, and satin-like heads. The cotton plant is almost invariably found in high marshy pastures. In that region also you are sure to come across the Grass of Parnassus (*Sumpf Herzblatt*), which grows in such profusion in Switzerland. The cream-coloured flowers are delicately and beautifully veined; the corolla has a curious appearance from the fan-shaped scales, which are fringed with white hairs and lie around the centre; these are its nectaries; and yellow, wax-like glands terminate each tip. The name Grass of Parnassus is supposed to be derived from the abundant growth of this flower on Mount Parnassus, where it is as common as grass.

Then, too, in marshy ground on the high elevations of the Alpine pastures, the lovely blue gentians spring up. On the top of the Furca Pass, where the cold is so intense that no trees can grow, the ground in some parts is quite blue with these lovely flowers. Directly the snow has melted, the gentian raises its beautiful head. The *Gentiana Bavaria*, which resembles in many ways the *Gentiana verna*, differs from it in the number of small obtuse egg-shaped leaves which grow up the stem; while the colour of its blossoms is of a still deeper shade of blue. Gentians are very rare in England, but have been found in hilly pastures in the county of Durham and in Ireland.

Growing on sunny banks where the soil is thin, over rocks and stones, the *Anthericum ramosum* is to be found. The flower of this *Aestige Zaunlitie* is exceedingly delicate and pretty, but so few blossoms come out at a time that the plant has always a bare appearance. The transparent petals have three delicate veins marked down the centre, and somewhat resemble tissue paper.

Perched on a high rock by the wayside, in the full blaze of sunshine, stood erect some specimens of the Alpine aster or starwort; their light violet petals, with the feathery yellow centres, looking very pretty with the sun gleaming upon them.

The pale lilac flowers of the ivy-leaved toadflax creep lovingly over the old stone walls, enlivening the dull grey of the stone; here, too, is to be found the *Linaria Alpina*, with its linear leaves growing thickly up the stalk, and deep purple-coloured flowers, shaped

somewhat like those of the snapdragon, but spurred at the base.

Though so common, the yellow mountain violet is very pretty, with its pale yellow flowers growing singly on angular stems. This flower grows abundantly on the mountain pastures, and is very variable in its size. Some of the flowers are of a rich purple colour.

The *Epipactis atrorubens* (*Braunrothe Sumpfwurze*) seems to be rare in the Oberland, but is to be found on the mountain slopes coming from the Wengern Alp down to Grindelwald. It belongs to the orchidaceous tribe, but is not to be found in England. Both the brown-red stem and flowers have the appearance of being profusely sprinkled over with sand. The name is derived from the Greek word *ἐπιπύρρον*, meaning to coagulate, from the effect of the plant on milk.

The *Tormentilla officinalis* is to be found all over the mountain pastures, and attracts the eye, by the bright yellow flowers of four petals, growing on slender stems. The roots are large, and being astringent in their nature are used medicinally. It is said that in Lapland these roots are much valued, as they furnish a red dye for leather. In some specimens the leaves and stalks are covered with small hairs. The tormentilla is so closely allied with the potentilla, which also grows abundantly on the pastures, that the two flowers are with difficulty distinguished.

The *Polygala vulgaris* of the milkwort tribe is also supposed to possess valuable remedial virtues, and serves as a nutritious food for cattle. This pretty little plant is frequently found on dry hilly pastures from May to July, its crested blossoms forming patches of deep blue or purple; sometimes the blossoms are of a pink hue. It was called the Rogation flower by older writers.

Specimens of the *Gymnaderia conopsea*, which belongs to the orchis tribe, flourish both on the Alpine and sub-Alpine pastures and meadows, as well as on lower altitudes. Its perianth is usually purple or various shades of violet, and it has a slight scent of vanilla. On the high pastures is found the *Dryas octopetala minor*, resembling a small wild dog-rose, with large showy white petals; the stamens, which have yellow anthers, are very numerous, and form a dense tuft. The leaves are shiny above, white and downy underneath. The generic name has been applied to this plant from the resemblance of the leaves to those of the oak, which are sacred to the Dryads.

The *Weidenröschen* is a pretty delicate plant with pale rose-coloured blossoms, with darker centres; the leaves are very narrow and linear, and grow profusely up the stem of the plant. It grows on the precipices of the stony Alps, and where apparently it can get no nourishment. It flowers in July and August, and is a much more frail-looking plant than the English willow-herb.

The common Schotenklee is a remarkable-looking plant, which creeps along the ground, the stems bearing a single primrose-coloured blossom. It grows on damp or clayey banks in sunny situations. The blossoms resemble a pod.

The polygonum or snakeweed is a very showy plant, growing about eighteen inches high, and bears a spike of small pink flowers at the top of the stem. Many high pastures are pink with it. It has very strong astringent properties, and contains both gallic acid and tannin. It is said that the tannin is twice as strong as that of the oak bark used in leather. When the tannin has been exhausted, a starch remains, which can be used for food, and in Russia is made into bread. It was formerly prized as an antidote to poison, and was used as medicine in the time of the plague.

The mountain everlasting is a herb with downy leaves; it grows abundantly in mountain turf. The male flower is round, and sometimes of a beautiful rose-pink colour; the female flower is long-shaped.

The perforated St. John's wort flowers in July in thickets and hedges; the blossom, flower cup and leaves are often tipped with minute black dots; the leaves are especially remarkable for being copiously sprinkled with small pellucid dots, which are most evident when the plant is held against the light. This plant was formerly worn in Scotland to preserve the wearer against witches and enchantments; and in several continental countries the superstition lingers yet that it is a charm against thunder and lightning, and the machinations of evil spirits. In parts of France and Germany the peasantry still gather its golden bloom with much ceremony on St. John's Day, and hang it up in their windows and doorways to avert evil.

The little blossoms of the common eyebright are sprinkled over the sides of chalky cliffs, or studded over the short grass of mountains or open plains, or hidden among the taller herbage of the pasture land. The plant is often only an inch in height, and bears but a single flower; but in situations where it thrives well it becomes branched and taller, and many blossoms are scattered amongst its leaves. The foliage is bright green, and deeply notched, and the blossoms either white or pale lilac, streaked with purple.

And then, leaving the lower Alps and ascending higher, ever higher, till the white snow dazzles the eye as it wraps the majestic mountains with the pure mantle of eternal whiteness, the edelweiss, the most precious of all the flowers of Switzerland, because most difficult to find, pushes its white and woolly head through the snow, and seems to rejoice in the stillness and beauty of the surrounding scenery. This plant seems to lose half its beauty when uprooted from its native soil and transplanted to an English soil, but in spite of this it has been deemed necessary by the Swiss Government to place a notice up forbidding anyone to uproot the edelweiss, which bids fair to become extinct if no restraining hand is laid on the ruthless tourists.

There are many, many other flowers to be found in Switzerland, but let us leave them now as we have ascended to the snowy heights to gather the flower so dear to all Swiss hearts, the sight of which must ever recall the snowy regions where it grows:

A. M. G.

A CALIFORNIAN STORY.

CHAPTER III.

THE cannery was a long, low building, where in the fruit season a great deal of business went on. Cherries, apricots, peaches, pears, tomatoes, each in turn were gathered in the neighbouring orchards and gardens, brought in, and prepared for use and export. After the fruit was picked it was weighed, and each picker received credit for his box, and a cheque for each dozen, as the pay is so much

per dozen boxes. In the cannery it is then assorted into first and second class and "pie" fruit—anyone who has been in America will have become acquainted with that indigestible compound, "fruit pie." A blemish on a peach mars its value for glass jar fruit, while not hurting it for tin cans, and that which is too small for first-class glass or tins is put in large cans and labelled "pie fruit." After being weighed the fruit is peeled by machinery,

if necessary, then halved, and placed in the receptacle intended to hold it, the jar or can being covered or soldered down after the syrup has been poured in, when it is placed on the range to be cooked, afterwards returned to the solderer for the final operation, when the labels are fastened on and the packers take things in hand.

In addition to this industry, Mr. Aytoun was in the habit of drying large quantities of

prunes and raisins in the European fashion, and had been decidedly successful in this department. He employed as many white boys and girls as he could get, his employer, Colonel Nesbit, being desirous that he should do so, but in some departments he was forced to rely upon Chinese labour, or that of half-breeds or Indians.

Mr. Abbott and Lilian had strolled on some distance in front of the others, and he took the opportunity of expressing his pleasure that he would at last have the chance of welcoming her as his mother's guest. "Although," he added, "I noticed, Miss Aytoun, that you never accepted the invitation; your brother and your cousin were kind enough to promise to come, but there was no word from you. I hope you are not trying to get out of it, as you have done before. Your brother, I know, is anxious that you should have a rest."

Lilian was somewhat surprised to find he had observed the omission, but replied pleasantly enough that she would be glad to come if her brother was not prevented joining them.

"He promised to do so."

"Yes, but you know that a hundred things may force him to change his plans at the last moment, very much against his will as it would be. If he can come, I will. But as he has been so good to me, and I came out specially to be with him, I think I ought not to leave the care of the house to him; it is very hard for him when he comes home, tired out, to have to get his dinner, and so on. Before I came he used to go without any midday meal, because of the work it involved."

"It is very nice to see such attachment between a brother and sister; what you say is all true, of course—I know it by experience; ten years ago I used to do the same thing. Anyhow, I hope the fates will be propitious, and I think we shall be able to give you a real good time."

In his own heart Frank Abbott was thinking what a charming wife this kindly and considerate girl would make, and as he glanced down at her slight figure and sweet, earnest face, he determined that he would do all that a man could do to win her for his own, and that if he succeeded, she should never do another hour's work unless by her own free will. But he was often assailed by doubts as to whether there might not be some more serious obstacle in the way than any he knew of then—whether the heart might not have been already given away before he knew her; and, in truth, there was some foundation for his fears, though even her brother was not aware of it. The young American, not accustomed to the reserve of an English girl when really well bred, imagined that she might perhaps be avoiding him because she felt herself pledged to another, for his own countrywomen are thrown so much more in the society of men than our own girls, that they have a more free and easy manner than is usual with us. But though Lilian treated him exactly as she would have done had she been perfectly free, her thoughts often travelled back to the old country, and to something which had happened there, which must be told in due time.

A week after the evening walk just described, Frank Abbott made his way over to the

cannery to call on his friend, and begged to know if he could give him half an hour, as he wanted to consult him about a matter of importance. Although very much occupied, Charles Aytoun did not like to refuse the request, as it was made so urgently; and the two young men strolled along the side of the stream till they came to a shady corner, and then sat down to enjoy the pleasant coolness and the ripple of the water at their feet.

"You have evidently something very particular to say, old fellow," said young Aytoun, as they lit their cigars; "I hope it is something pleasant."

"If I can get what I want, it certainly will be pleasant for me."

"If it is anything I can give you, I suppose you can count on me. But I cannot conceive that such a thing should be in my power, so out with it at once."

"May I ask if your sister is engaged?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Would you give your consent if I told you I wanted to try and win her?"

Charles Aytoun hesitated a moment, and his friend looked up half-anxiously.

"You know nothing against me, Aytoun; and, without boasting, I believe I may say there is no reason why I could not make a girl happy."

"It was a selfish reason which made me hesitate; it will be hard on me to lose her, should she be willing to go. Of course I could not object to your trying to win her; you have been my best friend ever since I came here."

"I am bringing a note from my mother to ask you all to come over to-morrow and camp out with us for a few days. We will choose a place near the Hope Ranch, which you said you wanted to go to, so that you have no excuse for getting out of it; and if you come, the ladies will have no reason for refusing either. Would they think me very impertinent if I ask you to open the note, and give a promise to that effect, if you think it will not inconvenience them?"

"I wish you hadn't told me of your intentions first; I cannot possibly bring my own sister to stay with a man who says he is going to ask her to be his wife. You know I cannot, Frank."

"But if I give you my solemn word of honour that I will say no word to her on the subject while she is our guest, that I will only seek her in her own home, will you consent then?"

"I suppose I must, or Mrs. Selwyn will find it out and never forgive me; she is most anxious to meet your mother."

"Then if they will have their horses ready at four, and ride along the Hope Road, I will meet them half way, and bring them on to the camp in time for a late supper. You will ride over as early as you can, and if you want pack-horses for their luggage, I can send you a couple from there; we have been camping since Friday last, but a little further off."

"I do not know what Mrs. Selwyn's ideas of luggage may be, but I am sure my sister will want nothing more than a portmanteau, unless Mrs. Abbott would like us to bring any blankets, etc."

"Oh, no, we have everything ready for four visitors; my mother has a girl friend staying with her already."

"Then one pack-horse will be enough, and I have one down from the mountains to-day, so we need not trouble you."

"Good-bye, then; but you might wish me luck in that other matter."

"I do. Good-bye."

Charles Aytoun returned that evening in a somewhat troubled frame of mind. It was hard not to be selfish, and wish to keep the bright girl who had made his home so much happier since she entered it, but yet as so attractive a maiden was sure to marry, ought he not to rejoice that a good home and husband had come in her way? If she had set her affections on some struggling new settler, such as many of those around him, would not such an isolated existence in poverty have been a miserable lot for her? A general servant would be better off, for she can leave if tired of her work, but a wife and mother has bonds that cannot be broken; and too well he remembered how one and another of his neighbours had brought home a blooming bride, who in a few years' time had developed into a faded, over-worked woman, in spite of the brave struggle which, out of love for their husbands, they had made to bear their burdens uncomplainingly. In many cases the means would be large enough to allow of help being kept, but the difficulty of inducing a decent white woman to live away from towns could not be got over; and even if one consented to come, she would too often prove less of a help than a hindrance, all good servants finding places readily enough in the cities, besides being usually unwilling to undertake the multifarious duties falling to their lot in ranch life.

The two girls found their brother and cousin disinclined for conversation that evening, though both consented to accept the invitation for the morrow; and when the time came, they locked up the house and started for their ride, the pack-horse carrying their belongings having gone on that morning. Mr. Abbott met them very soon, and the evening ride was enjoyed by all, Charles Aytoun catching them up before they arrived. At a turn of the road they came suddenly upon the camping-ground, and the beauty and novelty of the surroundings drew forth an exclamation of delighted surprise from Lily, in which Mrs. Selwyn joined.

Three or four of the tents were used for sleeping quarters, one for a kitchen, and the largest for a sitting-room. This last possessed plenty of rocking-chairs, the favourite easy chair of America, and two tables. The beds were made of branches of spruce and fir, covered over with buffalo robes and other skins, though Mrs. Abbott, who had welcomed her guests most hospitably, mentioned that there were two mattresses at the service of the English girls, who might not care to adopt the custom of the country in this respect. Both, however, decided to do exactly the correct thing, and declined such luxuries altogether; and after a pleasant stroll and a hearty supper, all were glad to go to rest, and slept as only one can sleep under canvas.

(To be concluded.)

MUSICAL DESIGN FOR MUSICAL BABES.

ANALYSIS OF THE SLOW MOVEMENT OF BEETHOVEN'S SONATA IN D, OP. 28.

By OLIVERIA PRESCOTT, A.R.A.M., Author of "Form, or Design, in Music."

I SUPPOSE there are not many boys and girls of the age of sixteen who are as good musicians as Mozart and Mendelssohn were at that age. So few, indeed, that it would be a needless trouble to set up examinations all over the United Kingdom for the testing of their great

talents. For, from what we know of the music these two wrote before they were sixteen years old, we may consider them almost as full-grown musicians. It follows, therefore, that when the Royal Academy of Music sends examiners to many towns in England, Scotland,

Ireland, and Wales to try the musicianship of boys and girls of sixteen, that they do not expect the candidates to be full-grown musicians. It follows, again, that the piece they chose one year for their musical babes, as we may call them, to look over, does not require

full-grown musicians to understand it. Once more it follows that the work which is suitable for them need have no fright or terror for you, who may also be babes in music. Surely, what 300 or 400 boys and girls can do, you need not be afraid to try. I have heard so many little girls—aye, and big ones too—say, "Oh, it's too difficult for me to understand music;" but so long as you have love for music, and patience to dwell upon it, its meaning will unfold to you. Have you not seen the flower-bud seem to open and smile upon your baby-sister, while your mother holds her to the pretty thing? Just so will music unfold and smile upon you as you dwell upon its beauties.

There is one thing in the music we are going to look at, which is a little like dance-music; it is the design. It seems rather strange to compose this slow and sad music to a dance; but it is true, nevertheless. If you will follow me back into history I will show you.

There was a time, long ago, when people danced a great deal in this country. Sometimes it was round a May-pole; sometimes, I suppose, round the mulberry-bush; sometimes they danced in squares, like quadrille figures; sometimes in circles, like the "chaine Anglaise" in the Lancers, which they used to call "the hay"; sometimes, too, they danced up and down in a long line like Sir Roger de Coverley, or like that country dance in which four people turn in a wheel up the inside of a double line. These were all danced to their own tunes, which were repeated over and over till the dancers were tired. These tunes were generally a single strain of eight to sixteen bars; and each tune or strain divided naturally in half. They were like some verses of poetry, in which the words go half way through and come to a half-stop, then on to the end and come to a full stop. This is the design or form of those tunes.

People used to play these dance tunes sometimes when there was no dancing, and sometimes they would sing them, for many of them had words written for them. We, too, sometimes like to hear dance music, even when we are not inclined to dance to it.

Some more elaborate dances, as minuets, gavottes, and others, had longer tunes given them, and needed less repetition before the dancers were satisfied. Their half-tunes were as much as sixteen bars; the length of the whole being twice sixteen. These were for grander people than the country dances—for courtiers and ladies, gentlemen dressed in pink satin with lace ruffles, ladies in hoops, and powder; and the music was written by the Court composer. Therefore we may suppose there was more pains given to the composition of the music than was given to that of the country dances. For the country dances grew, no one knew how, out of the wits of the men who played from village to village with their tabors and pipe, their fiddles and harps.

After a while, we suppose, the grand people tired a little of the perpetual repetition of such short tunes, and the Court composer introduced for them a second or companion tune, with some contrast in the turn of the notes, but in the same measure. This was called an alternative, because it was played alternately with the first.

This dance music, too, was played sometimes when no dancing was going on; for in royal Courts, as well as on country greens, dance music has always been pleasant to hear. But from this there came a change in the design of the music. The two alternating tunes, which had each been played as many or as few times as was liked, became joined together when there was no dancing. The composer wrote a first tune, which he called a principal subject; and then a second tune, which he called an episode, and then copied out the first tune again.

Because the whole of this was played through without a break, they took away the dance

name, minuet, gavotte, or what not, and its alternative, and gave one name to the whole; and because the first tune or subject came round again after the second or episode, they called the whole a rondo, which means round.

The slow movement we are to look at now is a rondo of this kind. You have the music by you; sit down to the piano and play the first few bars.



Now look on in front. You see about a couple of lines of music and a double bar, then a phase beginning thus:



and onwards to another double bar. All this is in the same kind of manner, and has the same key-signature—D minor. This, then, is the principal subject of the rondo—that part which took the place of the first tune of the pair written for the Court dances—the minuet and its alternative.

After the double bar at the end of this tune you find the key-signature changes; it is now that of D major. Play a few chords.



There is the same time-signature; but quite a contrast in the turn of the notes. Being in the major form of the key, too, makes it sound very different. Look on a little way. You find about two lines and then a double bar, two more lines and another double bar. All of this, then, with the change of manner, and the major key, is the episode of the rondo; it is that part which took the place of the second minuet, or alternative tune of the Court dances.

After this you find the key-signature changes back to D minor, and, if you play on a few bars you will see it is the music of the first example. Instead of the double bar and dots as a sign for the repetition of the first half, the music is written over again, and the tune covered up with arpeggios and little scales, so that you have to listen hard to recognise it. Then comes the second half of the tune (see Ex. 2), once through as it was before, and then repeated, ornamented with arpeggios and scales. The whole of this in D minor stands for the repetition of the first tune after the second has been played. Thus far it is a complete rondo.

After this the first tune is begun again without ornament or covering. It is not now the complete tune, but, as it were, a new one growing out of the old beginning. This is the end of the movement, called the "coda," the meaning of which word we may understand if we think what is a caudal appendage. It is not a piece of trimming like the tail of a gown, but a real part, like the tail of a dog. The original form of the minuet and alternative, as the old courtiers danced it, was complete without the coda or tail; but this outgrowth of more modern days makes the design more elaborate, and more beautiful. It might be said also of animals, such as Manx cats and old-fashioned sheep-dogs, that they are complete without tails, having been born so; still we generally reserve more admiration for those kinds who have tails.

When an artist is painting a picture of an animal, let us suppose a horse, he will sketch

the main outline in chalk, or roughly with the paint brush, and afterwards he will fill it in and make a finished picture of it. You recognise the sketch as a horse, for there is the head, the arched neck, the body and limbs; and the better the sketch the more it will remind you of a horse. But it is not a finished picture till he has drawn every curve of the muscle, the gloss of the coat, the brightness of the eye, and all the beauties that you can see in so beautiful an animal. We have made our sketch of this piece of music. It is but a copy that we are doing, for Beethoven made the picture, just as our artist painted his horse, from nature and from his own imagination. But we have made our outline of head, body, and limbs, and we must now put in the beautiful curves and lights of Beethoven's picture as far as we can see them and point them out.

I said, awhile back, that this movement is like the old dance tunes in form. This is not only because the alternation of the first and second tunes is like that of the minuets and their alternatives, but because each tune, separately, is like the old separate tunes. This likeness is in the rhythm of the phrases and in the form of each tune.

First as to the rhythm. I suppose you know that besides the rhythm of each bar in common or triple time, there is rhythm of phrases. This is the rhythm that is like the dance tunes both court and country, because in the dance tunes the phrases are of equal length, and in this movement of Beethoven's the phrases are also of equal length. We shall find an exception here and there, but that is because the music is not intended for real dance music, but is only like it. Of course, the bar rhythm is not like dance music for the same reason. Look at the phrases of the first tune. Ex. 1 is of four bars, with a sort of stop at the end; this is one phrase. The same melody begins on other notes for another four bars with a stop; that is the second phrase. It is of the same length as the first, just as it would have been in dance music. After the double bar, Ex. 2 begins, and four bars of this are answered by four more; now comes the exception. The music that was at the first (Ex. 1) begins again; but instead of going on for twice four bars, it ends with six only. We must go a long way abroad to find the reason that this is pleasant to listen to, and does not strike us as cut too short. In looking for this we shall find the other resemblance to the old dance tunes.

When you look at the old tunes you will find that the greater number of them finish the first half, or phrase, with the dominant note or the supertonic (the V or II of the scale), and then, of course, go on and finish the latter half with the tonic (or key note). This is the oldest and smallest example of what we now call the sonata form. When longer or more elaborate movements are written, this form is more highly finished; and what was in the dance tune simply a new bit of tune with another cadence, becomes an actual repetition of the music of the first part, with a change in the end to bring it to the tonic (or key note). Now, a step further towards our movement. With still more elaborate movements a little piece of music is put in between the dominant close of the first half and the repetition for the second half. In quite long movements this is called the free fantasia. Then, it often happens that the repetition part is cut a little shorter. That is what has happened in our present movement; and the eight bars beginning as in Ex. 2 make the free fantasia, which is put between the close of the first part and its repetition. Beethoven was satisfied with the length of the second part when this long piece was put in, and we only needed to be reminded of what we had heard before. For this reason the phrase is compressed into six bars instead of the original eight.



THE DREAM OF HOME.

The episode in D major, or second tune, has also parallel phrases like a dance tune, but is without the exceptional phrase at the end. Four bars from Ex. 3 make a phrase, balanced by four bars beginning with the same, but coming to a new end on the dominant, like the old dance tunes. The second part, beginning with the accent of Ex. 3, but on different notes, has a phrase of four bars only, which answers to the free fantasia, but is much shorter than that of the D minor tune. To balance this the repetition of the beginning is compressed into four bars. Of these, two bars are of the Ex. 3, and two others the close of the first part changed into a tonic close, thus:—

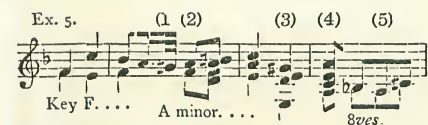


The return of the D minor tune, or principal subject of the rondo, is, as we found before, changed only by ornaments in the repeated parts; the rhythm of phrases, therefore, remains the same.

When the coda begins all comparison to a dance is at an end. We are drawing gradually to a close, and rhythm is not wanted in the same sense as before. Part of a former phrase is thrown out, and we are satisfied to be drawn off to another. There is a phrase of the beginning (see Ex. 1), the latter half of which is echoed. Another phrase reminds us of the episode both beginning and ending (see Ex. 3 and 4). This is extended to a phrase of unusual length; its last bar suggests the first thought (Ex. 1), grows on into a new phrase, and sinks into a close (see on to Ex. 3).

Thus far we have looked at the main plan or design of this beautiful movement. Let us now look at the smaller changes of key, and perhaps we may find some part of the design which we have overlooked as yet. We shall at all events have the plan more impressed upon our minds.

First as to the principal subject, or first tune, which we found was a little sonata. It is in the key of D minor. That is to say, it begins in that key, remains for awhile in it, and after going away for a few bars, returns to D minor; it remains in D minor up to its close, with very short bits, like parentheses, in two other keys. The first phrase in D minor (see Ex. 1) is the part which in long sonatas would be called the first or tonic subject. The second phrase, which begins in F and changes to A minor, would be called the second subject.



In long sonatas the second subject is generally in the key of the dominant, and therefore is called the dominant subject; but it is very often in the major key of the mediant or relative major. So that Beethoven has made use of a great variety in using two keys for this division: F the mediant and A minor the dominant of D minor.

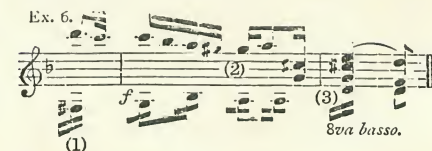
This second phrase, or second subject, begins with the same thought as the first (see Ex. 1), but in the new key of F. After (1) the music turns into a new course of melody in the other new key, A minor. The first hint of A minor is the passing note G sharp (1), which makes us feel that the chord of F (2) is no longer the tonic of F, but the VI or sub-mediante of A minor, of which G sharp is the

leading note. A minor is confirmed by the close (3) (4).

This perfect cadence or close in the second principal key is the real end of the first part. It is the half-way rest of the little sonata, and the proof that it is in sonata form. The three notes, B flat, A, C sharp (5), which link the cadence with the repetition; and again, B flat, A, G sharp, which link it with the continuation, show the beauty of a change from full harmony to unison or octave passages. What a relief those few single notes are, and how freshly we come back to the chords after them!

The beginning of the second part, namely, those two four-bar phrases (Ex. 2 and onwards), corresponds with what, in long movements, is called the free fantasia. When the movement is long, there is much variety wanted, and therefore this part would have a great deal of modulation. But in this short piece it is quite enough variety to have what is here, namely a difference in the melody and in the way it is harmonised. Look at the repeated bass note (a pedal bass) all through the eight bars, and single chord nearly all the time, and how they contrast with the arpeggios and changing harmonies that were before. You should notice in this passage the gradual shortening of the phraselets; the repetition of the first two bars (see Ex. 2), then the repetition of three chords (2), (3), and (1); then the closer repetition, twice over, of (3) and (1). Here also is a pretty little bit of relief from harmony which is lighter in effect even than the octave notes at the half way; for this is but a single part moving while the others rest. It is really an arpeggio formed of the notes of the dominant seventh.

Joined by this arpeggio comes the return of the first part. It is sometimes called the recapitulation, because the former ideas are recapitulated, or told over again. Now, when we tell a story a second time, we often make little changes, but the story is the same. Thus Beethoven, telling his story in music over again, makes little changes. One is the shortening of the phrases that we mentioned before; another, that the top part is in octaves instead of chords. It is in D minor throughout, except the two parentheses mentioned before. Other little changes are in the scale down from A to D (see Ex. 1), which is repeated a note lower; then again in D minor, and again in G minor (1) (Ex. 6) before returning to D minor (2) for the close (3) which is the end of the little tune.



So far we have looked at the keys of our first tune, the little sonata with its first subject in the main tonic, its second subject in the keys of mediant and dominant, its free fantasia of new melody and changed accompaniment, its recapitulation of principal first melody, with changes, in the main key. Like the dance tunes, it has a close on the dominant half-way through and a close on the tonic at its end.

Now let us go to the keys and harmonies of the second tune or episode of the rondo (look back to Ex. 3). This, which is in D major, has no clear distinction between a first and second subject like the first tune, but the second phrase glides into the key of A in its course, and stays there till the half-close. The change is made by the G sharp in the bass, which turns what was a chord of the key of D in the first phrase [see Ex. 3 (1)] into the dominant seventh of the key of A.

The second part, or free fantasia, begins with a change of key to G. Now listen to the

pretty contrast which these two flowing melodies, one upwards and the other downwards, make with the staccato and leaping passages before and after.

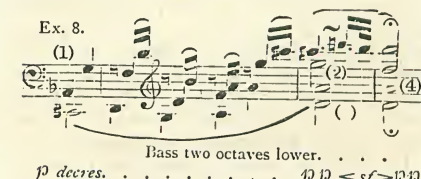


This little passage goes through the keys of E minor and A, and finally G natural, the 7th of the chord, changes the tonic of A into the dominant of D, and thus brings us back to the key of D for the shortened recapitulation of the first part.

In this tune, then, we have had the first part with a dominant close, and the second part with tonic close (see Ex. 4), like the old dance tunes.

In the repetition of the first tune, or principal subject of the rondo, there is, as we said before, no change of plan, of key, or of harmony, from what it was in the first place. This you can test by singing the melody of the first while you play the varied repetition. Stay, there are two little changes, which, from their very slowness, go to prove the likeness of the rest. Look on to near the end of the D minor, where at first there was a little modulation to G minor (see Ex. 6). Here, in the varied repetition, the sharp is not put to the F bass, and therefore the passage is without the change of key to G minor. The two chords of D and G are now the tonic and sub-dominant of D minor, instead of the dominant and tonic of G minor. The other little change is in the harmony next succeeding. The real variety in the repetition is made, as we said before, by means of arpeggio notes and passing notes, in and around the former harmonies.

Part of the phrase of Ex. 1, which begins the coda, has the voice parts inverted; that is to say, the bass in the bar of repeated quavers is put in the alto, and the tenor part in the bass. It is a pretty effect that the strange chord with the G sharp should be reserved this time for the repetition of the quaver bar. Then comes a chord with the accent of the beginning of the second tune (see Ex. 3), followed by a group of triplets of the same accent as those at the end of that tune (see Ex. 4). The whole of this group is formed of the dominant discord. A similar pair of groups is formed on the tonic chord, and another on the dominant follows. The group of triplets is repeated again and again, and yet again in a different form; the arpeggio is brought down the key-board with slower and slower notes till it reaches an imitation of two notes [Ex. 8 (1)] of the first idea (see Ex. 1), and is drawn on by other imitations with quicker notes in the right hand and slow in the left, to a close. Like that of the first tune (see Ex. 7), but in slower notes, this close has the whole chord of the dominant suspended [Ex. 8 (2)] over the tonic bass (3); falling afterwards into the tonic chord (4).



I have said that this movement is sad, but there are moments of relief, as the melody in F of the first tune; and even of bright cheer-

fulness, as in the episode in D major. But anything more sad than this little coda I cannot well imagine; and it is made more sad by its effort at gaiety, with the remembrance of the bright episode mingled with the lingering thoughts which seem to faint more and more as the music sinks back into the close, like lengthened sadness.

Perhaps I feel the music by the thoughts that are in me. Children, have you ever lost a friend, a loved teacher who was dearer to you than yourself, kind as a father, gentle as a mother, one who accepted your bounden service as if it was a favour, and gave you his help as if it was his gratitude; one whose greatest joy was to succeed, not himself, but through his pupils; whose greatest anxiety was to spur you on to do good things, and whose greatest care was that he might give you the advice that should enable you to do these things? Such an one have I

lost, only yesterday, as I write these words on All Saints' Day, in 1887; and not only I, but hundreds of other men and women, girls and boys, who looked up to him as their guide and their friend in the struggling world of music. Not only we, but you, too, who never saw him nor heard his voice, have lost a friend, for George Alexander Macfarren was always thoughtful for children's music, for children's love of it and power to understand it in their childish way.

He was a friend who would forget his own pain in the joys or the griefs of others. For he had a deep pain to bear; he walked about in a darkened world, his only light the eyes of others. Truly we would have given our eyes to him, some of us, and we gladly lent him what was in our power to lend of the light of eyesight, and in return he gave all he could of the rich store of his large brain and larger heart. This paper even was to have been

listened to by him before it was shown to your eyes; but, alas, during the writing of it comes the sad news, and it is finished with his memory hanging over me. As I write it comes into my mind, "This is what he thought, this is what he would have said, this is what he taught me many a time."

But he is no longer sightless now. He knows, as perhaps he never knew before, how much we loved him and trusted him. This I think, I hope, I believe, for "those who serve God shall see His face," and how can they see without eyes?

There now, I have forgotten this was to be written for musical babes. But even babes understand some things, and you will understand this some day, I hope. They say "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." Yes, and every tear-drop becomes a jewel in that bright crown which sheds a light like a halo to sanctify our sorrow.

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PLAGUE AND THE FEVER. THE ROUGH COUNTRY-MAN WHO HAD AN ERRAND TO KITTY.

THE state of Oxford, overcrowded with people of every condition, provisioned badly in some instances, and hardly at all in others, was bringing about the results which might have been expected. Fever and the plague broke out simultaneously, especially in the poorer streets by the river, over which the dank atmosphere was thickest and heaviest, and raged with intermittent but constantly recurring violence.

Kitty had learnt from her religion, her kind heart, and the examples afforded her by Lady Ottery and Prissy Walton, to take, even as a child, a warm interest in her poorer neighbours. She was constitutionally courageous, she experienced little or no panic, unless in the form of anxiety for her father. She felt mainly pity when, in walking out, she passed the shut-up houses with the red cross and the supplication written on the door, "The Lord have mercy on us." It did not need the watchmen with white staves guarding the houses, that none might come out or go in, to tell what was happening within. Kitty was not often abroad after ten at night, but when she was she could hear in the distance the rumble of the dead carts and a faint echo of the mournful cry, "Bring out your dead." For the dead of the plague great pits were dug as far as possible from the habitations of men.

Sometimes an attempt was made to remove the infected persons, and Kitty got sad glimpses of them, wrapped up in blankets and laid in carts, to be driven, as in earlier visitations of the pest, to "Portmede" or "Cheney Lane," where there were cabins in which the victims could be housed, or to the pest house at St. Bartholomew's—that is if the sick lived to the end of their journey.

Desperate resorts were also made to one or other of the numerous holy wells, which had been to a large extent condemned and abandoned at the Reformation, and were mostly standing

roofless and in ruins. Many poor pilgrims wended their way once more to dip rags in St. Winifred's well near St. Bartholomew's Chapel, or in St. Edmund's Well at Cowley Grange. But a hue and cry got up here as in other towns, that miscreants had poisoned the wells, and violent hands were laid on them to pull them down or fill them up. This wholesale destruction, still more than the havoc caused by the civil war, was at the bottom of the extermination of the remaining holy wells.

Kitty's pilgrimage was to Oriel Lane. She could not always go into the house to interrupt her father's studies, or get a word from Mrs. Judy, who, in the goodwill which age could not conquer, did all the work she could for the cumbered mistress of the house, in addition to the housekeeper's service to her master. But Kitty could at least have a reassuring glimpse of her father bending over his beloved books and papers, wrapped in his college gown to fence him from the cold. For the balmy thrill of the new life of the year hardly reached the sluggish blood of the old scholar.

Sometimes Dr. Peter looked up and saw Kitty reconnoitring, when his whole face would brighten as it grew alive to the present and to what was passing around him. If he might not quit the passage with which he was wrestling, he would spare her a loving nod and a wave of the hand in the direction of Lady Ottery's lodging. For Oxford streets were for many reasons unsafe to a young maid to loiter in at this juncture.

Kitty would turn away at his bidding with but one yearning glance at the square tower, great window, and battlemented wall of Hall Royal, where the little family had once dwelt securely, with the lost son and brother on whom their highest hopes were centred in the midst of them.

It was impossible for Kitty to go near the sick, and as to proposing to accompany Lady Ottery on certain mysterious expeditions which the dame undertook, the girl durst not even mention such a

thing. Yet the aching tenderness and the piteous yearning for the sufferers which were in Kitty's kind heart were such that if she had lived in the present day, and had not been bound by other obligations, it is possible that she might have taken to hospital nursing for the very delight of such ministrations.

One night Lady Ottery returned with a strange burden—a male infant a couple of months old, destitute of clothing with the exception of the blanket in which he was wrapped. Kitty heard afterwards, what Dame Tabitha refrained from telling at the time, that the infant was the sole salvage from one of the plague-stricken houses.

Either the watchman had been a few minutes absent from his post, or he had been bought over to consent to the effort to deliver the child. A young man and woman had appeared at an open window and cried out that they would be content to die themselves if anyone for the love of God and in mercy to a father and mother's anguish would rescue their child. They would strip him naked so that his clothes might not convey infection, and let him down from the window if any humane person would receive and rear him.

Kitty prayed to have the child entrusted to her, but even this Lady Ottery would not consent to, for though she might, as she said, risk herself, she had no right to imperil Dr. Dacre's one ewe lamb. She congratulated herself on her firmness when the poor little man, who had been thus strangely saved from the doom of his kindred, on being put out to nurse in the country, sickened and died of some childish disease, but with the odium of the plague still attaching to him.

Another burden which weighed on Kitty's mind was the thought of the prisoners in the castle. Somebody had told her of their treatment, and it haunted her day and night, even more than visions of the patients in the plague and the fever. The doctors and the clergy, to their honour, had not forsaken the last, and the people generally, from

shame and from regard for their own safety as well as from charity, furnished the unfortunates, at arms length, it is true, with food and decent necessities.

But the prisoners—many of them as gently born and bred as John Dacre had been—were dealt with like dogs; nay, as no merciful man would treat his dog. They were put into the tower of the castle at a height which implied freezing cold in winter and scorching heat in summer. They had neither fire nor candle allowed them. They had not even straw to lie upon; nothing but the bare boards. They were not supplied with changes of clothes, so that the men were eaten with vermin. They were loaded with iron fetters. The sole grant for the prisoners' bare subsistence was a penny and a farthing a day each. The King paid a sixpence a day, but the provost-marshal, making merchandise of the misery of his fellow creatures, retained fourpence three farthings of it, and gave but a penny for a loaf and a farthing for a can of beer—half beer, half water—to each prisoner. "By which means," as might well be imagined, "many were very ill and diseased." In this last extremity they were "debarred the company of their wives and children or friends, debarred of the charity by which these friends would have relieved them."

Any day Kitty's old companion and dear brother Jackie might lie among these forlorn mortals. Her heart was wrung by the question, Could she do nothing for them, she who was so young, strong and well, tenderly cared for, and hardly stinted even in luxuries, by comparison, as yet? How gladly would she have given to the needy from her small superfluities; nay, shared with them her last morsel, if it had but been in her power to help in the common trouble.

She thought of the unhappy King and Queen, round whom the net in which they were entangled was closing; for the tide had turned again, and the short-lived Royalist successes were waning fast. Kitty recalled the many families of her acquaintance orphaned, bereaved, impoverished; she pondered on all England lying bleeding and bruised under the iron hoof of war.

Could she do nothing? Kitty repeated to herself, standing with clasped hands looking out in the spring dusk. She gazed now down on the hurrying street, now up at the filmy blue of the still sky, in which the evening star was lighting his lamp, and a young moon was rising and struggling to shine, as if there were peace on earth, equal to the peace in that pale, pure, far-away spring sky. Ah! there was her answer. There was peace in the sky, peace and room for the cry which could find no hearing on earth to go up to the Maker and Ruler of all—the Father in heaven, who would never forsake the most wretched of His creatures. What better could she think of doing than pray to Him who could do all, in the name of Him who went down into the depths, and suffered to the utmost for His brethren! She would pray that He might forgive the errors both of King and people in this grievous, unnatural strife of brother against brother; reconcile the com-

batants, bring light out of darkness, and life out of death; heal the sick, as was His wont, and bind up the broken in heart, alone in tenderness and alone in might, as when He told the number of the stars which shone out in myriads to brighten the gloom of night.

But though the days were indeed evil, and Kitty, in spite of her faith, like every other person, young or old, who felt and thought about them, was drooping under the disastrous influence, not only had social duties still to be fulfilled, social forms had to be complied with. The dwellers in Oxford rose and ate, walked out and in, attended to their avocations, and paid visits to their friends, as if all was as it had been formerly, as if no Waller and Essex, with their troops all but surrounding the city, were hanging on like blood-hounds, watching for the faintest sign of a new movement on the part of the Royalists. Indeed, one day several regiments of the besiegers, crossing over in the direction of Cowley, with banners flying and men in marching order, remained for several hours within sight of the sentinels on the city wall, so that the more peaceful of the inhabitants quaked, under the apprehension that the siege was about to be converted into an assault, and that two armies were prepared to sit down before Oxford, and commence a regular bombardment of the King's refuge. But when the alarm passed away the place subsided into its old hard-won composure. The fact was the dwellers in the town were, like the actors in a history, too near the great events which were happening to see and hear them clearly, or to fail to be distracted by importunate personal interests. In addition, the performers had several years in which to grow familiar with the situation, and so inevitably it lost its novel freshness.

Lady Ottery was particularly anxious to keep up the ordinary routine where her goddaughter was concerned, disliking for her impressionable youth the protracted experience of exceptional circumstances and oppressive cares. Thus she had arranged that she and Kitty should go again, like two loyal subjects, to one of the Queen's last receptions at Merton. The pair were dressed for the purpose, and awaiting their chairs, when Lady Ottery was unexpectedly called away. She had been summoned to the deathbed of one of her oldest friends in the town, and the expedition had to be given up.

Kitty was not very loth to relinquish the attendance at Court. Neither, in the nature of things, was she greatly depressed by the accident. She was aware that Lady Ottery's friend, whom she, Kitty, had not known personally, was far advanced in life, and had been longing for the rest which much bodily suffering rendered specially desirable for her.

The girl lingered a little before she took off her Court dress. She thought if she had asked Lady Ottery's permission, she would have liked to take her chair, and go and show her small finery—her old lace, and her brooch of brilliants to young Madam Fanshawe. She would have enjoyed the sight, though her wardrobe and that of her sister when they came to Oxford had been brought in

two saddlebags. Perhaps the wish was born of the circumstance that the numerous guests under Lady Ottery's hospitable roof happened to be dispersed in prosecution of their various aims. This evening, Kitty, by a rare occurrence, was quite alone. She was not missing the absent company; she was even faintly stirred and elated by a sense of independence in finding herself for the moment solitary. She could do as she liked, and a little wavering spurt of gaiety came over her, for which she reproached herself the next moment. It was but the natural reaction from the unseasonable shadow cast over her. But Kitty did not see it in that light. What! be light-hearted because she was left to herself for a few hours in order that Lady Ottery might attend a friend's deathbed, and witness that most solemn of all sights, the departure from this earth of an immortal spirit! Actually catch herself beginning idly to hum a tune, when there was so much sorrow in the world around her! She had need to practise the scriptural injunction to the merry to sing psalms.

Poor little Kitty! she need not have taken herself to task so severely. Few were more dutiful, more full of loving sympathy with her brethren than she was. Her little spurt of blytheness was but the desperate protest of her age against what was so foreign to it and its instincts. It was but her expression of the piteous cry in the old song—

"Werna my heart licht I would dee." She might as well have blamed the fritillaries in the bean pot for blossoming as of old, when the west wind blew, though it bore the roar of warfare on its wings.

Kitty had not gathered these fritillaries; she had been fain to buy them, in memory of the day in Merton meadows three springs ago, and in charity, from a poor half-starved woman who came hawking them at the door. The drooping, dusky-red blossoms had already stood too long in the pot, and were beginning to shrink and shrivel and reveal the resemblance to the snake's tongue and fangs. As Kitty lingered, her eyes fell upon them, when she hastily took the withering flowers from the pot and flung them on the embers still burning on the dogs on the hearth. She was about to leave the room, when a servant man came in to tell her that a rough-looking countryman sought speech of her, and said his business was important and immediate.

"Who or what can it be?" Kitty thought to herself, startled, while she told the servant to show the man up. Before he could make his appearance her mind had time to rush in a whirl to her father, to Jack, to the possibility of something having happened to her Aunt Walton, who had been ailing so long; like that which had kept Lady Ottery and Kitty from waiting on the Queen at her reception. And Kitty had been singing an instant ago! Really she had been but humming a tune so low that she could hardly hear herself, which only showed, she told herself severely, that she paid a hypocritical regard to what was due to decorum.

(To be continued.)

MY WORK BASKET.

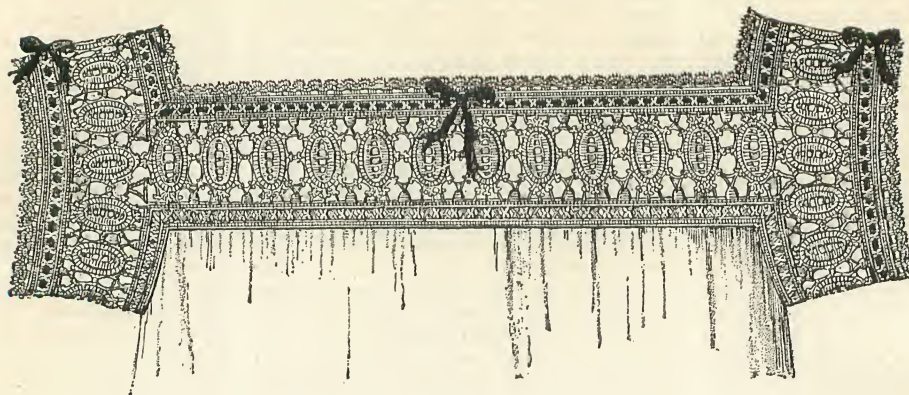


FIG. 1.

FIG. 1.—CROCHET TRIMMING FOR CHEMISE.

THE centre of the insertion is worked in oval medallions; the number of these being regulated by the length needed.

Make 30 chain stitches; turn back, and work 1 long in the 8th stitch; 4 chain; miss 4; 1 treble in the 5th stitch; 4 chain; miss 4; 1 treble; miss 4; 1 long; 3 chain; miss 1; 1 single.

This makes the foundation round which the remaining rows of the oval are worked.

1st Row.—3 double crochet into the space made by 3 chain; 7 double crochet into each of the spaces formed by the chain stitches, in all nine times, and finish the row with 4 more double crochet in the first space, to make the number complete.

2nd Row.—3 chain, to serve as a long stitch; 1 long in the next double crochet. This row is worked in the back thread of the stitches in the preceding row. Work 34 long stitches; then 3 long stitches in the next double crochet; 34 long stitches down the other side of the

oval; another long stitch in the double crochet in which the first long stitch was worked, and finish the row with 1 single in the 3rd of the chain stitches that commence it.

3rd Row.—5 chain; 1 long in the next long stitch*; 2 chain; 1 long into every second stitch nine times; then 2 chain; 1 long into next stitch; again, 2 chain; 1 long into second stitch nine times*; 2 chain; 1 long in the same stitch in which the last was made; repeat from * to*; finish with 1 single in the 3rd of the commencing chain.

4th Row.—1 single in the 1st chain stitch; 3 chain to serve as a long stitch; 3 picots (a picot is made by 4 chain, draw the thread through the first); 1 long stitch in the same space as the 3 chain*; 1 chain; 1 long in the next space; 3 picots; 1 long in the same space; 3 chain; 1 double crochet in the next space but one; 2 chain; 1 long in the next space but one; 2 chain; 3 picots; 1 long in the same space; 3 chain; 1 double crochet in the next space but one; 3 chain; 1 long in next space but two; 4 picots; 1 long in the same space; 3 chain; 1 double in the next space but two; 3 chain; 1 long in next space but one; 3 picots; 1 long in same space; 3 chain; 1 double crochet in the next space but one; 3 chain; 1 long in next space but one; 3 picots; 1 long in same space*; 1 chain; 1 long in next space; 3 picots; 1 long in same space; repeat from * to*. Finish with 1 chain; 1 single in the third of the commencing chain.

The first oval is now complete, and the second is worked in the same way until the last row, when, in working the picots down the last side, they must be joined to those of the former oval in the following manner:—Having made the first picot at the side, make 7 chain; join with a single stitch to the corresponding picot in the first oval; 5 chain; 1 single in the first of the 7 chain, and finish the picot as before. The centre group of picots is joined by the second and third picot; 2 chain; join to corresponding picot in first oval; 1 double crochet in the first of the 2 chain; 2 chain; join to next picot in the same way, and finish as before. Each succeeding oval is worked and joined in the same manner.

The trimming for the top of the chemise is made in separate pieces of the same length, but joined to the sleeves. The picots at the top of the centre ovals of the back and front of the sleeves are joined to the picots at the side of the ovals at each end of the trimming for the top, as may be seen in the illustration. The small triangle at each corner is formed by a row of picots. Commence with a single stitch in the centre of the first picot at the side of the last oval of the top trimming; make 7 picots; join to the first picot in the sleeve at the end of the oval nearest the angle; make 7 picots; join to the chain connecting this last oval with the one next to it; 7 picots; join back to the stitch from which the triangle started.

The narrow insertion which is worked on each edge of the wide is begun in the centre picot of the first of one of the groups of picots at the end of the oval.

1st Row.—1 long in the centre picot*; 5 chain; 1 double in next centre picot; 5 chain; 1 long in next centre picot; 7 chain; 5 picots; 1 double crochet in the centre of the 5 chain, forming a link between two ovals; 2 chain. Now take the needle out, and insert it in the last of the 5 picots; draw the thread through; 2 chain; 1 double crochet into the first of these; draw the thread through next picot; repeat this to the end of the picots; 7 chain; 1 long in next centre picot; repeat from * all round.

2nd Row.—4 chain; 3 of these to serve as a long stitch*; 1 chain; miss 1; 1 long; repeat from * to end of row, finishing with 1 single in the third of the commencing 4 chain stitches.

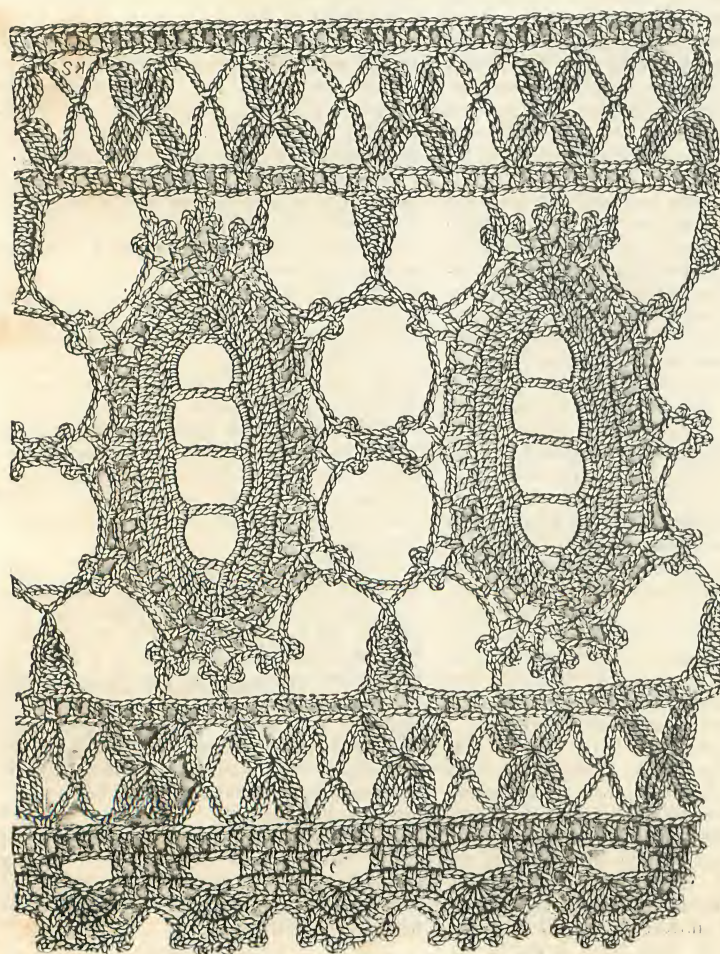


FIG. 1.

3rd Row.—* 5 chain; 2 double treble stitches in 1 long, joined at the top by a chain looped over; miss 2 long, and work 2 double treble joined in the 4th long; 5 chain; 1 single into the same long; 11 chain; 1 single in the next 4th long; repeat from *.

4th Row.—5 chain; 2 double treble, joined as before, worked in the centre of the two groups of last row; 5 chain; 3 double treble in same space; 5 chain; 1 single in centre stitch of 11 chain; 5 chain; 3 double treble in next group; repeat from *.

5th Row.—5 chain; 1 double crochet where the chain stitches of last row join the group of 3 double treble stitches; repeat. In this row, at the corners where the top and sleeves meet, fewer chain stitches must be made between, so as to contract the trimming, or it may not set properly.

LACE FOR CHEMISE.

1st Row.—* 4 long stitches, separated by 1 chain, and worked into 4 following spaces formed between the long stitches of preceding row; 5 chain; work from *, missing 2 spaces.

2nd Row.—* 3 long worked into the spaces formed by the 1 chain of last row; 7 long in the 3rd of 5 chain; repeat from *.

3rd Row.—* 5 long worked into the 5 centre stitches of the 7 long of last row, and each separated from the next by a picot; 3 chain; 1 double in the centre of the 3 long; 3 chain; repeat from *.

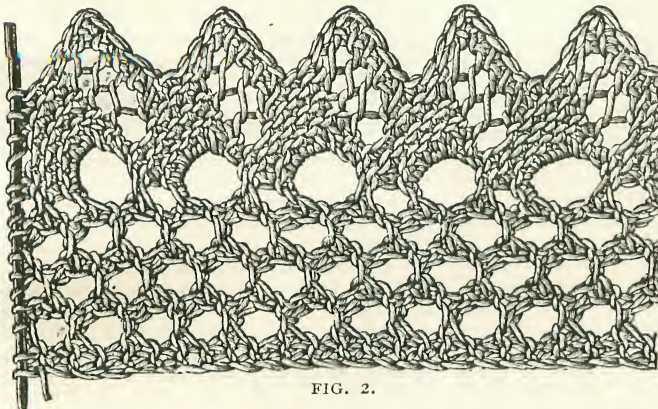


FIG. 2.

FIG. 2.—KNITTED LACE FOR UNDERCLOTHING OR TABLECLOTHS, IN KNITTING COTTON; IN WOOL FOR WOOLLEN MATERIALS; FOR DRESSES, THREAD OR SILK IS USED.

Cast on 14 stitches.

1st Row.—Slip 1; knit 2; thread forward; take 2 together; thread twice over needle; take 2 together; 2 plain; thread forward; 2 together; 2 plain; slip 1.

2nd Row.—* 5 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 1 plain; 6 stitches in the twice over thread alternately; 1 plain; 1 purl.

3rd Row.—3 plain; thread forward; take off 2 together; 7 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 2 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; slip 1.

4th Row.—Slip 1; 2 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 2 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 7 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; slip 1.

5th Row.—3 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 5 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 2 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 2 plain; slip 1.

6th Row.—Slip 1; 4 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 9 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; slip 1.

7th Row.—3 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 7 plain; thread forward; take together; 2 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; slip 1.

8th Row.—2 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 2 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 8 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; slip 1.

9th Row.—Cast off 5 stitches; 2 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; thread twice over needle; take 2 together; 2 plain; thread forward; take 2 together; 2 plain; slip 1; repeat from *.

FIG. 3.—CROCHET LACE WITH BRAID.

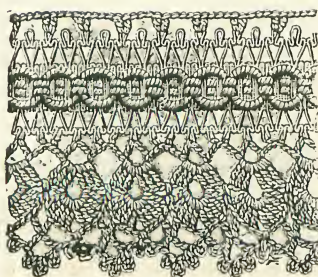


FIG. 3.

This lace is worked in one length, each row being begun afresh.

1st Row.—1 double crochet in a picot of the braid; 1 chain; 1 long; 5 chain; 1 long in the same picot; 1 chain; 1 double in next picot; 1 double in following picot; repeat from *.

2nd Row.—3 treble in the 5 chain; 5 chain; 3 treble in the same 5 chain as first; 3 treble; 1 chain; repeat.

3rd Row.—5 treble in 5 chain; 3 chain; 5 treble in the same 5 chain; 1 double in 1 chain.

4th Row.—1 double crochet in the 3 chain; 1 picot; 1 double treble in the 3rd of the 5 long; 3 picots; second double in the 3rd of the next 5 long, drawn through the centre of the 1st double treble, so that the two form a cross stitch united by the 3 picots; 3 double crochet stitches in the following 3 chain, joined by 2 picots; repeat from *.

On the lower edge of the braid work 2 long, 3 chain in every other picot.

FIG. 4.—CROCHET COUNTERPANE IN COLOURED WOOLS.

This counterpane is made in stripes placed cornerwise.

In each square make 1 chain, 1 long, missing one—7 times.

2nd Row.—Turn back, make 3 chain; then repeat as before; the chain stitches at the beginning of each row serving as a long stitch.

Work 6 rows in this manner, and the square is finished. Then commence another square without breaking off the wool. The number of squares for each row depends on the length required for the counterpane. When a sufficient number of stripes is made, the centre joinings of 5 rings are worked.

For these, make 7 chain stitches; join; then work 2 double in the ring; make a second ring of 7 chain; work 4 double; join it to the centre of one of the squares; 4 double in the same ring; pull wool through first double; work 2 more double in centre ring. Make another ring of 7 chain, 4 double, join to the centre of a square in the second stripe; 4 double in same ring; join at first ring to centre ring. Work 2 more double in this; make another ring of 7 chain; 4 double; join to second square of second stripe; repeat as before, joining last ring to second square of first stripe; finish off with 2 double crochet in centre ring. Each ring will have 8 double crochet stitches.

For the outer joinings, make a ring of 7 chain; work 4 double; join to centre of one of the outer squares; 4 double in same ring; close. Make a second ring of 7 chain; work 6 double. Make a third ring of 7 chain; work 4 double; join to centre of next outer square; work 4 more double in same ring; close; work 2 double in middle ring, and fasten off.

The border is worked in three rows.

1st Row.—Begin with 1 long in corner of square; 9 chain; 2 single in the 2 centre of 6 stitches of the middle ring; 9 chain; repeat from *.

2nd Row.—1 long; 1 chain into every other 2nd stitch.

3rd Row.—Double crochet, 3 into each space.

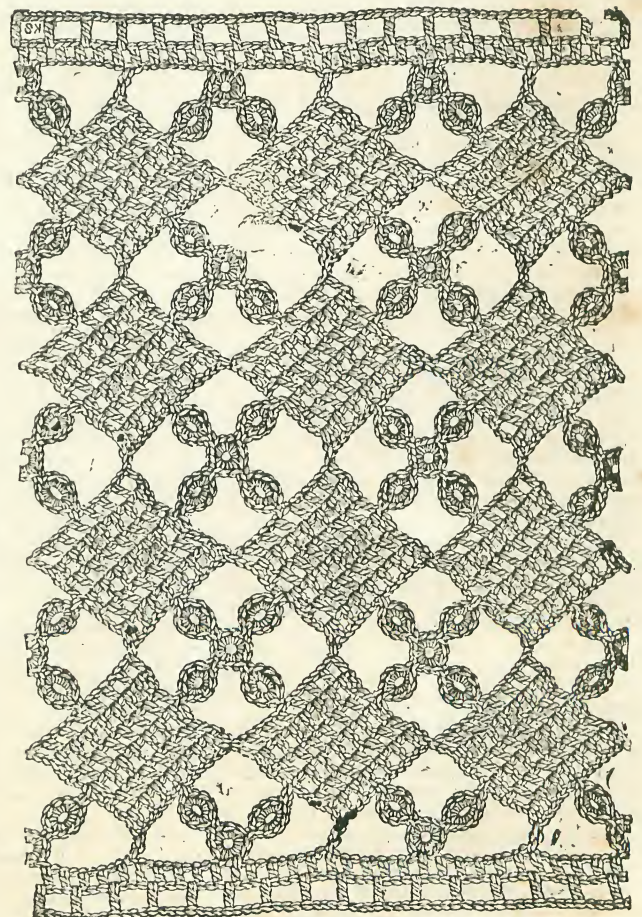


FIG. 4.

THE CHEF.

BY MARY POCKOCK.

HOW A FRENCH COOK DRESSES VEGETABLES.



VEGETABLES are so constantly served separately in France that naturally more attention is given to their preparation than with us, where they are but the adjuncts to the meat.

Petits Pois à la Bourgeoise (green peas à la bourgeoise).—Put two ounces of butter in a basin with some very cold water, throw in a pint and a half of green peas, stir them, and leave half an hour; then in the water work the butter with the peas until they have taken it all up. Put in a stewpan a scallion, a bunch of parsley, the buttered peas, two small onions, a pinch of salt, and a small lump of sugar (no water); cover the stewpan and place it over a slow fire. Just before the peas are done remove the parsley, onions, and scallion, and throw in one or two balls of butter and flour worked together, mix with the peas, and finish cooking. Some cooks add the yolk of an egg mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cream just before serving.

Petits Pois à la Ménagère.—Melt two ounces of butter in an earthen stewpan, put in a quart of green peas, two young onions, a lump of sugar, salt, and the hearts of two small lettuces cut in shreds; place the stewpan over a slow fire, put a plate on the top with some water in it; cook the peas without water, shake the stewpan now and then. When done enough, thicken with a little flour and butter mixed together; cook the flour a minute or two, then take from the stove and finish with a pinch of white sugar and a small piece of butter.

Petits Pois au Lard (peas with bacon).—Cut a quarter of a pound of bacon in small dice, put it in a stewpan and cook a few minutes, add one quart of peas, a little hot water, a lump of sugar, and two or three young onions tied up with a bunch of parsley (the salt from the bacon is generally sufficient), cover the stewpan, and let the peas cook slowly. Remove the parsley and onions before serving.

Peas à la Française.—Put the peas in a stewpan with a lump of butter, a little cold water, a bunch of parsley and green onions, and a lump of sugar; cover, and cook over a quick fire for seven or eight minutes, then draw to the side and cook slowly. When done, take from the fire and finish with a lump of good butter. The parsley and onions are removed before serving.

Peas and New Potatoes with Butter.—Boil some water, throw in a quart of large peas, twenty new potatoes, washed, but not peeled, a bunch of parsley, a young onion, and some salt. The potatoes and peas should be done at the same time. Drain, remove the skins from the potatoes, place them in a dish with the peas, and pour plenty of oiled butter over both.

Preserved Peas.—Make two tablespoonfuls of white sauce hot, with a small piece of butter. Open the peas at the last moment, turn them into a sieve to drain, then stand the sieve in warm water for a minute to warm the peas a little; drain and put them in the sauce with a little sugar and salt; heat for two minutes, giving the saucepan one or two shakes; add the yolk of an egg mixed with a teaspoonful of water, and put in half an ounce of butter broken in small pieces.

Choux de Bruxelles (Brussels sprouts).—Boil the sprouts in water with salt, then drain them. Put some good fat (clarified skimmings from the stockpot are best for this purpose), or if you have not that, put some butter in a stewpan with the sprouts, pepper, salt, two tablespoonfuls of stock or gravy, and a little nutmeg; cook three or four minutes, and serve with fried sippets round. Or boil the sprouts, drain them, and put in a saucepan with butter, pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon.

Choux-fleurs au Beurre (cauliflower with butter).—Divide the cauliflower in branches, half-cook it in salt and water, then drain, and put in a stewpan with a lump of butter and the juice of a lemon, add a little water, let it simmer; when done drain the cauliflower, arrange on a dish, and pour over it a sauce made with butter, flour, the yolk of an egg, and a little cream.

Fried Cauliflower.—Divide the cauliflower into small and equal-sized pieces; cook them in salt and water, but let them be a little firm; drain them, season with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley; flour and dip in beaten-up egg or in frying batter; fry in hot fat, a few at a time; when they are a nice colour, drain, sprinkle with salt, and serve.

Choux-fleurs au Fromage.—Boil the cauliflower as above; when done, arrange some of the branches on a buttered dish, sprinkle them with Parmesan (grated), and pour white sauce over, then put the remainder of the cauliflower with more cheese and white sauce; cover the top with a few very fine bread-crumbs mixed with Parmesan, sprinkle a little butter over, and brown in a hot oven.

Choux-fleurs à la Sauce Tomate.—Boil the cauliflower in branches, drain, and arrange on a dish with tomato sauce over.

Choux-fleurs au Beurre Noir.—Boil as above, drain, pour black butter over them, then make a tablespoonful of vinegar hot in the frying-pan, and pour it over the butter.

Cauliflower Salad.—Divide a cauliflower in branches, cook it in salt and water with the tender green leaves; these latter must be put in the saucepan sooner than the flower, as they take longer to cook; when done, cut the leaves in short pieces, put them in a salad bowl, add the branches, season with salt, pepper, mustard, oil, and vinegar. Serve hot or cold.

Cabbage with Bacon.—Divide a cabbage in quarters, boil it in salt and water for fifteen minutes. Cut some strips of bacon, put them in a stewpan, drain the cabbage, and put it on the bacon; add some broth, a bunch of parsley, scallion, grated nutmeg, and pepper (no salt); when done, take out the cabbage, put it on a dish with the bacon on it, reduce the gravy from it, and thicken with a little butter and flour. Pour over the cabbage, and serve. Pickled pork is sometimes preferred to bacon for this.

Choux au Vinaigre (cabbage with vinegar).—Take the white inside of a large cabbage, chop it up, and boil in salt and water for ten minutes; drain it. Cook two chopped onions in butter, add the cabbage, let it cook slowly for fifteen minutes, then season and add one-third of a pint of vinegar; when done, add a lump of butter mixed with flour, stir over the fire, then remove and finish with a small piece of butter.

Choux Blancs Emincés.—Cut a cabbage in quarters, boil it twenty minutes in salt and water, drain, chop it, and put it in a stewpan with some butter and a little salt; let it dry a little, then sift in a teaspoonful of flour; moisten with half broth and half boiled milk,

let it boil, then draw to the side of the fire, season with sugar and nutmeg, and let it cook slowly until done.

Chou Farci (stuffed cabbage).—Choose a large cabbage, remove the outside leaves, throw it in boiling water with salt, and boil for ten minutes, then throw it into cold water, drain, and press it with the hands to get all the moisture out. Take out the middle of the cabbage and fill it with a stuffing made of sausage meat, bacon, or the remains of cold meat, etc., chopped. Cover the stuffing with cabbage leaves, tie up the cabbage, cook it in a stewpan with slices of bacon over and under it, herbs, carrots, onions, cloves, and nutmeg; moisten with broth, and cook slowly for from two and a half to three hours. When done put the cabbage on a dish, skim and strain the gravy, and pour some over the cabbage.

Red Cabbage and Apples.—Take a red cabbage, remove the stalk and hard outside leaves, chop or slice it very finely, put it in an earthen stewpan with a chopped onion, a little water and a little vinegar. Cover it and let it cook for two hours on the side of the stove; then add four sour apples, peeled and chopped; season, and cook two hours more; when done, thicken with a small quantity of flour and butter, and finish with a few drops of vinegar.

Epinards au Jus (spinach with gravy).—Take two pounds of spinach, pick it, and boil in water with salt, then press the water from it and chop it finely. Put some butter or a piece of dripping in a stewpan with the spinach, sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour in, add salt, pepper, a little sugar and nutmeg; cook it until the moisture has evaporated, then add a little good gravy, and simmer for a quarter of an hour; take from the stove, stir in a piece of butter, and serve with fried sippets round.

Epinards à la Crème.—Proceed in the same way as "au jus"; but butter must be used, not dripping, and cream instead of gravy. Leave out the pepper, and put a little more sugar. Serve with pieces of hard-boiled eggs round.

Endive is cooked in the same way as spinach.

Lettuces.—Tie the lettuces up, boil them in water with salt for fifteen minutes, drain, and put them in a stewpan, with a little hot dripping; add some gravy, salt, pepper, and a pinch of flour, let them stew half an hour, skim, and serve.

Or use butter in place of dripping, and a little vinegar instead of gravy.

Or for *Laitue à la Crème* proceed in the same way, but use butter and cream instead of dripping and gravy.

Haricots Verts à la Ménagère (French beans).—Prepare and throw the beans into boiling water with a little salt; boil twelve minutes. Put a lump of butter and a chopped onion into a stewpan over the fire for a few minutes, stir in a little flour, and moisten with some of the water from the beans so as to make a thin sauce. When it boils drain the beans and put them in with a bunch of parsley; finish cooking; when done remove the parsley, add the yolks of two eggs, take from the fire, and finish with a small lump of butter.

French Beans à la Bourgeoise.—Prepare and cook the beans in boiling water, with salt, until tender. Melt a piece of good dripping or butter in a stewpan, drain the beans and put them in, shake the stewpan, and put over the fire for a few minutes, add a lump of butter

mixed with flour, stir, cook the flour, then finish with some chopped parsley and a few drops of vinegar or lemon-juice.

French Beans à la Maître d'Hôtel.—Boil the beans as above, drain them, add a lump of butter, chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a little lemon-juice.

Broad Beans, Fresh or Dried Flageolets, or Haricot Beans, à la Maître d'Hôtel are all cooked and served in the same way, but the dried beans are soaked before they are cooked.

French Beans à la Crème.—Boil as above; when drained, put them in a stewpan with some butter, make quite hot, then add a little béchamel sauce; season with salt and nutmeg, finish with some chopped parsley and small pieces of butter.

Broad Beans, Flageolets, and Haricots are cooked in this way for "à la crème."

French Beans and New Potatoes are cooked together in the same way as peas and potatoes.

Haricots au Lard.—Soak the beans twelve hours, put them in a stewpan in tepid water, with a piece of pickled pork, let them boil, then draw to the side of the stove; when done, drain the pork and beans, remove the rind from the pork, and cut it in pieces. Put the beans in a stewpan with a little butter, pepper, and salt, if needed, stir them over the fire for a few minutes, then serve with the pieces of pork round.

Scarlet Beans are cooked in the same way as French.

Lentils are cooked like haricot beans.

Asparagus is served with a tureen of "sauce hollandaise" or "sauce au beurre" prepared with some of the water in which the asparagus has been boiled.

Céleri au Jus (stewed celery).—Trim the heads of celery, put them in boiling water with a little salt, boil fifteen minutes, then dip in cold water, and drain; put them in a stewpan with some broth that has not been skimmed, add pepper and salt, cover, and let them finish cooking; when done, drain, and divide each head in two. Skim the liquor, add a little brown roux and a small piece of glaze; boil fast to reduce it a little, then pour over the celery; or serve with a thick brown made gravy over.

Céleri au Velouté.—Boil fifteen minutes as above, then cook in velouté sauce, and serve.

Fried Celery.—Boil as above, cut each head in two or three pieces, put in a dish, season with pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and vinegar or lemon-juice; leave an hour, then dip in frying batter, and fry in boiling fat; when a nice colour, drain, sprinkle with salt, and serve.

Salsify, Cardons, and Celery root may all be cooked in the same way as celery. Celery-root (sometimes called celeriac) is cut in pieces before it is cooked.

Salsifs à la Poulette.—Scrape the salsify, throw it in cold water, then cut it in lengths of about three inches; boil it with a tablespoonful of flour, and a little vinegar in the water; when it is tender, drain and put it in "sauce poulette," and serve. The salsify should be put in the sauce before the eggs are added to it, so that it can be boiled a minute in it.

Salsifs Gratinés.—Take some cooked salsify, mince it, mix a little thick béchamel sauce with it, and simmer five minutes; then season and add some grated Parmesan; put it on a buttered dish, cover the top with Parmesan, sprinkle with a little butter; put it in a moderate oven for thirty minutes, and serve in the same dish.

Concombres Farcis (stuffed cucumbers).—Peel the cucumbers and empty them from one end, fill them with a stuffing made of any kind of mince, or with quenelle forcemeat; fill the end with a piece of turnip to keep the meat in. Put some slices of bacon in a stewpan, and place the cucumbers on them; add a little stock, and stew gently;

when done, drain the cucumbers, skim and thicken the gravy with butter and flour; let it reduce a little, and strain it over the cucumbers. Or when stewed they may be covered with breadcrumbs and butter, and browned. The gravy is then served separately.

Vegetable Marrows are very good cooked in this way.

Cucumbers à la Maître d'Hôtel.—Peel the cucumbers and boil them in water with salt; when tender drain and cut them in pieces, put them in a stewpan with butter, pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and scallion; cook for a few minutes, and serve.

Tomate Gratinées.—Cut the tomatoes in two, take out the seeds, and put a little salt on the halves. Put some oil in a frying-pan, place the tomatoes in, cut side down; put over the fire. When they have dried a little, turn, and three minutes after put on a dish, sprinkle with parsley chopped with a little piece of garlic, some chopped mushrooms, pepper, and breadcrumbs; pour a little oil over, and brown in the oven.

Topinambours à la Crème (Jerusalem artichokes).—Peel and trim the artichokes so that they are all of the same size and shape; boil in salt and water, drain, and put in a stewpan with butter, salt, and nutmeg; let them dry a little, then add some white sauce; boil a minute, and serve.

Jerusalem Artichokes are also "gratinés" like salsify, but are cut in slices, not minced.

Artichauts Bouillis (green artichokes boiled).—They are boiled with a little vinegar and salt in the water, and are served with "vinaigrette," "sauce au beurre," "poivrade," or "sauce hollandaise."

Fonds d'Artichauts à l'Italienne (artichoke bottoms).—Take the bottoms of artichokes, cook them in stock that has not been skimmed. Chop an onion, and cook it a pale brown in butter. When the artichokes are tender, put them on a dish with the onion, some breadcrumbs, Parmesan cheese, and a little butter on each; brown in the oven, and serve dry.

Artichoke Bottoms, Sauce Italienne.—Boil in stock as above, and serve with Italian sauce over.

Artichoke Bottoms au Citron.—Boil as above, and drain; make a sauce of butter, flour, pepper, salt, and nutmeg, put the artichokes in with a slice of lemon without rind or pips on each, cook a minute or two in the sauce, then arrange in a dish with the sauce, and a slice of lemon on each.

Carottes à la Maître d'Hôtel.—Take young, short carrots, cut them pear-shaped, and boil in water or broth with a little salt and butter; when tender, drain, and put them in a stewpan with butter, pepper, salt, and a pinch of white sugar; make quite hot, and finish with chopped parsley, a little piece more butter, and a few drops of lemon-juice. If old carrots are used they are sliced or cut in small balls.

Carottes au Blanc.—Trim young carrots, throw in boiling water and half cook them, then drain and put in a stewpan with butter, salt, and sugar; cook them five minutes, stir in some flour and a little nutmeg, moisten with a little of the water they were boiled in, and finish cooking. Before serving, add a small quantity of cream or the yolk of an egg, take from the fire, add a few drops of lemon-juice and a little piece of butter.

Carottes au Gras.—Scrape and cut the carrots in quarters and pieces about two inches long, half cook them in boiling water, then put them in a stewpan with some good skimmings or fat from bacon, a bunch of parsley, scallion, salt, and pepper; moisten with broth, and stew until there is very little gravy, then skim and strain the sauce and serve the carrots in it.

Navets à la Crème (turnips).—Cook the same as carrots au blanc, but omit the lemon-juice.

Navets Glacés.—Cut some turnips into balls about the size of marbles, boil them twenty minutes in water with salt; drain, and put in a stewpan with butter, salt, and pounded white sugar; cook for from ten to fifteen minutes, shaking the stewpan now and then; put broth enough to cover them, let the broth reduce to half the quantity, then draw to the side of the stove and finish cooking, basting them occasionally with the gravy; serve with their sauce over; if it has dried up too much, add a little broth, stir the glaze from the bottom of the stewpan, and boil a minute. Turnips cooked in this way are used to garnish dishes with either white or brown sauce.

Carrots are glazed in the same way.

Onions Glacés.—Take small onions all the same size, cut off the roots, and peel them from the tops; stand them in a stewpan in butter, then proceed as for turnips.

Potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel.—Boil the potatoes, cut them in slices; put some butter, pepper, and salt in a stewpan, put in the potatoes for one minute only, add chopped parsley and lemon-juice, and serve. Some cooks add a chopped scallion, and some a little broth.

Pommes de Terre Soufflées (puffed fried potatoes).—Peel and slice some potatoes, wash and dry them thoroughly in a cloth, then throw them into tepid fat, and warm until they lose their stiffness; then drain and put in a frying basket; next make the fat very hot, put the potatoes in, shake the basket (they ought to puff out without colouring), then drain again; at the moment of serving, plunge the basket into very hot fat to colour the contents; drain, sprinkle with salt, and serve.

Pommes de Terre Sautées.—Cook the potatoes in their skins, let them get nearly cold, then peel and cut in slices; melt some butter in a frying-pan, put the potatoes in, colour them slightly, season, sprinkle with parsley, and serve.

Potato Croquettes.—Bake or boil the potatoes, and rub them through a sieve; to half a pound of potatoes put one ounce of butter, one dessertspoonful of cream, two yolks of eggs, and two whites beaten to a froth; add salt, sugar, and either a little nutmeg or chopped parsley; make into balls, roll them in flour, then egg and crumb them, and fry in boiling fat.

PUREES.

Purée de Pommes de Terre au Gratin.—Prepare the potatoes as for croquettes; to one pound of potato flour take four ounces of butter, four yolks of eggs, some grated Parmesan, salt, nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls of cream; put on a dish, sift Parmesan and butter over; and bake in a hot oven for about twelve minutes.

Purée of Green Peas.—Put a quart of green peas in sufficient boiling water to cover them, add two ounces of butter, a bunch of parsley, one or two scallions, a little sugar and salt; when tender pass the peas through a sieve, make the purée hot, take from the fire, stir in a small piece of butter, and serve. Some cooks add a little gravy to the purée when they put it back in the stewpan.

Purée of Dried Peas.—Soak a quart of peas in tepid water for twelve hours, then put them in a stewpan with half a pound of bacon (or pickled pork), one carrot, one onion, a clove, bunch of thyme and parsley, a bay-leaf, a scallion, and sufficient cold water. When the peas are soft, rub them through a sieve, moistening with the liquor in which they have been cooked; put the purée in a clean stewpan, boil (stirring all the time so that it should not burn) until the purée is thick enough, then keep hot until wanted. The pork or bacon may be served on the purée.

Purées of Lentils and Haricot Beans are made in the same way.

Purée of Onions.—Chop five or six large onions, throw them into boiling water, cook five minutes and drain them. Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, put the onions in with a little salt and white sugar, stir, and cook a few minutes without letting them brown, add a little water or white stock; let them boil half an hour, then rub through a sieve, put the purée back in the stewpan, add a little flour and butter mixed together; boil five minutes, and finish with one or two tablespoonfuls of cream.

Purée d'Oseille (of sorrel).—Take some sorrel, a leek, a little chervil, and a lettuce, chop all together, put in a stewpan without water or butter, sprinkle a little salt over, put the lid on, and cook over a slow fire; when soft pass through a sieve, put back in a stewpan with a lump of butter, add a little flour, cook five minutes, and add a little good gravy or the yolk of an egg. At the moment of serving stir in some small pieces of butter.

Purée of Endive.—Throw the endive in boiling water; cook until it bends in the fingers, then drain, chop it finely, put it back in the stewpan with some butter or poultry fat, make it hot, shake in a little flour and a pinch of white sugar, moisten with a small quantity of broth or gravy, add salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg, let it simmer at the side of the stove. After taking from the fire, stir in a small piece of fresh butter.

This purée is also made with cream instead of gravy; butter must then be used, not poultry fat.

Purée à la Romaine (cos lettuce) and of *Spinach* are made in the same ways as above.

Purée aux Marrons (chestnuts).—Take some cooked chestnuts (preferably baked, if not burnt), shell and skin them, put in a stewpan with butter, add a little broth, and let them simmer until they will crush easily; then rub through a sieve, put back in the stewpan with a few spoonfuls of good gravy, or of cream, let the purée reduce, take from the stove, and finish by adding a little butter.

Purée of Carrots.—Scrape and cut a dozen large carrots in very thin slices (a cucumber slice answers well for this purpose), cut two onions in quarters, melt three ounces of butter in a stewpan, and put in the carrots and onions and some salt; stir over the fire until the

carrots are limp, they must not brown at all, then add some water or pale stock and a lump of sugar, and simmer at the side of the stove two to three hours; when you can crush the carrots easily between the fingers, rub them through a sieve, put back in a stewpan with any liquor there is from them, add two tablespoonfuls of good gravy or of cream, stir, and let the purée cook until it is thick enough, then take from the fire, and finish by stirring in a little fresh butter; serve.

Purées of Turnips, Parsnips, Celery-root, etc., are made in the same way as purée of carrots. When served alone, purées are garnished with fried sippets.

I cannot conclude an article on vegetables without a few words about salads; these in France are made with almost anything; either cooked or uncooked vegetables are used.

Salade de Barbe de Capucin (a species of endive, of which the leaves are blanched) is a winter salad; sometimes slices of cooked beet-root are added to it. Barbe should never be laid in water, but washed quickly and dried. Season with salt, oil, and vinegar.

Watercress Salad.—The last minute before serving season with oil, vinegar, and salt.

Endive Salad.—Rub the bottom of the salad-bowl with a cut garlic, wash the endive, put it in a salad-basket, shake all the wet out of it, and cut it in pieces; put in the bowl, add oil, pepper, and salt, mix thoroughly with a wooden spoon and fork, add a little vinegar. The proportion used is four tablespoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar.

Salad d'Été (summer salad).—Take two or three fresh-cut lettuces, separate the leaves, and wipe them carefully one at a time with a cloth, without washing them; chop three young onions, mix with the lettuces, add some cress and a pinch each of chopped chervil and tarragon; season as above, ornament with quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

Salade de Laitues à la Crème.—Prepare some lettuces as for "salade d'été," season with vinegar, pepper, and salt, add some thick cream, stir quickly, and serve.

Salad of Potatoes and Dandelion.—Take a handful of young dandelions, wash, dry, cut them in pieces, and place in a salad bowl; skin and chop nine or ten hot potatoes, add them, with pepper and salt, to the dandelion.

Chop a quarter of a pound of bacon very small, put it in a stewpan with a few drops of vinegar; when cooked, pour it boiling hot over the salad, stir a minute or two, and serve.

Salad of Celery and Truffles.—Chop the white part of two or three heads of celery, season with salt, pepper, and four parts of oil to one of vinegar. Take two-thirds the volume of cooked truffles, chopped and seasoned in the same way, add to the celery, mix well, and serve.

Salade de Salsifis.—Take cooked salsify (cold), cut it in one-inch lengths, season with salt, pepper, mustard, and four parts of oil to one of vinegar. Just before serving sprinkle chopped parsley over the top. Celery-root is used in the same way.

Salade de Légumes à la Mayonnaise (salad of vegetables with mayonnaise).—Cook and cut in dice carrots, artichoke bottoms, French beans, beetroot, and celery-root, season with salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, let it remain some hours, then drain on a sieve; put in a basin with some pickled gherkins and mushrooms, and one or two capsciums cut like the vegetables, stir in a few spoonfuls of thick mayonnaise sauce; arrange in a pyramid on a dish; surround with small branches of cauliflower, cooked and seasoned, or with quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

Salad of French Beans.—Cook the beans in salt and water, drain, season with salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar. French beans that have been cooked "à la crème" or "à la poulette" (see sauce poulette) make excellent salad if drained and seasoned.

Salad of Haricot Beans.—Boil the beans in the usual way in salt and water; keep them hot until wanted, then drain and put in the salad bowl; season with salt, pepper, oil, vinegar, mustard, and a very little finely-chopped onion; stir and serve. Should be eaten hot.

Lentil Salad is also eaten hot. The lentils are boiled with a small clove of garlic, and drained. Salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar are added, and chopped parsley or chervil.

Tarragon, Chervil, Pimpernel, Cress, Purslain, Scallions, and the fruit of *Nasturtiums* are all used in salads. They are called "fourniture de salade."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

ELLA.—We have given a whole article on the making of jelly, besides many on special jellies and jams; see page 234, vol. iii. Vegetable marrow preserve is made as follows: Pare them, remove seeds, cut in pieces of about two inches square. To 1 lb. of fruit add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sifted sugar. Use cold water, put in the fruit, and boil until tender, adding some pieces of whole ginger and some cloves. Pour off the juice and add the sugar to it to make the syrup, and put the fruit into it for the final boiling.

GIPSY.—The mould must be dipped in hot water previously to turning out the jelly. This will make it turn out easily. The 30th August, 1855, was a Thursday.

K. C. MAC.—We are glad you found our recipe for orange marmalade so good, and thank you for that of "Norfolk rusks," which we now give. Take one and a half pounds of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of lard, one dessert-spoonful of baking powder, one salt-spoonful of salt, all of which mix thoroughly together. Then add one egg, beaten up with as much milk as will make it all into a stiff paste; roll it out to about the thickness of two inches, and cut into rounds with the top of a tumbler, previously dipped into flour to prevent the mixture sticking to it. Bake in a quick oven until they be of a light brown; then take them out, and pull them each in half, and put them into a slow oven to dry.

POPCORN must buy what is called a "corn popper," we believe, usually sold by the people who sell the corn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. R. should make her inquiries of, and give all orders for books to, our publisher, Mr. Tarn.

HILDA CLARE.—It is to be much regretted that when you first began to dawdle and behave in such an imbecile way—not to say your rebellion towards your parents in not doing immediately what you were told—you were not well punished and made to behave as they desired on every occasion when you rebelled. As it is, we should send you for six months to a strict boarding-school, since you have not sufficient moral rectitude and self-control to turn over a new leaf yourself. Pray for grace and help to shake off your sloth, and be "diligent in business, serving the Lord," and "redeeming the time," one of the precious "talents" entrusted to you. Read what our Divine Lord said of the "wicked and slothful servant" who "hid his lord's talent in a napkin."

AN OLD MOTHER (Stuttgart).—We recommend you to obtain a copy of Baedeker's Guide to Switzerland, as the prices of *pensions* are given all over that country. There are many at five francs a day. We cannot advertise any particular houses ourselves.

E. P. (Bradford.)—We are gratified by the strong approval you express of our paper, the articles, and "Answers to Correspondents." We are equally surprised with yourself at many of the letters on the subject of "Lovers," and the lack of dignity and common sense exhibited. The girls needed much some such teachers as the "G.O.P."

LILY HICKMAN.—You write a beautiful hand.

YORKSHIRE GIRL.—Agrippa's conscience and reason were convinced, but his inclination opposed them, and thus he was only almost persuaded. 2. Your hand would be improved by writing rather smaller.

DAGMAR VALERIAN.—We recommend you to improve your practical knowledge of instrumental music, so as to be able to accompany your voice well when of an age to learn singing, and also in the science of harmony. You should also learn elocution, so as to pronounce well, and know where the emphasis should be placed. Also make yourself well acquainted, at least, with the pronunciation of Italian, German, and French. This will give you plenty to do during the next year as a commencement, and at sixteen you may safely begin to exercise your voice, a little at a time, being careful not to overstrain it by attempting notes too high for you. The quality of your voice should be ascertained by a good master, so that you may practise suitable exercises and songs for a soprano, mezzo-soprano, or contralto, as the case may be. Training may be had at the Guildhall School of Music—secretary, Mr. C. P. Smith, Victoria Embankment, London; or at the Royal Academy of Music—secretary, Mr. John Gill, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W. These gentlemen will send their prospectuses, and any further information which you may require.

DORMOUSE.—When the lady of the house enters her schoolroom, the governess should rise, or at least partially do so. Hemming should be done on the forefinger, but children, when beginning to learn, often prick their finger, and it becomes sore, and till healed there is no harm in using the middle finger as a substitute.



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NOCTURNE.

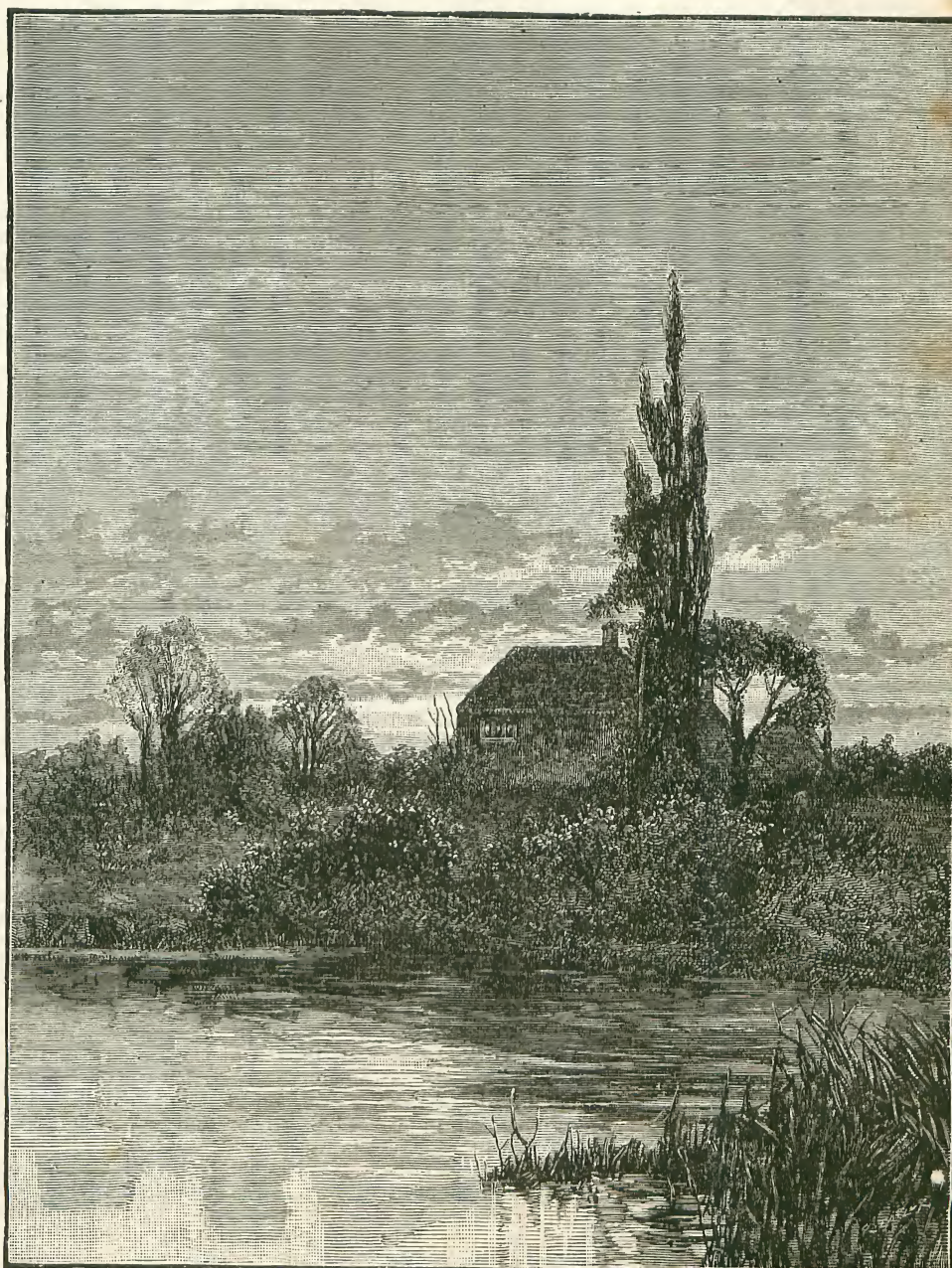
By WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT
NEWSAM.

SLOWLY the golden light
fades in the west,
Swiftly the singing bird hies
to his nest;
Deep in the coppice the
sounds of the day
Sweetly and slowly are dying
away,
Till, on my list'ning ear,
scarcely a sound
Breaks the sweet solitude
reigning around:
Oft have I sat in the soft
fading light,
Rapt in the beautiful silence
of night.

Slowly and silently climbing
on high,
Soon the pale orb'd moon
lights up the sky,
Edging the clouds with a
silvery fringe,
Flooding their depths with a
luminous tinge;
Save where the gleaming
star's tremulous ray
Beams from the azure space
far, far away:
Surely the skies fill the soul
with delight,
Watched in the beautiful
silence of night.

Sweet 'tis to sit in some
sylvan retreat,
Watching the glowworms that
shine at my feet;
Whilst the pale rose, in the
moon's silver ray,
Gleaming in dewy tears sighs
for the day;
Softly the nightingale, sitting
above,
Warbles a lullaby song to his
love,
And, with a tremulous thrill
of delight,
Breaks, like the charm, the
sweet silence of night.

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"SWEET SOLITUDE."

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE countryman, when he entered, was certainly big and rough-looking. He wore a coarse frieze suit with a slouched hat, which he had not removed on coming into the house, drawn well over his brow. He made a slight stumbling obeisance to Kitty, but he did not take off his hat till the servant had quitted the room, when the stranger displayed the irregular features, dark pale complexion, and pleasant, manly countenance of Anthony Walton, as he said, with a smile—

"Dost know me, Kitty?"

She knew him before he spoke, but all she could do was to gasp, "Cousin Anthony—Jack!"

"Yes, yes, it is to tell you about him I am here," he hastened to reassure her. "We were sore affrighted lest the news should reach you and my uncle that he had been taken prisoner."

"A prisoner!" echoed Kitty, with a bitter cry, which rang through the room. "Oh! not that, not that, Anthony, say not that my Jackie is where I have dreaded he might come—into one of those vile dens among other wretched men, mixed up with the offscourings of the earth, to be taken out and shot, if he do not die soon enough. Oh, poor father, to hear such a tale! Poor Mrs. Judy, who brought us up as if we were her own; and Lady Ottery and you, too, Anthony, who have had to carry such doleful tidings!"

"Hush! hush! Cousin Kitty, thou wilt alarm the house, and that will be the worse for all. Thy brother is rescued. If thou hadst waited to hear me out, I would have told thee so. I thought thou wert a braver girl than I find thee, else I had not come into the house and sought speech of thee when I heard my Lady Ottery was absent."

His appeal, after his announcement of Jack's safety, quieted her. She stood quite still, though she was still trembling, while he explained to her how, where, and when John Dacre, lying in ambush along with a detachment of Essex's soldiers, had been surprised by the very party of Royalists which the Parliamentary men were seeking to intercept, and Jack, along with several of his companions, had been taken prisoner and carried to the rear of the enemy's little force. Happily they were detained by a countermarch for the space of several days, before he could be brought in with his companions to Oxford. In the interval his deliverance had been effected by a party who set themselves to accomplish the task, friendly civilians, who had a regard for the lad and knew his plight. Anthony did not stop to say at what heavy risk, or to give the name of the friend who had been foremost in the enterprise. He hurried on with the information that being under the apprehension that Jack's father and sister would hear he had been

taken prisoner, without being farther apprised that he had been enabled to escape, they would be thrown into great distress, equally injurious and uncalled for, on his account. Therefore he, Anthony, had managed to enter by the most available gate, in order to see the Dacres or Lady Ottery, and to pledge himself that Jack was at large and in no trouble, save that he was a soldier liable to a soldier's straits in the time of war. Anthony had not gone to Dr. Dacre, because he had feared that his presence might so agitate and affront his uncle as to render what would otherwise have been his welcome news unacceptable. Lady Ottery was out, so the visitor had recourse to his cousin Kitty.

"And canst thou not come into Oxford unless under cloud of night, and in such a guise as this?" asked Kitty, wondering. "Thou art not a soldier, like Jack; thou hast not borne arms against the King. I opined that thou hadst stayed at home, the squire of Islip Barnes, so that nobody could harm my aunt, the girls, and thee."

Anthony made a wry face.

"It signifieth little how peaceably inclined a man may be, cousin Kitty. They do me the honour to view me as a Parliament man in my heart, and so they are ever ready to pounce upon me. If I had come into Oxford in my proper clothes for months back, it is ten to one that I should have been where Jack had like to be. They would have arrested me as a spy, whereas I am but giving them some ground to go upon by assuming this character, in which there is less chance of my being identified. What matters it? I am as comfortable in this suit as in any other. I vow I must have been meant for a labouring man—one of my own hedgers and ditchers. But you knew me, Kitty, almost before I took off my hat, while I believe I should hardly have known you anywhere save here."

"Nonsense, sir!" remarked Kitty, brusquely.

"Nay, it is sense, not nonsense! How thou hast grown, little Kitty, since I saw thee last, some time before that poor version of St. Scholastica's day two Februaries ago."

"'Tis a long while," said Kitty, with a soft sigh.

He looked at her from head to foot with a pleased expression on his dark face.

"And how fine thou art! nay, thou hast grown as fine as the best, but truly modest withal, waiting on the King and Queen in Oxford. Prissy and Alice don't wear such pretty clothes. Sure thou art born to be a great dame, as I said I was to be a ditcher. We form such a contrast, cousin, that I scruple to take the liberty of sitting down in thy presence."

"Oh, don't begin to laugh and twit

me, cousin Anthony," implored Kitty, pressing her hands together, and hardly able to keep from crying. It was all so strange and sad, though he would banter her, as he had been accustomed to do. "Rather tell me what I can do for you in return for your kindness; what refreshment you will take. The night is chill, and you have ridden some distance."

"Walked every step," he corrected her. "Ridden would have had an ugly look, as if I had stolen the horse. But what is a tramp to a long-legged animal like me? I tell thee I enjoyed it amazingly, Kitty, besides the chance of setting eyes on thee again, and carrying those at home word how thou wert looking and faring. Sister Alice's eyes will grow round at the tale of thy finery. No, I will not plague you again; I am but an ill-conditioned jester to jest against your will. But not a bit or sup will I take to arouse the suspicion of my lady's man, though I think not that, even if he did suspect, he would report upon kindred and old friends like you and me."

"But thou hast done no harm, cousin Anthony," cried Kitty again, indignantly; "why shouldst thou have to skulk and hide? A man is free to think what he will. Why may you not hold up your head, and show yourself among your neighbours?"

"Because all the world would not give me such credit for innocence as my cousin doth. I took the precaution to bring a hunch of bread and a slice of cheese in my pocket, which I munched as I came along, and I had a cup of ale at the first change house after I entered the town. Few honest fellows fare better nowadays. We must not waste time; we have but a quarter of an hour to spare. I must not stay longer with thee than a poor man would take to tell his tale—of how hard the squire of Islip Barnes do be upon him for his rent, to be sure; how his dame is down with the ague, and all their eight children are squalling and squabbling for the empty porridge pot, and the last clouts to replace their rags."

He sat down, as she would have him do, by the fire, which she heaped up. He began to stretch the limbs, which in truth were wearied with the miry byways he had been forced to choose, though he was in the flower of youth and strength. He talked of Jack and of Anthony's mother and sisters, as he did so, thrusting his hands in his pockets and leaning his head against the leather-covered back of the chair. The mask of easy indifference and high spirits which he had been wearing, gradually slipped off, and he grew graver and graver, though he would not allow that Jack was in any greater jeopardy than the thousands of soldiers who were out in the rival camps. "He is in training to be a stout soldier."

His health is rather stronger than it used to be, I think. No more headaches, tell Mrs. Judy, when a man doth not know whether or not he will carry his head on his shoulders next morning. That is, of course, he is in God's hands, as we all are, and he runs no more risk than hundreds more in his troop; while there is always the excitement and uncertainty of active warfare to make him forget his pains. Nature wants no more to recruit herself." As a proof of the truth of what he said, he told her his mother was no worse for the disturbance in her neighbourhood; and Alice was growing as strong as she looked—at least to one heedless of her complaints, and she took a good deal of diversion out of the conflicting buff coats. No, Prissy was not to be married till—he could not tell when; till there was a truce or a compromise or peace proclaimed. In the meantime, of course, she and Windebank could see little or nothing of each other, and that only under the most trying circumstances.

It was in speaking of Prissy and her lover that Anthony Walton's gathering gravity deepened into sadness and sternness. "I blame not Windebank," he said, "I believe he hath the courage of his opinions; but he hath ever loved his King and his general, and he holds that he is bound to the standard under which he serveth. But when a man is pulled two ways, it can be but a half-hearted service. Yea, verily, no man can serve two masters. It bodeth broken hearts, like that of Falkland, and disordered brains, like those of poor Windebank. I would that he were to throw down his commission, then he and Prissy might take ship to America."

"What!" cried Kitty, in dismay. "Prissy go away from you all to the New World." As she spoke she remembered that Prissy had always been Anthony's favourite sister, and that the attachment between them had been deeper and more tender even than what ordinarily exists between an affectionate brother and sister.

"Yes," he said, with his face turned away, "though I never cast eyes on her dear kind face again, I could trust her to Windebank, and she would be in God's keeping; for that matter she is so under all circumstances, that is the single grain of comfort. But I tell thee, Kitty, this England of ours, as it is now, as we have made it—God help us!—is no place for those who would live in peace with their neighbour, and yet not sin against their consciences. Dost know, child, that Hampden and his cousin the Huntingdon man, Cromwell, and more like them, were actually on board ship, bound for America, when the House called them back?"

"And wouldst thou go too, cousin Anthony?" she asked, wistfully.

He raised his head and looked at her, and then started up and faced the fire, standing with his back to her.

"I would we could all go," he said; "Jack and all, and make for ourselves a new home in the New World, as you call it."

"It would be impossible," she said, simply. "Father would never leave his

books; I scarce believe he could live without them. Besides, you know he holdeth not by the new opinions," she finished, with a sigh.

"And mother's rheum would not be improved by a sea voyage. More than that, only think how sister Alice would be for swooning at the first approach of the sea sickness!" he added, turning round and speaking more lightly.

"Then will you be for going alone?" she asked again, with the same wistfulness. For whether he had petted or teased her, whether he had been in her good graces or in her bad books, she had always been accustomed to depend on her cousin Anthony. She had known all along that if she or any person he cared for were in trouble, that person in need would but have to say "Come," and he would be at the side of kinswoman or friend, to give all the aid in his power.

"Not an I can help it, cousin Kitty," he said quickly, turning away again with a heavy sigh, and she heard him mutter to the fire how hard it would be for him.

Then, man-like, his wrath began to blaze up against those who had brought about this tribulation. A man would be almost driven to believe, if he had not been taught better, that the wicked went unpunished, for while the righteous were hanging their heads, the ruffians and swashbucklers, the liars and drinkers, the cursers and cut-throats on both sides had it all their own way. Such were Rupert and his reckless crew, Lunsford and his wolfish lambs, Goring and his fiends incarnate, with those Parliamentary soldiers whom General Cromwell had denounced as but a set of "poor tapsters and runaway apprentices." Who meted out to them their deserts? What evil was befalling the vain, light women who befooled men by their silken snares? All were apparently carrying it with as high a hand as ever, though Hampden and Falkland were slain. Battle after battle had been fought, drenching the sod of England with blood, to the music of widows' wails and famishing orphans' cries. When he had stolen into Oxford, once the seat of learning and religion, as if he himself were a criminal dreading to be seen, what was he greeted with? Penitential psalms, confessions of sin, and promises of amendment? Nay, with shameful songs bawled from taverns, blasphemies shouted from college windows, profligate scamps falling out and drawing upon each other in the schools, fiddling and dancing resounding from doctors' houses.

"And you discovered me tricked out like this," Kitty Dacre interrupted him, taking guilt to herself, and casting abashed eyes on the white satin gown, the lace frills, and the diamond brooch in which she had so lately found girlish satisfaction.

"Thou poor little innocent maid!" he cried, his voice changing on the instant; "why shouldst thou not be brave in thy youth, like the birds and the flowers, as thy father was wont to say? Nay, thou art far higher than they, and must pay for thine exaltation. But thou hadst nought to do with the crying evils of the time, though thou hast suffered from them

and grieved for them, I warrant, as sorely in satin as in sackcloth. Thy gown becometh thee right well, Kitty," he broke off, admiringly.

In truth Kitty looked fair—and sweet—and young, standing there in her modest gala attire, with her light brown hair drawn back and falling in heavy curls on her shoulders in the fashion of the time, her cheeks like roses, her blue eyes moist, her red lips trembling, and her breast heaving with the tales of sorrow and wrong.

"I must study the fashion of thy gown," he insisted, to comfort her; "I must carry back the tale of the shape and the pattern to sister Alice, and of how you look in it to sister Prissy; she will be sure to ask, 'And are my dear heart's cheeks still rosy, after she hath been so long immured with the crowd of human beings in Oxford? Was she able to laugh and hold her own against a masterful lout like you, as she used to do?'"

"Ah! when shall I see my kind cousin Prissy again?" she questioned, sorrowfully.

"It may be ere very long; who knows?" he said, vaguely. "And thou wast to have gone to the Queen's court to-night," he began again, quickly, as if glad to change the subject. "Thou wast to have beat all the other beauties hollow; our little cousin Kitty, think of that! Nay, it is no great matter to be proud of, for they are but candlelight beauties, painted and bedizened, the best of them; while as for thee, thou art not done growing. I did tell thee—did I not?—thou hast grown inches since I saw thee last."

"But that was more than two years ago, cousin Tony," she said, with dignity. "I trow thou hast forgot that I am growing eighteen. I was seventeen two months back, I shall grow no more."

"No, Kitty, do not grow any more; remain just as thou art," he enjoined her, gravely. "But we did not forget your birthday out at Islip Barnes. I must not let you run away with that idea. We drank your health in a cup of mother's canary, which we can no longer afford to use on common occasions. Jack was with us, and he answered to the toast, I mind me. He said, 'Though I should not see Kitty again till she be as big as a dragoon, I'll come bound to know her by the way she bites her nether lip when she laughs, and by the feel of her hug.'"

"As if I should not know Jackie, and be able to tell him among a thousand, though our heads were grey," cried Kitty, reproachfully.

There was no more talk of the inappropriateness of the frieze suit in company with her satin gown, and it was she who told him, in apprehension for his safety, that the time which he had allowed for their interview was long past. "And if you should suffer harm for coming here to relieve our minds, I could never forgive myself," she said earnestly.

"But thou must," he tried eagerly to impress her, "for even at the worst, it would be a small payment for the cheer I have derived from our brief converse, cousin Kitty."

(To be continued.)

ART AND HEART; OR, DECORATION FOR THE POOR.

By C. HARRISON TOWNSEND.



our last article we gave an illustration of the conventionalised designs of chrysanthemums, to which we then referred. We would impress upon our readers the necessity of the study of the art of taking a flower or a leaf, for instance, and so treating the design based upon its conventional repetition that the result is not only a design but a pattern. For frieze work such a method of treatment is almost always requisite; for in decorating a room of any considerable size it is too much to expect of the artist that each portion of this band of ornament should be an absolutely original transcript of nature. For instance, in the case of the Bouverie Ward, which we have already described, the actual length of the frieze was somewhere about 120 feet. Now this means a considerable draw upon the painter's power of conception and facility in the harmonious arranging of the different flower-subjects that form the frieze. It is not given to everyone to be inventive for 120 feet "on end." And monotony is less forced upon one in dealing with conventional designs that are *painted* than when they are *printed* on such a material as wall paper. Here the demands of the paperstainer as to the size of the "repeat" have to be considered. But in the painter's case design can alternate with design without much consideration of the distance apart of the repeating portion. For the purpose of the study of the methodical repetition of design, we would refer the reader to a series of Japanese handbooks of design, designed and printed in Japan, and to be obtained at the moderate cost of one or two shillings a-piece.* Here many designs that are—or are variations upon—what we are familiar with on trays and decorative pieces of Japanese work, are skeletonised and reduced to their simple elements. Some of these we illustrate, and can leave the principle upon which the Japanese artist produces them to speak for itself. An article by Mr. A. B. Pite in the *Builder* of March 30th, 1889, also goes thoroughly into the subject of "repeated" designs, and will be found instructive on the subject; and finally we will mention the various works, especially "The Planning of Ornament," and "The Anatomy of Pattern" of Mr. F. Lewis Day, who is perhaps one of our ablest pattern designers, using the word in its largest sense.

Probably the best specimen of purely conventional design executed under the auspices of our Society is the treatment of the Women's

Convalescent Ward at Westminster Hospital. The room is a long one with an open-timber roof, the principals of which have been painted elaborately with running patterns on the beams and uprights. All round the room runs a very beautifully designed frieze, 2 feet 3 inches in depth, of which we give a sketch, and only regret that it is not possible to show also its charm of colouring. The ground is a deep, clear blue, the large leaves cream with bright green

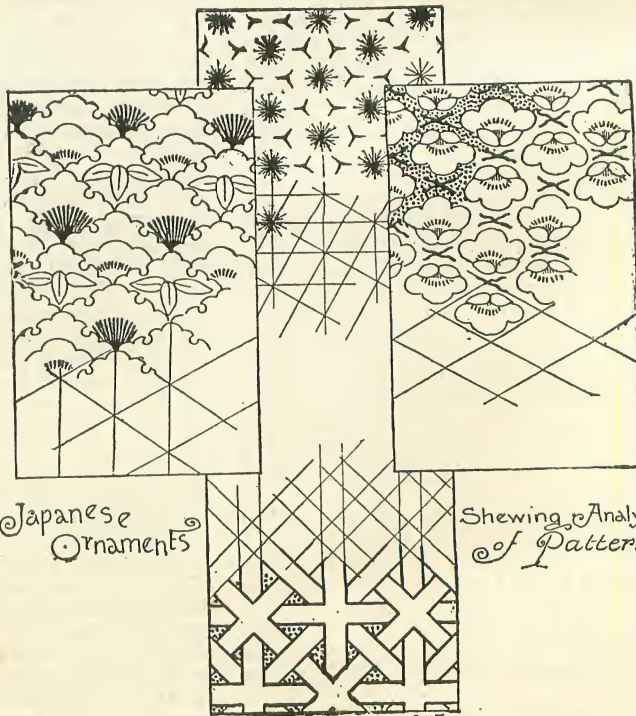
lobes, the vize leaves dark green, the blossoms and fan-shaped flower salmon-pink fading into cream, and the grapes a reddish-purple. The Society owes this beautiful piece of decorative design to Mr. William Morris, under whose direction the work was carried out.

The decorative work done by the Kyrle Society has been amongst a variety of institutions established for all kinds of different ends. It would be too long to give a complete list of these, but the work executed (within the last two or three years only) includes three boys' clubs, four working men's clubs, eleven girls' clubs and homes, five hospital wards (one of these being in a children's hospital), six parish halls, four schoolrooms, a workhouse, a temperance hall, a guild-room, and others. These examples may be taken as typical of the direction in which help is likely to be asked for in any large town.

One feature in the list ought certainly to appeal to readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*. It will be seen how many of our applications are received from girls' clubs, homes, and institutes. It is perhaps that girls using such places are apt more quickly than boys to attach the home feeling to them, and to wish to do all in their power to get them made bright and pretty. Anyhow the fact remains that institutions for girls are foremost amongst our applicants, and it really does seem as though this fact alone should lead to many offers of assistance on the part of those who have in the first place skill, and in the second, what is rarer, time, to place at the disposal either of the Kyrle Society proper, or some kindred body of workers.* But be-

sides these there must be many readers who have a taste for the kind of work we do, and yet who, living at a distance from London, cannot range themselves under the Society's banner. If such an one finds it impossible to communicate with any of the provincial centres to which we referred in our first article, why should she not, apart from any such organisation at all, set to work, and aided by one or two enthusiastic friends, take in hand and decorate some place that will be thereafter a greater pleasure and of more help to those that use it? The standard adopted—and this we must say emphatically—should be a high one. Better no decoration at all than that of the "cheap and nasty" description. If art does anything at all it should teach, and bad art can only teach a bad lesson. It is astonishing to find what powers of correct appraisement of art the "classes" possess alike in music as in painting. The criticisms may be quaintly expressed, but often and often have we heard them go soundly and directly to the root of the matter.

And here we may say that it is not only those who paint who can help to beautify the places of the poor. Those whose means will allow can nowadays, at slight cost, purchase etchings or photogravures, which, framed simply (say in a black-reeded or inch-wide oak frame, with a small gold bead under the glass), form a more permanent and artistic ornament than the often-seen chromolithographed Christmas supplements of the illustrated papers. Better still, let those who have been fortunate enough to take a summer holiday that has offered opportunities for filling their sketch-book, present some of the results to those who will enjoy them, and thus profit by the holiday, if only at secondhand. As regards the Kyrle Society, we yearly distribute large numbers of framed water-colour drawings, engravings, and etchings. Nor should



* The address of the "Kyrle" Society is 14, Nottingham Place, W., and the Hon. Secretary of the Decorative branch will be happy to answer questions and give information and advice. There is on our books a long list of applicants standing over till our present staff of workers can take them up, or till other helpers present themselves.

* These, and the books mentioned lower down, may be obtained of Mr. B. T. Patsford, 52, High Holborn, W.C.

we forget to speak a good word for the use that the Arundel Society's series of chromolithographs after the old masters has been to us. If not all, yet many of these are charming in their delicacy of colour and suggestiveness of the beauty of the originals. From time to time the large printsellers have also been most generous to us, and their kind gifts of parcels of engravings have enabled the society to make donations of considerable art value.

The field of wood-carving again offers opportunities to the many who nowadays cultivate it. Specially executed frames may be prepared for pieces of decoration, or carved panels arranged to form an overmantel. An effective way of treating carved work for such purposes is to gild the part in relief, or at all events the highest portions of the carvings, and to pass over the whole surface of the panel a coat of varnish, with which some colouring medium of a transparent nature has been mixed. The result, if a good dark green—or with smaller subjects a very bright red—be used, is excellent.

The form of art which is likely to be most common amongst our readers, that is to say embroidery, is perhaps not so much in demand as some of the others we have mentioned. The kind of institution which asks the Kyrle Society's decorative aid is rarely one in which embroidered curtains or portières are likely to be congruous. Hospitals, Homes, and working people's institutions urge against such hangings the need of simplicity and the necessity of avoiding anything that can harbour dust or dirt.

But there are sometimes cases where decorative needlework can be usefully employed. For instance, in the Boys' Institute, Shoe Lane, we fixed an overmantel consisting of a centre panel, with a figure-subject on either side. This central one was schemed to serve as a notice-board, upon which club notices of lectures, meetings, and so on could be placed. It consisted of peacock-blue cloth mounted on a wood backing. The upper portion of the panel was embroidered with "swags" or festoons, executed in fine crewel silk of different shades of grey-green. Again, the little curtains hiding the nurse's appliances in the Bouverie Ward, Westminster Hospital, were,



FRIEZE DESIGNED BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

as we have said, worked in silks on a washable linen.

Many opportunities also arise in which the services of one able to work in hammered copper and brass would be of great use. Panels of these materials can be employed, as we have mentioned above when speaking of wood-carving, or narrow bands introduced in a sunk groove running round the frame of a painted panel.

In concluding this series of notes on the work of the Kyrle Society, we would say that it has not been so much our wish to gain recruits for

the Society itself—though of these we should be glad—as to lead some of our readers to recognise the fact that the use of a talent, even though a small one, blesses him that gives and him that takes. And that it is not a stretched reading of our duty towards one's neighbour to believe that it is part of that duty to ask our poorer brother and sister to become sharers with us in these things of beauty which go to make so much of the brightness and pleasure of our own lives.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

MISLEADING FIGURES.

Two American women had thirty chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale.

The chickens of the one were sold two for a dollar, realising for the thirty chickens—15 dollars.

Those of the other were sold three for a dollar, realising for the thirty chickens—10 dollars.

This made twenty-five dollars realised for the sixty chickens.

The merchant called on to divide the money said, "You have sold your thirty chickens two for a dollar, and you have sold your thirty chickens three for a dollar. That makes sixty chickens at the rate of five for two dollars. Well 5 into 60 goes 12 times—twice 12 is 24. That makes 24 dollars your chickens have brought."

He handed them over the money, but, as shown above, the women were cheated out of a dollar, for their chickens had actually fetched 25 dollars. And yet the merchant's figures were right.

A NEW READING.

Four P's were placed over the gate of the first president of Bordeaux, whose name was Pierre Pontac, meaning Pierre Pontac, Premier President.

A litigant who had one day waited two or three hours in his antechamber was surprised by the entrance of the President whilst he was attentively contemplating these four P's.

"Well, my friend," said the President, "what do you suppose these letters mean?"

"So far as I can make out," replied the litigant, "they can mean nothing but '*Pauvre plaideur, prenez patience.*'" (Poor pleader, practise patience.)

A LESSON IN STYLE.—The style of some authors is all bristling with epithets. "If they could only understand," says a distinguished critic, "that adjectives are the greatest enemies of substantives, although they agree in gender, number, and case."

GETTING AND KEEPING.—We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

WINGED LIES.—"A lie," says a Chinese proverb, "has no legs, and cannot stand, but it has wings, and can fly far."

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

OWING to a mistake, this list of names, which should have been published before our last list, was lost sight of until a collector drew our attention to the fact that her subscription had not been acknowledged. This mistake does not affect the total, however, as the various amounts are all included.

Three Welsh Girls, 2s., Sylvia North, 2s. 6d., J. H. P., 2s. 6d., E. W., 1s., L. Walpole, 3d., A. P. Kelly and Sister, 5s., Ada Scholcy (collected), 10s., Mrs. Cullen (collected), 15s., M. G. Neyt (Yokohama) (collected), £3 3s., Mrs. Last, 5s., Three Sisters, 4s., M. W., 5s., Nellie Barron, 5s., A. M. J. B., 1s. 6d., Sis, 4s., Minnie Fry (collected), 12s. 3d., H. S. H., 1s. 4d., E. King, 6d., E. Snow, 6d., E. Pratt, 6d., Katie, 2s., "The Inseparables," 3s., M. W., 1s., Marie Turnbull (collected), 10s., L. G. Walter, 1s.

A CALIFORNIAN STORY.

CHAPTER IV.



THE cooking in camp was all done out of doors, and had to be undertaken by the ladies, with considerable assistance from Frank Abbott, the two Indian women whom the hostess had brought with her doing the roughest part; the two white servants belonging to her household having been necessarily left behind in charge of her house. The labour being so equally divided gave them all a holiday, for although the Abbotts were wealthy people, they were forced to do many things which a family in the same position in Europe would never think of undertaking. Even Charles Aytoun yielded to the pressure put upon him, and consented to give up work for a few days, and everybody combined to prevent Lily from soiling her hands, Mr. Abbott waiting upon her with much devotion; and from the petting which she received from his mother, it was tolerably evident that she knew his secret and approved it.

The whole party were sitting under a huge tree at breakfast next morning, when one of the servants came up and told them there would be an "Indian cry" that day not far off, and the strangers might like to see it. It may be explained for the benefit of the ignorant that some of the Indians burn their dead, and bring the ashes to a certain burying-ground, coming every year to lament their bereavements at this place. Mr. Abbott remarked that the sight was not a very edifying one, but that the walk would be a pleasant one for the afternoon, and one of their people might follow them with the paraphernalia of five o'clock tea and light a fire in some suitable spot for them to make and enjoy it. The stroll home would be a delightful one after sunset. But the hostess suggested that it would be better to have "supper" also away from the camp, as they need not then come home till so disposed, and a pack horse could easily follow them.

The breakfast party was a pleasant sight; a great vase of lovely wild flowers adorned the middle of the table, a goodly dish of strawberries and pitcher of cream adding to its attractions, as well as the fragrant coffee, fresh eggs, rolls and deer ham beside it. The American element had decided to give up the hot breakfast of beefsteak and potatoes, which is usually considered indispensable by them, in order to give the ladies less to do, and Lily assured them that from an English point of view their health would improve in consequence, unless in the case of men who had a long day's work before them in the open air. In the afternoon they set out together for the Indians' burying-ground, and found a number of them grouped round the large grave where the ashes of their relatives and friends had been deposited for years past after cremation. The head of one of them, an old squaw, bereft of her husband, was covered with pitch scraped from the pine trees, to remain there till time wore it away. They had brought their provender with them, and it consisted of soup made of acorns, and had been poured into the closely-woven baskets which they make for the purpose. It is cooked by dropping heated stones into the basket. A large pile of wearing apparel, bearskins, and more baskets were erected near, to be burned at daybreak for the use of the departed ones in the "happy hunting-

grounds." The visitors were scarcely noticed by the natives, and after they had studied the curious scene long enough, they turned away to select a good place for their supper to be prepared. All was managed very comfortably, and as soon as they were tired of reclining on their buffalo robes they turned homewards. Lily found herself alone with Mr. Abbott, who invented all sorts of excuses for delaying their departure after the others had set out.

"Do you ever feel as if you would like to live your life out in California?" he said to her suddenly, after a long silence.

"Not unless I could go home to England very often; then I think perhaps I might. But there is no chance of my doing so."

"How can you possibly know?"

"Because—well, there is a very good reason why."

"I suppose I dare not ask it," he replied, feeling rather as if a cold hand had been laid on his heart. "I wish I might."

Lily hesitated a moment. They had come to a tempting-looking seat, and she had mechanically obeyed his unspoken invitation to rest there a little; he was seated beneath her, and as she looked down at his handsome, kindly face, and noted with what interest his eyes were fixed upon her, she felt half tempted to tell him what he wanted to know. It had been impossible for her to be blind to the fact that he took every opportunity of showing her that he liked her; but she had heard much of the difference of manners in America between young people of opposite sexes and those of her own country, and believed that it was merely his way of showing kindness to his friend's sister.

"There is no reason why I should not. Only why do you care to know?"

"I will tell you some day. Do answer my question."

"Two years ago, when I was just seventeen, someone who was very good and very kind, asked me to wait for him. At first I said no, for I knew I did not care for him then as he deserved, but when he came back to me after a time I said yes."

Frank Abbott set his teeth hard; the blow was as much as he could bear without betraying his feelings. At last he said, in a low tone—

"Your brother thought you were free."

"Yes, no one knows it. Somehow I never wished to tell, and he could not marry then for four years or more. I have no parents, so there seemed nothing wrong in concealing it?"

"He loves you very dearly, of course. And you?"—for something in her tone had struck him oddly.

"He is so good. I shall in time, I know. I have never seen him since."

"You correspond, of course?"

"We did, but I have not heard from him for nearly a year now. In his last letter he said he expected to be home shortly."

"And do you not know where he is?"

"No, but I know him to be true and good, and I feel sure he will be faithful to me."

Frank Abbott mused long that night after all had retired, over the apparent wreck of all his hopes, and the strange story the girl he loved so dearly had told him. He could not, however, help feeling that there might after all be ever so slight a chance for him, and he determined to try and win her confidence, and get her to tell him more than she had done. He could see that her heart had not been won as yet by the man she trusted in, and when she had bid him good-night that evening he had noticed a kind, sweet look in her eyes that

for some reason or other he thought he might take for himself. It was a nothing, a mere glance, but yet if it meant what he hoped, it was something after all. The fact of the matter being that Lily was in truth now fully aware that Frank's interest in her was more than friendly; his manner during their walk admitted of no other interpretation, and a feeling of regret for having unwittingly been the cause of pain to him had shown itself almost involuntarily in her eyes as she had bade him good-night, though it never occurred to her he would build hopes on so slight a foundation.

A few days after some English letters arrived for her, three of which, addressed by the same hand, bore marks of having travelled much, and when she inspected them more closely she observed that they had been forwarded, through a slight omission in the address, to a place of the same name in the north-west of Canada, where two of them had lain for some months past, to judge by the dates. The handwriting was one she knew well, and one which she had been accustomed to see without a tremor; now it gave her a feeling something like dread, and she kept them for several hours before she could bring herself to open or peruse them. Their contents kept her awake for many an hour that night, and she felt glad that their visit, hitherto so pleasant, had come to an end, Mrs. Selwyn being about to spend a short time with Mrs. Abbott, thus giving her back the solitude formerly so irksome, for which she now longed.

"I have enjoyed myself very much, Charley, but I am glad to be at home again," she said to her brother when they arrived home once more.

He looked at her somewhat curiously, being aware that she had received letters addressed in a man's hand, about which she had said no word to him, and though he much desired her confidence he resolved to ask no questions. She went about her work as cheerfully as ever, and several weeks passed by. Mrs. Selwyn having been suddenly called away by the illness of her husband, and the Abbotts also absent, nothing occurred to break the monotony of her life.

Summer was now well advanced, for it was the month of June, but the weather was not too hot to be agreeable, and as she sat one evening resting on the verandah, not expecting her brother until late, she heard a horse approaching, and speedily recognised the rider. In a few minutes he had alighted and was by her side.

"I thought you were two hundred miles away at least," she said, as she gave him her hand in greeting.

"We returned yesterday, but my mother will go to Santa Barbara next week, and if she finds it too hot will then go up in the mountains. My movements depend on circumstances. If you are not too tired, will you come for a little stroll and sit by the river instead of here? for I must wait to see Charley, and I heard from one of your men just now that he would be late."

"You will sleep here then—the spare room is quite ready?"

"If you will allow me."

They walked on together for half an hour or so, till they came to a lovely nook beside the stream, and then sat down talking for some time on indifferent subjects. At last he turned to her suddenly, and said, in a low tone—

"There is no use in putting it off any longer; I must tell you what is in my mind. Lily, dear, if I am right in believing you do not

love the man to whom you think you are bound, I consider you ought to give me a hearing, if you have had no news of him for so long."

It was some moments before she could command herself sufficiently to reply, but at last she said slowly—

"I had news of him the day before we left you at the camp."

"Does he claim you? Nay, you must tell me all now. I will hear."

His tone was so imperative that she felt forced to answer.

"His last three letters have been sent to some other place in the States with a similar name, through a slight error in the address; also a telegram. He thinks I will not reply to him because I want to be free; two of them have been kept back for months."

"And what have you done?"

"I have told him the truth."

"And are you going to let him claim you

now? Surely not. You have now a good opportunity of freeing yourself without giving the pain which a sudden announcement of your wish might have done. I would not marry a girl who could not give me her whole heart; you will be preparing misery for him and for yourself if you do so."

"Alas! it was getting very clear to poor Lily that the man beside her was one to whom she could give her heart, but she sat still, saying no word. As they got up to return, he lingered under the trees, and at last turned to her once more, and said firmly—

"If you could love me, Lily, you owe it to me to tell me so."

The bright colour in her cheeks as well as her silence seemed to him a favourable omen, and he led her back to their shady seat in so decided a manner that she felt it powerless to resist, and, keeping her hand in his, remarked—

"I will wait as long as you please for an answer, dear; but I will have one before we go home. Tell me exactly what you have written to India."

"I accepted his offer to set me free."

"Now you have to tell me whether I may take his place. Answer me, Lily."

After a little hesitation the answer was given, and by what followed it was evidently a satisfactory one; though Lily had a feeling that the whole affair had been managed in a hasty, American fashion, which ought not to be taken as a precedent. Half an hour after, they rose to go home, and he drew her arm within his, saying—

"Now we will go and tell Charley you are engaged to me; he will have to marry too, darling, as he will lose you very soon. In this country we never wait for things, you know—we like to have them at once."

[THE END]



BIRD LIFE IN AUGUST.

By A NATURALIST.

THE corn is now mostly ready for reaping; the heavy ears bend and rustle with the faintest breeze, when there is one. At times the air seems to quiver with heat. Bird life in August is disappointing to those who are not acquainted with the creatures' habits; the change from summer to winter plumage has commenced, or will shortly do so; they seek out retired situations. Besides which it must be remembered they have their families with them, and they are very like the human race in this particular, the cares of family life take the frolic out of them, as they do out of us. You will not hear much singing going on; ways and means of living have to be considered—how to get food, and where. All grain and seed-eating birds, when their nestlings are very young, feed them, more or less as the case may be, on insect food until their bills are strong enough to take grain and various seeds. Water is a vital necessity to all birds, but far more so to the grain-feeders than to those that live on insects. How to find a spot where they can be well sheltered from the fierce heat that is bringing the corn to perfection—a spot where they can drink and bathe unmolested, is to them a great consideration.

When they have found a place to their liking they will come to it from all quarters; from the fields, the hedgerows, the farms, and the dusty, baked roads. One very beautiful spot I know, lovely in all its surroundings, where I often go to observe the birds. It is situated in the heart of the great beech-woods; mighty trees are there, with great silvery-grey trunks, the roots and part of the lower portions of the trunks covered with the most velvety-looking green mosses. High up, overhead, for their grand trunks are like columns, their limbs and branches lace and interlace in a network of rich foliage, which throws fantastic lights and shadows on the rich red-brown of the decayed leaf-mould beneath.

The small copse growth is very scanty here,

excepting in one spot that partly closes in a small silent pool. This is situated in a little hollow, a mere dip or depression, such as you often see in the woodlands. There is enough cover for our purpose, and we can seat ourselves on this large branch, broken off by a gale long ago, and not yet removed.

Of course perfect silence and quiet are necessary when you go to the fields and woods to observe the animal life there. There must be no moving or fidgeting about; and let no companions you may have smoke. I can tell you the birds have keen faculties of scent, although some might ridicule the notion. When I used to go after the wild fowl in days gone by, in my old marshland home, I never smoked, nor did my shooting companions, much as we enjoyed our pipes.

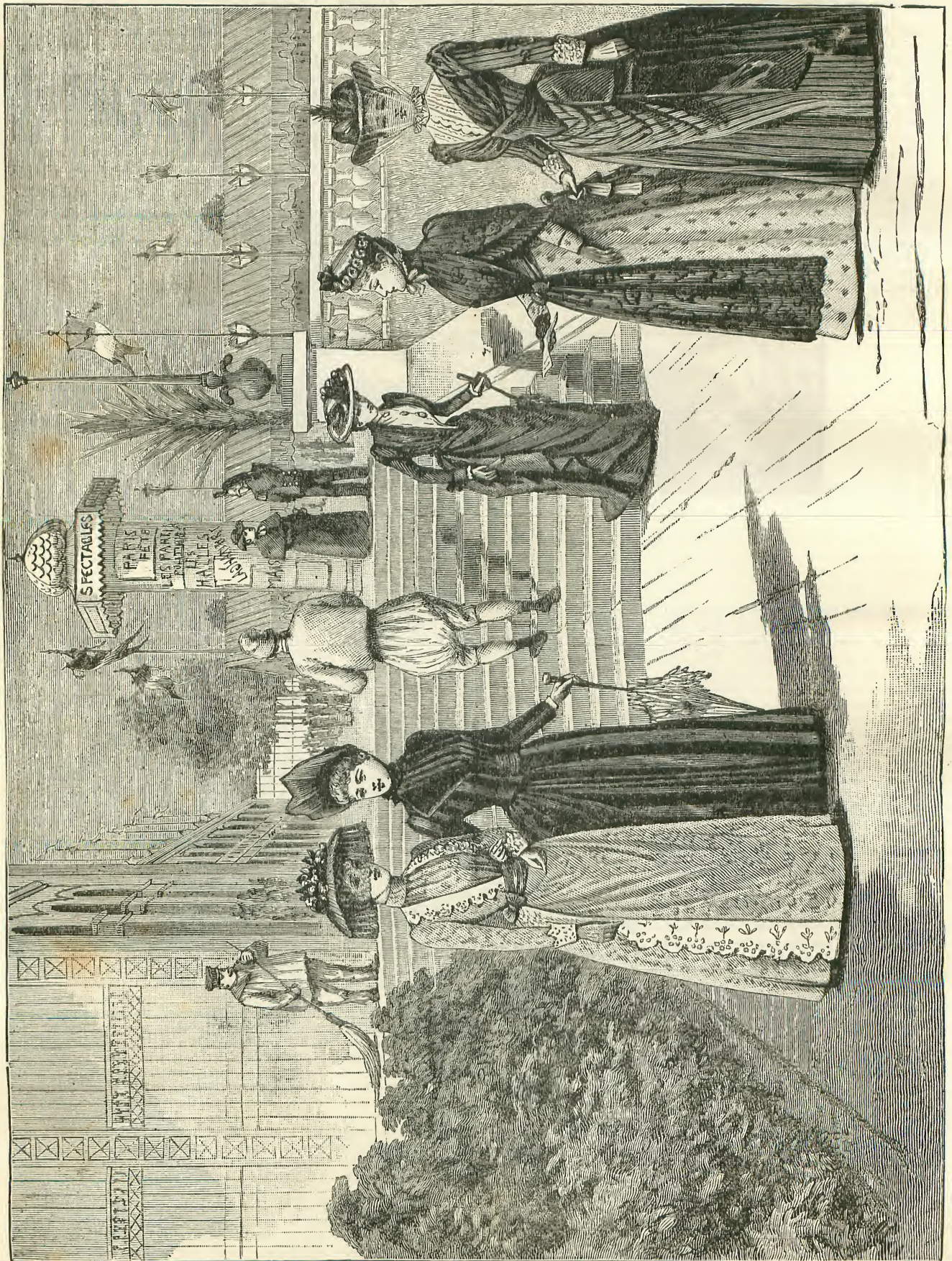
To return to our woodland pool, the trunks and foliage of the great trees are reflected there, as in a mirror; a large limb has fallen into it, reaching nearly across it, for the pool is small. It is cool here, there is moisture in the beech-wood in the hottest weather. A sound like a stick being snapped in two reaches our ears; it is the clap of the powerful pinions of a beautiful wood-pigeon, as he dashes down from the tree tops to drink. His mate joins him. If one of you has a pencil a pretty sketch might be made as they stand there. Coo-coo-cooee! he repeats, bending down his beautiful head and neck to her. A lovely picture of bird life is here, the clear pool with its reflections of tree trunk, foliage, broken bough, and the wood-pigeons. They will not let us observe them long. Soon they are sufficiently refreshed, and off they shoot with the same clap they gave in arriving. Others come and go, singly or in pairs, for pigeons require plenty of water.

We catch a glimpse of bird forms shooting like meteors over the tree tops. Here they come, full dash, and settle overhead, nearly in front of our place of concealment. They are turtle doves, with their delicately toned

and varied plumage, that have dashed in from the corn-fields. There they sit; they spread out their beautiful tails, and softly coo-coo-coo! to each other. Three of them there are; they drop down to bathe and to drink. Then they are up in the trees again, trimming their plumage before flying off to the fields once more.

A very slight rustling attracts our attention next; we are not left long in suspense as to its origin; for, from some cover near at hand, out steps a pheasant into the bright green-tinted sunlight which flashes here and there on the edge of the pool. There he stands with one foot lifted up nearly to his breast, listening; very cautiously he places it down again and proceeds to the water. His head, neck, and red gold-barred breast flash and glitter in the sunlight. Cautiously he glides to the edge of the pool, drinks as much as he requires, and retires in the same wary manner as he arrived.

And now we hear the chirp and twitter of the finch family and their allies. Here they come; not much caution about them. They are fussy little beings, with their chirps and twitters—they drink, and wash, and dabble to their hearts' content. But suddenly there is a commotion in their midst; they scatter right and left. We can see nothing that ought to disturb them; what have their sharp little eyes or ears given them notice of? All at once the alarm note of the blackbird rings out clear and shrill through the woods, and he dashes across the pool into cover. Presently we hear a sound, and then hop, hop, hop, on the dead leaves; a thrush of this year's brood comes down to drink and wash. He has finished his toilet and sits on a dead twig of the branch in the pool, looking about him. Poor little fellow! the world is new to him, and he is out alone. Something flashes past, and the bird is gone, shrieking in the grasp of the sparrowhawk; for he also visits the quiet pool in the beech-woods.



AUGUST.—AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.



TWO BONNETS AND A HAT.

ONE of our recent introductions is the "collapsible bonnet," which has "seven advantages"—so it is claimed by its inventor. It will fold up without injury, can be carried in the pocket or the handbag, does not crush the hair, is a boon to people when travelling, is extremely light and comfortable, will not collapse on the head, but is firm as an ordinary bonnet, and lastly, when folded, it can be used as a fan. From all this it will readily be gathered that the collapsible bonnet is likely to prove a "perfect treasure" to those who live in the suburbs of a town, and like to come in to a friend's to spend the evening, or go to a concert. Armed with this useful affair, they can travel by omnibus if they choose, or walk, and be spared the expense of cab or brougham. The bonnet is made on a framework of wire, which folds up when taken off the head, and can be speedily fastened together by hooks and eyes into a fan. Hats of any shape or size, and small "toques," are also made on the same principle, and can be obtained from the leading drapers in the country and in London.

The newest bonnets seem to grow smaller and smaller, and some that I have lately seen in the Park are really nothing but a bow or a large flower, minus strings or any other fastening to the head, while others consist only of a circlet, showing the hair in the middle. Some very pretty poppy-bonnets will be admired for the autumn season, and they are prettier and better shaded than the bonnets of a somewhat similar kind of last year, as they are varied in their tones from deep poppy to pale pink and white, and the same flowers will represent many shades of colouring. But it is to be hoped that our headgear will increase in size before the cold weather arrives.

It has been most emphatically a floral year, for never were the beauties of the world of flowers so wonderfully copied and so lovingly worn as now, the term "artificial" hardly applying to these artistic copies, any more than we should apply the term to a truthful picture of an out-of-door scene. Many flowers that have hitherto been quite neglected—i.e.,

the sweet pea, the red and the white clover, honey-suckle, and numbers of the stately and wonderful orchids—are now constantly seen. The fidelity to nature is a little overstrained perhaps when we see a rose bonnet made on a frame of rose stems and branches, not even the thorns being omitted; a very little tulle or areophane may be added, but no ribbons are admitted to mar the general effect of extreme lightness.

The Alsatian-bow bonnet has certainly walked into favour with wonderful quickness, and it can be manufactured with little trouble by a very ignorant hand at millinery, even to the modelling of the ribbon-wire foundation. This can be done out of half a yard of ribbon-wire; about two yards of good ribbon are needed to make the bows, and it should be not less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width. Plain or striped moiré, or one of the new Oriental ribbons with gold threads, having a handsome arabesque design upon it, are the best to choose for the bow.

While the bonnets have been growing smaller, the hats seem to have grown larger, and certainly the transparent hats deserve a good word, for they are wonderfully becoming to both old and young, and cast a pretty varying hue of light and shade on the face beneath. They are piled up with flowers and all kinds of creeping plants, grasses being in special favour, with oats and clusters of green nuts. The flowers are put down round the brim, and the low crown is covered with a cloud of tulle, black, white,

or of some colour to match the costume. The edges of these hats are bound with velvet, and the whole trimming is very simple, and easily applied, even by an inexperienced person.

In our sketch entitled "At the Paris Exhibition," one of the large "picture hats" with a deep frill of black lace round the edge of the brim will be found, a fashion revived from many years ago, when it was very popular in England, and John Leech loved to represent it in the pages of *Punch*. This figure wears a



HAIRDRESSING—A KNOT AND CURLS.

pretty and simply-made foulard or sateen, with an embroidered trimming, and the lady next her wears a useful black dress of Pekin silk and velvet in stripes. The effect of the front of her hat is odd, but very true to life. Of the two figures to the extreme left, one wears a newly designed mantle, with long ends in front, and peculiar winged-sleeves, while the other has on a bodice made in the French style, with a pointed Swiss sash and ends.

We have worn our comfortable and smart little jackets so long now that we shall not like to part with them. But the "coming jacket" for the winter is said to be much longer; in fact, it nearly reaches to the knee, and looks rather as if modelled on what is still known as the "paletôt" by most people. These new arrivals, however, have a waistcoat to them, so perhaps they will follow the "Directory" style, and be something like a long coat, with big pockets at the sides, and large buttons. Everything appears likely to remain in one of two styles—either "Direc-

old style revived is seen in "A Knot and Curls," which, however, suits only those with naturally curly hair.

Of course it might be expected that the adoption of such very tiny bonnets would end in a change in the methods of hair-dressing, and in the addition of some of the long-abandoned "frizettes" to make up the amount of tresses required. For the last ten years we have dressed the hair with such simplicity that the art of the hairdresser has been nearly uncalled for, and, in consequence, never have we been so well off for all the delicate portions of the wig-maker's trade, which has arrived at great perfection. Now, the arrangement of the hair necessitates a "frizette," and only those with wonderfully good hair will be able to manage without some additional hair as well. Any clever girl can, however, arrange her own hair after a little study of some arrangement which she fancies, and which she thinks will suit her own particular style and the size and shape of her head and face.

With regard to colours, we have a perfect craze at the present moment for "vieux rose," that lovely old soft hue which is neither pink nor rose-colour, and which proves so charming for most people who have not quite passed their youth. The lately-married Duchess of Portland is said to have been the introducer and populariser of "vieux rose," as she so frequently wears it, and it appeared constantly repeated in her trousseau dresses. In the same way we owed the combinations of pale pink and grey, and of white and yellow, each of them to the good taste of women well known in English society, famous for their taste in dress. The last combination of white and yellow is a charming one for young girls, and nothing seems to suit so well with white as the clear yellow hue of silk or satin trimmings, sashes, or ribbons. Blue, green, and red look flat beside this delicate mixture, which was a revival of the taste of the days of Rubens.

White is more used now than it ever was, and green shows no sign of failing in popularity. There are very many shades of it, and it is only when we look at Nature herself, the most lavish of colourists, that we realise how many shades of this colour there really are to be seen in every field and every hedgerow. The names themselves are a perfect gamut of trees and shrubs, each suggestive at once of a different green—i.e., willow, ivy shoots, hop, pine-tops, lettuce heart, lily-leaf, watercress, melon, and the blue green of pink leaves. Terra-cotta of different shades is extremely popular, and navy blue has returned to favour, and will always be seen.

The bouquet on the bodice is now worn quite low down, just above the waist, and the fancy for long streamers of ribbon leads us to bedeck our parasols, our fans, and our bouquets with long loops of handsome ribbon of colours to match the dress and the object decorated. Roses have been the favourite flower of the whole season, and also yellow poppies. These two flowers will probably last far into the autumn, as the tint of the red rose and the deep handsome yellow of the poppy will consort well with the other hues of the changing season.

Our selected paper pattern for the month is one of the new shirts with starched fronts, which have been so much worn during the season, and which seem to be the latest de-

velopment of the "Norfolk" and "Garibaldi blouses." They have been used principally for wearing under jacket bodices, but also for wearing without them. They are made in striped shirtings, and in their look resemble a man's coloured cotton shirt as nearly as possible. The pattern consists of eight pieces—viz., two sleeve pieces, cuff, band, collar, yoke, back, and front plastron. The yoke, band, collar, and cuff will of course require cutting double, and the whole must be put together with the neatness and care employed in sewing a man's shirt. About three yards of coloured shirting will be needed. The stitching of the fronts, collar, and cuffs can be performed by the machine. The shirt is finished at the edge by a plain hem, and the side seams are left open about three inches, which gives a spring and fit to the bodice. The front is closed like a shirt with studs, and the collar also; while the band worn just at present is a leather one, to be had of different widths.

The pattern of the summer shirt may be obtained, price 1s., of "The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, and a mantle without sleeves.



SUMMER SHIRT.

tory" or the "Empire"—but I fancy the former has had its day, and that we shall see the "Empire" gradually advancing from its present place in evening dress to a conspicuous appearance in broad daylight. The shortened waists do not appear to be a drawback to many people, and, by the artistic world, are hailed as being "exactly in the proper place." By this class the long waist of the present day has been denounced as all "in the wrong place;" and the Greek ideal of flowing draperies and no waist is the only thing to be admired in the world of dress and fashion.

"Two Bonnets and a Hat" is a useful sketch, as it gives the method of tying the sleeves with ribbon, while the lady with the hat, in the centre, wears one of the lace collars which are the "newest thing out." The figure on the extreme left has one of the new "Empire" bodices, and her hair is arranged in the long *queue* resting on the neck, which is now much liked for young girls. Another

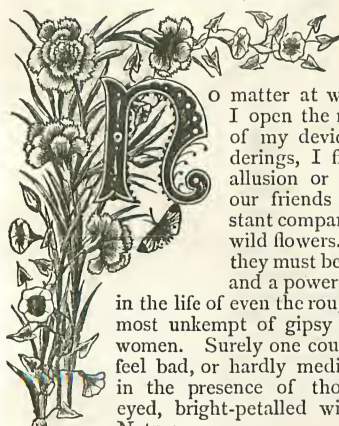


AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N

PART III.

SUMMER FLOWERS (continued).



NO matter at what page I open the rough log of my devious wanderings, I find some allusion or other to our friends and constant companions, the wild flowers. I think they must be a power, and a power for good, in the life of even the roughest and most unkempt of gipsy men and women. Surely one could hardly feel bad, or hardly meditate evil, in the presence of those pure-eyed, bright-petalled wildings of Nature.

In the flower world there is always some pretty surprise awaiting me while on the road, for I meet old floral friends where least expected. Some that I may have left behind me away down on the south coast, and that I do not hope to meet again till my horses' heads are once more turned in that direction, appear, perhaps, in far Northumberland, or across the borders in Scotland itself. Other flowers, again, seem to follow me everywhere, all over England at any rate. Two of these are worth mentioning for their very great beauty, and because they add such a charm to the banks of wet ditches by the wayside, where they grow luxuriantly among the grass and weeds. They are both called loose-strife; one is the yellow, the other the purple; but although alike in a good many of their habits, and in the general shape of the flowers, they differ very much indeed when examined botanically, and while the purple loose-strife belongs to the natural order *Lythraceæ*, the yellow counts kin with the *Primulaceæ*. Both are perennial, however, and their roots, if transplanted to the garden and granted plenty of water and a fair degree of shade, thrive well in out-of-the-way corners. Both grow very tall, say three feet or more, standing up in an independent, sturdy way amidst the rank vegetation that surrounds them. The purple loose-strife is found in huge blood red spikelets, that attract the eye at a distance, and compel you to pull up your horses to cull a bunch; or to try at all events, for it is somewhat annoying after you get down to find there is a great gulf in the shape of an ugly wet ditch betwixt you and those nodding crimson glories. The flower stem of the yellow loose-strife is more branched, and the petals are five instead of six. But find them and examine them for yourself. They will reward you.

A very noticeable flower that anyone who knows an English hedgerow must have seen over and over again is the white campion. It is nearly as tall as the loose-strifes, but likes a drier soil—hugs the hedge in fact. It has a large white flower, like a star, with hairy leaves and stems not unlike an overgrown and straggling sweet-william. It is called the *Lychnis Vespertina*, a pretty name, and indicative of this flower's love for evening-tide; so there is a delightful air of romance about it which ought to recommend itself to us. The perfume, too, is very delightful and given off freely. There is a bladder-campion, the *Silene inflata*, which is very observable by hedgerows and in copses. It also has starry white blooms, but each flower grows from a

round balloon-like shape, by which you will easily distinguish it.

Well, everything beautiful unfortunately is not pleasant, and growing by hedgerows and on grassy banks you cannot have failed to have noticed a bonnie wee pink cranesbill, with a leaf like a geranium; the flower is bigger than the pimpernel, and a trifle larger and more open than the germander speedwell, near whose charming blue it often shows its pink and pretty face. It is the *Germanium Robertianum*, or herb-Robert. You have collected it, I know, and thought it would look well in a bouquet, then thrown it away, because its odour is vile. You see beauty is not everything in this world.

A far more lovely flower, and one which will not offend you, is the pink campion, or *Lychnis diurna*. It has the same star-shaped flower, but is red. It grows from a few inches to two feet high, according to the soil. The leaves are in pairs, and of the sweet-william shape. At some little distance the *Lychnis diurna* may be mistaken for another sweetly pretty flower, which, however, is easily distinguished when you dismount and get close to it. I mean the *Lychnis flos-cuculi*, the cuckoo-flower or ragged-robin. This is a capital flower for a bouquet, for it blooms long in water, as does the mallow tribe, the foxglove, and many others.

Of course every girl knows the foxglove. I think I am right in believing the wild foxglove grows in woods and copses, or by the wayside, all the way 'twixt Land's End and John o' Groats. When crossing the Grampian range of mountains, I bivouacked for one or two nights at the Dalwhinnie hotel, and found the sideboards of that charming hostelry decorated with huge bouquets of foxgloves.

The foxglove is also called *Digitalis purpurea*, and dead man's bells, or dead man's fingers. The flower-stalks are from one to five feet high, and I had some in my garden last year ten feet high. From these flower-stalks depend the huge crimson bells. These are big enough for you to put your thumb in. I told a little girl this once, and she went and put her thumb in a bell. Presently the welkin rang with her shrieks. She told me there was a "bee in the naughty bell, and it had sat down on her fum." There is a bee in most of these naughty bells when the sun is shining, but very beautiful is the foxglove growing on banks, hiding in copses, or peeping coyly up through the greenery of bracken or ferns. Sometimes the flowery stem is branched, and then it is probably even more beautiful still.

Talking of bells brings to my mind the harebell or *Campanula rotundifolia*. It is the—

"Blue-bell of Scotland, the Scottish blue-bell."

It must not be confounded with the thick-stemmed, blue, wild hyacinth, that carpets our copses in spring-time, and loves the shade and moisture. This true blue-bell of Scotland loves the sunshine, cares but little for moisture; and, though found everywhere in Britain, is nowhere so well seen as growing over old stone and turf fences in Caledonia, covering them as with an azure canopy. It grows from a thin wiry stem, so, like the maiden-hair fern, it will not live long after being culled.

Sometimes in England I come across sheets of the lovely creeping bell-flower, the *Campanula rapunculoides*—not a nice name, is it?—growing on the dry banks of ditches by the wayside, and shady sides of hedges. It is also found in the woods. The bells are large and serrated as to the edges, and hang to

the parent stalk. The Canterbury bell of the gardens is one of the same family.

There is also a clustered bell-flower, *Campanula glomerata*, the flowers of which, although growing along the stalk, look upwards instead of hanging down, and cluster at the top of the stem. Besides these bell-flowers, there is a giant bell-flower, a spreading bell-flower, and an ivy-leaved bell-flower, but you must find these out for yourselves. I but give you the hint.

I mentioned the beautiful rest-harrow in my last paper, but I could not then recall the place where I had seen it in greatest luxuriance. I now remember. It was on a hot and sultry day in July, with a purple heat-haze lying over all the landscape, blurring the distant trees, and almost hiding the hills on the horizon. It was by the side of a broad, rough road, flanked with lofty elms and hedgerows, canopied over with the tender green of the woody nightshade and sheets on sheets of wild roses, and beneath us in the valley, about three miles distant, was the spire of Stratford Church. The rest-harrow grows here all over the broad sward by the wayside, in bushes quite as large as the autumnal flowering furze, but less compact.

One of the most effective of wayside flowers is the bird's-foot trefoil, the *Lotus corniculatus*, a charming little leguminous flower of bright yellow when open, or if closed its pea-blossom tipped with an orange almost of the depth of scarlet. It is a delicate wee bloom in itself, but grows in broad patches, which, with the white and red clover, and the blue of the germander speedwell, give quite a character to the sward by the roadsides. In many parts of the interior of England the roads go winding in and out through the country, often very narrow in themselves, but measured from hedge to hedge very broad indeed. One may sigh to see so much good grassland actually wasted, but cannot help admiring the very great floral beauty of these lovely swards. Among these wayside or sward flowers the bugle, with its somewhat sombre dark blue labiate flowers on a nettle-like stalk holds its own. This plant is well worthy of more attention than is generally accorded to it. Perhaps country children know it better than grown-up folks, for they pluck out its blossoms to suck the honey therefrom, as they do from a variety of other flowers, including clover and honeysuckle.

Another not uncommon labiate flower is the selfheal or wild prunella; its bloom is a reddish violet, and it grows on poor cold land in fields. The red bartsia should be looked for, if only to compare it with the labiate flowers, such as the bugle. But the bartsia belongs to the *scrophulariaceæ* family.

To the same family belongs a prettier flower, namely, the lesser red rattle. It grows more on swampy heaths and barren wastes. There is also a yellow rattle.

A more favourite flower of mine is the century, with its bunches of star-like red or bright pink blooms, held erect on branched stalks. The worst of it is that it goes to sleep so early, and if you cull it, off to sleep it goes at once. But it is a most lovable flower for all that.

When I was a very little boy—two or three years ago, or perhaps more—I was waiting for a train with my father one day, when into the coffee-room of the hotel where we were came an American giant. He was eight feet high, and broad in proportion. He sat down on a chair, and the chair collapsed and landed him on the floor. When he got up he took two



THE END
OF A
SUMMER DAY.

chairs, and cautiously seated himself thereon, and the two chairs, though they creaked and groaned, were equal to the occasion. I was in a terrible fright, and wondered where Jack the Giant Killer was. I suppose I looked at the man with eyes and mouth very wide open indeed, for he addressed me, "Well, little lad," he said, "did you ever see the like of me growing among corn?"

But there are far more interesting things growing among corn than American giants, especially perhaps among oats, if the ground is clean and clear. Here you find no end of charming scabiouses, which I shall mention in my next and concluding paper. You find the bonnie wee pimpernel; the corn mint, *Mentha arvensis*, with its whorls of lilac blossoms and sweet delicious scent; and many pretty labiate flowers besides. You find, too, the wee purple lilac bellflower, and a kind of forget-me-not called scorpion grass (*Myosotis arvensis*). It is very small, and its little flowers are in clusters, but of so bright and pretty a blue that it is impossible to pass it by. You find the field-marden also, with pinkish flowers, and the corn marigold and sow thistle; the last of more interest to rabbits, but not uninteresting nevertheless. I have already mentioned the corn poppy, which lends so charming an effect to fields of wheat and grain of all kinds. Well, there is a small sort of convolvulus which goes creeping along the ground, or sometimes attempts to scale the giddy heights of a wheat-stalk, and enjoy an uninterrupted glance at the sun. It is called the lesser bindweed, and the flowers are whitish with pink stripes.

But probably the most lovely of all our cornflowers are the bluebottle and corncockle. The former is a tall, upstanding flower on a strong stem, and the blossom itself is flat, star-shaped, and of a bright ultramarine blue. The blue colour is quite equal, I think, to that of the chicory that blooms on the wayside in autumn; it is called the *Centaurea cyanus* by naturalists.

The corncockle is really more like a garden flower than anything else. One almost wonders to see so sweet a thing with so shapely a bloom, like that of a primula, growing wild among oats or wheat. The colour is a sort of lilac purple, and the long flower-cup leaves project all round it.

Besides those I have named, there are dozens of interesting flowers to be met with in our cornfields and near them, so that one may well spend many a pleasant hour in making a collection.

I must now say a few words about thistles. The thistle is the national flower of Scotland, just as the rose is that of England, but many species of thistles find favour with flower-fanciers, quite apart from nationality of any kind. Some are exquisitely beautiful, while the perfume is very pleasant.

On waste lands by the wayside, and even in fields where the soil is but poor, the *Carduus acanthoides* is to be found growing in patches. It is a very tall, though small-flowered thistle, with lilac blooms of sweet scent, much beloved by bees, and the birthplace of a lovely butterfly called the painted lady. This thistle is occasionally found of a white colour.

The milk thistle is so called owing to the peculiar white veins that adorn its leaves. It is a huge, great and glorious thistle, with a large red or crimson bloom, and quite an ornament to any garden where space is no object. It will attain to a height of six feet, and the foliage is splendid, both in shape and colour. It is the *Carduus marianus*.

The *Cnicus lanceolatus* and the *Cnicus palustris* are two well-known thistles. The former is called the spear-plumed and the latter the marsh thistle. Both are tall and sturdy; the first has large pinkish-crimson blossoms; the marsh thistle has smaller flowers, but these group together very prettily. The *Cnicus lanceolatus* is sometimes called the Scotch thistle.

There is a very pretty variety of thistle—the dwarf—which I have found growing in many

parts of England, especially in Yorkshire and Sussex. It quite hugs the ground, being all but stalkless. The flower is large and very beautiful. This is probably the real Scottish thistle. It certainly is prickly enough to suggest the motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*.

The creeping thistle is not unlike the field thistle. It is one of the farmer's greatest foes. It is of a paler colour than the field *Cnicus*, the flowers are more in clusters, and the stalks less protected by prickles.

The ordinary knap-weed, with its pretty purple-red blooms, is very like a thistle in shape—a thistle without thorns, it is sometimes called. It is, however, the *Centaurea nigra* of botanists.

The *Cnicus heterophyllus*, or melancholy thistle, is, however, really a thistle without thorns. It grows in the north of England. The flowers are very beautiful and showy, and grow from long stalks. It is altogether so different from other thistles that, apart from its beauty, it is well worthy of study. The reader must not be misled by the name. There is nothing melancholy about the thistle itself. On the contrary, it is supposed by many to be a cure for melancholy. A decoction of this thistle is made into wine, and if drank care and trouble take unto themselves wings and fly away. So it is said.

But the most gorgeous of all thistles is the *Carduus nutans*, or nodding thistle; that is, if you happen to meet with it in perfection. In colour, in perfume, shape, and size it is *facile princeps*. I have found them in Yorkshire fully two inches in diameter, and I have cleared out very pretty bouquets of garden flowers to make room for them in my caravan.

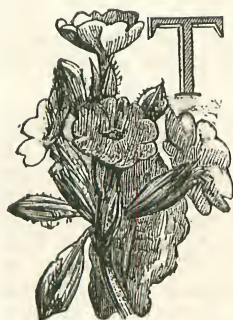
I had hoped to take wild roses in this part, but the thistles have crowded them out. The chief are the sweet-briar, the field-rose, and the dog-rose, each of which will be duly noticed in my next.

(To be concluded.)



OUR PRIZE COMPETITION IN PAINTING.

EXAMINERS: BIRKET FOSTER AND THE EDITOR.



THE picture entitled "A Morning Gossip," by Birket Foster, has been extensively copied by our readers in competition for prizes, no fewer than three thousand five hundred copies having been forwarded for examination.

Our readers have been enthusiastic in their work, and have enjoyed the task allotted to them of imitating the colours of Mr. Birket Foster's charming picture, which formed the frontispiece to our last December monthly part. This work was made comparatively easy by the issue in our January part of an outline drawing of the subject, thus leaving nothing but the colouring, a vastly important piece of work though for our readers to under-

take. We believe and trust that this copying has done our artist friends great good in guiding them to a right appreciation of colour.

The examination was very hard work, and at the outset seemed almost beyond human powers, even to those by this time well used to such examinations, but on the original being carefully studied the comparison of the copies became easy, until after a few weeks' steady labour we were able to select eight of the best, and these were presented to Mr. Foster for further selection, the result of which is now presented.

FIRST PRIZE, TEN GUINEAS.

To be sent in cash.

Mary Jane Cox, Bromyard.

SECOND PRIZE, FIVE GUINEAS.

To be sent in cash.

Frances Lydia Cooke, Cannock.

These were undoubtedly the two best of the whole number, but there was, as well, a great deal of excellent work, and the best of this is entitled to

HONOURABLE MENTION.

Katie Pleydel Young, Southampton.
Elizabeth Metcalf, Scarborough.
Henrietta Haynes, South Hampstead.
Florence Hartwell, Bridgwater.
Ellen Louisa Stansfield, Bedford.
Kate Ransom, Clifton.

Hearty congratulations to these eight clever and industrious girls from the examiners!

Next December and January we hope to issue another picture by Mr. Birket Foster for similar treatment, and we shall be glad to welcome as many competitors as wish to avail themselves of such an opportunity.

They should, however, take note of the following advice:—Remove the plate from the monthly part, and send it flat between cardboard, by book post or parcel post. Do not send a letter with it, with the view of prejudicing the examiners in your favour, as these are never read. Only the work of the prize-winners and those obtaining honourable mention will be returned.

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XII.



HE strains of a German waltz were rising and falling through the music-room and hall of the Abendglüh Hotel. It was evening, and some of the young visitors were diverting themselves by an informal dance. Among them were Evelyn and Algy. Waltzing was one accomplishment the young man possessed in perfection, and although he was rather too short to match Evelyn as a partner, the grace of their motion as they swam together round the room atoned in critical eyes for this disparity. Through the open French windows came the sweet breath of the night air, and the dancers stepped forth ever and anon into the moonlit gardens to wander along the dusky walks and see the faint distant shimmer of the Titlis snows.

"How well these fellows play!" cried Algy, referring to the hired performers on harp, violin, piano. "I could go on for ever. I am enjoying to-night more than any night since I came here. What a pity we don't dance after supper every evening!"

"You would not enjoy it so much if we did," replied Evelyn, sagely.

Just at this moment a waiter looked in at the door over the eddying circle with an expression of bewilderment. He held a note on a salver, and by-and-by made Evelyn aware it was for her.

It contained a few words from Mrs. Allingham West, saying that she would be glad to see Miss Hope that evening for an hour—if she were not otherwise engaged.

"But you *are* otherwise engaged," cried Algy, "very much engaged. Just send a verbal message to tell her so. I call it very cheeky to suppose you can run off at a moment's notice to dance attendance upon her."

Cheeky! What an adjective to apply to a distinguished authoress! Evelyn shuddered at the profanity, and told her cousin that *she must certainly go*, and that at once.

Algy was not accustomed to have his enjoyment interfered with, and when he found that his arguments were of no avail, he waxed exceedingly cross.

"Send up your American friend instead," he urged.

"But I want to see her. It is the very greatest honour and privilege. Don't keep me, Algy."

"Well, I do call it too bad; the band won't be here again; and to spoil a fellow's enjoyment like this!"

"My dear Algy, there are plenty of girls for you to dance with. Don't be so absurd!" And Evelyn had flown.

Mrs. West, alone in her lamp-lit sitting-room, received her with dignified kindness.

"I hear that some friends from England are going to join me to-morrow," she explained, "and as this is my last lonely evening I thought we might have a little talk together about your book."

"You are very kind," faltered Evelyn.

Mrs. Allingham West, in her black lace draperies, her pale, intellectual face lit by the soft radiance of the lamp, seemed to the girl more worshipful than ever. "Day-dreams," lying in its white fanciful cover on the table, appeared irrelevant and trivial in her presence. Evelyn would have liked to take it up and hurl it out of the window. But it had to be discussed.

"I have read your poems," said Mrs. West, looking kindly at the flushed downcast face of the young authoress.

"Oh, please don't say anything about them," broke out Evelyn. "I know they are perfectly idiotic."

"How long is it since you came to that conclusion?" asked her hostess, in amusement.

"I don't know exactly. It has all had something to do with it," stammered Evelyn.

"Seeing the beauty of Switzerland and hearing Herr Lichtenstein play has made me feel that nature, and art too, are far beyond my power of expressing them. Our clever American friend didn't like the book either, I could see. And then speaking to you—"

The girl stopped.

"And the review? Had that any influence?"

"I don't know. I think it was too bad to make fun of the poems like that. Oh, how I wish I hadn't published the stupid things!" cried Evelyn, in sudden indignation.

Mrs. West saw that this was no mere mock modesty.

"Well, then, you will not be very angry with me for the advice I am going to give you, which is—publish no more poetry. I will not agree with you as to 'stupid' and 'idiotic' and so forth; but very rare power is required for the poet—a deep insight into nature and the human heart, and a power of musical expression also. Unless these exist together in some measure, there is no

true poetry. Do you remember what Carlyle says in his 'Hero Worship'?"

Mrs. West reached down a volume from the shelf, turned to a page, and read—

"It is only when the heart of him is rapt into true passion of melody, and the very tones of him become musical by the greatness, depth, and music of his thoughts that we can give him right to rhyme and sing; that we call him a Poet, and listen to him as the Heroic of Speakers, whose speech *is* Song."

"But I felt as if I must write poetry," said Evelyn, timidly.

"Yes. I did not say, write no more. All young authors I believe write verse; it is a way of expressing thoughts and vague aspirations to which they can give vent in no other manner. And in its way it is good, for it gives command of language and improves the style. I know I wrote a great deal myself in my teens, but fortunately I could not afford to publish, or I daresay I should have done the same thing as yourself."

This was very comforting to poor Evelyn, who had actually come to feel as if the volume that was once her highest crown of pride were a brand of disgrace, so great had been the change wrought in a few short weeks.

"What do you advise me to do?" she said humbly. "I feel as if life would be dreadfully uninteresting after I get back to London, if I give up writing."

"Oh, do not do that. There are touches here and there, especially in 'The Lark,' which make me think you have some talent. But there is plenty of time before you. What you should do is to study. Study the great masters of style; become familiar with their thoughts and their way of expressing those thoughts. Read the masterpieces of literature, ancient and modern. Study some one subject if you have any bent in one particular direction. Then as to writing,—I believe you would do best in prose. Have you ever tried your hand at a story?"

"Once or twice," said Evelyn, recollecting her sketch of the maid on the Engstlen Alp.

"Well, I began with poetry, but I am not a poet. And if you would like to try prose writing, I can give you a few rules that have been helpful to me. Observe closely all that passes around you, and practise the art of writing an exact, not a vague, description of what you have seen, so as, in few words, to bring a person, place, or incident before a reader's mind. Never write of what you know nothing about. Don't reproduce secondhand imitations of other people's work, but be yourself always, and be yourself at as high a level as you can. Try and write something every day. Don't be discouraged if at first your brain works slowly—ease will come with practice; but—don't write about anything in which you feel no interest.

There are a few homely lines by Matthew Arnold which contain common sense—

“What poets feel not, when they make,

A pleasure in creating,
The world in *its* turn will not take
Pleasure in contemplating!”

This, although scarcely expressed in so set and formal a manner, was the pith of Mrs. Allingham West's advice to her young friend.

Evelyn never forgot that interview. She tried to treasure up every word that fell from the authoress's lips, and succeeded in preserving a tolerably clear recollection of the conversation from beginning to end. One idea she gained, that work—hard, continuous, diligent—was a necessity for the profession of writing, as for every other profession. This was rather new to Evelyn, who had had a vague idea that a sudden frenzy came upon an author of genius, that with wildly rolling eyes he or she seized the pen and dashed off in a few hours work that would endure. Evelyn knew that her poems had given her very little labour, save the hunting for rhymes!

But, if the profession were arduous, it was, as Mrs. Allingham West assured her, one that had no ordinary degree of delight in its exercise.

“For, whatever position you may occupy in after-years, you will have this assurance—that you can influence your fellows. Whether young or old, many or few, after all are but secondary considerations. The power of the pen is the magician's wand of modern days, and if it should be yours, never stoop to make any use of it below the best that you can. Keep your ideal high.”

Evelyn scarcely knew how she thanked her friend, nor how she left the room. A kind of delicious despair had taken possession of her; fear that she should never write again, yet a tremulous hope that after all she might realise something of the delightful vision placed before her by the woman who had the power to hold thousands spellbound.

That was Evelyn's last interview at Engelberg with Mrs. Allingham West. A tribe of friends—distinguished people,

Colonel This, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. That—arrived at the hotel on the following day, took possession of suites of rooms on the same floor as Mrs. West, and effectually shut out any further intercourse. Evelyn felt a little sadly how far she was socially and intellectually below the gifted woman who had stretched out a beckoning hand from her serene heights to the wandering toiler below. But she lived on her two previous interviews, and built up many plans for the future.

“I shall be sorry to leave Engelberg,” broke out Algy. The two cousins were standing on a bridge over a raging torrent. From distant heights two streams came thundering down through forest, to mingle at this point in foam and whirl and eddying tumult—the Arnitobel, as the cataract was called. The woods were all around.

“So shall I, indeed,” said Evelyn. “I don't think I have ever enjoyed a holiday so much in my life.”

“I'm awfully glad to hear you say that,” replied Algy. The thunder of the waters made it necessary to speak at an unromantically loud pitch of voice, which Algy perceiving, proposed that they should adjourn to a seat on the further bank, a little away from the rush and roar.

“It was too bad to leave me the other night,” he observed. “I didn't enjoy the dancing at all after you went.”

“Then I am sure it was your own fault, for there were plenty of partners for you, better suited to you than I am.” Evelyn was sorry when she had said this, for Algy was sensitive on the point of his height, and flushed up now. Bending down, he flung a stone into the torrent.

“It's all very well to scoff at a fellow because he's not tall——”

“I never had any such idea,” interrupted Evelyn, truthfully.

“But I think we are very well suited to each other in every way.”

“Cousins ought to get on well, and you and I always have been good friends,” replied Evelyn, wondering at this unusually sentimental turn in the conversation.

She was still further astonished when he went on—

“I've been thinking that these two torrents are something like your life and mine.”

“So noisy and turbulent! Oh, I hope not!” cried Evelyn, laughing.

“No, no! I don't mean that; I mean—you see they have flowed in separate channels till they reach this place, and now they flow in one.” Algy's face was crimson with his poetic effort.

“So you have been in Germany, I in England, and now we are going to live in the same house?” asked Evelyn, wonderingly. “What has made you get so very pictorial all at once?”

“I thought you *liked* poetry and all that kind of thing,” said Algy, ruefully.

There is no knowing what he might have said in explanation if he had not perceived the form of his mother slowly descending the woodland path beyond the stream, assisted by Miss Wentworth and Dottie.

There was one advantage in Evelyn's absorption in her literary efforts. Mr. Austin Hope, in the midst of his vexation at her determination to publish, had admitted “she might do worse”; and her preoccupation had left no room in her brain for the constant dreaming over possible lovers and matchmaking which fills so many girlish heads, to the exclusion of anything else. She regarded Algy only as a brother. Like brother and sister they had been brought up in one home, and she scarcely recognised the fact that he had now arrived at man's estate. He on his part, easily susceptible, had during the last few weeks come to regard Evelyn with altogether different eyes, and every day spent together in the witching haunts of Switzerland had added to his newly-born attachment. It was fortunate for Evelyn's enjoyment of the Arnitobel scenery that he had not further opportunities on this excursion for developing his views. They climbed the hill to the Schwendi Alp, admired the glorious prospect of the sunlit Spannörter peaks, and returned, regretting that one more day was gone, and that their Engelberg stay would soon be past.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHRISTINA.—You have acted first and asked for our advice afterwards. You should not have left your situation in a private school before having obtained a better one elsewhere. Make inquiries for any appointment in the Orphan Working School, of the secretary, Mrs. J. Finch, 73, Cheapside, E.C., or in the Orphans' Homes, addressing the secretary, Miss Sharnan, who is honorary superintendent, Austral Street, and 21, West Square, Southwark; at Harner Street, Gravesend, and St. John's Road, Tunbridge Wells. You might find a situation as a junior teacher in one of these homes. We give the addresses, as you suggest employment in an orphanage.

ANXIOUS AND TROUBLED ONE.—You had better apply to the general secretary of the Christian Women's Education Union, Miss C. G. Cavendish, Conference Hall, 143, Clapham Road, S.W. At all events, you might obtain direct information and all necessary directions.

MISS WINDER.—We are happy to oblige you by once again informing inquirers respecting your educational societies that you have ceased to carry them on at your former address, Belle Vue House, Ulverston, Lancashire, or anywhere else.

HARRIET SWAN, and DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING, and DISAPPOINTED.—Kindly read the notice respecting Miss Winder's girls' clubs. Miss Ellman's clubs might suit you as well; address, The Rectory, Berwick, Sussex.

ARABELLA C. WINTER.—Perhaps the Mutual Assistant Drawing Club, Miss C. F. Briggs, hon. sec., Catherington House, Horndean, Hants, might suit you; or, failing that, the “A. B. C.” Drawing Club, Miss Laura Blackall, The Vicarage, Earl's Colne, Essex; D. D. Westmacott, Esq., of 1, Kensington Gate, Hyde Park, W., is, or was, the art critic.

ART.

PUNCH.—We think the thing to help you most is to draw from plaster casts, which you can easily procure. The direction of the paper is quite right.

YOUNG ARTIST.—Your question is not explicit enough; but so far as we understand it we should say that provided copies of pictures be sold as copies only, there is nothing to object to in it. Of course as you do not give particulars, our opinion is not worth much. Some great artists retain a copyright in their pictures, and you would have to find out all these particulars on the spot.

COOKERY.

MARY.—Rhubarb jelly is made in the same way as other jelly, with 1 lb. of sugar to the pound of juice. It would need careful flavouring with lemon or ginger, and as a rule we should think the rhubarb juice should be added to some other dryer fruit, and not made alone into jelly. It will take the taste of anything you mix it with. 2. The only way would be through a fashion paper which advertises exchanges of different articles.

MARIA.—To make “pressed beef” use a brisket, or the thick or thin flank. First, cure it thus—take six pounds of common salt, six ounces of saltpetre, half a pound of moist sugar, some bruised bay leaves, some basil, thyme, marjoram, winter savoury, three cloves of garlic, half an ounce of cloves, and half an ounce of mace and peppercorns. Mix all well together by pounding in a mortar, and rub it well into the beef. The latter should be left in the pickle for twelve days, after which it will be ready for cooking. Roll it up in a cloth, and tie it with twine, well covered, in the shape of a bolster; place it in cold water, and boil very slowly for four or five hours, and then press it between two dishes with a heavy weight upon it. When perfectly cold, remove the cloth, trim and glaze it, and garnish.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PAZIENZA.—The phrase "God save the mark" owes its origin to the days of (military) archery, employed and quoted, perhaps, by Shakespeare in *Henry IV.* Hotspur tells the King that the messenger was a "popinjay," and talked like a waiting-woman of guns, drums, and wounds (God save the mark!), meaning that he himself had been in the brunt of battle, and it would be sad indeed if his mark were displaced by this court butterfly. This is Dr. Brewer's interpretation, but he adds that the ordinary meaning attached to the phrase is represented by the prayer, "May the scars of my wounds never be effaced!" or, "God save my scars; may they ever be held in remembrance, and remain in evidence."

HINNIE RECUP.—The address of the Medical Aid Society for Necessitous Gentlewomen is 2, East

India Avenue, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; secretary, Captain Hamilton. That of the London Medical Mission is 47, Endell Street, St. Giles, W.C.; superintendent, F. A. Spring, Esq.

LITTLE NELL.—There is generally a cure for nettlestings close by the nettles in the dock leaves; and in the time when bees and wasps are about, poppies are abundant too, either in gardens or in the fields. Bruise the poppy leaves, and lay them on the place that has been stung, and you will relieve it of the pain very quickly. But you should first be quite sure that the sting has not been left in the skin, and should you find the little point protruding, it must be removed with a pair of tweezers; bees usually leave their stings in the wound they have made.

BARTON is advised to consult an experienced medical man about the case described. He might recommend some doctor's private family where she could have the educational advantages of his own children,

a mother's care, and both mental and bodily supervision. We do not know of any institution—not for idiots nor the insane—that would be suitable for her case. There may be some irritating constitutional disorder not apparent to her family. Possibly incipient disease of the brain or nerves is coming on. Perhaps a home in a doctor's family might be obtained through advertisement.

MAY'S FRIEND (France).—You belong to your father's family, and if he be a gentleman by birth, you are of the same position. But a man may spoil his quarterings for his children (the arms quartered on his escutcheon) by making an alliance with a family which has no legal hereditary right to "bear arms." 2. You had better write direct for the other information you desire to one of our large hospitals. For example, to the secretary of St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, Lambeth, London, S.E. We do not enter into such questions.



THE GIRL'S OWN INDOOR BOOK,

CONTAINING

Practical Help to Girls on all Matters relating to their Material Comfort and Moral Well-being.

EDITED BY

CHARLES PETERS,

Editor of "The Girl's Own Outdoor Book," "A Crown of Flowers," etc.

This work is published with the hope that it may help all in the Rosebud Garden of Girls—the most beautiful garden in all creation—to cultivate the graces of purity, retiring modesty, and Christian earnestness.

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THE GIRL'S OWN OUTDOOR BOOK,

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Practical Help to Girls on Matters relating to Outdoor Occupation and Recreation.

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The habit of remaining too much indoors is a common fault among English women and girls. This pernicious practice in time totally unfits many from taking even a slight constitutional without extreme fatigue. The Queen's practice of daily walking or driving, no matter what the weather may be, is a striking example. In sunshine and storm, in warm weather and cold, the first lady in the land turns out of her beautiful palace and braves the elements with the view of preserving health.

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XVIII.—WORK FOR THE MASTER.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was the very last day of the Lancasters' stay in Engelberg, and they were spending it, not in any long excursion, but in wandering about the village to which

they had all grown attached. In the afternoon Herr Lichtenstein played upon the organ in the church; he had done so several times before, by special permission from the abbot. Evelyn felt a pathetic

enjoyment in sitting there, listening to an arrangement of Gounod's *Ave Maria*. Exquisitely soft and beseeching came the earlier strains, rising to melodious thunder as the passion grew more intense. Through the great building, with its many pictures, its faint smell of incense, surged and rolled the waves of sound, controlled, nevertheless, by the hand of a master, for ere long they began to subside, and finally, in loveliest sighing, sank to rest.

Evelyn would gladly have sat there and listened to his playing for hours, but it might not be, and, with Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie, she wandered forth again, crossed the river, and roamed through the woodland paths.

"I shall always feel sorry I didn't go over the monastery," said Mrs. Lancaster, regretfully regarding the long rows of windows with here and there a monkish form appearing. "Ever since I saw the monks the other day, winding in a long line, for all the world like a black serpent, up the hill, I have felt I would just give anything to see how they live, poor fellows."

"Oh, mother, they wouldn't let you in!" Dottie insisted.

"Why, whatever harm do they suppose I should do them?" argued her mother. But no unknown stranger, man or woman, is allowed to visit the ancient precincts, and Mrs. Lancaster was obliged to be content.

There were many little details to be discussed among the three ladies. Miss Wentworth, who had faithfully kept to her friends all through their stay at Engelberg, was going back to England with them. She intended to remain in London for some months, at least, and without any *mauvaise honte* had arranged to travel with the Lancaster party. Evelyn had grown to like her; Algy was the only one who objected, but he was powerless. Then they had to decide whether they should go back to town at once, or linger on



"AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFFS."

the sea coast to enjoy the breezes of late September. It was arranged that this should be done, but not at Dover.

"There is a lovely little place, St. Margaret's, near, which I am sure you would like, auntie," suggested Evelyn. And rooms were accordingly to be written for at the hotel. Miss Wentworth would in any case go straight on to London.

Mrs. Allingham West had quitted Engelberg with her party, bidding Evelyn a civil farewell, but not giving her any invitation to come and see her in town. This roused Mrs. Lancaster's deep indignation.

"I do think she might have paid her respects to me, but she passed me the day she said 'good-bye' to you, with never a look," complained the lady, bitterly; "and who was she, I should like to know, before she wrote this book? As poor as a church mouse, I daresay."

"She can't know everybody. It was not meant as any lack of respect to you, auntie, dear," explained Evelyn, uncomfortably aware that Mrs. Lancaster, sitting in the *salon* after supper in a gorgeous red dress and a face as red in a different tint, would not be hailed by Mrs. Allingham West as a kindred spirit. And the fact is that, beset as she was by troops of friends and admirers of her talent, Mrs. West was obliged in self-defence to be chary in giving invitations which would she knew be rapturously accepted. She had liked Evelyn, but she thought her poems for the most part very commonplace, and she did not feel quite sure enough as to the girl's character and abilities to invite her to continue the friendship. She reflected, with truth, that she could not know in London every sentimental young lady she met on her travels—they were too numerous; so she postponed any further advance to the possibilities of the future, resolving to keep Evelyn's card in some stray corner.

Herr Lichtenstein and his wife were going to stay a few days longer at Engelberg. That night Algy walked to and fro for an hour along the terrace path behind the hotel with his two Leipsic friends, pouring forth to them his anxieties and hopes, which, indeed, they had hardly failed to guess.

"Already! Why, my young friend, I thought you told us you were hopelessly attached to a German maiden in Heidelberg," observed Herr Lichtenstein, rather sardonically. "The fair Elspeth with the flaxen plaits—what of her?"

"Oh, that was nothing," said Algy, rather in confusion.

"Nothing! Why, when you arrived at Leipsic you told us——"

"Never mind, Max," broke in Esther, good-naturedly.

"It is a good thing he did not bring matters to a crisis with Fräulein Elspeth, or there would be *somebody* who would mind," declared the professor. But he was very good-natured on the whole, and listened to Algy's fervent assertions with much paternal benevolence.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," he quoted, "and you had better not delay too long if you wish to win your cousin."

But when Algy had gone into the hotel, and the lover-like husband and wife were lingering beneath the moon, Herr Lichtenstein asked Esther if she thought there were much hope for Algy, and with emphasis she answered—

"None whatever. My only comfort about the boy is that he will soon forget."

"The home life will be strained for *her*," mused the professor, pitifully.

But neither he nor his wife could make the path of others so smooth and sunny as their own.

Early the next morning there was the usual group round the hotel door that attended on departures, and the last farewells were said. Oh, these farewells in Switzerland! how sadly they fall! They mean the breaking up of a charmed circle of friends and of associations that one can never form again in the same way; they mean the translation into memory of a present that is sometimes almost too bright for reality. But the final good-bye was uttered, and the carriage drove away, along Pferd-Himmel and down, down through the forests, till the mountain land was left behind, and the station at Lucerne was reached in the hot, bustling afternoon.

The journey was uneventful, and it seemed to Evelyn a startlingly short time before they were established at St. Margaret's. This Algy termed "being let down gently" before they returned to London for the late autumn and the winter. In sooth the upland downs and abrupt cliffs of that charming spot, with the wide expanse of sea, were in one way a pleasant contrast to the inland beauties of Engelberg. Evelyn was glad to have the time of quiet to muse over her delightful and eventful visit to Switzerland. How much had happened since she sailed across that blue expanse to the coasts which stood out so clearly across the Channel! She had learnt wisdom, and was scarcely sadder for the learning, for she had Hope as her companion. When she was back in her charming study at The Elms, she would begin to act on Mrs. Allingham West's advice—to read diligently, to practise her pen, to set herself in real earnest to do something worth the doing. As for "Day-dreams," she hated the very name of the book. Her poems appeared to her fatuous and foolish with scarcely one exception, for there is nothing akin to the scorn and distaste with which an enlightened young author regards work he has outgrown.

Pleasant visions were these all, but they were scarcely destined to fulfilment. For on the day after their arrival at St. Margaret's Algy sought an explanation with Evelyn. The two were sitting on some rocks at the base of the cliffs, Evelyn idly watching the slow advance of the sea, when Algy suddenly broke forth, and told her he was living on the hope that before very long they two should be husband and wife.

"It is all settled with my mother and Dottie," he eagerly insisted, while Evelyn sat petrified into an image of dismay. "You know The Elms is mine after mother's death, and she proposes that we should establish ourselves there

at once. The house is large enough for us all, and we could easily have part of it allotted to us and shut off from the rest, that is, if you didn't object; but you have always been like mother's own daughter, and she is so good-tempered—so is Dot—I think we should have an awfully jolly time of it. Then there's no reason to wait; I am only going to the Bar for the look of the thing; mother will make it easy for me to marry, so it might be before Christmas. Why don't you speak, Evelyn?"

As soon as Evelyn could recover from the shock of this startling proposal, she assured Algy that it was altogether out of the question.

"We are first cousins, and I never thought of anything of the kind as possible."

"Cousins do marry, very often," urged Algy. And he entreated and protested, growing almost angry at Evelyn's persistent refusal; for never in his life had he failed to get what he wanted.

"It is some nonsense about your devoting your life to literature, I suppose, and that kind of thing, but you'll get over that, Evelyn. It wouldn't be fair to let you think I should allow my wife to publish, for I shouldn't," asserted Algy, candidly. "But I should imagine that review has rather altered your ideas. You ought not to be knocked about in the world. I'll take care of you when we are married; no impertinent scoundrel of a penny-a-liner shall say a word to vex you. You will be far happier sheltered as my wife than running the risks of public life in any shape."

"You are very, very good, Algy, but it can never be," declared Evelyn, with decision. "Pray do put it altogether out of your head, and let us be like brother and sister as we used to."

It is needless to add that this suggestion failed entirely, as indeed it invariably does fail in similar cases. Evelyn's heart sank lower and lower as the full position made itself gradually plain to her. She was dreadfully sorry for Algy, and what would become of her? for Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie, she knew, would both be on his side. But she kept her ground, in spite of her distress and his persistence.

"What can be the matter with Algy?" exclaimed Dottie, as they were sitting on the downs in the afternoon. "There he is—not reading a line, but staring over the sea quite moodily. He hasn't spoken two words since luncheon. Has anything happened to vex him, I wonder?"

Evelyn reflected whether she should speak out; it was misery to her, but she felt it was best to get it over. Mrs. Lancaster was just out of hearing, leaning against a little bank, and nodding drowsily under her parasol in the afternoon sun.

"I am afraid I am the cause, Dottie."

"You!" cried Dottie, perusing her cousin's face. "Oh, Evelyn! has he spoken to you?"

Poor Evelyn nodded, and added with difficulty, "It can't ever be, Dottie. I am very, very sorry."

Dottie threw up her hands and burst into tears.

"What can I say? What can I do?" cried Evelyn, stricken to the heart. Her tone unfortunately reached Mrs. Lancaster, who, starting up to show she had not been dozing, came with slow, panting steps to the two girls.

"Crying, Dottie? Why, what's wrong, my dear?"

"Evelyn has refused Algy," wailed Dottie, too miserable to think of tact or concealment. "Oh, what shall we do?"

"Refused our Algy!" cried the mother, when the idea had penetrated her somewhat lethargic brain. "Nonsense, my dear; you don't know what you are talking about."

This was all much worse than anything Evelyn had imagined; and yet she might have expected it, for Algy was the very apple of his mother's eye, the idol of his sister. In many a cosy talk together during the last few weeks the two women had planned how the home should be made comfortable and beautiful for Algy and his bride. No expectation of Evelyn's refusal had ever entered into either of their heads; for was she not very fond of him? and what woman to

whom Algernon Lancaster should throw his handkerchief would fail to pick it up?

But Dottie wept on, and Evelyn sat mute and tearless.

"If what you say is true," said Mrs. Lancaster, at last, turning redder than ever in the excitement, "Evelyn is a very unkind and ungrateful girl; but I don't believe it; there is some mistake. It couldn't be; why, they have always been so fond of one another!"

"Yes, and that is one reason," cried poor Evelyn. "He never thought of it—no more did I—till within the last six weeks. Why cannot we go back to what used to be? We were just like brother and sister!"

"I used to think of it," retorted Mrs. Lancaster; "but I didn't see that Algy's fancy went that way, so, as we can't control these things, I said nothing about it. But now that his heart is set on it, poor, dear lad—to think that my sister's own child should be the one to disappoint us all!"

The subject of these agitating remarks caught the sound of his mother's

last words, uttered under considerable excitement and in a heightened tone. He rose and strolled up to them. Evelyn thought he looked smaller than ever in his dejection, and felt intensely sorry for him.

"Don't trouble your heads about me," he said, easily guessing the purport of the conversation from the condition of all three women; "I shall take the evening train up to town. I shall go to an hotel."

"Oh, Algy, darling! if you must go, they will have everything ready so nicely for you at The Elms. I will telegraph to Mrs. Grainger."

"I don't want to go to The Elms. I don't suppose I shall go back there," retorted Algy, careless of the unspeakable dismay this suggestion caused to his mother. He turned on his heel and walked away.

"Poor, dear boy!" cried Mrs. Lancaster, bursting into tears. "See what you have done, Evelyn! You have broken up our home!"

(To be continued.)

CRYING FOR THE MOON.

A WORD TO OUR GIRLS.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.



ANY grown-up people," says Fredrika Bremer, the popular Swedish novelist, "resemble the child who wept because it could not have the moon." I do not know that girls are worse offenders in this re-

spect than other people—probably not; but it has often occurred to me that the happiness of life would be greatly increased, and that sort of dull dissatisfaction—shall we say discontent?—which hangs like a cloud over the lives of many young people, might be considerably lessened if only they would leave off "crying for the moon." A system of compensation enters very largely into the providential ordering of human affairs. Anyone who casts an observing eye around must notice that the poorest, and apparently most unhappily situated, have always some redeeming feature in their lot; while the most prosperous have some drawback, some speck upon their "wide heaven of blue," which, if small in others' eyes, often blots out all the sunshine for them. Even the few people who have absolutely no troubles as far as their friends can see, generally possess a marvellous faculty for inventing them, for their own express benefit. A fog, a wet day, a failure in matching a ribbon, an unbecoming bonnet, or an ill-cooked dinner is enough to depress their spirits for at least four-and-twenty hours. On the other hand, we may see a lonely man or woman struggling with poverty, weakness, or advancing age, with apparently nothing to cheer and everything to sadden, endowed with a buoyant spirit (truly the "merry heart" which "doeth good like a medicine"), and manifestly enjoying life in spite of all its sorrows. I am

not now referring to the spiritual joy and peace which our Lord and Saviour bestows upon those of His children who walk closely with Him, and thus are enabled to rise above the trials of their earthly life, but to a certain natural disposition which looks always on the bright side of things, and manages to extract amusement out of the gloomiest predicaments. No doubt, on the whole, this system of compensation, as I have called it for want of a better term, lightens the load of life amazingly to travellers on earth's pathways, but on the other hand it excludes the hope of perfect satisfaction or happiness in any lot. This idea youth is slow to grasp. A girl has a notion that she has a right to be happy, provided she is not doing wrong, and too often she expects to find bliss rather in her surroundings and circumstances than in herself. She has no idea of saying or feeling—

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

She wants a much wider realm. If she is disappointed in one scheme or person, she looks out for another, and no matter how often she finds flaws in her eagerly-pursued pleasures, she begins her search again in some other direction.

If girls would make up their minds to the fact that they cannot have everything, and decide what they wish for most, allowing for the necessary unpleasantnesses and deficiencies which must attend their choice, remembering that were these smoothed away the advantages they prize must inevitably vanish with them, there would be more gaiety and less grumbling in many a home. A few examples will make my meaning clear.

A young woman I once knew lived in London. She was passionately fond of scenery, of flowers, of sunsets and moonlight, autumn tints and spring perfumes. It was a positive delight to her to wander alone through lanes bordered with hedges covered with pink and white may, or wild roses and

honeysuckle. She loved to sit for hours in a primrose-carpeted wood, dreamily gazing up through the gently-swaying branches to the far-away blue sky, or watching the flickering sunlight and shifting shadows on the turf at her feet. She felt "a joy akin to rapture" when she stood on the summit of some English hill or Swiss mountain, and let her eyes wander untiringly over the wonderful panorama spread before her. She seemed to realise something of the glories of immortality and eternity, petty everyday annoyances sank into insignificance. She felt poetry if she could not give it utterance. Yet the major part of her existence was passed in a London square, with bricks and mortar all around. Street cries and the rumble of cabs and omnibuses were familiar to her ear, in place of the song of the birds in spring, the mysterious delicious hum of insects in the summer air, and the solemn, almost awe-inspiring silence of the woods and fields in winter.

Very often did this girl pity herself for being condemned to the smoke and noise and ugliness of London life, and vaguely envy the happy dweller amidst rural scenes and sounds. Suddenly one day a friend asked her, "Would you really like to go away from London and live in the country?" And when she seriously considered the question for the first time in her life, she found that to leave all her relations, her friends, the London libraries, and London conveniences generally, to face the sameness and solitude and wintry severity of a country life, was much more than she felt disposed to do. She had been crying for the moon, in fact; she wanted the poetry and sweetness of the country, as well as the stir and variety and mental advantages of the town.

It is not uncommon for a reserved person who rarely reposes confidence in others, and carefully shuts up all her best and most precious feelings in her own bosom, who takes the greatest pains to conceal her grief and

joy alike from outsiders, contriving to appear merry when her heart aches, and assuming careless indifference when it bounds within her, or who masks all her emotions alike by a well-bred, graceful calm, to complain of want of sympathy in her friends. She feels lonely, no one seems to care very much for her, or to enter into her inner life. Of course not! How can they? What opportunity does she give them? How can they tell that her head aches, that she has had a bad night, or received a letter with sad news, or that a hope cherished for years has just crumbled into ruins, or that some dreaded future trial has grown to-day appreciably nearer? Her manner is just the same as usual, or perhaps a little irritable, or cynical, or provoking. No doubt a discriminating judge of character, a lover, or a mother might discover that something was wrong, but the majority of our friends are not discriminating judges of character, and, it is needless to add, are neither our lovers nor our mothers. Frank, open natures, who tell everybody everything, shed torrents of tears on any melancholy occasion, and are never ashamed of showing red eyes, or of betraying their delight when anything pleasant occurs to them, meet with plenty of sympathy. It is hard sometimes for a quiet, self-contained person to witness the affection and compassion poured out upon some frivolous creature who neither understands nor values them, whose tears are dried as soon as shed, and whose deepest griefs are forgotten within a fortnight, while she herself may break her heart in secret and silence, and no one will ever know or care. Whose fault is it? How can people care for what they know nothing about? And how are they to know if you take every precaution to hide it from them? Tell your troubles to others, show your suffering, and you will have kindness and sympathy in abundance. But that is just what the reserved and proud nature cannot do. The deeper the hurt the more carefully it is hidden. Like the wounded animal who seeks solitude to die, the stricken heart shrinks into itself. To expose its grief seems profanation, the tenderest touch gives pain, till time has healed the surface. Persons of this kind would not wear their heart upon their sleeve even if they could; they pride themselves upon their reticence as the mark of a superior nature. Be it so, we do not say it is not, but in that case they must be content to be often misunderstood, and to bear the lifelong loneliness which such a disposition inevitably entails. In short, they must not "cry for the moon."

Girls should cultivate a habit of looking on all sides when they have a choice to make, in the all-important matter of marriage especially. In these days, I believe, it is by no means uncommon for an intelligent young woman to make up her mind that single life is preferable to the suffering, care, and limitation of liberty necessarily imposed by the marriage vow. While she is young and bright, especially if she has a comfortable home and resources in herself, she sees no reason to regret her decision. She compares her leisure, health, and freedom from anxiety with her married sister's chequered career, and rejoices in her own superior advantages. But years roll on, death thins the ranks of her relatives, her dearest friends drop away, or, immersed in their own home interests, leave her, quite unintentionally, out in the cold. She grows plainer and more uninteresting to mere acquaintances. She finds she is less in request than formerly at festive gatherings, her circle contracts just when she begins to feel the need for its expansion. Her married friends all have a position in the world of their own, no one troubles about *their* advancing age and loss of youthful sprightliness; but she seems somehow outside of everything.

She looks forward to an old age of loneliness and ever-increasing gloom, and bitterly regrets that she "missed her chance" in youth.

But she forgets that while her sister was slaving in the kitchen because the cook had to be dismissed at a moment's warning, or was kept awake night after night by a fractious baby, or obliged to sacrifice all her own little fancies and pleasures to gratify an overbearing husband, she was free as air, always able to visit or travel, practise or read, walk or drive, as the whim took her, or occasion offered. Her eye was not dimmed prematurely by watching, or her health undermined by the duties of a wife and mother. She never wished to change with her sister then.

It is impossible to enjoy a husband's protection without performing a wife's duty; the love of children must be earned by a mother's devotion. The position and dignity accorded to the matron in society can only be secured by the sacrifice of maiden privileges. Many a lonely young wife in her new establishment finds the long day dreary in her husband's absence, and pines for her father's cheerful home. Worse still, she is perhaps disappointed in the man she has chosen; she compares his selfish absorption in his own affairs with her mother's thoughtful watch over her health and tender interest in all her hopes and fears. Later on she is sometimes tempted to feel as though the pleasures of youth, of intellect, and culture were all slipping past her, as she remains anchored in her nursery or school-room. She gets a letter from her sister at Rome or Naples, and sighs a little sadly as she reflects how improbable it is that she shall ever see the Coliseum, or bend over the blue depths of the far-famed bay. When she urges her husband to accept the invitation to Norway or "the moors," she conceals from him the keen little pain she feels as she sits down to refuse her mother's pressing request to "come home" for a fortnight, or her old schoolfellow's urgent entreaty to visit her in her new house, "because they cannot both be away"; and "Fred's excursion must cost so much," she reflects. Yet she would be inconsolable if "Fred" passed out of her life, and she knows well that she would not part with one of the little curly heads around the nursery table for all the Continental trips in the world. Both matron and maid are tempted to "cry for the moon."

Husbands and wives are too often given to the same practice on other grounds. For instance, a middle-aged man, with all his habits and crotchets firmly rooted and grown into second nature, marries a lively, frivolous girl about half his age. He discovers before long that their tastes differ in almost every particular. He prefers quiet, she likes a cheerful bustle; he enjoys long *tête-à-tête* evenings, she wants society; he clings to a hundred little eccentric ways which have crept into his life in chambers, she desires above all things to be like other people; he is old-fashioned by choice and intention, she always aspires to know and to possess "the last new thing." The husband feels that unless he is to become a selfish tyrant and spoil his wife's life, he must in many respects remodel his own. If he is just and loves the girl, he does it more or less cheerfully, but still he has a sore feeling, as if somehow things ought not to have turned out so. He wants his life brightened by the pretty, gay young bride, but at the same time desires to retain his bachelor independence.

On the other hand, a graceful, ladylike girl, well-born and well-bred, but portionless, timidly dreading to face the world, and fearful of becoming an "old maid," marries a man her inferior in everything but fortune. She is sentimental, he is a busy City man, with his mind, if not his affections, centred in the Stock Exchange. She wants him to read Tennyson to her, he feels it hard that she

minds his taking a nap after dinner. She groans over the fate which compels her to endure his brother's vulgar jokes and still more vulgar compliments, and the tedious talk about the price of butter and the inefficiency of cooks, which her sister-in-law dignifies by the title of conversation. He thinks it vexatious that his wife should "give herself airs" with his family. She mourns over his want of polish, and the absence of the little courtesies that a husband in her own rank of life would have paid her. He, poor man, thinks her unreasonable if still dissatisfied, when she has a fine house in Belgravia, a seat that a nobleman might be proud of in the country, and *carte blanche* to lavish what she likes on servants, equipage, and dress.

Again, a man of refined taste and good position makes a *mésalliance*. He marries a girl of low birth, vulgar manners, and uncultured mind. When the glamour which his passion threw over her passes away, he sees her deficiencies almost as plainly as his friends saw them all the time, and whenever she mortifies him by a breach of the unwritten laws of society, feels wronged and unkindly used. The fault is his own more than hers; he knew perfectly well, or might have known, that she must be ignorant of almost everything that to women in his rank of life would come as a matter of course. He could not be content without bringing her individual fascination and beauty into his life, and he has no right to complain because with it he has to take her folly and vulgarity. The girl, on her part, feels it is cruel that when she is honestly doing her best, her husband still finds fault with her for what appears to her no reason at all, and is disposed to forget what she owes to the man who has raised her from want and obscurity. Both these couples are to be pitied, for both are "crying for the moon," which assuredly they will never succeed in obtaining.

It would be an advantage to many young people, girls more especially, to get firmly fixed in their minds the conviction that the importance of a busy life cannot be combined with the ease of an indolent one, except in very rare and exceptional circumstances. In the nineteenth century, ripe fruit does not drop into one's mouth unsought. Nevertheless, young women who avoid responsibility, shun work, and are loath to take any extra trouble, or exert themselves unnecessarily on any occasion; who faint or go into hysterics at any painful or alarming crisis, and make it their object to slip through life as comfortably and easily as possible, often feel aggrieved that their sister or friend is a power in the family, a personage in the parish, and meets everywhere with more consideration and respect than themselves. What wonder! If the mother is ill or absent, one daughter is able and willing to take the reins; she can manage the servants, order the dinner, superintend the marketing, and keep the accounts so well that even her elders admire her capacity. The other will do her best, if necessary, but is always thankful to be left to her own pursuits, and relinquish the task to her abler sister. In the parish it is the same—the one is always ready at an emergency; she can take the organ when the organist breaks down, get up a concert or parish tea, act as local secretary for the C. M. S., or superintend the Sunday-school, if desired. It is hard to say what she cannot do at a push. She is not too self-conscious or shy to pray by a sick woman's bedside; she wins the heart of the toddling darlings who are afraid of other strangers. She can always give the Rector the parochial information he wants at the district meeting, and nobody is a better hand at a school-treat. The other has her own district and her own class, but would not for the world undertake a single duty beyond, and has secret fears that she by

no means comes up to the mark in her management of them. Of course the first fills a larger place in the local estimation.

Among her friends one girl will be always available, sparkling in conversation, ready at playing accompaniments, well versed in the latest news and fashions, and quick to catch and impart a new sort of table decoration or amusing game. Blessed with an excellent memory for facts and faces, she never fails to recognise an acquaintance, inquire after a cold, or execute a commission. Her taste and adroitness are at the service of the first of her friends who tries to secure them. She always seems fresh and cheerful, and if tired or disappointed, successfully hides all appearance of it.

Her sister, on the contrary, though pleasant enough in her way, can neither sing nor play, never will execute a commission if she can possibly avoid it, has a wretched memory, is soon tired, and shows it plainly in her face and manner. If she takes a fancy to anyone, she will exert herself to please; but otherwise she does not care to take the trouble to be anything more than ordinarily polite. She seldom notices improvements or novelties, and if she did would certainly not think it worth her while to use labour and time in reproducing them. It is no use to seek news from her; she smilingly confesses "she knows nothing about her neighbours," and rather prides herself on not being a gossip. She finds her own affairs quite troublesome enough, without burdening herself with other people's. Is it very surprising that one sister is more in request than the other, and takes the first place in their social circle? The second girl does not like it; she wishes to keep her tranquil leisure, and remain in her chosen groove, but at the same time share the popularity and distinction of the energetic and hardworked sister. She cries quietly, but persistently, for the moon.

In beginning life it is well to find out what can be done in our circumstances, and what cannot. If a girl with a small dress allowance sets her heart on perfectly-fitting gowns

and Parisian hats, she is hoping for impossibilities, unless, indeed, she is clever enough to make the gowns and copy the hats herself.

A young couple who have barely enough to make both ends meet in the rank of life in which their lot is cast, cannot give stylish dinner parties with champagne and ices, or indulge in expensive continental tours, though they may have been in the habit of taking such things as matters of course before they married. Young women of delicate health or weak constitution cannot with impunity venture on long walking expeditions which their stronger friends find invigorating and delightful. Neither can they devote themselves to tennis or skating with the ardour and perseverance necessary perhaps to win distinction in their set. Many a foolish girl runs all risks, disregards all warnings, and refuses even to listen to the promptings of her own secret inclinations, for fear of finding herself stranded and left behind in the rush of life around her. Her young friends may praise her "spirit" and "pluck," but she will heartily regret her imprudence in after years; if, indeed, she does not bury all her hopes and schemes in a premature grave.

It is useless to expect to find opposite qualities in the same person. Some girls, though far enough from perfection themselves, seem to imagine that every acquaintance ought to be an embodiment of every conceivable virtue and attraction. The polished *dilettanti* gentleman who never has anything to do but to make himself agreeable and "kill time" may be a very suitable person to criticise a dado, guide a party through an art exhibition, or make a social entertainment go off brilliantly, but you have no right to be disappointed if you find him a broken reed when you lean on him in some grave and all-important crisis. On the other hand, you must not be annoyed if the hardworked man, whose brain has been taxed all day in the law courts or the city, the study or the parish, fails to take a very lively interest in your high art needlework, your local news, or your little social plans or triumphs. He will do his best if he wishes to please, but he is

not improbably a far less amusing companion than the one whose chief interests in daily life are as trivial as your own. Let, however, some great trial overshadow you, some perplexing difficulty require solution, on the outcome of which your whole future may depend, and you may find in the worker who was deficient in small talk, and made no mark in society, a friend and counsellor of inestimable value.

In conclusion, let me warn you against a common and crying evil of the present day. Do not try to combine the service of God and Mammon. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." If you desire to experience the joy of that peace "which passeth all understanding," you must not select for your friends and intimate associates those who hinder rather than help you to walk with God, however well chosen they may be with a view to social success. If you want strength to resist temptation, and wisdom to "walk circumspectly" amidst the snares of the evil one, you must find time for prayer, even though to secure it you have to sacrifice pleasant society, opportunities of improving your mind, or what you deem needful rest. You must not do what you conscientiously believe to be wrong in little things, to please those you love best, or those with whom you most desire to stand well, on the plea that "better people than you do it, and it makes life so much smoother and easier not to fuss about trifles." In a word, you must strive to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," at all times and in all places. I do not promise that you will never suffer earthly loss in consequence of your choice. The reverend Archbishop Sumner used to say, "A religion that costs nothing is worth nothing," but "the fashion of this world passeth away," and a day will surely come to each one of us when earth's best treasures will appear, viewed in the light of eternity, as dust in the balance compared with the unclouded faith and joyful hope which will bear us safely through the grave and gate of death, and make us "partakers of everlasting glory in the life to come."



GOOD HUMOUR.

"—pleasantry will oft cut through
Hard knots that gravity could scarce undo."
Horace.

THE WEIGHT OF THE GOOSE.

If a goose weighs ten pounds, and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?

Many are tempted to reply on the instant fifteen pounds, but the correct answer is, of course, twenty pounds.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

We hear of some barometers being set higher than others, so that while one may be pointing at "rain," another is at "much rain." So in different families we find language pitched in a higher key than others. Exaggeration runs in families.

I know of one circle where everybody talks about and describes things in a style most painful in its want of a sense of proportion. "Hateful," "shameful," "disgusting," "horrid," "never," "ever," are words which recur with distressing frequency about events which in a household where the graces of speech were cultivated would be described as "unpleasant," "regrettable," "distasteful," "hardly," or "scarcely." In fact, the meaning is the same in both instances, only the barometer is set in the one case higher than in the other.

How much may depend on the right word being spoken at the right time, in the proper tone, by the proper person! War or peace, life or death, heaven or hell, may hang upon a single word. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."—*Spurgeon*.

CHANGED TIMES.

An old farmer, who lived on the borders of Hampshire, once observed when talking about the corruption and degeneracy of the times, that it was the fine words and the flattery of men to the farmers' wives that had done all the mischief.

"For," said he, "when it was dame and porridge 'twas real good times; when 'twas mistress and broth 'twas worse a good deal; but when it came to be ma'am and soup 'twas very bad."

HOW THE CAT RANG FOR DINNER.

In a monastery in France a cat was kept that never used to receive any victuals till the bell rang to announce to the monks the hour of meals. She never failed then to be wifin hearing.

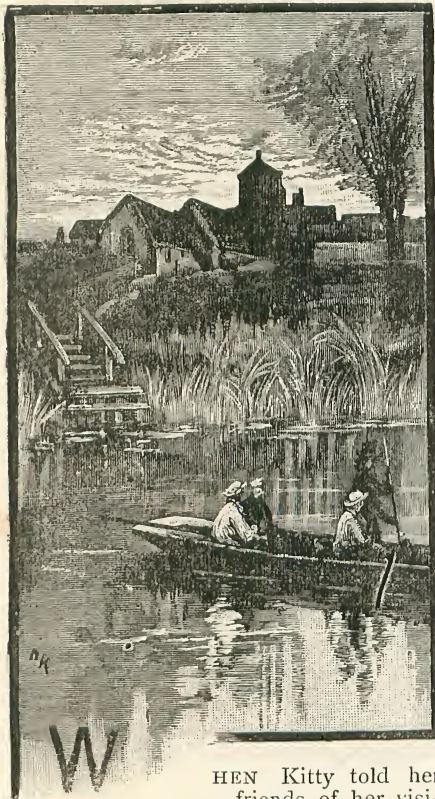
One day, however, she happened to be shut up in a solitary apartment, and the bell rang in vain so far as regarded her. Some hours afterwards she was liberated from her confinement, and ran half famished to the place where a plate of victuals used generally to be set for her, but she found none this time. In the afternoon the bell was heard ringing at an unusual hour, and when the people of the monastery came to see what was the matter, there they found the cat hanging upon the bell-rope and setting it in motion as well as she could in order that she might have her dinner served up to her.

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KITTY DACRE'S RIDE WITH THE QUEEN TO ABINGDON,
TO DO HONOUR TO A ROYAL FUGITIVE.

HEN Kitty told her friends of her visitor and his news, Lady Ottery and Mrs. Judy were both greatly exercised by the danger which John Dacre had narrowly escaped, and were full of gratitude for his deliverance. But his father only said morosely that his son had no call to be in such a position. Anthony Walton might well succour the misguided lad, since he was at the bottom of his cousin's going astray. For himself he was glad that he had been spared the sight of his nephew, since he might not have been able to refrain from speaking his mind; and considering everything, their relationship by marriage, and the facts that the fellow conceived he had done him, Peter Dacre, a service, and that Anthony Walton had stolen like a thief into the town at his own proper peril on a gratuitous errand to his kindred, it would have been awkward if one of them had been tempted to break out and hand over the rascal to the authorities.

This from the mild scholar. Kitty could not have had a more convincing proof of how demoralising mentally and morally, how fatal to all higher instincts of fairness and generosity, was the embittered strife of a civil war.

The next event was the Queen's quitting Oxford. She who had come less than a year before in such triumphant exultation, because of what her wit, courage,

and enterprise had effected for the Royalist cause, was departing in dread and despair. Clarendon's testimony with regard to her was that she was ever "more forward than stout" (enduring). Henrietta Maria was not made of the stuff of which her countrywoman, Charlotte de la Tremoille, was composed. The whole antecedents and traditions of the last differed as widely as the poles are sundered from the early associations of Henrietta Maria. Charlotte de la Tremoille was the daughter of a noble and faithful Huguenot and of a princess of the heroic house of Orange. She was brought up in comparative simplicity and hardiness, and was familiar from her earliest childhood with tales of pains and penalties unshrinkingly borne, and of never-ending defiance to the powers which had supported Alva and the Inquisition. The Queen was the daughter of Henri Quatre indeed, but Henri Quatre had renounced Protestantism in order to reign over the French people, while her mother was Marie de Medici, whose law was the indulgence of her fancy and her will, and her highest aim, after the retention of power in her own vain and foolish person, the propagation of that form of Christianity which had consented to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Henrietta Maria's fits of daring, as when she stayed the clamour of her ladies in the storm at sea, by the confident assurance that Queens of England were never drowned, or on a later occasion when she bid her captain blow up his ship and all it contained sooner than let her fall into the hands of the Parliamentary admiral—were, so far as we can judge, as short-lived as they were high-strung. They savoured of the love of creating a sensation, and had the strong dash of what was stagey and theatrical, which formed part of her amiable, excitable, shallowly clever character. Perhaps, poor soul, she cheated herself by them, as well as cheated those who were still her dazzled and attached followers, into believing that she was, indeed, heroic. Henrietta Maria had, in common with her mother, a well-nigh frantic dread of the outbreaks of the very people she strove to coerce in angry mobs and full-blown insurrections. She knew the Parliament had found her guilty of high treason, in bringing money and ammunition from the Low Countries to fill the King's privy purse, and furnish his army with the weapons of war. As the horizon again darkened over the royal couple, the fear lest she should fall into the hands of her enemies, and their sentence be put into execution, began to haunt her like a mania. Oxford was inland and was invested by two armies, though so well surrounded by its rivers and its fortifications as to baffle its besiegers. The Queen wished to flee while the course was still open, to reach at least some town near the coast, where in case of hot

pursuit she might take ship, and find a refuge in her native France. The unfortunate King would fain have kept her with him, but she pressed him day and night to consent to her departure. In place of the old lively, audacious consort, the moving spirit of every gallant gay device to pass the time, who scorned all compromise and forbade Charles on the pain of her contempt to treat with the rebels, here was a worn, faded, peevish woman, without heart or hope, full of passionate murmurs and dreary forebodings.

Where was the Queen of Davenant's verse, not many moons old?—

"Fair as unshaded light, or as the day

Of the first year, when every month was May;

Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new

Unfolded bud swelled by the morning's dew;

Kind as the willing saints, but calmer far

Than in their dreams forgiven votaries are."

The principal point which the lines retained was in the question with which they ended, the question on which their heroine was now loudly insisting—

"But what, sweet excellence, what dost thou here?"

Where was Waller's "Mighty Queen,"

"In whom the extremes of power and beauty move,

The Queen of Britain and the Queen of Love,"

and Wootton's "sun," which when it arose caused all the stars in its train to pale and set?

In excuse for her, the Queen's health was thoroughly out of order and needed mending, no less than her spirits. One of her ailments was chronic rheumatism, induced by her incautious exposure of herself to all kinds of weather, when she was playing the soldier, in marching to Oxford the previous summer, and the damp air of the Isis and the Cherwell was considered prejudicial to her.

At last it was arranged that she should quit Oxford, and repair first to Bath for the benefit of the waters, afterwards to Exeter, which had the coveted recommendation of being not far from the coast.

Charles continued to love her faithfully. He persisted in regarding her with a certain loyal perversity and egotism as not so much the victim of her own faults, as of the fact that she was his wife. In order to afford her all the support and countenance he could render her, he, with his gentlemen, escorted her as far as Abingdon.

The ladies whose harvest of Court splendour and gaiety was ended with the

Queen's departure, would not be outdone by the gentlemen in any tribute of homage to their liege lady. However, as it was not wise to call attention to the proceeding, it was settled for the Queen's safety, and in deference to her present feelings, that her journey should be without ostentatious preparation and ceremony.

That did not prevent Dr. Peter Dacre from coming post-haste to Lady Ottery's, and calling on Kitty to wait on the Queen for her first stage. "It may suit her Majesty to be private, but it becometh not her true servants to let her ride without a humble convoy. An I had my will, it would be such a gathering as should daunt the crop-eared knaves in their camps."

"Nay," said Lady Ottery; "when a Queen deigns to flee, and a wife finds her best safety elsewhere than at her husband's side, I know not that she can expect a great gathering. But I judge her not. Poor, ill-advised, tempest-ostessed princess!"

Kitty herself was not loth to pay such respect as she could show to her Queen in adversity, even without recalling the prosperous days when Henrietta Maria had noticed the little girl who went to look at her and the King at the play in the hall of St. John's. Kitty could not get out of her mind the airy, graceful, black-eyed little woman who had stooped to speak graciously to the child, ay, or the exultant woman who had, one short year before, ridden by the King's side into Oxford.

The girl liked not "the candle-light beauties," as her cousin Anthony had styled them, who largely made up her Majesty's suite. They looked a simple maid down with their stares and sneers and mocking laughs, which did not fail even on an occasion like this. She cared nothing for another glimpse of the baleful beauty of that natural mask which my Lady Carlisle wore, or of the worse than mawkish sentimentality of Lady Isabella Thynne, or of the unbridled levity of Mrs. Kirke. In their society, if the men were not otherwise engaged in the war, the wildest and most profligate of the cavaliers were sure to be found. Kitty returned the superciliousness of the whole band with instinctive repugnance. But she was eager to see the last of the strange play. As she had witnessed its earlier joyous interludes, she would fain behold the tragic passages at its close.

Kitty's tears flowed freely for the white, pinched, sick woman, with the woeful, half-frenzied look in her eyes, who came out of Merton with quick, tottering steps, shrouded in wraps. She had a querulous, feverish "make haste" for the servants who were giving the finishing touches to the packing of her coach, previous to her setting out on the journey which was taking her from her husband in his extremity. Kitty, or for that matter Lady Ottery, had no coach to carry her as far as Abingdon, neither was there any friend's carriage to beg or borrow at a pinch. Dr. Dacre had hired a couple of nags, on which he and she were to ride the distance—a considerable enterprise for Dr. Peter, who was no horseman, and for Kitty, who, though

she had been taught to ride, had not been on a pony's back since she was at Islip Barnes.

But at the last moment a temporary reprieve for Kitty turned up, in the form of a warm invitation from Mrs. Margaret Lucas to join her. She was seated in the last of the three coaches, which with a string of waggons in their wake formed the Queen's cavalcade, in the centre of a guard of troops. Mrs. Margaret was fully convinced that she had chosen the last carriage, three-fourths crammed with luggage, in the shadow of which she sat in solitary state, because she preferred that to the uncongenial company of the ladies crowded in the other carriages. But if you had heard the ladies' story, you would have found that they were under the strong impression that they had coaxed, manœuvred, even hustled, Mrs. Margaret as an intolerably blameless, self-satisfied bore, from her proper position to that which she was so pleased to occupy.

It did not signify. Mrs. Margaret was perfectly sincere in believing that she was there of her own free will. And her upright, exalted guileless talk, though it might savour a little of "high faluting," was so full of noble aspirations, so free from faithless cynicism, that it was like a draught of fresh spring water after the stale and polluted sources of Court gossip.

Kitty was thankful for such companionship; she had never loved Mrs. Margaret so well as when she spoke with honest tender fidelity of her willingness to retreat with her mistress into the wilds of Cornwall, or even, as some thought, to cross the German Ocean to Holland, or the English Channel to France.

"What!" cried Kitty, in amazement, "and thou hast never been abroad, and art not so glib as young Mrs. Fanshawe, who can speak French like a native. I warrant, madam, thou hast stuck fast at the lumbering French romances, as I have done."

"My mother cared not so much that we should be skilful in discoursing in foreign tongues, as that we should speak our own with nicety and ingenuity," answered Mrs. Margaret, with a little reserve, for to admit the superior accomplishments of Mrs. Fanshawe, of which Mrs. Margaret was not in the least jealous, was to imply that the beloved mother had failed somewhat in her training. "I have not read in the original the French romances you cite, Mrs. Kitty," went on the speaker, with unflinching candour, "but I have tried them in translations. I must say I did find them much to my mind in the glorification of all that is excellent—such as courage, gentleness, comeliness, both of body and mind, truth and courtesy, with the condemnation of rudeness, ugliness, grossness, and all the vices."

"Yes, but," urged Kitty, with her practical common sense, "life in France or Holland under King Louis or the Prince of Orange cannot be like life in Persia under the Grand Cyrus. I do believe you would be more at home in the last than in the first, but as it is, you will feel strange and lonesome; you

will be so far away from London and Colchester. What will your mother and brothers, what will Lady Pye and Lady Killigrew and the rest do without you? Oh, Mrs. Margaret, forgive me if I distress thee; I have thought thee so happy with all thy dear friends, none far off, and none alienated. I have but one brother, as I dare to say thou hast heard tell, whom I have not seen for nigh on three years. He may not enter our father's rooms, even though Oriel were free from company and father free to return to our old quarters, because Jack hath mortally offended him by joining the rebels."

"Alack! 'tis a sad case," said Mrs. Margaret, with gentle sympathy, taking Kitty's hand and holding it closely clasped in hers. "Believe me, I feel for you from the bottom of my heart. Yes, our family hath always been one in their loves and hates, which I do count the greatest blessing. Nathless, I must go abroad. I cannot help it, if so be it is my duty; can I, dear Mrs. Kitty?" asked Mrs. Margaret, with the tears running down her cheeks. "My best of mothers, my gallant brothers, my loving sisters—Pye and the rest—have each other and their own duties likewise to occupy them. I owe myself to my Queen. Perchance though she findeth me a little too young, inexperienced and wearisome now, and favours any small prattle that can divert her sad mind, she will take to larger and more serious discourse when she hath time to consider; some day she may want me. I did not come to be her fair weather maid, but to supply the lack of her wonted service, and go with her to the ends of the earth, and die for her, if such were my honoured lot."

At Abingdon the King and Queen, who had met with such bright hopes in the Vale of Keignton the previous July, parted on the 3rd of April, 1644, never to meet again in this world. At the last moment the Queen impulsively alighted from her coach in order to cling to her husband, and fling herself with streaming eyes on his breast; and one of the first things she did on arriving at Exeter, and receiving a sum of money which her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, sent for the relief of Henrietta Maria's necessities, was to despatch it forthwith for Charles' use. Long before then Kitty and her father were thankful, in the scuffle and excitement at Abingdon, to leave their nags behind. They availed themselves of the homely mode of transport supplied by a return waggon, to get back to Oxford before the dawn of the following day, and allay Lady Ottery's apprehensions on their account.

King Charles implored his most trusted physician to go from London to the aid of the Queen, in the pathetic scrawl—"Mayerne, for the love of me go to my wife. C. R."

The physician, who was a better doctor and a warmer-hearted man than he was either Royalist or courtier, did travel with no small difficulty from London to Exeter, in obedience to the prayer. When Henrietta Maria, in one of her violent flights, cried to him, pressing her hand to her head, "Mayerne, I am afraid I

shall go mad one day," he told her coolly, "Your Majesty need not fear going mad; you have been so for some time."

In June Henrietta Maria's last child, a princess, was born at Exeter; within a fortnight of its birth, Essex advanced with his army on the town. He refused to permit her Majesty to withdraw to Bath, saying ironically that he would conduct her to London, whereupon she fled precipitately, leaving her infant behind, and accompanied only by one lady, one gentleman, and her Majesty's confessor. The Queen went to Plymouth and Pendennis, where the rest of her suite, including the dwarf Geoffrey Hudson, and her youngest maid of honour, joined her as they best could. There a Dutch ship was found, in which the whole party sailed for Holland.

Had Henrietta Maria been less precipitate she would have been delivered from Essex by Charles himself. He had left Oxford for the time, defeated Waller at Copredy Bridge, and was marching into Devonshire, with the purpose of getting Essex between the King's army and that of his nephew Prince Maurice. Essex was compelled to draw off his forces, and Charles entered the county town of Devonshire just ten days after Henrietta Maria had sailed from Pendennis. He found only his helpless baby, which he saw for the first and last time. With his unswerving adherence to his Queen's side, in the national quarrel, in defiance of the prejudices of his subjects, he had the child named for her and her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, "*Henrietta Anne*," at its christening in the cathedral. Then he gave it back to its governess to be smuggled by her out of the country to join its royal mother.

In July the King's cause in the North of England was lost by the defeat of Prince Rupert at Marston Moor, where Cromwell and his Ironsides came to the front. The misfortune was balanced by the Marquis of Montrose's victory at Tippermuir in Scotland, but Charles's brief successes in Devonshire were speedily followed by the loss of a second battle of Newbury in the month of October, 1644, when Cromwell was a second time conspicuous.

In the rout of the Royalists at Newbury Essex regained all he had been compelled to yield, and was again at liberty to take up his watch of the King and his Parliament in Oxford; for Charles was once more lodged in the University city for the winter. He made occasional sallies in the vain hope of gaining an advantage over his adversaries. He listened to evil advisers in statecraft. Scotland and England were now united by the National League and Covenant, to which the representatives of the Commons had sworn in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. But what was to hinder the King from turning his attention to Ireland, and seeking to enter into an alliance with the Irish Catholics? Nothing save the horrible Irish massacres, the ghastly accounts of which had hardly died out of people's memories. The obstacle caused the King to dissemble, and to protest his innocence of the intention which he was secretly seeking to carry out—a fatal proof of his dogged

determination and wilful blindness, and of the casuistry which enabled him to justify to himself the double dealing.

All the time Charles was writing resigned, tender words in his "*Eikon Basilike*." He was recording his grief for his separation from his wife, and yet his thankfulness for her escape. He was declaring his continued love and honour for her. He was content, he vowed, to be tossed, weather-beaten and ship-wrecked, so that she was safe in harbour. He could perish himself so that she was preserved. In her memory and in her children he might yet survive the malice of his enemies, though they should at last be satiated with his blood. He must leave her to the love and loyalty of his good subjects. He prayed to God that the sin of those who had risen up against him and his Queen might not be laid to their charge. The less he was blest with her company, the more he would retire to God and his own heart, whence no man could banish her. His enemies might envy him, for they could never deprive him of the enjoyment of her virtues while he was himself.

Little wonder that those chivalrous adherents who loved and stood by King Charles, through good report and bad report, saw only the Bayard side of his character, and recognised in him—whatever dark shadows might mar the picture—something of a modern Arthur crushed by the overwhelming odds of a great upheaval of men's religious and political convictions, for which he was not prepared, which he could not accept.

(*To be continued.*)



MY LADY'S REST.

A SKETCH IN FOUR CHAPTERS

CHAPTER I.

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does
greatly please."

FAIR and fickle is the month of May, with its varying moods—now all sunshine, then changing, at a moment's notice, to sharp showers and overcast skies. Such a change came on this afternoon as I was exploring the lanes about Ashdeane Vicarage, on this my first visit to my mother's old home.

I had been sauntering along enjoying the fresh spring air, and thinking how exquisite the young green of the trees and hedges was, when some large, heavy drops fell and a sudden shower came on, which in a few minutes reduced my print dress to a very limp and bedraggled condition.

I tried to shelter myself under the trees, but they were but slight protection, and I had just made up my mind to go home, when I noticed the smoke of a neighbouring chimney through the trees, and determined to ask leave to wait at the cottage until the rain was over.

Quickly I made my way through the trees, and found myself in front of such a pretty cottage, with a porch covered with clematis and other climbing plants. I sat down on one of the wooden seats which ran along on each side of the door, and began to wonder what sort of person the owner of this pretty place might be, when the shrill bark of a little dog made me look up.

A Skye terrier stood in front of the door, his wet, tangled hair showing that he, like me, had been caught in the rain; and from the

impatient way he tried to shake the wet hair back from his bright eyes, he seemed to dislike the shower even more than I did. He stood barking at the door as if he wondered why it was not opened at once for him. He was too much preoccupied to bestow more than an inquiring sniff on me, all his attention being given to the door, which was at last opened, and a lady's voice exclaimed, "Why, Dandy, where have you been? Come in, come in, poor doggie!" and she was about to shut the door again when she caught sight of me, and paused.

I jumped up and apologised for having trespassed on her domains, but she assured me I was very welcome, and observing how wet my dress was, insisted on my coming indoors to dry it.



MEADOW-SWEET.

"If you do not mind, I shall bring you into the kitchen, as I have no fire in my sitting-room to-day," she said, and I followed her into the brightest, cosiest little kitchen imaginable, with a deep-coloured, red-tiled floor, and there on a rug in front of the fire the Skye terrier was already comfortably ensconced, just wagging his tail to greet his mistress as she entered the room. He gave rather a suspicious glance at me when he found himself obliged to retire and make room for me on his particular rug, in front of his fire; for, of course, all these little comforts existed for his special benefit, and no one else had a right to share them, and so it was, with drooping tail and a snort of disgust, that he retreated under the table, leaving me in possession of the rug. In after days Dandy and I became very good friends; but I do not think he ever forgot or fully forgave my invasion of his rights that showery day, when I first became acquainted with Mrs. Deane, and crossed the threshold of her kitchen.

When my dress was dry again my hostess begged me to come to her sitting-room and wait till the rain was quite over, and this I was not unwilling to do, as I had no friends or even acquaintances as yet in Ashdeane, and the vicar and his sister were—although kindness itself—still rather too elderly to be very companionable to me.

Mrs. Deane had a sweet, gentle face, which bore traces of past trials and cares, which, patiently endured, had only refined and sweetened her nature; so I fancied, as I looked into her soft, blue eyes and listened to her gentle voice, and when I knew her and the story of her life better, I found this was the case.

From the window, which opened on a pretty garden, I was surprised to see three other cottages, all similar to Mrs. Deane's, and each with its little garden at the back.

"You are surprised to see four cottages so near each other and all alike," said Mrs. Deane, smiling. "You have not been here long enough to hear of 'My Lady's Rest,' as they are called."

"No," I said, "I had never heard of them or of My Lady either; but I should like to hear all about it."

"Well, you must know that these are houses of rest for ladies who have worked hard and whose incomes are not sufficient to support them without continuing to work when their health and strength are beginning to grow less, so my lady built these cottages, and settled a sum of money on each inmate chosen to live in them."

"Who makes the choice?" I asked. "Surely there must be many candidates for such charming homes of rest as these cottages seem to be."

"All of us now living here were appointed by My Lady herself, and so were our predecessors. When we shall have passed away to more perfect rest than this, four others will be chosen to succeed us."

"By My Lady?" I asked.

"Yes, by My Lady," replied Mrs. Deane.

"How old My Lady must be!" I thought, "if she had appointed so many people to these homes; and was evidently intending to choose fresh ones in time to come."

But the rain had cleared off again, and everything was bathed in brilliant sunshine, and I said good-bye to Mrs. Deane, promising soon to come and see her again. As I was going down the steps, she directed my attention to the motto above the door—

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does
greatly please."

"My Lady had that carved over each of the doors," said Mrs. Deane; "she was so fond of those lines, and thought them suitable to

such resting-places for careworn toilers like us."

As I hastened back to the vicarage I wondered if it should ever be my lot to join my toiling sisters in struggling for my daily bread, and to long for such a haven of rest, after the "stormie seas" of life, and then my thoughts wandered off to the woman who had planned and executed this loving deed, and I longed to see and know her.

That evening I asked Mr. Brown if he knew Mrs. Deane.

"Very well indeed," he replied, "and I had intended bringing you to see her, but it seems you have introduced yourself without my aid; she is an excellent woman, as well as a very attractive one. I should like you to make a friend of her."

"Have you known her long?" I asked; "and is it long since she came to live at the cottage?"

"Yes, I have known her for many years, long before she made her home here, and the longer I know her the more I admire her and respect her."

"I should like to hear something about her life, if I might," I went on. "I feel so much interested in her."

"I shall tell you what I have heard, partly from her and partly from other people, added to what I have known myself of her story, if you care to listen," said the vicar, and he and I began to pace up and down the beech walk as he talked.

"Ruth Marsden was the only child of a rich London merchant. She was pretty, and much admired for her own sake, as well as sought after on account of her wealth. Her parents indulged her in every wish and fancy, and the only wonder was that she was not spoiled."

"Amongst her many admirers, the favoured one seemed to be Henry Deane, a young man calculated to attract most young girls; but want of means kept him back from declaring his affection for her. He was too proud to let the world say that he had married a rich wife to support him in idleness, and so he was silent."

"Perhaps Ruth may have guessed what his feelings were, and respected him the more for it; but certain it is she refused all other offers, and at the age of twenty was still free, and apparently quite satisfied to remain so. But troubles and a dark cloud of sorrow suddenly enveloped the once bright home. Mrs. Marsden, who had long been an invalid, took fever and died; and poor Ruth was still overpowered by grief and the suddenness of her loss, when the news reached her of her father's failure for an enormous sum."

"At the time she was quite alone, Mr. Marsden being abroad on some business affairs, and he wrote a few lines to say that all was lost, and that as he could not leave Brussels just then, she must follow the advice of his lawyer, to whose house she was to go at once."

"Mr. Bruce was an old friend, and Ruth felt not quite forsaken while she had his roof to shelter herself under, and his advice and aid by which to be guided. She had at once determined to try and gain her own living, and advertised for a situation as governess."

"She had, in her ignorance, fancied that nothing would be easier than to get what she desired at once, but she was soon undeceived; she found that a great deal was expected from even a nursery governess, and a systematic training, which she had not received; and she also found that there were numbers of well-qualified and certificated teachers trying for every vacant post."

"Mr. Bruce was grieved to see her weary, dejected looks, as day after day passed and no situation turned up. At last he obtained for her a place as pupil-teacher in a school, with the principal of which he had some influence,

and deeply grateful Ruth felt when she was settled down in it. It was an unpleasant change to the indulged child of fortune, but she was a brave girl, and struggled on uncomplainingly, becoming a favourite with teachers and pupils."

"Henry Deane had sought her out as soon as he heard of her losses, but she persuaded him to wait until their prospects were brighter, and then if her father consented she would marry him, and in this resolve she remained firm."

"One day she received a letter from her father, telling her that he was on the point of starting to Australia, there to retrieve his broken fortunes if possible, then he would return and make her amends for all she had had to suffer; in the meantime he might not write again for six months; she must not be uneasy."

"The six months passed, then a year came and went, and still no letter or news of her absent father, and no efforts of Mr. Bruce availed to discover any traces of his whereabouts; but still Ruth hoped against hope, and the kindly old man would not discourage her by letting her see that he was convinced that her father was dead."

"The months and years passed by in labour sweetened by hope, and at last Ruth and Henry were quietly married from Mr. Bruce's house; and it was as a bride that My Lady first saw Ruth and became interested in her."

"For some years after this it seemed as if the happiness Ruth had so well deserved was to be at last hers. Henry's business flourished, and all went well. Then troubles again assailed her. Henry's eyesight became weak, and he was at last obliged to give up all business, leaving his confidential clerk to wind up his affairs for him."

"This man cheated and robbed him, and finally disappeared with his ill-gotten gains. Where, no one could discover; and Ruth was obliged to resume her former occupation of teaching to support herself and her now almost blind husband."

"My Lady proved herself a valuable friend at this juncture, and found many pupils for the energetic wife, who had now to begin the battle of life afresh, and who, for the rest of the time her husband lived, worked hard that he might feel no want of those comforts so necessary for his failing health."

"Never once, all those years, did her courage fail; but after her husband's death, when the pressure was relaxed and the strong incentive to exertion was removed, then, but not till then, the reaction came, and Ruth was laid for many a week on a sick bed, her life almost despaired of."

"My Lady cared for and watched over her all that time, and at the end of it, when her recovery was complete, she placed her in that pretty cottage, where you made her acquaintance to-day; and that is her story. What do you think of it?"

"I don't wonder that she has such a sweet, refined face," I replied. "What an unselfish, chequered life hers has been; but did she never hear of her father again?"

"Yes. Mr. Bruce heard from him once, when he told him he hoped soon to be home again. He had done well abroad, and was able to pay off most of his former debts, and added that he was about to marry a young girl, not half his age, and with a good fortune."

"Did Mrs. Deane never hear again from him?"

"No, never; but he must be dead long ago, or some news of him would have come."

And so the conversation ended, and we went in to tea, my mind very full of all I had heard of Mrs. Deane and her trials.

(To be continued.)

THE CULTURE OF SILK IN IRELAND AND AMERICA.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

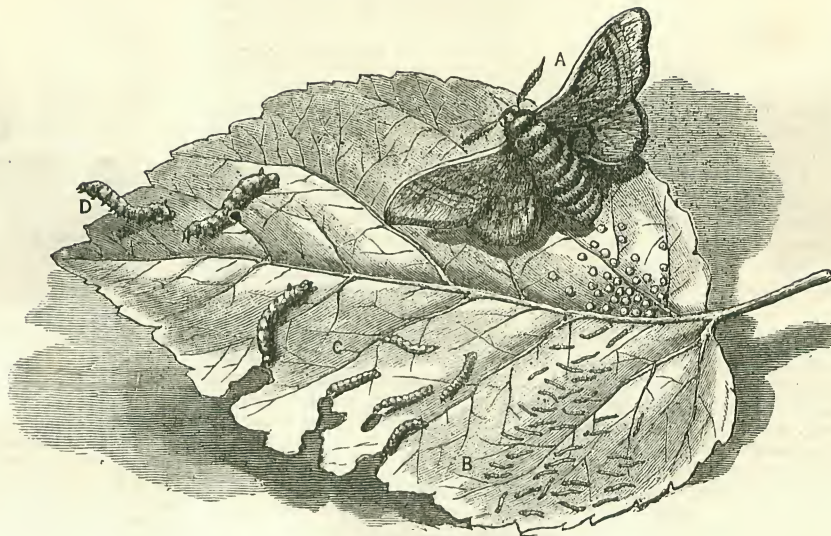


FIG. 1.—(A) THE MOTH LAYING EGGS—LIFE SIZE.

AND now I must try to give such practical hints to my readers as will enable them to carry out small "educations" without much trouble. One of these, consisting of three hundred silkworms, I found was, for myself, a world of experience; and as it was my first, and ended in every way most successfully, though I was obliged to travel by railroad in search of food during the course of it, I must be thought to have won my experience somewhat dearly. The grain used was grown in Australia, the worms were larger than any I have ever seen, and the cocoons fine and well shaped.

worms are far more often injured by extreme hot weather than by cold, for if properly fed they can stand very severe cold weather—just as we can ourselves under the same circumstances—though not damp. When it is cold, however, the silkworm has less appetite, and even two meals a day will be sufficient; but the "education" will last ever so much longer. It should take about forty days for silkworms that are fed four times a day, at four hours' intervals, and at an average temperature, to be ready to spin their cocoons; but it will take less time if the worms be fed day and night. Thus it will be seen that the silkworm has to absorb—from the date of his hatching to that of his spinning his cocoon—a certain quantity of leaves, and it is immaterial whether he be thirty-two days or fifty days in doing it; excepting for the rearer, who of course is saved the fatigue, trouble, and danger of accidents, and of disease likewise, if the "education" be as curtailed as it may possibly be. Four meals a day, beginning at 7 o'clock in the morning, will not prove a difficulty to anyone to supply; the hours of feeding being 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m. Cleanliness, regularity in feeding, and evenness in the quantity are the most important essentials in an "education." No wet or damp leaves must be given to the worms. If raining,

In the first place, we will suppose the beginner has to procure his seed or grain, as the silkworms' eggs are indifferently called. It can be purchased at a very small price in Covent Garden, and also through the *Exchange and Mart*. If it be the first trial, I should advise you to lay out only a shilling on it. Before, however, you come to this part of the business you must consider the subject of leaves, and to get them you must discover a mulberry tree within a walk of your residence, from whence you can obtain leaves. The time for beginning the hatching is when the leaves are bursting out, which is at the latter end of

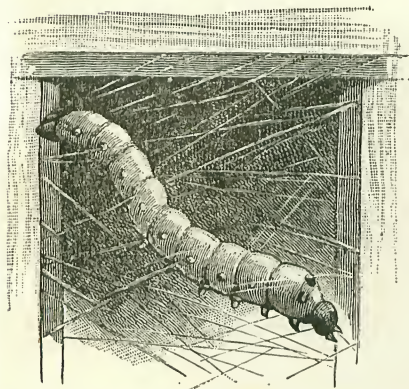


FIG. 2.—SILKWORM SPINNING A COCOON—LIFE SIZE.

This experiment took place in June and July, 1877—a fine hot summer—and the leaves mostly used were from the black mulberry. The worms were kept in the large dress boxes of cardboard sent out by drapers with dresses, and I see, by some recent American reports, that these are considered as very suitable, the high sides of the boxes protecting the silkworms from draughts. From the first few days, for two weeks or more, these paper boxes may be kept in the sitting-room, where they give no trouble, and where they are sure of receiving attention, and will be free from bad smells and cold; though at the same time they need plenty of air. The temperature of the room should not fall below 68° Fahr.; but it has been found that silk-

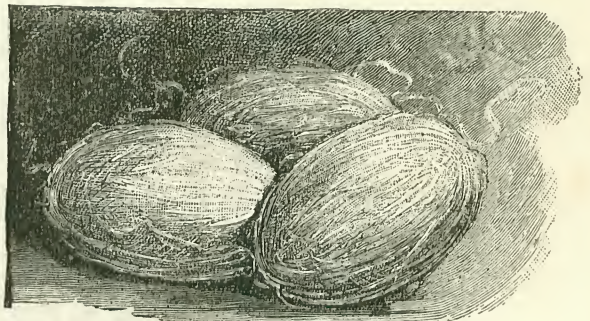


FIG. 3.—COCOONS—NATURAL SIZE.



FIG. 4.—CHRYsalis—NATURAL SIZE.

leaves must be gathered early in the morning and put to dry, for if not dry they must be wiped with a dry cloth.

April, or first part of May, in England. The eggs should be kept in a dry place, where the temperature never rises above fifty degrees. When the room is heated above this you must remove the eggs to a cellar. They are not affected (as I observed) by cold; on the contrary, it improves the grain greatly to expose it during the winter to the cold of the outer atmosphere. If the cellar be damp, the eggs will have to be removed every few days, and exposed to the dry outer air for an hour or two. When they are to be hatched, they must be taken from the cellar and placed in any of the warmer rooms of the house, and finally to the kitchen. Spread them on clean white paper, and put them in a warm closet, of which the temperature should be about 70°, a heat which may be gradually increased to about 80°. The worms will hatch out in about five days, but the warmer the place the sooner the hatching will take place.

The colour of the egg changes, two days before the hatching, from light yellow to an ashen grey. The box in which the eggs are kept

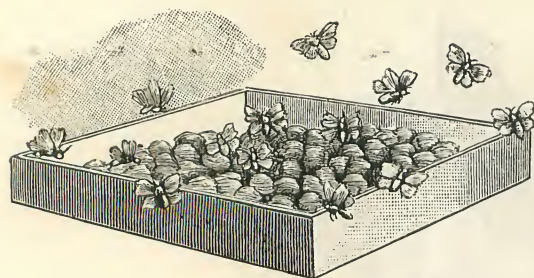


FIG. 5.—MOTHS EMERGING FROM COCOONS.

should be covered with a coarse net or muslin, so that the worms may crawl up through the holes. Perforated paper—a stiff brown or yellow wrapping-paper, with holes made in it about half an inch apart—will answer as well. On the paper or the net some young mulberry leaves must be placed for the young worms to feed upon. Another method of collecting the young worms is to place very tender leaves about the eggs, and the hatched worms will soon crawl on them. When the leaves are well covered with the baby-worms, they may be carefully transferred to papers or boxes marked "first day's hatching," "second day's hatching," and so on, for each day, for the various days' hatchings must be kept carefully apart throughout the whole time of the "education."

After the worms are all hatched, the "education" may be considered as fairly started. The first age of the worms lasts five days, and during that time they must be fed with the young leaves which are found in the spring (the older leaves would be too hard for them);

at the early periods of life any variety of mulberry leaf will answer for feeding them. The leaves for the young worms should always be cut up with a sharp clean knife, and cut quite finely during the first ages, but after the fourth and down to spinning-time they may be given entire. There are two objects in cutting the leaves: one being to give the young worms more edges on which to feed, and the other being to enable the educator to scatter the leaves more evenly, so that each worm may have its fair proportion of food, that they may grow equally, and accomplish their moultings at one and the same time. This is a very important point, saving a great deal of labour, which all beginners must remember.

The life of the worm is divided into five ages and four intervening moultings. On the fifth day of its life the young worms must be carefully watched. When they are ready for



FIG. 6.—GLASS JARS OF COCOONS.

the moulting-sleep they cease eating, remain still, and on the tiny black head a spot appears like a half moon—the new head of the worm.

While in the moulting-sleep the worms are not fed at all, and when they are preparing for it they must not be cleaned, nor the litter

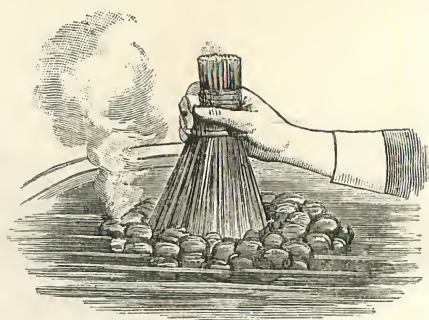


FIG. 8.—LOOSENING THE OUTER FIBRE OF THE COCOONS.

thrown out; nor must they be disturbed until the day after the moulting. Again the newly-moulted worms must not be fed until all of them have moulted and shed their skins. This treatment will apply to all the moultings, *i.e.*, at the other four ages.

After about three weeks the silkworms begin to change colour, refuse their food, and wander about the box or shelf, holding up their heads to look about for the resting-place which their instinct bids them seek. When they have attained their full growth they are probably an inch and a half long. If the educator be only a beginner, it is well she should be prepared for this state of things. Sheaves of straw, boughs of willow, bunches of dried twigs tied together, dry bracken, leaves, or something of that kind will answer for the spinning of the cocoons. It takes four

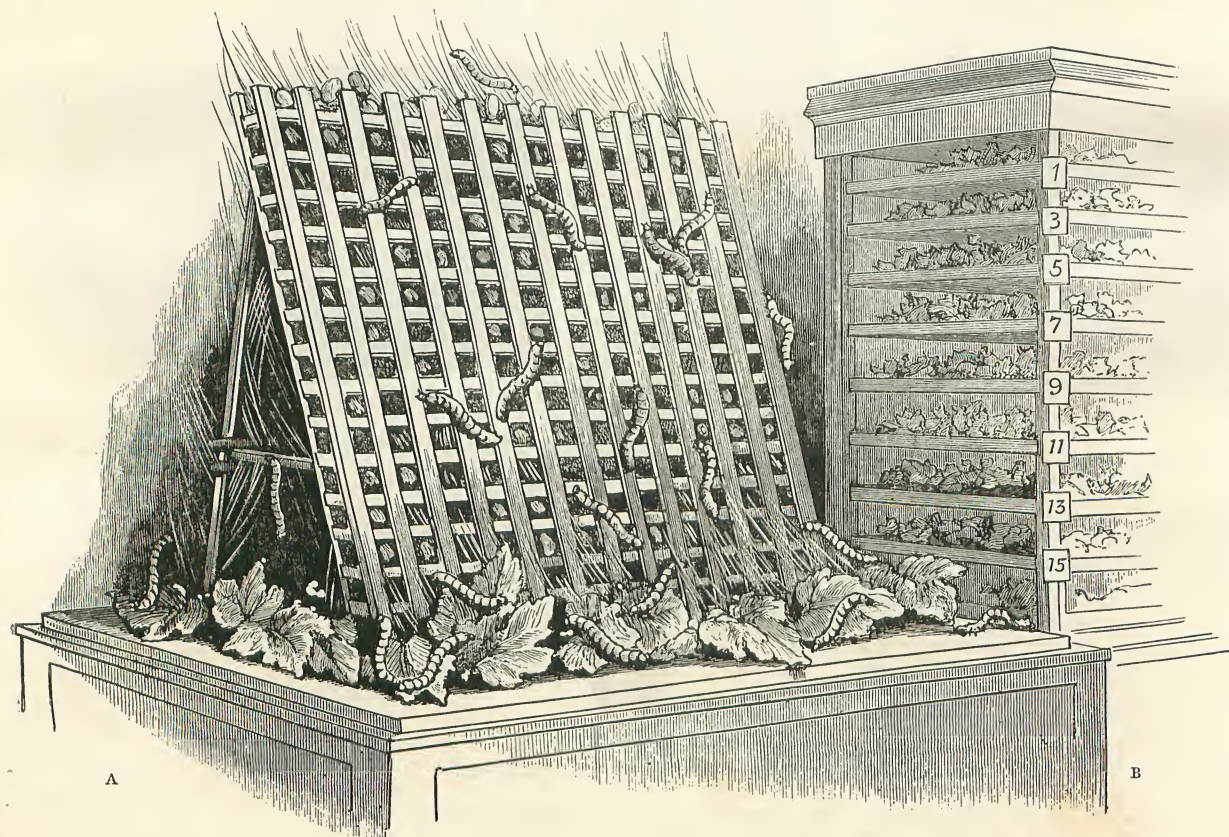


FIG. 7.—(A) LATTICED FRAME FOR WORMS TO SPIN UPON.

(B) TRAYS FOR THE WORMS, SHOWING AGES AND GROWTH.



FIG. 9.—REMOVING THE OUTER FIBRE.

days for a silkworm to finish its cocoon, and another three days to pass into the chrysalis state. After the spinning is over, those cocoons which are to be reeled for silk are to be gathered on the ninth day after being spun; and in order to kill the moths, they must be laid in the oven in boxes on wooden slabs, being careful to avoid scorching the cocoon. In about twenty minutes all motion and sound will have ceased, and the moth will be dead. The cocoons must then be spread out to dry in a warm room.

If the cocoons be destined for seed or grain, you must select the finest of them, hard to the touch and smaller in the middle than at the ends; of a light yellow in colour. Strip the loose floss from them and place them in boxes to await the emergence of the moths, which will take place in about twenty days, according to the weather, after the cocoons have been commenced. They always come out very early in the morning, just after sunrise, between six and eight o'clock; when out they should be placed on sheets of paper, as they pair. When the females lay their eggs it is better to put them on a cloth nailed to the wall, where they soon deposit their eggs. During the moth-life they require no food, and must be kept in rather a dark room, as they are night-moths. They are very plain-looking indeed, and they die almost directly after

laying their eggs. Another method is to put the moths on sheets of paper, which can then be put away in shallow boxes to keep them from the dust until the following year.

If the cocoons have to travel to any distance, they must be carefully packed so as to avoid flattening them; but they may be put into a dry box sufficiently close as not to alter their shape. Pierced cocoons, out of which the moths have come, may be closely packed, without any harm happening to them.

I have now, I think, given such a careful description of the whole process of the "education" of silkworms, that there will be no trouble in commencing one, and, on thinking the matter over, of going into the business of silk-growing. The great thing is to avoid hurry in the process. The trees, if newly planted, will take three years to grow, and during that time our girls can be looking about them to pick up new and approved ideas and further knowledge for their enterprise. From time to time the Editor, who wishes to encourage the growth of the industry amongst his girls, will

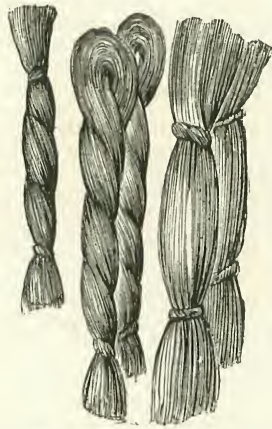


FIG. 12.—HANKS OF RAW SILK.

admit an article on the subject, giving the latest information and teaching there is to be obtained.

The most valuable handbook on the subject

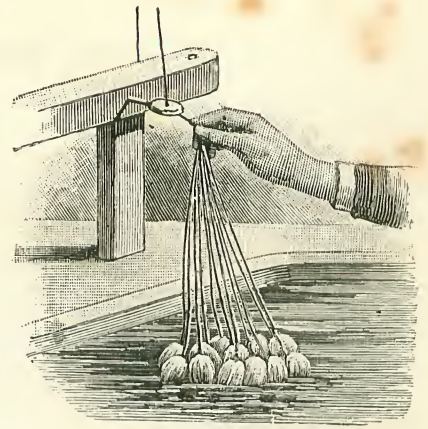


FIG. 10.—GATHERING FIBRES INTO THREADS.

is that issued by the "American Women's Silk Culture Association," 1222, Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S. America; price one dollar. The reports also are most valuable, and should be obtained by anyone intending to go in for silk culture. The address of the new Irish industry is Miss H. H. Reeves, Tranmore, Douglas, Cork; or M. H. Westropp, Ravenswood, Carrigaline, and from them information and grain can be obtained. Any extra information will be gladly given by the author of this paper.

An interesting book, recently published, "Pen and Pencil in Asia Minor," by Mr. William Cochran (Member of the Society of Arts), contains the fullest instructions possible in sericulture—the best method of growing the mulberry, all recent experiments and appliances, and the results of the celebrated Pasteur experiments in the diseases of the silkworm, as well as the best methods of prevention. Mr. Cochran went to Asia Minor for the purpose of seeing Mr. John Griffitt, who has been for the last thirty years U.S.A. Vice-Consul at Smyrna, and the means of reviving the almost dying silk industry near that city. A skilled silk farmer himself, he studied the discoveries of Pasteur, and reproduced a breed of healthy silkworms.

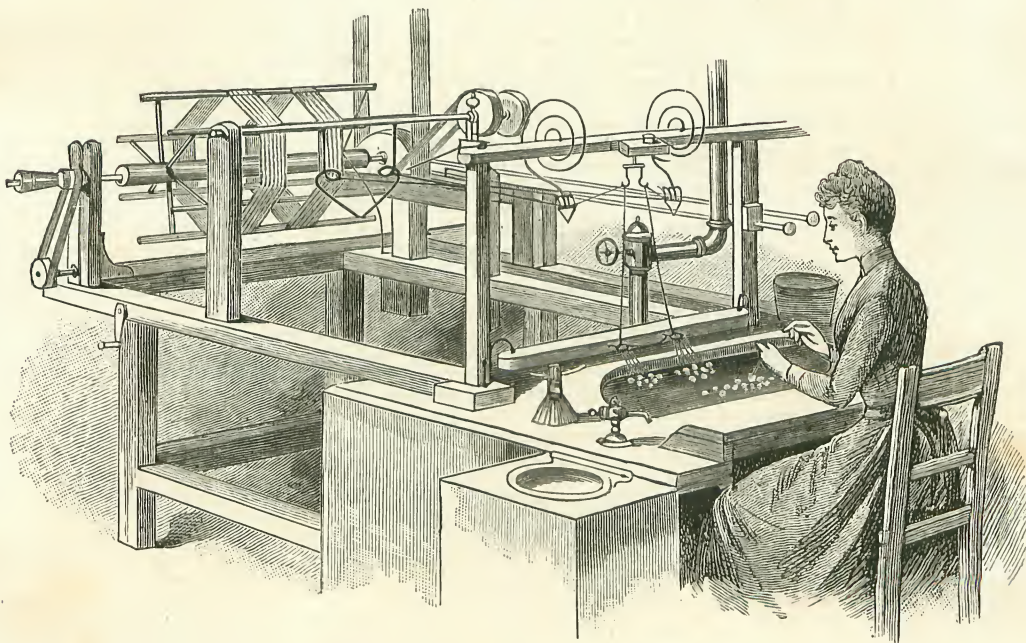


FIG. 11.—SPINNING SILK THREAD.

THE DEBT WE OWE TO BIRDS AND BEASTS.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.



BETWEEN the mawkish sentimentality of the old maid, who would not permit her servant to turn the bluebottle fly out of doors until it left off raining, and the conduct of the brutal costermonger, who looks upon his ass as a mere machine to be goaded to action on a minimum of food and a maximum of thwacking, there is a great gulf fixed. Probably most of us would prefer the old maid, for whatever be the reason thereof, we find the close of the nineteenth century characterised by a greater and more universal diffusion of kindness to the lower animals than was ever before witnessed. I see in this cause to rejoice rather than complain, despite the fact that owing to the strain on body and mind of our work-a-day population in the struggle for wealth, or even existence, so-called nervous disorders are vastly on the increase. Do we deserv herein the relativeness of cause and effect? Are we really becoming morbidly sensitive to the sufferings of the creatures beneath us—our fellow-mortals? I am not prepared to answer the questions; but for every new book, inculcating directly or indirectly kindness to animals, placed on the reviewer's table, we shall find one on debility of the nerve centres, or some kindred subject.

But the person who does not turn aside to avoid crushing a beetle in his path is now-a-days the exception rather than the rule, while those people whose minds are cultured and refined are saddened, even on the brightest summer's day, when walking in fields or woods, by witnessing acts of pain and cruelty perpetrated on every side of them by the stronger denizens of the wilds over the weaker. And these are seen in every grade of life, from insects upwards to that of birds and beasts. Here is a harmless fly in the talons of a monster spider; here a polecat darting away with a blackbird torn from its nest, her pretty mate, who has seen all, making the "welkin" ring with his notes of anguish; or here again the blood-stained feathers of a cushat-dove, that has been torn in pieces by a hawk, and who will croudle no more at eventide in yonder thicket of spruce. The mystery of pain is one of the mysteries of Nature herself, which she will not reveal; and there are times when one cannot help envying the almost terrible Christianity of a Gordon, who believed that everything that is good, and could see Heaven's hand and mercy even in a massacre.

Now while cheerfully admitting that there is an increase in acts of kindness to animals in our day, and a larger spirit of "live and let live" prevalent, we cannot shut our eyes to

the fact that there is also a vast amount of thoughtless and destructive cruelty, coupled with thoughtless extravagance in the use of Nature's gifts and bounties.

In old school books there used to be a story of a boy who first ate the cake his mother had sent him, and then cried because it was all gone. We are very much in the same position; we are eating our cake, and our posterity of a few centuries hence will have to cry because we have left none for them.

There is a sad lack at present of what may be called national economy. This is noticeable on all hands, and in some instances the crime—for needless extravagance is a crime—brings its own punishment. About one-third of our precious life-giving coals, for example, is wasted in smoke; and in consequence, during at least one-third of the year the great world of London, to say nothing of many other of our large cities, is enveloped in a health-destroying fog and gloom, which might almost be called the very shadow of death itself, so fearfully does it increase our annual bills of mortality. Everyone knows there is a remedy for this state of matters, and that this remedy will be applied as soon as—the Irish Question is settled. Even the dark and loathsome streets and lanes of the East-end will catch glimpses of glorious sunshine then, and light and heat will help to banish sin and disease.

In lesser matters we are also madly, and, in a moral sense, penally extravagant. The destruction of our song birds, notably larks, to form table tit-bits for the upper ten and the middle million, is so great that already it is rare indeed to see or hear those charming birds anywhere near to a large town.

Again, the very fairest of our women-kind are still nothing more nor less than beautiful savages, for they go on "adorning" (?) themselves with the skins of birds, a large proportion of which, it is well they should know, are captured under circumstances of the greatest cruelty, torn from their nests in spring-time, when their coats or plumage are most lovely; when they are dressed, one might say, in their bridal garments. Small mercy receive they at the brutal hands of their captors; they are strangled on the spot, in sight of the despairing male birds, whose songs of joy are hushed for a season, and whose young are left in the nest to open their yellow beaks, to gape in vain for the food that never comes, and so to perish miserably of cold and starvation.

The same wanton and thoughtless extravagance goes on in the fur world, and in that of ivory and wild beasts' skins. Already the very noblest of our larger animals that dwell afar in forest or jungle are becoming woefully scarce; sacrificed they all will be ere long at the shrine of fashionable folly.

It will surely be a poor sort of a world to live in when neither buffalo nor bison roams in the wilderness or prairie; when the roar of the king of beasts awakes no more the echoes of African hills; when the elephant, the seal, and the bear can only be met with stuffed in museums; when coals have gone down, and heat and power can only be obtained from the earth's dark depths, or from the heaving breast of ocean; when the woods shall be silent in spring, and the only notion of bird-song shall be that handed down or preserved by the phonograph. It certainly will be a poor sort of world, and we creatures of the present age will be well out of it.

Perhaps many think it is but poor policy to look so far ahead. Let us consider, however, what we owe to birds and beasts in this good year of 1889. A few minutes spent in such

consideration will not be time wasted, if it shall lead us to treat with greater care and kindness the dumb beasts whose pleading, wondering eyes are always upon us, look where we will.

Let us take the birds first. Directly or indirectly, we depend upon the feathered race for a very large portion of our food supply, both in eggs and in flesh. As regards game and poultry, we have very little to complain of; the former are most carefully and judiciously preserved, and since poultry shows have become an institution in the country, the breeding of fowls has almost reached the rank of an exact science.

I hope ere long to see the laws of economy as rigorously applied to the waters that surround our islands as to our moors and hills themselves, so that the living wealth that creeps and floats about our shores may have a chance of increasing for the national weal.

Indirectly we owe a very large debt indeed to the wild birds of the fields and gardens, although they are trapped and shot in the most heartless manner, and begrudged even the hips and haws and holly-berries that help them to tide over the severity of the winter season. The ignorance of gardeners especially causes them to look upon birds as their enemies. That they do a little harm at times and eat a little fruit, there is no gainsaying, but we would have neither fruit nor vegetables were it not for the wild birds. Insect life, particularly in the larval state, would become a plague, and good gardening a penance, if not an impossibility, were it not for the birds.

To say nothing of the thrushes and blackbirds that remain with us all the winter destroying the cocoons and chrysalides of thousands of hibernating moths and destructive flies, and even the snails that have hidden in crevices to sleep throughout the cold season, we have such well-known gardeners' assistants as wrens, warblers, stone-chats, hedge-accentors, wagtails, titmice, larks, robins, redstarts, etc., etc. Even sparrows, and many kinds of finches, I maintain, and am able to prove, do excellent work in the garden. In addition to the above we have owls that destroy mice, and nightjars that catch moths, and by day, martins, swifts, and swallows.

In mentioning gardeners' assistants it would be unfair to forget the bats, the toads, and our good friends the frogs.

But it is to the insect-eating or soft-billed birds in particular that we have to be grateful for keeping down the truly terrible aphides or plant lice—these are ordinarily known by the name of green flies—on roses, etc., and black flies on beans and cherries. They increase during the summer months with enormous rapidity; the eggs are laid in autumn, hatch in the spring sunshine, then begin to multiply viviparously till autumn again; but it is in the early season that the birds assist us so well. Birds also keep down wasps and earwigs, that are so great a plague or curse to the fruit-grower. They devour also wire-worms, and many other kinds of destructive "crawlin' ferlies." I have already mentioned owls as useful in keeping down mice. These latter are at times most troublesome garden pests, especially in the early spring months, when, having devoured their stores of winter food, they come forth to eat the roots of everything palatable.

A proof of the sort of plague these creatures may become, as well as of the folly exhibited by ignorant keepers in shooting down every bird of prey wherever seen, was afforded a few years ago in the south of Scotland. A raid

had been made, and war à outrance declared against hawks and owls; this was carried out to the bitter end, but the field-mice increased to such an extent that whole fields of grass were utterly destroyed, the little creatures being actually in millions. So true is it that there is a balance of nature that cannot be interfered with with impunity. By this law no one species of animal is allowed to preponderate to the destruction of others, nor can any natural family be wantonly removed without others suffering in some way or another.

Birds, especially in the far north, are trapped and shot for the sake of their feathers and down. It is well known now, even outside the medical profession, that feather beds are not so healthy as mattresses; still, feathers will always be utilised for making pillows, and as for down, it will be a valuable article of commerce for centuries yet to come.

The song birds of this country have a value which it would be difficult indeed to compute. Consider them first as they are in their native woods and wilds, when in the sweet spring-time every tree harbours a musician, every bush shelters a songster; when in thicket and copse every leaf even seems to have found a voice, while far above us the fleecy clouds themselves are ringing with the glad melody of birds. One does not need to be a poet, nor a naturalist either, to enjoy such a concert as this; to the weary, to the tired brain-worker, to the toiler in towns, who has escaped from drudgery for a day, and come down to the cool green country, it means life and health itself. The soul seems to borrow from the birds a portion of their ecstatic joy, the mind becomes calm, the nerves are soothed by their songs, cares and worries are for a time forgotten, and the thoughts carried far away "to better worlds than this."

Very early on a summer's morning in the wooded midlands we are awakened by the sweet soft fluting of a blackbird on the lawn. No occasion to get up; the sun itself has not yet cleared the horizon. We sleep again, and the melody mingles with our dreams; by-and-by the robin will fill up the intervals with his pleasant lilt, and later on the bold loud notes of the chaffinch will burst forth in the blossoming orchard, and the mavis among the limes will make echo ring from tree to tree. All day long, wherever we walk, the birds will be with us; at eventide we may listen to the plaintive song of the linnet on the thorn, the drowsy whirr of the partridge among the corn, or croodle of cushat in the spruce thickets. In the silence of the night, and all the livelong night, we have melody that we scarce could distinguish by day—the voices of blackcap, woodlark, and nightingale.

"Their loud delight
Breaks through the stillness of the night,
And music's softest airs fill all the plains."

But consider the value of our song birds, even when confined in cages! To appreciate this thoroughly one would need to be an invalid for a few months; then, indeed, bird-song is soothing, and bird ways and tricks and manners well calculated to banish ennui, and make the weary time seem shorter.

In this country we perhaps do not owe a great deal to birds as scavengers, except on the immediate sea-board; but in the native towns and villages of Her Majesty's Indian dominions, to the vagabond crow (*Pica vagabunda*), the adjutant (*Leptoptilos argala*) and a few other birds, assisted, I may add, by buffaloes and blue-bottle flies, millions owe not only the health they possess, but life itself.

To the homing instinct of pigeons the world is indeed deeply indebted. Especially are these birds useful in time of war, or to a town that has been placed in a state of siege, as Paris was during the Franco-German war, when but for balloons and pigeons the city might have been considered for a time blotted out of existence. The subject is far too extensive to enter into here; but let me briefly remind the reader of a few facts. The utility of the voyageur depends upon the love of home inherent in the bird, and the power it possesses of making its way over tracts of country quite unknown to it at a great speed and unerringly. They are trained to this by being taken at first only short distances from the parent loft on favourable days. After a year of such training a bird will be able to fly over a hundred miles, and two hundred miles in the second year. What is known to the "fancy" as the carrier pigeon, is not the bird which is in use for long-distance flying, but a cross-bred pigeon—the Antwerp. Some of these, when fully matured and trained, have been known to do a journey or voyage of five hundred miles in twelve hours. Something of the enormous speed they attain on wing may be gathered from the following curious incident: A large round hole was lately found in a shop window of plate glass, cut as clean as if done by a glazier's diamond, while in the shop itself, and opposite the aperture, was the dead body of a Belgian homer, with battered head and broken neck. It had doubtless flown against the glass during the fog and darkness.

Pigeon flying as a pastime is only in its infancy in this country, though in Belgium alone there are 1,200 societies; and while the season is at its height every Saturday from that country over 200,000 birds are despatched by train to far-off parts of France, and even Spain, there to be thrown up.

It is not training alone, however, that accounts for the homing power the pigeons have, for extraordinary but authentic stories are told of even untrained birds making their

way back to their lofts from places hundreds of miles away. This proves that pigeons have some curious instinct or even sense which we ourselves cannot understand, and brings to our minds the words of the poet—

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay:
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

Many sea-birds possess the same instinct, notably gulls and albatrosses; but as yet mankind has not attempted to dominate these birds, though I could easily fancy the albatross, or even some species of gulls, bringing messages betwixt Australia and the Cape of Good Hope, or betwixt Australia and America. The day may come.

Little need be said of the debt we owe to our ordinary domestic animals, such as the horse, the bullock, the donkey, dog, and harmless necessary cat. This is all self-evident. That we do not treat them with sufficient care and kindness is a fact that we ought to be heartily ashamed of.

The extraordinary love one cannot help developing for a dog or even cat, that has for many years been a fireside friend and faithful favourite, is in itself a proof of the value of such an animal.

People are often ridiculed for bestowing affection on a dog, but only by the unthinking. Everybody almost likes a good dog; few of us happily require to love the animal. But to thousands in this country the companionship of a faithful dog is an incalculable boon. From disposition, or indisposition, or force of circumstances, such may be prevented from mingling much in society. It is small wonder, then, that they come to love the dog, who seldom leaves them for a minute, whose fond brown eyes watch and read every movement and look—the dog with his ways so winning, his affection so unbounded, his heart so loyal, the same in trouble or sorrow in weal or woe, and who loves his master all the more when low and lonely.

Well, my subject is too large to do aught save touch lightly and suggestively on, and lest I outstay my welcome I draw my article to a close. But there is one thing I must allude to in conclusion—namely, the very great and intrinsic value of little pets as companions for little children.

Let them be but white mice or guinea pigs, a kitten or a puppy, I care not what, but I say that on the very day the child has been presented with a living pet, the gates of a new world have been opened wide to him; his mind will be moulded, his heart enlarged, his very soul softened by observing and studying the life and ways of even the littlest of God's lowly creatures.

OTHER DAYS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

Oh, would they might come back again,
Those days before my house was bare,
When little voices thrilled my ears,
And little feet were on the stair.

Sweet was the stir of dear young life,
And sweet the cares it brought me then;
Oh, would that stir, those blessed cares,
Were in my silent home again!

Oh, would those days were back again,
When little hands clung round my knees,
And little lips to mine were pressed—
I feel them strange, these hours of ease.

Now I am poor, I dwell alone,
And totter on through strangest ways,
Still longing for what never comes—
The life and love of other days.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

BUSY BEE, TWO OF YOUR GIRLS.—To stain floors nothing can be better than the oaken stains to be procured at any oil-shop. The floors will first require a good scrubbing or two, and perhaps planing also, to make them smooth. It is a saving of the staining liquid if you size the floor first, before the staining. When the boards are dark enough and perfectly dry, you can proceed to varnish or give a polish with turpentine and beeswax, which is made as follows:—Shave up the beeswax finely into a jar, and pour on it enough turpentine to cover it; let it stand all night, and in the morning it will be of the consistency of cream. Use a woollen rag to rub it on, and polish with a roll made of flannel or felt. Varnished floors can be polished in the same manner, and kept as bright as ever. 2. Beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it well into the roots of the hair, washing it well out afterwards with hot water. We should think that any kind of egg would answer, whether of ducks or fowls. 3. The embroidery paste about which you inquire is only ordinary stiff flour paste made extra firm by long boiling. It is used to stiffen the back of embroidery, a little tissue paper being laid over it while it is wet. It should not touch the material.

WORK.

S. W.—Many people use cold tea to sponge black silk, others use weak beer and water, others vinegar and water, and the Southern negroes in America use an old black kid glove, boiled in a quart of water till it is reduced to a pint, and then the glove is used to rub the mixture on the silk.

MAY W.—For summer use, to wear with every dress, a transparent lace, straw, or net hat, with blue or white flowers in it, which you could change for each dress as you require it, would be found both cool and pretty. You could make this at home.

FLOSS.—Send your macramé work to a cleaner; we never recommend experiments by amateurs in either cleaning or dyeing embroideries or dress materials. 2. English is spoken everywhere now, but it would be expedient to learn French, and next best, German.

SAGE and THYME.—We are glad to hear that our pattern of a woollen quilt proved so satisfactory, and was so quickly made. To have found time to complete one within three weeks, was a proof that you are industrious and deserve our assistance. "Thyme" says she can make from ten to twelve in an hour. 2. Harmony should be taught by a master. Your other question should be put to a librarian.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JESSIE CLARE.—We regret that we are quite unable to give you "a cure for knock-knees at the age of twenty-six," or at any age. If they belong to a woman, at least they are generally considered preferable to "bandy-legs." When the legs are not straight, as they should be, it is difficult to walk otherwise than as a duck, and thus double pains should be taken with the carriage.

BESSIE.—The following is said to be a good dressing for the cure of persistent scurfiness in the head:—Sesquicarbonate of ammonia, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; spirit of rosemary, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; rose water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Mix by shaking, and apply before brushing the hair.

SUNSHINE is thanked for her grateful and most gratifying letter.

BRIGHTONIAN.—Our readers do not always obtain answers, because they would involve controversy. All God-fearing people are not fully agreed on very many points, although holding the great central doctrines of Christianity. Our magazine cannot be used as an organ for controversy, and we are obliged to exercise great discretion in giving *ex cathedra* answers to all questions sent in to us. Study the scriptures prayerfully, and consult your parents and your own clergyman.

A "FAIDING" LILY should learn how to spell it before "faiding." She will find a recipe for jam or Swiss roll in vol. vii., page 47. We trust it will be a comfort to her.

PERPLEXED FIANCEE.—You would require a special licence for the purpose. The fees for it average about £29 8s.; apply at the Faculty Office, Doctors' Commons. But surely this would be the bridegroom's business.

MARY VERENA.—Probably the "elderly lady" is endeavouring to read without spectacles. She should consult an oculist. The address of the secretary of the society called The Snowdrop Bands is Mrs. A. T. Watson, Southwold, Tipton Crescent, Sheffield.

DOLLY.—A bride should turn back her veil when she sits down to the wedding breakfast, but not remove it until she changes her dress for travelling.

A. GRAY.—We are not personally acquainted with the small places you name, but think that Broadstairs in the same county (Kent) might suit you. It is situated between Ramsgate and Margate, extending along the top of the cliff. The beach is sandy, the climate bracing and healthy; apartments comfortable, and, excepting in the height of the season, are very reasonable; the season is from July to the end of September. It is cool and pleasant in July.

YOUNG NURSE.—You might find ivory dust a strengthening ingredient to employ in soups and broths, or in blancmange and sweet jellies. Put one ounce of ivory dust into two quarts of water, and boil gently till it be reduced to a pint, which will take from eight to ten hours; then strain it through a jelly bag, and use in other forms of nourishment. There is no special taste to it, so your patient will not dislike it. It is to be had at the shop of any ivory carver.

ONE WHO TRIES.—The 30th July, 1865, was a Sunday. You should write small, delicate round-hand copies. Your writing is not formed.

FAITHFUL MONARCH.—A Mr. Pepper exhibited the ghost illusion at the Royal Polytechnic Institution in July, 1853. We know of no book on the subject.

WHITE MAY writes a very good hand, and a grateful well-expressed letter, for which we thank her. **HOUSEKEEPER** will have to send the bed to an upholsterer's to be cleaned and baked. She cannot set it right herself at the stage of which she complains. Her whole house will be filled with moths if not sent away at once.

NELL.—Any shells would be acceptable; they might be packed in small boxes put together into a parcel; even match-boxes would hold small ones. If you made up some little brightly coloured cotton-bags, and packed them up with the shells, the Sea Shell Mission Society would be glad to receive them. For all particulars respecting this and such like societies, read a book called "Restful Work for Youthful Hands" (Griffith, Farran, and Co., St Paul's Churchyard, E.C.).

ALLIED would have to call in the help of a carpenter. **M. J. W. (Leith).**—We thank you for your recipe for glazing linen, viz., to tie up a small piece of paraffin was in two or three folds of muslin, and rub it on the face of the iron when hot, and iron the linen with it so prepared. The powdered borax is mixed with our correspondent amongst the dry starch, and she mixes all together with cold water, adding the turpentine at the last, and then prepares the iron as described. Although we have given the above recipe, because so continually asked for it, it is only fair to say that many regard this method of producing a beautiful glaze on linen as tending to destroy it.

NARCISSA.—The aunt takes precedence of the niece; the second generation can never supplant the first. The daughters of the house rank next after their eldest brother's wife, before their younger brothers and their wives, and before their nieces, whether the children of their eldest or of their youngest brothers. The eldest son of an earl, for example, is Lord So and So, the younger sons are Honourables only; but all the sisters take such rank as their eldest brother bore during their father's lifetime; and when he succeeds to their father's full honours, the sisters still retain their birth rank as it was, and take precedence immediately after the eldest brother and wife, he being head of the family in his father's place, and the rising generation take rank after their aunts. 2. Your pen-and-ink drawings on porcelain must be baked. We do not advertise manufactories.

A. G.—See our answer to May W.



RULES

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.



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AUGUST 10, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE YOUNG NATURALISTS.



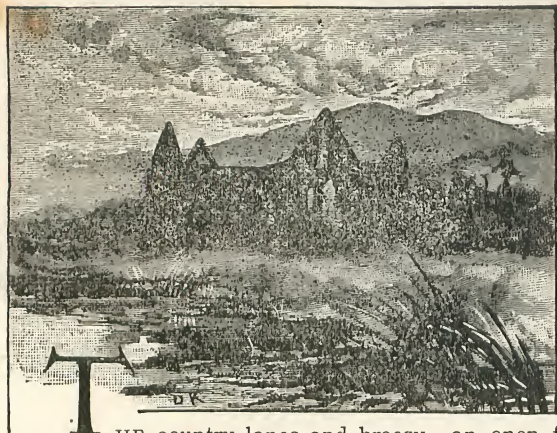
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DRAWN BY LIZZIE LAWSON.

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.



THE country lanes and breezy downs of St. Margaret-atte-Cliffe had seldom been trodden by a more lonely creature than was Evelyn Hope on the days succeeding the *dénouement* with Algy. She took long and solitary walks all day, going over and over again the dismal round. Her happy life was suddenly devastated. And yet it was by no calamity; rather by what many women would have considered a lucky turn in Fortune's wheel. Wealth and an assured home were placed within her reach; and by some strange irony this very circumstance drove her forth from the good things of this life she already possessed.

For Evelyn could not stay at The Elms; that became clear to her very speedily. Mrs. Lancaster should not be separated from her only son, Dottie from her adored brother, whose home-coming after his college course had been so eagerly anticipated by both. Besides, these two dear friends, who had given her so much care and love, seemed now suddenly, cruelly estranged from the desolate girl. Mrs. Lancaster's love for her orphan niece was fought down by her idolatry of her son, her anger at the baffling of his hopes. Dottie, too, thought Evelyn wayward, unreasonable, and unkind to spoil the fair scheme of life that opened so temptingly for all. Neither could understand Evelyn's refusal. Not care for Algy! she easily could if she tried; it was altogether inconceivable that she should not. So they hardened their hearts against her, thinking, perhaps, that this was one way of driving her to consent to what would be so greatly to her own advantage.

"For Evelyn has only two hundred a year of her own," said Mrs. Lancaster to Dottie; "all very ample when she lives with us, but if anything happened to me, where would she be, I should like to know, with her expensive tastes? The child must be mad to refuse Algy."

Dottie shook her head, and had recourse to tears once more.

Meanwhile Evelyn felt she had imperative need of advice and help from somebody, now that her own familiar friends had turned against her. Her uncle, Mr. Austin Hope, was in Italy,

an open fly and a neat familiar on the head of its solitary occupant.

"It can't be Miss Wentworth already!" thought the girl, with an eager throb of excitement, and she pressed forward to the roadside.

Miss Wentworth had seen Evelyn, and imperiously stopping the driver, had jumped out, crossed the stile, and hurried to meet her. Never had the delicate, withered face looked so kind and welcome as now.

"Come to the hotel in time to catch the three o'clock up train," ordered Miss Wentworth, calling to the flyman, after her embrace with Evelyn. "Now, my dear, you must tell me more about all this. Let us go a walk on the cliffs before lunch-time."

"How good you are to come to me!" cried Evelyn. "Oh, I have been so wretched even since Friday."

"And you did not foresee it?"

"No; how could I? You see, Miss Wentworth, Algy and I have been like brother and sister ever since we were children together. He never used to have such a thought till quite lately."

"Ah, he had been away from you," pondered Miss Wentworth; "you met with a little of the old familiarity rubbed off; well, it can't be helped. And so his mother and sister do not take it in good part?"

"Auntie is very angry with me for the first time in her life. Dottie is not so angry, but is very miserable and reproachful. I don't know how to bear grieving them."

"Ah, well, my dear, it is natural enough, but time will mend all that. Do not fret too much over it. And as for Mr. Algernon—is it quite out of the question?"

"Perfectly," assured Evelyn. "I am fond of him, but not in that way, and I never could be. I have always looked on him as a sort of younger brother, to laugh and amuse myself with. We don't sympathise in any of the earnest things of life. Oh no, I could not marry him."

The elder lady's worn face had grown

and she was never much inclined to confide in him, as the reader knows. Who else was there? None of their home neighbours would be suitable. Suddenly she thought of Miss Wentworth. The American lady had been with them all through the Engelberg stay; she knew the situation, she was shrewd and kind. Evelyn would write to her London address.

The letter was forthwith written and posted; and while Evelyn was wandering forlornly over the breezy fields on the following morning, she caught sight of

coming from the station, a blue bonnet that looked familiar on the head of its solitary occupant.

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sadder as she listened, with one thin hand drawn inside Evelyn's arm.

"Better no marriage than an uncongenial one, my dear child. Ah, Evelyn, I could tell you a story of my own life to show I think with you on that point. Don't dread being an old maid so much as marrying for the sake of a home, or because people try to worry you into it. If you are thoroughly sure about it, then just go your own way. And I think you are right; for I don't believe in first cousins marrying. However, that's all beside the point. You are to come back with me to London, and stay with me for the present. Don't say a word; I shall take no denial. I have delightful rooms in Bayswater; we will make them homelike, you shall cheer me up, and we will be as happy as possible. You shall show the Amuhican all about this London of yours. So go and pack up your boxes while I make it straight with Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie. I see them down on the beach yonder."

Miss Wentworth would take no denial. She waved aside all difficulties, and to poor Evelyn her proposal seemed like a way of escape from a terrible dilemma. For how could she go back to The Elms feeling that she was exiling the son of the house, and at cross purposes with her aunt and cousin? She would be utterly wretched. The future seemed very dark, but for the present she needed shelter and leisure to think what she would do, unembarrassed by the daily contact that had grown so painful.

Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie were much astonished to see Miss Wentworth descending from the cliffs; but they had little to oppose when she explained her scheme with the brevity and directness peculiar to her.

"Isn't it a grievous thing now, about poor Algy, Miss Wentworth?" appealed Mrs. Lancaster. But the American lady shook her head.

"I never enter into family quarrels. I am here only to relieve Evelyn and yourself from what must be a most unpleasant position, for the next month or two," she said. "You and she can consider what is best to be done afterwards."

So all four ladies ate their luncheon together, pretending hypocritically that Evelyn was going on a little visit of civility and pleasure to Miss Wentworth; pretending, as women have to pretend under such circumstances, and never dwelling on the pain and distress underlying it all. Mrs. Lancaster kissed the girl kindly enough when they parted, and Dottie entirely broke down. She clung round Evelyn's neck in a passion of tears.

"Nothing else could have parted us—nothing—nothing. Oh Evelyn, won't you be my sister? Do think how happy we should all be at The Elms!"

Evelyn would not trust herself to speak, and was thankful to be driven away from the inn. Miss Wentworth did not worry

her with questions, but showed her the tenderest consideration on the journey, letting her alone, save for little attentions to every detail of her comfort.

"After all, my dear, it is a great blessing she is gone," said Mrs. Lancaster to Dottie. "Now we can write to your brother at once, and arrange to meet him at The Elms to-morrow; I daresay, too, separation from us will be the very best thing for Evelyn. It will bring her to a right state of feeling, and lead her to appreciate what she is throwing away."

"I hope so," said Dorothy; but there was very little hope in her voice.

"I can't help thinking," mused Mrs. Lancaster, "that Mrs. Allingham West must have set her against Algy."

"Why, mother, Mrs. West did not so much as know of Algy's existence."

"Don't you be too sure of that," retorted the elder lady. "And I daresay, what with her thinking herself so clever, because of writing that book and all, she set up Evelyn with the idea that Algy was beneath her, because *he* doesn't choose to write verses. Poor dear fellow!"

"I don't think Mrs. Allingham West 'set up' Evelyn at all," replied Dottie.

But Mrs. Lancaster was penetrated by her new idea, and became hopeful by degrees that when the pernicious influence of Mrs. West should have withdrawn its baleful glamour, the star of Algy would rise triumphantly in the horizon.

It is wonderful how the mildest of women can suddenly become a very lioness for fury when she thinks her offspring is injured! Poor Evelyn had not had sufficient experience of human nature to understand this transformation of her good-tempered, easy-going aunt, whom she had always regarded as pliant and kindly to the last degree. The love between aunt and niece, while not perhaps very intense or sympathetic in character, had grown through long years of intercourse, and Evelyn felt as though part of her old self had fallen from her.

Her stay with Miss Wentworth had, nevertheless, fresh pleasures of its own.

It was something entirely new for Evelyn to be brought into hourly contact with a mind possessing superior stores of information. At The Elms, in her debating society, among her familiar friends, she had always been the leader—admired, looked up to, honoured, praised, and flattered. Her stock of knowledge, to use a familiar expression, "went a very long way" among these satellites; with Miss Wentworth it went a very short way indeed.

One point in which this was particularly manifest was in the very little Evelyn knew about London itself and its historical associations. Miss Wentworth was full of them to her very finger-tips, and was astounded when she mentioned this and that historical event to find that Evelyn did not know where it had taken place.

"Never been to the Tower of London!" she ejaculated, opening her bright black eyes to their fullest extent. "What! never been in the Beauchamp Tower?"

"No," acknowledged Evelyn; "I always thought it wasn't the thing to do; a sort of thing excursionists did on Bank Holidays."

"This isn't a Bank Holiday, so put on your hat at once," ordered Miss Wentworth. And Evelyn, to her surprise, found herself enjoying a most delightful morning—a morning rich in imaginative pictures of the most thrilling description, as she wandered through the historic scenes, and studied the inscriptions—pathetic past all telling—on the walls of that prison where poor Lady Jane Grey spent the last days of her ebbing life. Her companion knew exactly what to see and how to see it.

"Why, I have always thought I would see the Tower of London the very first thing when I came to England. I have just dreamed of it," she said, in reply to Evelyn's expression of surprise.

Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery, the British Museum, Hampton Court—all these places Evelyn found herself obliged to explore anew, and to examine by the help of a stranger's appreciation. November is not usually

considered an ideal month in which to go sight-seeing in London, but as a matter of fact it often presents rich store of mild and sunshiny days, and it did so in the year of Miss Wentworth's visit to Europe. The two ladies made good use of their mornings; the close of the brief afternoon found them at home again, enjoying their cup of tea with full zest after their labours. Then came long, cosy evenings, when they read in turn, and Evelyn drank in fresh thought and knowledge. For her clever friend soon found out what she had not read that she *ought* to read without delay, and supplied the lack as best she could. Miss Wentworth purposely discouraged Evelyn from writing; her mind required diversion, and she was just in a condition to derive benefit from new ideas and new information.

Never was "Day-dreams" mentioned between them. No further reviews had appeared, though Evelyn furtively searched the papers. It seemed to have sunk absolutely from sight and sound, like a stone tossed into a lake and causing only a momentary ripple. But one day they chanced to pass Messrs. Dalrymple's monster establishment, and Evelyn broke out—

"That was where they published my wretched book."

"Don't you want to go in and ask how it is selling?" suggested Miss Wentworth.

"No! I don't believe one copy has been sold, except those I had myself! I have never heard a word about it from Mr. Dalrymple, or had a penny back out of what I spent."

Evelyn was incorrect in her supposition. Six copies had been sold; people had bought them for presents, lured by the pretty cover. She had given away or procured for her personal use some fifty copies more. The remaining four hundred and forty-four copies—what of their fate?

Where do the books go, published by young authors at their own risk?

History is silent!

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

PROPOSING TO A PRINCESS.

The young Count Apraxin was bold enough to make a declaration of love to Anne Petrowna, the Princess Royal of Russia. Having received an answer that destroyed all hopes of his success, he waited till he found her alone, threw himself at her feet, presented his sword, and begged her to end his sufferings by plunging it in his heart.

"Give it me," said Petrowna, in the coolest manner; "give it me, and you shall see that the daughter of your emperor wants neither courage nor resolution to punish a forward fellow who forgets the difference between her and himself."

He showed himself a bragger, sheathed his sword, and begged the princess would pardon a delirium, the effect of her charms.

Anne pardoned him, but held him up to ridicule by telling the incident to every one at Court.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

Baron de Bourgoing, a well-known French diplomatist, was a widower, with a daughter too young to take her place in society. A story which he told one day at dinner before half-a-dozen guests, will better than any description give an idea of his unconventional *bonhomie* and simple chivalry.

"I am exceedingly *distract*," he said, "and my marriage was the result of my absence of mind. When I was a young man I fell in love with a charming girl I used to meet at balls and parties. I found out that she reciprocated my sentiments, and obtained the permission to speak to her father. The next morning I called on him, was shown into his study, and presented myself as a suitor for his daughter's hand."

"The old gentleman seemed surprised at first, but when I had assured him of the sincerity and stability of my affection, he offered

no further objection, and, accepting me as his son-in-law, sent for his daughter.

"As the door opened I ran to meet my *fiancée*—it was another young lady—your mother, my child," he continued, suavely smiling at Mlle. de Bourgoing. "I had abstractedly come to the wrong house, pressed my suit with the wrong father, and been given the wrong wife; but of course I could not retract, or put upon the young person the indignity of refusing her."

"She did not live long," he added, with great serenity. "Pray take some more wine."

THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

In reading authors, if you find
Bright passages which strike the mind,
And which perhaps you may have reason
To think of at another season,
Don't be contented with the sight,
But put them down in black and white.

GOOD-NIGHT!

A SERENADE.

Words by SARAH DOUDNEY.

Music by MYLES B. FOSTER.

VOICE. *mp*

Good - night, good - night! The day is slow ly

PIANO. *Andante tranquillo.* *p*

dy - ing, Home flits the swal - low to the cot - tage eaves: A

poco cres. *espress. rit.* *pp*

lit - - tle wind creeps through the wood - - land sigh - - ing, And

poco cres. *rit. e molto dim.*

Poco più moto. *mf*

dies a - mong the leaves. The red - deer seeks the

Poco più moto. *mp* *pp*

brack-en in the din - gle; The flocks are couch - ing in their beds.... of

The first system of the musical score for 'GOOD-NIGHT.' It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo). The lyrics are 'brack-en in the din - gle; The flocks are couch - ing in their beds.... of'.

thyme; Far off, a long wave rolls up - on the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'thyme; Far off, a long wave rolls up - on the'. The piano accompaniment features a prominent arpeggiated figure in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo).

shin - gle, And sings its sleep - - - y rhyme

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'shin - gle, And sings its sleep - - - y rhyme'. The piano accompaniment features a prominent arpeggiated figure in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'dim.' (diminuendo).

..... Oh, rest in peace! our

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics '..... Oh, rest in peace! our'. The piano accompaniment features a prominent arpeggiated figure in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'dim.' (diminuendo) and 'pp' (pianissimo).

dim - in - u - en -

an - gel - guards un - sleep - ing Watch o'er the homes where lan - guid sor - row

poco cres. *dim - in - u - en -*

- do. *mp* *cres.*

lies ; Af - ter the dark - ness of a night of weep - ing The

- do. *p* *cres.*

cres *cen* *do. f*

morn shall rise,..... shall rise !..... *poco rall.*

cres *cen* *do. f*

A tempo mo.
p Tranquillo.

Good - night, good - night ! In qui - et cham - bers

ff molto dim - in - u - en - do. pp

Parlando.

kneel - ing, We pray for our be - loved ones out of sight ;

Poco agitato.

Then comes an an - swer through the cool air steal - ing :

Più lento p dolce.

God bless thee, love, good - night ! Good - night !

Cantando.

pp

Good - night !

pp

CELEBRATED MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

THE MONUMENT OF LADY IDONEA, CALLED "THE PERCY SHRINE."



HE remarkably beautiful monument known as "The Percy Shrine," at Beverley Minster, is probably the most exquisite work of art, erected to commemorate a woman, now existing in this country;

and therefore, although the history attached to it is somewhat obscure, it should interest our girls.

"The Percy Shrine" is situated between the columns which support the arch leading from the choir into the north little transept in the noble church of St. John the Baptist, at Beverley, better known as Beverley Minster. It is undoubtedly a work of the time of Edward III., and if our readers will refer to the papers upon architecture which appeared in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, with our view of the Percy Shrine before them, they will see at once that it exhibits in a very marked manner all the characteristics therein described as being peculiar to what is called the "Curvilinear Decorated" development of "the Second Pointed" style—such, for instance, as the flowing lines of the tracery, the naturalistic foliage, etc. Now we refer to this because, as we shall show, a want of architectural knowledge has led several very eminent writers upon Beverley Minster to fall into the most singular errors with regard to the history of this monument, and to create an amount of confusion and doubt which has resulted in rendering it difficult to separate what is simply conjectural from what are the known facts concerning the lady whose mortal remains await the Resurrection beneath this exquisite tomb. Amongst those who have helped to create the confusion to which we have alluded, is no less a man than the celebrated Bishop Percy of Dromore, who, it appears, convinced himself and many others that the Percy Shrine commemorates Lady Maud Percy, wife of the fourth Earl Percy. But this Lady Maud did not die until the commencement of the sixteenth century, so how is it possible that she can be commemorated by a monument which is evidently a work of the fourteenth century, and which, moreover, has upon it the arms of Edward III. and of the Clifford family, to which she was in no way related?

Gough, the antiquary, singularly enough, fell into the same mistake, because he saw a small tomb opened which stood under the arch of the Percy Shrine, and which he, for some reason, concluded to contain the body of Lady Maud; but as Polson, in his excellent history of Beverley, points out, the tomb in question had nothing to do with the Percy

Shrine, but had simply been removed to this site at a much later period than that of its erection, and the body was that of a girl about twelve years of age! Another member of the Percy family whom this shrine has been supposed to commemorate is Lady Eleanor Percy, wife of the third Earl Percy, who was son of the celebrated Hotspur; but here again neither the architecture nor the heraldry would agree with the conjecture, as this lady was living in the fifteenth century. Polson has undoubtedly settled the point as to the identity of the lady to whom this monument was erected. She was the Lady Idonea, wife of Henry, second Lord Percy, and daughter of Lord Robert Clifford. This lady died in 1365, having survived her husband fourteen years. She was a very charitable and religious woman, and left behind her such a reputation that, at the close of the fourteenth century, a special statute was enacted by Archbishop Arundel, that commemorative services should be continued as a mark of the reverence and affection paid to her memory. Now these facts known concerning the Lady Idonea would in every way explain what we see of the shrine. It is just the costly kind of monument that would be erected to a liberal benefactor of her Church. Its date is evidently the latter half of the fourteenth century. Lady Idonea was a daughter of Lord Clifford, hence the Clifford arms upon the monument, and as Edward III. was the reigning king, it is in no way astonishing that his statuette and arms find a place amongst its numerous and beautiful carvings. Polson relates a rather singular corroboration of these facts. When the monument was being repaired some years back a penny of Edward III. was found embedded in the stonework; discoveries of coins enclosed in the stonework of ancient buildings are not uncommon; at times, no doubt, they were purposely deposited, as we still to this day place them within the cavity of the foundation stone of a building, but probably it may frequently have happened that the stonemason was in want of what is called a "dowel"—that is, a little piece of metal or some other hard material to clasp securely together the two pieces of stone which he wanted to join. Oyster shells and flint stones were most commonly used for the purpose, and our girls will perhaps be surprised to hear that the gorgeous roof of Henry VII.'s chapel is, to a great extent, held together by native oyster shells. Now, the mason who was erecting the beautiful Percy Shrine may have been unable to find an oyster shell or flint stone which exactly suited, and so he put his hand into his pocket and took out a penny, which made the kind of dowel he required, never for a moment supposing that what he was doing would furnish an interesting proof of the date of his work. It will be said at once, "Why, a penny was ever so much more

valuable in the fourteenth century than it is now, so it is not likely that a mason would have used one for such a purpose." To any of our readers who would advance this argument we say, go to Beverley Minster, get a ladder and climb to the top of the Percy Shrine, then look down upon it, and what do you notice? Why, this remarkable fact, that every finial, crocket and pinnacle is as carefully finished at the back—where it cannot possibly be seen from below—as it is in front; and we would ask, Would a man who did his work in such a style as this hesitate at making use of a penny or a shilling if he thought it would make a better dowel than an oyster shell?

Unfortunately no inscription remains upon the Percy Shrine, and if ever there was a raised tomb beneath it, it has disappeared. Probably, however, from its being called a shrine, it may have served the purpose of what was called an "Easter sepulchre"; that is to say, a canopy beneath which, in the Middle Ages, a statue of the Saviour, as He was laid in the tomb, was placed on Good Friday evening. It was thought in old times to be a great honour to have a monument used for such a purpose, and many magnificent examples still exist. Of course when this was the case no recumbent statue could be placed upon the monument.

When Leland, the antiquary, visited Beverley Minster shortly after the Reformation, he says, "there were three Percy monuments in the choir of the Minster," but where the other two could have stood it is difficult to say. It is just possible that he may have written from memory, and may have got the idea into his head that the two other fine Percy monuments existing in the church were in the choir. One of these monuments bears a striking resemblance to the Percy Shrine, though it is earlier in date and less elaborate. A strange legend is associated with it, which is not unlike Longfellow's "Monk and the Little Bird," in the "Golden Legend." Two beautiful sisters enter the convent, and are remarkable for their saintly lives, when suddenly, and without any notice, they are seen to glide out of the chapel. Years after they are discovered sleeping in the tower, and have no idea of the passage of time. A poem upon this subject was published some sixty years back, which is given at full length in Polson's "History of Beverley," but what foundation there is for the legend, or why this monument is called the tomb of "The Sisters of Beverley," it is impossible to say. It may have been erected to the memory of two ladies of the Percy family, but if so they could not have been nuns attached to Beverley Minster, inasmuch as that church was a collegiate establishment, and never at any time a convent of nuns.

H. W. BREWER.

MY LADY'S REST.

By FLORENCE WILLSON.

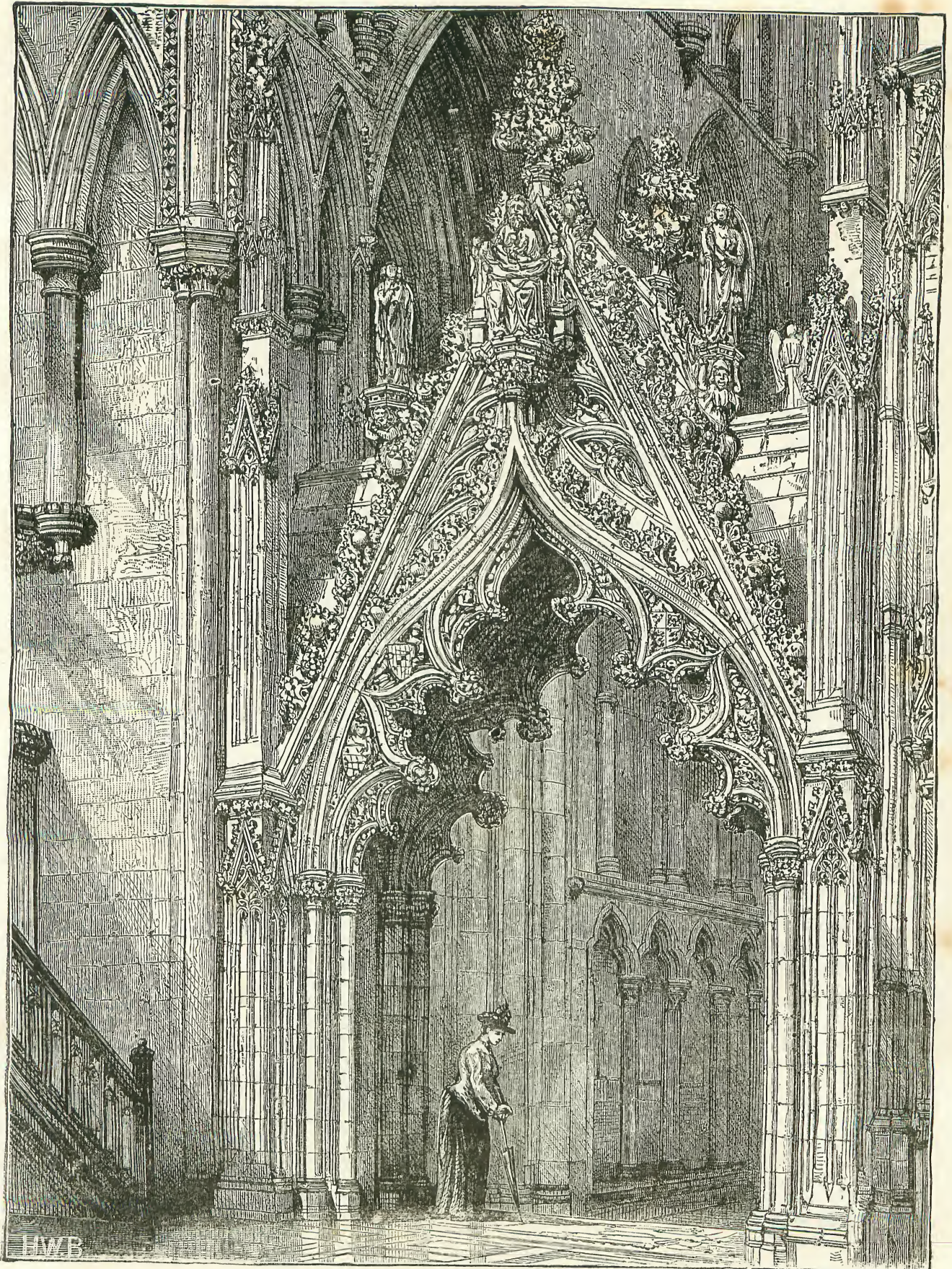
CHAPTER II.
LADY CONSTANCE.

ASHDEANE was a quiet little country parish, where life was monotonous, and marked by few changes, except the unavoidable ones worked by Time's busy hand, in the growth of one generation and the passing away of

another, as some of the village trees spread into larger proportions, whilst the old poplars and elms were swept away by some sudden storm, and so made room for the younger ones.

When Mr. Brown had come, some ten years ago, to the vicarage, the villagers felt rather

doubtful of his "new-fangled ways," but very soon this feeling vanished under the influence of his kindly sympathy and never-tiring interest in their welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, and there was not much they would have hesitated to do to please their vicar.



THE PERCY SHRINE IN BEVERLEY MINSTER.

A new curate had just come to Ashdeane, and everyone was wondering what he would be like. They were glad that he was not just fresh from college, but had been for several years curate in a manufacturing district in the North, where he must have gathered some experience, they thought.

The little church was very full the first Sunday morning after his arrival, and there was quite a rustle of expectation when he entered the church. One old man remarked, in a very audible whisper to his neighbour, that the "new parson" was "nought but a boy"; and very young he looked indeed—much younger in his surplice than in his out-of-door dress, as I had first seen him at the vicarage.

In the evening he preached a plain practical sermon in simple words, which seemed to go straight to his hearers' hearts, and which, short as it was, contained more instruction and help for ordinary work-a-day lives than most sermons heard in that little church.

The vicar had been anxious for Mr. Yorke to take up his quarters with him for a time until he felt more at home amongst his new people and his work; but the curate preferred going at once to the lodgings in the village which Miss Brown had found for him; but much of his time was spent with us, and he became a favourite with us all.

The vicar was rather afraid at first that Mr. Yorke would have too many new plans and ideas, which would not work well in such a quiet little parish; but he did not like to damp his ardour by dwelling on his doubts of his success, but only advised him not to start too many things at first, lest the effort to keep them going might prove too much for him.

But Mr. Yorke seemed determined to rouse up the good folk of Ashdeane, and was not afraid of work for himself, and soon all his time was fully occupied, and new life was infused into the little community by his exertions. Mrs. Deane took a great fancy to the young curate; and even her nearest neighbour, Miss Marchmont, who never praised or liked anyone, admitted that Mr. Yorke was "an estimable young man, anxious to do right, if only he had a vicar who could guide and direct him," and this from her was great praise indeed.

I was a very frequent visitor at Mrs. Deane's, and Dandy grew quite accustomed to me, and treated me in a condescendingly affable manner; but I fancy he never forgot the day when I turned him out of his place in front of the kitchen fire, although he was large-minded enough to let bygones be bygones, and tolerated my presence.

Mrs. Deane had introduced me to Miss Marchmont, and begged me to go and see her sometimes, as she was not popular, and therefore had a lonely life, which left her too much leisure to dwell on her trials and grievances.

Her father had been in the army, and her young days had been spent pleasantly enough in India, where, as a colonel's daughter, she had been made a good deal of, and it was said had been engaged to a major in her father's regiment.

When the colonel died he left little but debts behind him, and Miss Marchmont had to exert herself to earn her own living (the major having jilted her, and shortly afterwards married a wealthy widow), but her disposition was soured by disappointment, and she had no friends in the true sense of the word; even kind Mrs. Deane she kept at arm's length from her.

She had a way of making one feel uncomfortable, which was not pleasant nor attractive. I remember one afternoon she asked me to stay and have tea with her, and I at first refused, but, for fear of offending her,

at last I said I would stay, and scarcely had I sat down again when Mr. Yorke appeared.

Miss Marchmont smiled very meaningfully at me, and said—

"Now you are rewarded, my dear, for spending an hour or so with a tiresome old woman; I think a little bird must have whispered to you that Mr. Yorke was coming, and that you would be spared a *tête-à-tête* with me."

"Oh! Mr. Yorke and I meet so often," I said, rather quickly, for I felt vexed, "that we offer no novel attractions to each other, Miss Marchmont, I assure you."

Mr. Yorke laughed, and turning to Miss Marchmont began to talk to her about some of his various parochial schemes, in which, strange to say, she seemed to be more or less interested, and as I listened my ruffled feelings grew more composed, and I soon forgot the passing annoyance.

It was strange that Miss Marchmont always had a way of rubbing people up the wrong way, and saying disagreeable things specially suited to each of her visitors. I always felt when with her as if I was being pricked all over with a sharp needle in the most sensitive places. I believe Mrs. Deane was the only person who cherished the least feeling of regard for her, and even she felt more respect for her highly honourable character than any warm feeling of sympathy with her as a friend, and one who had had her share of troubles and trials in her way through life, as she herself had had, although the effect on one character had been to soften and refine it and on the other to harden and sour it.

I was glad that when I said good-bye to Miss Marchmont and turned homewards Mr. Yorke did not accompany me; not that I minded him in the least, but I wished for no further remarks on our intimacy, such as I felt trembled on Miss Marchmont's lips, ready for utterance on the slightest provocation.

As I walked home I wondered if I should ever develop into such a disagreeable character, and hoped not; even if I had as much trouble in my life, I trusted I should benefit by it, and become more lovable and gentle, like Mrs. Deane, whose sweet disposition contrasted so favourably with poor Miss Marchmont.

The next day the vicar told me that "The Family" was expected every day at Ashdeane Manor House, and that My Lady's visit would create much excitement amongst the inmates of the cottages, with whom it was the great event of the year.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "how I should like to see her; I have heard so much about her! Do you think it likely I shall, Mr. Brown?"

"Certainly," he said; "you are pretty sure not only of meeting her here, but also in your rambles about the country roads, for she drives and walks about a great deal whilst staying at the Manor."

"What an active old lady she must be!" I said, surprised to hear of her country walks. "We young people are a very degenerate race, I am afraid; at her age we should not care to do more than drive in an easy carriage. The last generation show us a good example."

"Why do you imagine that My Lady is so very old?" asked the vicar.

"Why, she built those houses of rest a very long time ago, and appointed all the present inmates," I replied, wondering at the question.

"Yes, quite true; I had forgotten," answered Mr. Brown, with a peculiar smile. "I wonder what you will think of her when you first see her!"

Next day I made my way to Mrs. Deane, full of curiosity as to My Lady's movements, when she expected her, etc.

"If she has actually arrived we may have a visit from her this afternoon," said Mrs. Deane; "she generally comes at once to see

how we have all been getting on since her last visit, and she always goes first to Miss Marchmont."

"Why does she do that?" I exclaimed. "I should have thought she would have gone first to you, Mrs. Deane, whom she must like better."

"My Lady is very kind," said Mrs. Deane, "and knows that Miss Marchmont has not many friends, and so she pays her that little compliment; and I can assure you it is fully appreciated by the poor thing."

"Few people would be so considerate," I said. "How charming My Lady must be! I hope she will soon come."

"Perhaps she is here already, my dear; I hear a ring at the door, and Dandy is barking in great excitement, and he always welcomes Lady Constance in a noisy manner; he is very fond of her, and indeed—"

I looked up as Mrs. Deane suddenly ceased speaking, and advanced with a bright smile to receive a visitor, who had entered the room unannounced—a tall, slight girl with a graceful carriage and lovely face, and dressed very simply in a plain grey dress.

All this I took in at a glance, and wondered who the fair stranger could be, when, to my astonishment, I heard Mrs. Deane say—

"How kind of you to come so soon to see me, Lady Constance! I was just speaking about you to my young friend Barbara Lawrence, who has been very anxious to see you, having heard so much of you."

"Nothing very bad, I hope, Miss Lawrence," said My Lady, with a glance of amusement at my astonishment (all too apparent) at something about her; what she could not guess. "You seem to have expected to see a very peculiar person—I do not answer to the description given of me. Come, Mrs. Deane, what wicked things have you been saying of me?"

Mrs. Deane laughed, and I tried to apologise as best I might, murmuring that I had fancied she was much older—in fact, quite an—

"Old woman," said My Lady, finishing my hesitating words for me; "well, that was not anything very bad after all; I may live to be old some day."

"I heard so much from everyone about what had been done by Lady Bolton in years gone by, that I fancied some way or other that you were the same person."

"And you were surprised that I was not my grandmother," said My Lady, and the subject dropped.

Great was the excitement in Ashdeane when it was known that Lady Constance was going to be married, and not to a titled man, but to a rich commoner, a Mr. Willoughby, who owned a fine property near Ashdeane, so that Lady Constance's marriage would not take her away from her old home. Miss Marchmont was deeply interested in the news, although she could not help saying that she was sorry Lady Constance was not marrying one of her own rank. *Noblesse oblige* was a motto not sufficiently thought of in these days, when the proper barriers of rank were broken down, and society turned upside down.

No one seemed much impressed by this sadly revolutionary tendency of the age, least of all Lady Constance, who laughingly assured Miss Marchmont that Mr. Willoughby was equal to any peer in the land, and that she would be of the same opinion when she was introduced to him.

And Miss Marchmont was so gratified to think that she should have a visit from Lady Constance's future husband that no one ever heard her allude to the inequality in rank which had at first so grieved her aristocratic feelings.

(To be continued.)

A BIT OVER; OR, THE OLD QUAKER LADY.



a lot of petty waste, petty pilfering, petty carelessness, that word "over" is weighted with! One would think that it must be almost heavy enough by this date in the world's history to have tumbled itself "over" into some good deep pit, and smothered itself wholesomely out of sight.

Apropos of its pilfering propensities, there is a good anecdote to be told, or rather, it might be more true to call it a bad one, of "over's" achievements in this line.

Once upon a time there was a good old Quaker lady, a kind, gentle old lady, who knew herself not to be perfect, and therefore did not expect other folks to be so either. But as she also knew that she tried to do her duty by those about her, so she considered that she had a right to the same treatment from them.

Well, this pink-cheeked, silver-haired old lady had the custom of having a cake made every week for First Day. A large cake, for she was of a hospitable, generous nature, and liked to have a slice for a neighbour here, a child there, a friend who came in for a chat; and of course the maker and her fellow-servants always came in for their share, as of all the other good things going in the house.

The simple-minded, worthy Quakeress was her own housekeeper, and gave out the materials for this weekly cake herself; and every week, with the most methodical regularity and exactitude, the same number of eggs, the same weight of all the other good ingredients. And her worthy, faithful old cook every week sent up a cake looking like the twin-brother of the last.

But the old cook died, and there followed a few weeks' interregnum in the reign of cakes. Then a new cook took the old cook's place: a new cook, who had a mental dictionary, with the word "over" written in it large!

Saturday came, and the dear old Quaker dame spent her usual twenty minutes weighing out sugar and peel, sultanas, and almonds, and flour, in her store cupboard. Then she walked, in her soft, stately fashion, past the housemaid's pantry into the kitchen, with her maid following with the well-filled bowl.

"Here are the materials for thee, cook, and

yonder tin is the one in which thee wilt be good enough to bake the cake."

"Yes, ma'am," said the new cook. And she mixed the ingredients given her, and she baked a cake in the big tin.

So far, so good, apparently; but when that cake appeared on the dining-room tea-table, it looked like enough to its predecessors to be reckoned for their brother, perhaps, but certainly not for their twin-brother. Next week it could not have done more than claim cousinship. And in a very short time it was so unlike the original type, that it would have been absurd for it to pretend to any relationship at all. From a most royal-like king of a cake it had dwindled down to a poor little poverty-stricken beggar-boy sort of an affair, and nothing like so good in quality as many a little beggar-boy would be if he had as fair a chance. The plums and peel, and eggs and butter had shrivelled away in even greater proportion than the flour.

Once, and twice, and thrice the old Quakeress spoke about this strange thing to the new cook; but she spoke so mildly and gently that her words were only thought upon as words, and the cake and the cook went on in their foolish ways—ways as unlike the ways of the old cook and the old cake as it was possible for them to be. Then the patient but wise old lady acted.

Once more it was Saturday evening, and the new little cake—it was a very little one this week—was brought into the parlour, to be put away in the tin in the sideboard cupboard ready for the next day's tea. The old lady sighed softly as her eyes rested on it, and there came a second sigh as she lifted it from the plate, and even—don't be too shocked—even gave a tiny little sniff at it. There had been never any need to give sniffs at those grand old predecessors; they had given forth such a full, rich aroma while in the oven, such a gloriously delicious steam as they came forth piping hot, that the whole house, even to its roomy attics, and the white-shelved apple-loft, had been redolent of the generous perfume.

But for the poor little starvelings of the present—well, they had to be sniffed at to discover whether they could truthfully be called cakes at all, and so the owner of this latest one gave it just a tiny, little, delicate sniff as she slowly weighed it in her hand, before dropping it into the tin which used to hold it "just comfortably," but which now swallowed it up as a big money-box does a threepenny-bit.

But wait; this last of the dwindling race never got to the bottom of those cavernous depths at all. When the lady had lowered it half-way down she lifted it out again, once more deposited it on the plate upon which it had made its journey from the kitchen to the dining-room, and forthwith resolved to give it a journey back again.

The punctual, precise, orderly old lady had never been known to go into her kitchen on a Saturday afternoon, and her rules and regulations were almost as the laws of the Medes and Persians that alter not. Those who respected themselves as truly as she respected herself, those who served her not with eye service, but as serving the Lord, took no advantage of this circumstance in their mistress's habits; but the mean-spirited, and base, and cowardly, and idle, and dishonourable did. The new cook did, and she introduced accordingly into her mistress's life

that first exception that is said to prove the rule.

The velvet shod, drab merino gowned, gently moving old lady lifted the willow patterned plate in her hand, and carried it with its contents across the hall, down the passage, and into the kitchen.

Cook's back was towards the door; she was in the act of closely inspecting something in the oven, but she heard the turning of the handle, and called out boldly—

"That's right; come along, Sue; you're in the very nick of time, so let's have our tea, and you shall have as jolly a slice of good cake as you ever eat in your life. This will cut prime, I guess. I will say this, missis ain't stingy, and she did give out such rare good peel and butter this—"

Yes, there came a stammer there, and then a full stop, for by this time she had contrived to slide the tin she had in the oven down to the door, to get a good hold of it with a cloth, and to straighten her back, and turn round with it in her hands.

For some moments she stood there with it in her hands, big, heavy, hot thing as it was. It was not one of her fellow-servants who stood there facing her so quietly, as she had expected, but her mistress.

Cook would have liked to drop the cake. If it were smashed to bits, crumbled to atoms, the witness against her would certainly be damaged in character, and the evidence could not be so positive. But, strange and incredible as the statement may appear, she could not drop it with those calm grey eyes fixed so steadfastly upon her. Whether the eyes mesmerised her, or only exercised the powerful moral force that upright rectitude possesses in such a marvellous degree, readers can decide for themselves. This much is certain, at any rate, that Mrs. Cook had to forego her desperate desire to allow the cake to go crashing to the floor, and had, instead, to walk meekly to the table, and place it upon it for full view and examination. Then she stood with lowered eyelids, folding up her hands in her apron, waiting for "what next?"

The what next was so long in coming that she could bear the silence no longer, at last, and blurted out, with cheeks blazing like crimson peonies—

"I've never had missises as minded, when there was a bit of anything over, the servants having the good of it in the kitchen."

"Was that cake a bit over?" asked the soft voice, quietly.

"Ye—yes, mum."

"Ah-h-h! Then, cook, thee wilt please me better if thou wilt keep the proper cake, and give me the bit over this week. And this day month thou wilt find a place, if it pleases thee, where the mistress thereof knoweth no better management than to have 'bits over.' And it will please me to have another cook who knoweth not the unuseful art to make them. And so good even to you, cook."

What happened after, what cook did, thought, said, then and in the future; what further the old, wise Quaker lady did, and the future history of her cakes, rumour saith not. You have now the whole anecdote of the "Bit Over," as many a year ago I heard it graphically narrated by my mother's lips. I know no more, and so neither can those to whom it is thus repeated; but the picture, in its way, is as perfect as it can be, I have ever thought, and so, I hope, do you.

GRACE STEBBING.

MY WORK BASKET.

FIG. 1.—STOCKING IN FANCY KNITTING.

MATERIALS—Fine black silk, three shades of pink, and three of olive for the embroidery.

As it would not be advisable for any one inexperienced in making plain knitted stockings to undertake a pair in fancy knitting, it is needless for us to enter into fuller details than those now given.

The illustrations show that two fancy patterns are used—a lozenge-shaped one up the front, and one of vandyke stripes for the back and sides. The description of these patterns will be given later, but it is necessary to notice here that 39 stitches are needed for the lozenge pattern, and 8 stitches for each of the vandyke stripes; and 2 purl stitches must be made on each side of the lozenge pattern, so as to make a line of separation between the two fancy patterns.

After casting on the number of stitches required, knit 8 plain rows.

9th Row.—Pass the silk twice over the needle, and knit 2 together.

10th Row knitted plain, making but one stitch of the double silk in last row, so as to form a hole.

Seven more plain rows are then knitted; after which the welt is doubled at the fancy row, the open stitches forming an edging of tiny loops; and placing the needles side by side, the two rows are knitted off together.

Beginning with a fresh needle, 2 more plain rows complete the welt.

The fancy knitting is now begun, the leg of the stocking being shaped in the usual way by intakes.

The gussets are in plain knitting, and are each commenced with one stitch made out of a stitch in preceding row, midway between the second and third vandyke patterns, counting from the front. The increase is always made at the end of the row nearest the front, and one stitch at a time, taken up as before, so that there may be no perceptible hole.

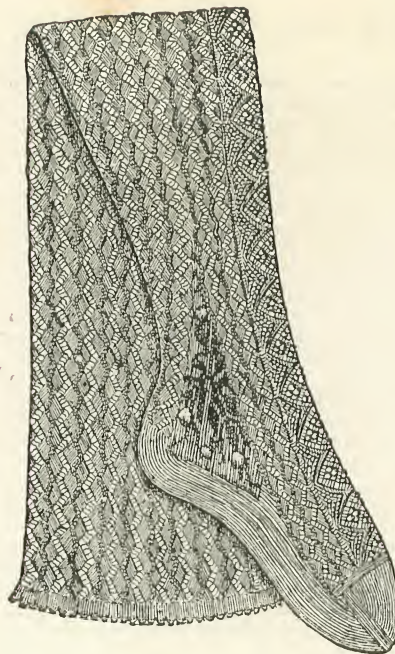


FIG. 1.

The added stitch is in every third row until there are 25 plain stitches on the needle. After this, every other row is increased until there are 41 plain stitches for each gusset.

The heel piece is now begun with ordinary plain and purl rows, backward and forward, including both gussets and the stitches between; the fancy patterns being left on the instep needle. The heel is then finished in the usual way, by gradually taking in the stitches of the gussets on each side; and when completed and the side stitches picked up,

the foot is made in the ordinary manner, the fancy patterns being carried down the instep to the toe-piece, which, as well as the sole and sides of the foot, is entirely of plain knitting.

The embroidery on the gussets is in cross stitch, two threads each way, as in marking a stocking.

The colours employed are indicated on the design.

DIRECTIONS FOR WORKING THE VANDYKE PATTERN.

Cast on 8 stitches for each stripe.

1st Row.—Silk forward; 1 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw slip stitch over; 5 plain; repeat.

2nd Row.—3 plain; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 4 plain; repeat.

3rd Row.—Silk forward; 1 plain; silk forward; 2 plain; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 3 plain; repeat.

4th Row.—5 plain; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 2 plain; repeat.

5th Row.—Silk forward; 1 plain; silk forward; 4 plain; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 1 plain; repeat.

6th Row.—7 plain; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; repeat.

7th Row.—5 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 1 plain; silk forward; repeat.

8th Row.—4 plain; take 2 together; 3 plain; repeat.

9th Row.—3 plain; take 2 together; 2 plain; silk forward; 1 plain; silk forward; repeat.

10th Row.—2 plain; take 2 together; 5 plain; repeat.

11th Row.—1 plain; take 2 together; 4 plain; silk forward; 1 plain; silk forward; repeat.

12th Row.—Take 2 together; 7 plain; repeat.

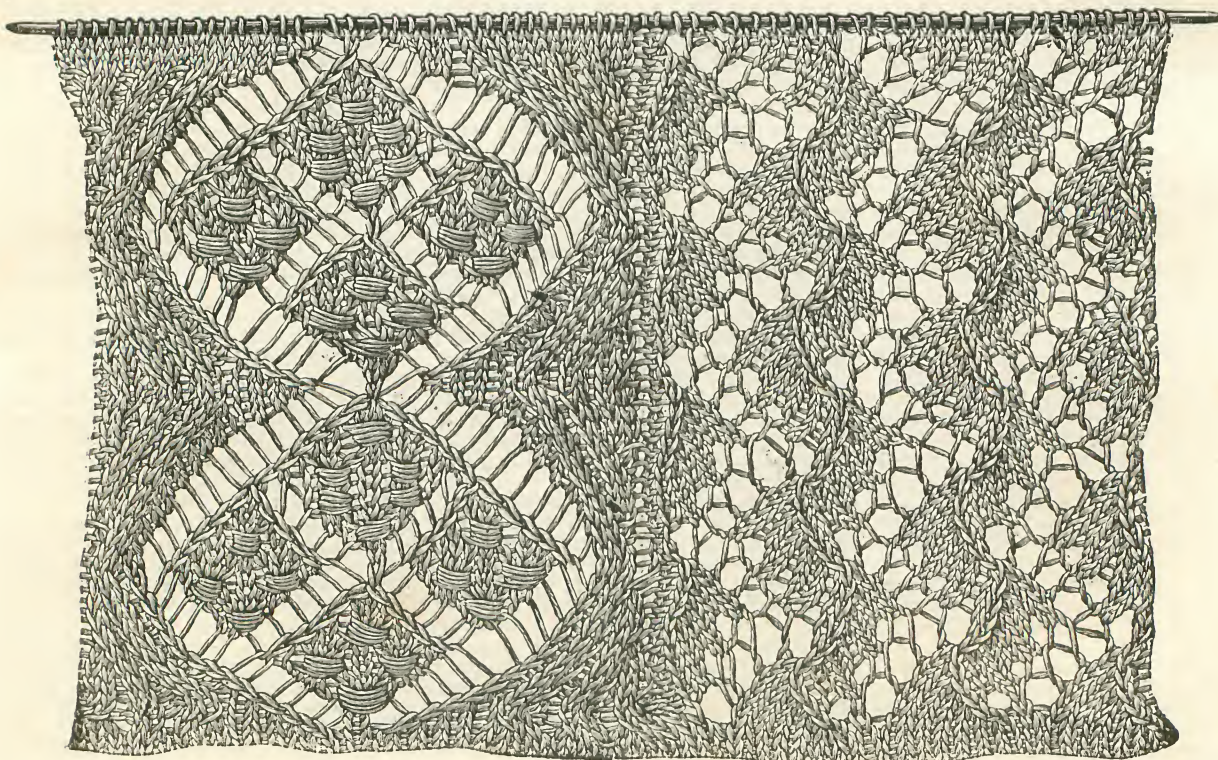
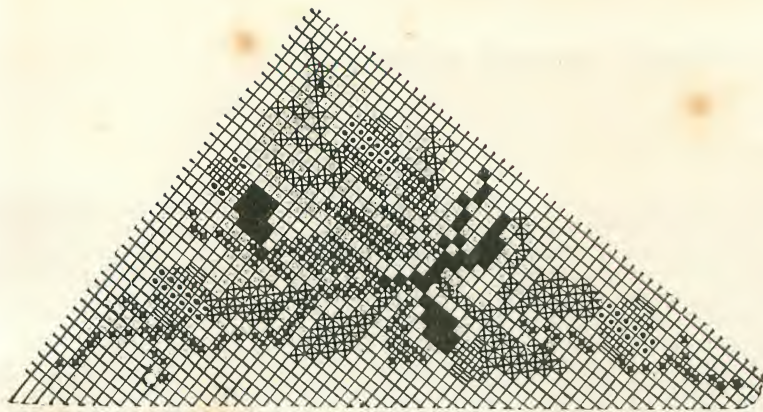


FIG. 1.



Light pink. Medium pink. Dark pink. Light olive. Medium olive. Dark olive.

FIG. 1.

DIRECTIONS FOR LOZENGE SHAPE PATTERN.

As there are two or three stitches employed in this pattern not in frequent use, we will explain them before giving the details.

Cross stitch at back.—This is made with 4 stitches; slip 2 on a third needle, placing it at the back of the others; knit the next 2; then *purl* those on extra needle.

Cross stitch in front.—This is worked the same as former, excepting that the extra needle is placed in front, and the stitches on it are *knitted*; the 2 on the regular needle are *purled*.

Three wound stitches.—This is worked in the following way: slip 3 stitches on right needle; pass the thread in front; slip the stitches back on the left needle; pass the thread forward; repeat this until the thread is wound round the needle 6 times, not too tightly, but evenly; then knit the 3 stitches.

Take 3 together—slip 1 stitch; knit 2 together; draw the slipped stitch over them.

DETAIL OF LOZENGE PATTERN.

Cast on 39 stitches.

1st Row.—Purl 2; 3 cross stitches at back; 3 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 1 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 3 plain; 3 cross stitches in front; purl 2.

2nd Row.—Purl 2; 14 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 3 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 14 plain; 2 purl.

3rd Row.—2 purl; 2 plain; 2 cross stitches at back; 2 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 7 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 2 plain; 2 cross stitches in front; 2 plain; 2 purl.

4th Row.—2 purl; 12 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 3 wound stitches; 2 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 12 plain; 2 purl.

5th Row.—2 purl; 2 cross stitches at the back; 3 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 9 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 3 plain; 2 cross stitches in front; 2 purl.

6th Row.—2 purl; 10 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 3 wound stitches; 1 plain; 3 wound stitches; 2 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 10 plain; 2 purl.

7th Row.—2 purl; 9 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 1 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 7 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 1 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 9 plain; 2 purl.

8th Row.—2 purl; 2 plain; 1 cross stitch at back; 2 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 3 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 1 plain; 3 wound stitches; 1 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 3 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 2 plain; 1 cross stitch in front; 2 plain; 2 purl.

9th Row.—2 purl; 7 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 5 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 3 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 5 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 7 plain; 2 purl.

10th Row.—2 purl; 6 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 3 wound stitches; 2 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 1 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 3 wound stitches; 2 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 6 plain; 2 purl.

11th Row.—2 purl; 1 cross stitch at the back; 1 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 9 plain; silk forward; take 3 together; silk forward; 9 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 1 plain; 1 cross stitch in front; 2 purl.

12th Row.—2 purl; 4 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 3 wound stitches; 1 plain; 3 wound stitches; 2 plain; silk forward; 1 plain; silk forward; 2 plain; 3 wound stitches; 1 plain; 3 wound stitches; 2 plain; knit 1; draw over; 4 plain; 2 purl.

13th Row.—2 purl; 3 plain; take 2 together; 1 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 7 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 3 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 7 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 1 plain; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 3 plain; 2 purl.

14th Row.—2 purl; 1 cross stitch in front; 2 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 1 plain; 3 wound stitches; 1 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 5 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 1 plain; 3 wound stitches; 1 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 1 cross stitch at back; 2 purl.

15th Row.—2 purl; 7 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 3 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 3 wound stitches; 2 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 3 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 7 plain; 2 purl.

16th Row.—2 purl; 2 plain; 1 cross stitch in front; 2 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 1 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 9 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 1 plain; take 2

together; silk forward; 2 plain; 1 cross stitch at back; 2 plain; 2 purl.

17th Row.—2 purl; 9 plain; silk forward; take 3 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 3 wound stitches; 1 plain; 3 wound stitches; 2 plain; silk forward; take 3 together; silk forward; 9 plain; 2 purl.

18th Row.—2 purl; 2 plain; 2 cross stitches in front; 2 plain; silk forward; draw over; 7 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 2 cross stitches at back; 2 plain; 2 purl.

19th Row.—2 purl; 13 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 1 plain; 3 wound stitches; 1 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 13 plain; 2 purl.

20th Row.—2 purl; 3 cross stitches in front; 2 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 3 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 3 cross stitches at back; 2 purl.

21st Row.—2 purl; 15 plain; silk forward; slip 1; knit 1; draw over; 1 plain; take 2 together; silk forward; 15 plain; 2 purl.

22nd Row.—2 purl; 2 plain; 3 cross stitches in front; 2 plain; silk forward; take 3 together; silk forward; 2 plain; 3 cross stitches at back; 2 plain; 2 purl; repeat from 1st row.

FIG. 2.—MEDALLION FOR BLOTCHING CASE OR CENTRE OF CUSHION.

The foundation is of good sateen or satin, in rich cream colour. The embroidery is worked with fine floss silk and gold thread.

The colours required are rich red, bright dark blue, two shades of olive, two shades of light blue, and a bronze brown.

The centre letter (N) is worked with red silk. The letter M with dark blue. The leaves are embroidered in close dots. The larger leaves in dark olive, the smaller in the lighter shade. The lower flowers in pale blue, the upper ones in a darker shade. The stems are evenly sewed over with the bronze brown.

All the dots are worked with gold thread. The band of the coronet is embroidered with the dark red floss like the centre initial. The top design is embroidered with the two shades of blue.



FIG. 2.

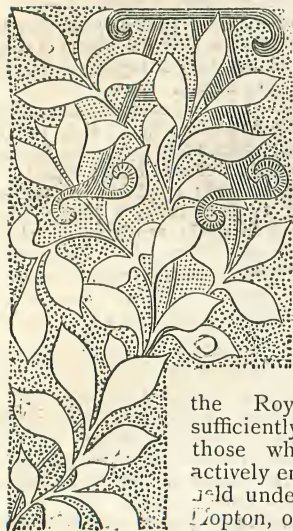
A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

KITTY'S PERIL IN THE GREAT FIRE.



AFTER the Queen's departure, many wives and daughters of county families withdrew, while it was still in their power, from Oxford. The battles which had been fought had thinned

the Royalist ranks sufficiently to leave those who were not actively engaged in the field under Rupert, or Lipton, or Astley, and were simply in attend-

ance on the King, so diminished in number that many of the colleges were comparatively free from their guests. Alas! they were free from their students also, who were dispersed to the four winds, or sleeping the sleep that knows no waking under winter or summer sky, at Newbury or Cropredy Bridge, before Gloucester or Bridgewater. It would be long years ere the work and discipline of the schools could be restored. Still some mature scholars were fain to return to their old abodes, and resume, as far as possible, their former habits. Among these was Dr. Peter Dacre, to Kitty's and Mrs. Judy's thankful satisfaction, and without prejudice to Kitty's warm affection for Lady Ottery, who was grieved to lose her goddaughter. But none was quicker than Dame Tabitha to see that Kitty's place was by her father. As for Kitty, the sight of the dear home rooms at Oriel occupied once more by her father, herself, and Mrs. Judy, was like a return to old safe and peaceful days. It had never seemed so possible to Kitty that all might yet come right, and the dreadful ruptures in the nation and the family be closed and healed, as when she was once more looking down on the Quadrangle of Oriel. It was forlorn, it is true, and destitute even of recruits practising the art of war. It was better when she was walking in the garden, and for the moment failing to hear the sound of trumpet or bugle, or the clatter of horses' hoofs. Why, the cheerful song of the robin could be again distinguished from the very clump of box and bay beneath which she and Jackie had been wont to strew breadcrumbs for their bird visitors. Ah! where was Jackie now? and when would the brother and sister, who had been all in all to each other in childhood, kiss and clasp each other again? Kitty

knew nothing except that she could trust her cousin Anthony to let her know, as he had done before, if anything further befel Jack. And what were Anthony and the others doing out at Islip Barnes? Were the filiberts all gathered? Had the frost brought the blackberries to perfection? Was the ox slaughtered in anticipation of Christmas festivities—if there were any festivities left? Had her aunt escaped her annual touch of the ague? Was Prissy's marriage to come off with the New Year? Surely, surely the contracting parties could not wait much longer, and, if peace still tarried, would marry and take their chance (or trust in Providence, which was a more seemly way of talking), like young Madam Fanshawe and her husband. Not that their case did not form as much of a warning as of an example, for Dick Fanshawe, as Secretary of War to the young Prince, was overwhelmed with business, and had to be much with the King in his sallies from Oxford, while his poor young wife was left behind, not only to pine for his company and endure wearing anxiety on his account, but to suffer the extremes of poverty, in which the Royalist families were now plunged from unpaid salaries, waste lands, and the non-receipt of rents.

But at Oriel Kitty could be more hopeful than she could be elsewhere, perhaps partly because there was a great deal for both her and Mrs. Judy to do, rendering them very busy for every hour of the twelve, to remedy the injuries done to what the women regarded as their property, and to clear away the traces of reckless misrule. For it was to disordered, dirtied in some respects, stripped quarters, that the family came back. Kitty and Mrs. Judy looked about them in dismay at the shattered window panes, twisted and torn curtains, and floor cloths and broken seats; and sniffed discontentedly at the smell of tobacco smoke, which pervaded the very beds. The last offence might be in keeping with the fact that the introducer of the Virginian weed into England had been a student of Oriel; on the other hand, his gracious Majesty, in this matter resembling his royal father, liked not tobacco smoke, as it was well known, and it seemed scant loyalty to fill Oxford, where he had taken up his residence, with the obnoxious fumes. When Kitty left, she had been careful to carry away her "golden bird," the lineal descendant of Queen Elizabeth and Lady Anglesey's canaries, but she had left various stands with sedulously tended pots of myrtles, sweet basils, and rose trees, to beautify the place for a young viscountess, the tenant to succeed the Dacres in their rooms. But Oriel had undergone many changes of lodgers in the course of eighteen months.

The Provost had done his best to prevent wanton mischief to property,

not to say its scandalous misappropriation by his guests; but he had found it hard work to control the more inconsiderate and unruly portion of them. The last occupants of the Dacres' rooms had been successive braces of cavalry officers. Little wonder that Kitty's flowers were represented by a few leafless and dead sticks.

Mrs. Judy suggested that the gentlemen must have spent their time like so many children, making horses of the chairs, and playing "fives" on the carpet. Kitty chimed in with the severe reflection that never again could she doubt or contradict the depreciatory statement she had heard circulated, that a whole seam of white clay which had been discovered at Shotover had been worked out in making pipes for the soldiers idly swaggering about Oxford. However, if the depredations had been committed by members of the Parliamentary instead of the Royalist forces, a good deal more would have been made of them, naturally. As it was, when Dr. Peter found that some of his rarer books were either spoilt beyond remedy or a-missing, and that the damage extended to the Bodleian Library, where the trespassers had gone so far as to cut several of the chains which fastened the more valuable of the volumes to the shelves, and abstract the treasures, his indignation waxed hot. But he limited its expression to announcing his conviction that no man of honour could have been guilty of such base abuse of the trust reposed in him. It was an instance, and a very flagrant one, of evil communications corrupting good manners, and of the fatal disorganisation of society, which permitted rogues and vagabonds to find their way into the best of company.

The truth was that the poorer Royalists in the beginning of the war, under the more reckless of their leaders, notably under Prince Rupert, whom his opponents nicknamed Prince Robber, had accustomed themselves to indiscriminate plunder, to the detriment of their morals. The Parliamentary army had more or less followed suit, till Oliver Cromwell with a high hand put down theft, drunkenness, and profane swearing among his troopers.

In spite of such regrets, Kitty was more than content contriving, with Judy's assistance and by the help of Lady Ottery's advice, how to procure substitutes for what was ruined past repair, and how to repair, by assiduous and dainty mending and darning, what admitted of the compromise.

Dr. Dacre's slender funds could ill supply the substitutes, and it appeared as if the housekeeping money was miraculously multiplied in order to answer the irregular inroads made upon it. Kitty was forced to suspect that Mrs. Judy's hoards were undergoing a melting-down process to fill up deficiencies. But this was the old servant's

secret, to which she would not confess. If she had been brought to book, she would have protested that she was only following the example of her betters. And she had more reason, for whereas she could not always see wherein their master the King had so mightily "advantaged" them, though, poor man, that might no longer be his fault, how could she lay out her savings more prudently, and in the light of common gratitude more becomingly, than in doing her part in the relining of the nest in which she had abode so long snug and warm?

Then on Sunday, the 6th of October (old style), a new and impressive interruption came to these household labours. Kitty had been at Christchurch in the morning, where, in spite of the acceptance of the Solemn League and Covenant by the Parliament in London, and the law which prohibited the wearing of "lawn sleeves," a bishop had officiated in full canonicals. Late in the afternoon a hue and cry rose that a fire had broken out, and was raging near the north gate of the town, with a high north wind blowing the flames southward. Kitty from her window watched with awe the sky to the north growing redder and redder, until the whole horizon was lurid, as if the time spoken of by the apostle had come, when the heavens should shrivel up and vanish like a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat.

Dr. Dacre had started forth on the first alarm to see what was wrong, and give what help he could. Kitty, in her difficulty in keeping still when others were so desperately busy, and in her desire to see so new and strange a sight, persuaded Mrs. Judy to walk out with her a little way to witness the marvel, not realising the nature and extent of the crowd, or how hard it would be to keep from getting entangled in it, and swept away by it. The two women would hardly have managed it, and might have paid dearly for their rashness, had they not encountered some friends of Dr. Dacre's and college servants, who helped them through, and enabled Mrs. Judy to congratulate Kitty once more on her great good luck in seeing a fire without being either scorched or scalded, or pushed into a river, or trampled under foot, which was the most pressing danger of all.

When it came to that, Kitty was not able to see much of the fire; she had neither the strength nor the stature to get the better of the press, or to look over the heads of the masses of men and women, soldiers and civilians, citizens of every degree. She stood thunderstruck, watching the crowd looking on at this last unforeseen calamity, here and there swaying to and fro in a vain effort to lend aid where the houses were mostly of wood and plaster. For although there were rivers at hand, there was no means of conveying the water except by barrels, buckets, and cans.

The houses which were burnt first were poor, small houses, so that the less could be distinguished of them, but Kitty got glimpses of flaming rafters, sending up showers of sparks to the sky, which looked angry in its glare, and of poor creatures staggering hither and thither under bundles of bedding and household stuff. She heard people say the fire originated in the recklessness of a soldier who had stolen a pig, and was roasting it in a shed behind a house in Thames Street. Other people were not hindered by the political opinions of their neighbours from telling, with bated breath, how a company of soldiers had been profaning the Lord's day by drinking toasts, singing and dancing at a tap-house close to the fish market, when fire fell down from heaven, and kindled the roof over their ungodly heads, as a rebuke to their wickedness.

The same set of gossips pointed significantly to the facts that the fire had reached as far as the "Seven Deadly Sins' Lane," and that the chief storehouses of the Royalist plunder which they had brought from the towns they had fired and sacked in their cruel malice, were already threatened in just retribution.

From the fact that the fire was detected in broad daylight, as early as three in the afternoon, it was hoped that timely enough warning had been given for the inhabitants of the houses speedily assailed to escape with their lives. But no doubt a certain number of miserable persons, bedridden, aged, or detained by their care for their few dearly-prized, worldly goods, perished in the fire.

In the course of the night two hundred houses, including the whole of the

Bocherow, or Butchers' Row, were destroyed, and the fire was still raging. It had just skirted St. Mary's College, had extended as far as Quater-ways, and was advancing on the people's church of St. Martin. Then the Royalists in their turn loudly proclaimed a judgment on the turbulent townsmen for their obstinate attachment to the Roundheads, in spite of the fortunes which the citizens had been making by the prolonged residence of the King and Court among the ungrateful dogs.

"I tell thee what, Mrs. Kitty," said Mrs. Judy, who had been sitting pondering on how she could extract good from evil, "the fire hath happened on the very spot where the plague was rank last year, and where it prevailed at his Majesty's accession, before you were born. I should not wonder though it were to burn out the infection which nought else will remove."

"Salted with fire' or 'cleansed as by fire,' which is it? or are they one and the same processes?" asked Kitty, slowly. "That were hot work, Mistress Judy, yet cold comfort to the families without a roof to cover them this night."

Kitty was the next to start up with an idea which had taken possession of her.

"Oh! Mrs. Judy, I am in great fear for my young Madam Fanshawe. I've just bethought me that she was to change her lodging as Saturday fell, and that the new rooms were to be, for cheapness and quiet, in the North Baylie to which the fire is tending. Oh! what will she do if it overtake her all alone, for Mr. Richard Fanshawe is with the King at Bristol?"

"Nay, do not trouble," said Mrs. Judy, reassuringly; "her worshipful father and her sister are still in Oxford, and will look after her to a certainty; moreover, my young dame hath a fine brisk spirit of her own."

"I know not if Sir John be here at present, and not with Mr. Richard and the rest at Bristol," said Kitty, continuing to trouble herself very much indeed. "If so, Mrs. Harrison is very timorous, and will not dare to venture out without her father, and Mrs. Fanshawe's spirit is a good deal broke of late."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YORKSHIRE.—You should ask for an increase of wages; under the circumstances it should have been given long ago without the asking. The best way will be to speak to both your master and mistress when each is alone; as perhaps your master knows nothing about the case, nor what wages you are now getting. You should be having, at the very least, from £15 to £16 per annum, judging by your work.

CHARITY.—Even though we may give an address in our paper, we expect all our readers to use their own judgment and common sense about using it, and references should be taken on all occasions from everybody, unless very well known; especially when either money or work is to be entrusted to strangers.

ALICE will find a birdseller's shop in the town she names, we should think. Bournemouth is not considered a very cheap place of residence.

HILDA.—1. Join all the letters together of each word, and take more pains in forming each letter completely; some of them are only half formed. 2. We do not approve of the taking of lemons before breakfast, unless specially ordered by a doctor for a time; it is also injurious to the enamel of the teeth; diluted (as lemonade) it might be safely taken occasionally.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.—We could not advise you to go so far without knowing more about the matter. Why not write to the English consul at one of the Japanese ports, and make some inquiry?

AMAZON.—See "Horses, and What all Girls should Know about Them," page 730, vol. v.; also, "How to Ride," vol. iii., page 3, 131. A small loop of elastic is sometimes employed to hold down the habit, but if well cut there should be no such difficulty about it.

EDITHA.—Sweet thoughts, but neither new nor original ones. "Will you trim this hat by to-morrow?" is correct, not "until to-morrow."

POPPIE.—We regret the composition is not suitable to our columns.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.—The lines are not poetry, but rhymed prose, but they did you good to write, as an expression of feeling, so be happy; they have done their work, and, we have no doubt, been a source of pleasure to others also, to whom you have shown them.

MAY.—As a rule, the turning of words into *feminines* when referring to women is in bad style and unnecessary. "Manageress" is an awkward word; Mrs. or Miss So-and-So acts as manager of So-and-So is a better way of expressing what you mean. You would not say a "doctress"; you would say, "she is a doctor," or "lady-doctor"; nor "she is a linendraperess," but "a linendraper"; nor "she is a dentistess," but "dentist"; nor "an artistess," but "an artist." Perhaps "authoress" is almost the only exception, but even this feminine is non-essential; "author" is quite appropriate as applied to both sexes, and so is "poet."

OWL'S CLAWS.—Paste diamonds do not cut glass like the real stones.

F. J. E. A.—You might prevent the large slugs from frequenting your pantry and other parts of your house by sprinkling the window-sills, doorways, and all openings to the outside very thickly with salt. Ants will avoid cupboards washed with water in which camphor is dissolved.

EVA.—Dandelion tea, or decoction, is made as follows: Take two ounces of the freshly-sliced root, and boil in two pints of water till reduced to one pint; then add an ounce of compound tincture of horseradish. Dose from two to four ounces. This is used in case of a sluggish state of liver. Another method is to add three drachms of cream of tartar instead of the horseradish. A simple infusion of the sliced root in boiling water is more properly called a tea. This is used as a tonic and stomachic. The leaves form an excellent salad when young.

SUNBEAM.—A red nose is generally due to digestive troubles, or to tight lacing. We do not fancy that outward applications would be of any service.

Drinking hot water is not considered to reduce stoutness, and recent experiments appear to prove that a diet of stale bread and lean meat is more efficacious than anything else in reducing flesh.

Ivy.—In vol. vii., page 256, you will find an excellent recipe for *pot pourri*.



ALLAN BARRAUD

J.F. DAVEY



VOL. X.—No. 508.

AUGUST 17, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

REASONS.

By IDA J LEMON.



FOR just a winning girlish face,
For dimples, and the bloom of youth,
For something more than common grace,
For lips that must beguile in sooth,
For little curls all steeped in light,
For eyes which look forth pure and clear,
For smiles as tender and as bright
As angels may be wont to wear,
For these all men might love you,
dear.

For charming ways and manners sweet,
For gentleness and maiden trust,
For kindly hands and willing feet
Which seem to glorify the dust
On common roads, but most for love
So freely poured, it doth appear
You learnt to give from God above,
For joy vouchsafed when you are near:
For these your lover loves you,
dear.

For charity to those who need,
For sympathy with all your kind,
For human love and Christ-like creed,
For faithful heart and child-like mind,
For prayers for those in sin or pain,
For healing smile and selfless tear,
For comfort which the mourners gain
Who hear your message; it is clear
For all these things God loves you,
dear.

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A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.



CHAPTER XX.

MRS. JUDY had gone to another part of the college to gossip with the Provost's housekeeper, on the great event of the fire, and on what she and her young mistress had seen, when they made so bold as to step out and look at the spectacle for themselves the night before.

Kitty could not be still; she could not appeal to her father, for, having returned home, rested a couple of hours in his chair, and eaten a hasty breakfast, he had gone out again to consult with the University authorities lest the fire should break out still more violently, and, leaving the course it had hitherto followed, come round to the colleges.

Poor Ann Fanshawe! It was not an unqualified gain to have a husband who, however loyal and devoted, could not be spared from the public service. There was one brave lad lying prone in Exeter Chapel who might be sorely missed to-day. His sister would not have run any risk of being forgotten if her brother Bill had been alive and within cry.

Kitty was tortured by a feverish fancy, and haunted by the impression of Sir John Harrison and Mr. Richard Fanshawe both from home, Mrs. Harrison helplessly timorous, and Mrs. Fanshawe too much out of the way to have been early apprised of the fire. She, a comparative stranger, would not know what to do, alone as she was, to get to her father's lodging at some distance. There might be nobody left to think or act for her except Kitty. As for Kitty, she had nobody to send to the North Baylie, for Mrs. Judy was too far up in years to be exposed to additional fatigue after what she had undergone lately; any college servant who was not tied to his ordinary work had already run to the fire; Lady Ottery's servants would be similarly engaged. It was not dark, as it had been last night; it was broad daylight on a fine October morning. There was not much sunshine, but the wind had fallen, which was in favour of

the decrease of the fire, and there was a not unpleasant crispness in the air, stirring the russet and golden leaves before they dropped, more acceptable than the mist rising and creeping along by the banks of the rivers, ready to draw a thin, soft veil over the scene.

At the same time the smell of fire was on the town; Kitty could clearly detect it, just as she could see the dull, red glow long after the sun had risen in the sky. She could well believe that if the wind were to rise and roar again in that quarter, it would tear asunder the misty veil, and bring on its wings a fine deposit of white ashes.

The concourse of people would collect and remain as near as possible to the fire. The back streets and byways which were in the line of the burning would be all save deserted. Kitty knew a road to the North Baylie, along which she was sure she could hasten in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour without attracting attention. If she were but aware that her friend was not alone, that she was apprised of the approach of the fire, and was either starting for a place of safety, or had already reached it, Kitty's mind would be at rest. She could run back immediately, and would arrive at home before she had been missed probably, or Mrs. Judy had finished her gossip with the Provost's housekeeper.

With the single precaution of adding a muffler to her hood and mantle, the girl started on her fool's errand—for which of us are not fools on occasions? As she had anticipated, she met far fewer than the ordinary population in the back streets and side lanes; in fact, she found them nearly deserted. She reached without misadventure that part of the North Baylie where Mrs. Fanshawe, with marvellous humility for the wife of the Secretary of War to the Prince of Wales, had taken up her abode. But Kitty was getting nearer the fire, though she was keeping always in its rear. She could hear its hoarse roar under the deeper glow of the sky, which was now so vivid as almost to extinguish the daylight, and replace it by an artificial blaze as of hundreds of thousands of torches. She could make out the shouting of the people who were doing the little they could in pouring water on the flames, throwing up barriers of stones, and pulling down connecting houses and rafters. Occasionally a great shower of sparks rose in the air, and floating and falling at some distance, awoke in her lively apprehensions lest they should alight on her head and shoulders and burn holes in her hood and mantle, if the sparks stopped short of setting her in a blaze.

Kitty was detained a little by a slight difficulty, from the confusion and agitation of her mind, in ascertaining the house she was in search of. The strange light was bewildering; she was at the

back and not at the front of the house. There were no numbers to houses in those days; the only indications to be followed were in calculating how many doors the place was from this church or that swinging sign-board.

At last when Kitty was almost sure she was right, and began to feel that even if she were wrong she durst tarry no longer, it was a relief to discover the back gate, a strong door studded with iron nails, standing open. She entered a small courtyard surrounded by such high walls that they had, no doubt, formed part of one of the extinct colleges, such as "White Monks," "Canterbury," or "Durham," which had been either suffered to fall into entire decay or had been partly replaced by other colleges.

Kitty made for the first house-door she could find, but it was shut and bolted, and no hammering she could accomplish brought an answer to her summons. She tried other doors opening into out-buildings; one was a lumber-house, one a wood-house, and a third a home brewery. All the doors yielded to her touch, but disclosed nobody within, and no passage or stair promising ingress to the house. Neither did the high courtyard communicate with the main street: the walls were built on to the house, or rather the house, which was evidently not nearly so old or so massive, was built on to them.

Kitty was finishing her exploration when she was startled by a loud sound behind her, which she found, on looking quickly round, to be the shutting and locking of the heavy door by which she had entered the court. She darted back, calling as loudly as she could, and shaking the handle of the closed door, for in a moment her alarming plight flashed upon her. The house was deserted by young Madam Fanshawe and every other occupant. No doubt all the furniture which could be carried away had been removed, and now as a further precaution against an invasion of the house out of idle curiosity, or for the purpose of theft, with the risk to life, the landlord, or somebody concerned, had locked the courtyard door, retired, and left Kitty shut up in the forsaken house, in durance vile, for an uncertain period of time.

That in itself would have been sufficiently dismal for a girl in her teens, who had always been protected and cared for. For it must be taken into account that even in ordinary circumstances, with no fire engrossing every eye and ear, it would not have been easy for Kitty to make her voice heard over the high, thick, blank walls and the empty house which encompassed her, and prevented her neighbours learning that she had been caught in a trap.

But as it was, in the immediate vicinity of a great fire, which had already de-

voured its two hundred, and would not stop till it had swallowed up its three hundred houses, the situation was appalling. The air was waxing each instant hotter and more stifling, the sky overhead was getting every moment more like the reflection of a burning fiery furnace. The awful living thing was drawing nearer and nearer, as with the pants of a relentless beast of prey, craving one more hapless victim.

Kitty Dacre kept her senses and her self-control for a wonderful length of time. She was slow to admit to herself, first, that the person who had locked the door without perceiving her was quite gone, and next that it was impossible for her to call attention to her imprisonment amidst the gathering noises of the fire, and its multitude of attendants. Then she tried to persuade herself that as the flames had for the most part met only wood and plaster, which were more like stubble to feed them than an obstacle to resist them, they might be arrested by the stone house with its background of strong old walls, they might turn aside, or pass it by for some more congenial aliment.

But no, the fire was unmistakably advancing, and collecting its forces for a more formidable antagonist. Kitty could not banish from her mind what she had heard in the course of the morning, that the long yellow tongues had leapt up and licked the solid masonry of St. Martin's church, scorching it from top to bottom. She left off madly beating the door with her hands and calling out for succour; she sank down at last, cowering in a corner, and asking herself piteously what was she doing there? Why was she not at home in Oriol, safe under Mrs. Judy's wing, waiting breathlessly for her father's coming in with the last details of the disaster, perhaps weeping for some young maid like herself, who was supposed to have strayed, and perished by a ghastly death in the great fire. At the most she, Kitty, need not have gone further than Lady Ottery's lodging, which was not within the circle attacked by the fire. There she could have assisted her godmother in preparing bandages and salves for those who were not hurt beyond remedy.

Kitty had acted on a headstrong, fool-hardy impulse, not waiting to consult wiser heads, or to ask permission to thrust herself into danger for the sake of young Madam Fanshawe, who had done very well without her, and was doubtless safe with her own people at this moment.

And here was the end on't for Kitty. What would her father say when he came back? Where would the old man turn in his dismay and bewilderment? Would poor Mrs. Judy, who had tried without avail to get her to listen to reason, rush abroad in her terror as soon as she missed her? And would Lady Ottery take her ivory-headed cane and stumble out on the same wild search? She, Kitty, was not worth their travail and care, only she had never dreamt of grieving and distressing them. What would Jackie say if he ever heard, and could piece together the fragments which hinted at his little sister's sad fate?

Her cousin Anthony, with Prissy and Alice and her aunt Walton, Mrs. Fanshawe, after whom she had gone in crazy pursuit, and Mrs. Margaret Lucas, who had departed on her mission to bear the Queen company in the spring days—would they all remember, wonder, and be sorry that Kitty Dacre was gone, had rashly and recklessly adventured herself when she had no call to do so, and thus had been caught at a disadvantage, and perished in her youth in the terrible Oxford fire?

A sudden rush, and crash, and hiss, louder than the others she had been listening to, smote upon ears which were growing dull in their anguish. A larger house than was common in that quarter had fallen before the fire, and such a jet and pyramid of flames shot up on its ruins that Kitty caught the white light of the crown of fire for an instant towering above the irresponsible walls. She fell back against the wall behind her, and recoiled, turning her head from one side to another, and writhing her body in despairing repulsion. A sickening heat was perceptible through the stone and lime; soon, if they did not crumble and fall on her, they would glow like an oven. She was in a huge oven, shut in to be roasted alive there, like the martyrs of whom she had read.

Kitty covered her face with her hands and tried to pray. What was she that she should deserve a better lot than the poor prisoners dragging out the loathsome remnant of their lives in the Castle tower yonder? or the miserable victims of the plague, some of whom had died alone, abandoned in the base plague-panic by those who ought to have laid down their lives sooner than forsake the sufferers?

Her death would be speedy, if it must be violent. God was in the fire. What was it that the old Bishop did when he suffered in the city ditch? As the flames rose upon him he bathed his hands in their glory, and died praising God. Ah! but she was not a blessed martyr dying for the faith, only a wretched girl suffering for her self-will and folly; but God could give her courage, as He would pardon her, if she cried for His forgiveness. Who was it that walked with the Hebrew children in the furnace? One like unto the Son of God, when not a hair of their head was singed. And "a moist whistling wind" blew round them, that must have been like the autumn wind from the Cherwell or the Isis. What would she not give to feel it now! But that was an ancient miracle, which would not be worked in the latter days for a foolish, erring maid. The Lord Jesus had not even interposed with a miracle to save a holy woman, the murdered nun whose blood served as cement for the walls of one of the colleges. What college? Why should she think of the crime and its victim at such a time? Was it here that the poor nun had sobbed out her last breath? Had she known that another maid would die where she had died?—"When thou passest through the waters." Oh! for the deepest waters of the Cherwell and the Isis to cool the scorching heat! "When thou walkest through the fire." There was peace in

that verse—peace, peace; for He was the lord of the fire which, like the frost and the dew, praised Him and magnified Him for ever.

What was that knocking and rattling at the door—a vehement assault on it with blows which peeled the knuckles that delivered them, and kicks that left their dents on the oaken boards for many a day. Then in default of the key which had been unwittingly carried away, iron bars, hammers, and pickaxes were brought into play.

"Kitty, cousin Kitty, are you there? For heaven's sake speak!"

Who was calling on her? What had she to do with the deafening noise at the door? Had Lord Essex, or Sir William Waller, or was it Sir Thomas Fairfax taken Oxford by storm, and were they breaking into Oriol? but why did they not summon the Provost or her father, and not a senseless, irresponsible maid such as she was?

"Kitty, I have thee, thou art saved! Look up, sweetheart! Here is Mrs. Judy, who has shown me the way. Drink this cordial some good soul hath fetched. Let me lift thee up, and get thee out of this pit into a chair, and take thee home before thy poor father hath missed thee."

There was time enough for Kitty to hear the explanation of her cousin's presence. Indeed, she always liked to dwell on this part of the story, though she turned away shuddering from the earlier recollections. Anthony Walton, hearing the report of the fire in Oxford, which for that matter had been seen reflected in the sky, and was soon noised all over the country near, ventured into the city to ascertain the truth and satisfy himself as to the safety of his friends. Not far from Oriol he came across Mrs. Judy, who was sallying forth, the next thing to beside herself, on the discovery that Kitty was missing. Mrs. Judy had immediately guessed where the girl's froward feet would lead her, and put him on their track as far as the North Baylie. There, after a little desperate search, they hit on the closed-up house and yard, and on their own responsibility broke open the back door and rescued wandering Kitty.

But Anthony would not go in with Kitty to her father, who was still unaware of her recent danger.

"Nay, nay," he said, with a certain proud self-restraint, "I will not spoil a good deed by trumpeting it or intruding myself where I am not wanted. Mayhap my uncle, Dr. Peter Dacre, if he will have it that I have cost him his son, will set against that ill deed that I have found him his daughter—only let him take better care of her in future. And, cousin Kitty, dear life, stray no more into mischief, an you love your friends—not for the sake of any young Madam Fanshawe of them all, who hath her own husband to run after her, supposing she is such a valuable piece of goods. I may not again have the good fortune to stumble upon Mrs. Judy in the nick of time, hear her story, and be permitted to snatch you from destruction, God be praised!"

(To be continued.)

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART V.



It will be remembered by the readers of this series that a brief notice has been given to the daisy. The *Marguerite* is otherwise known as the "ox-eye daisy" or "chrysanthemum," of the genus *Helianthus*, and grows wild, and in as great abundance as the small daisy (*Bellis perennis*.) The two flowers appear to be

somewhat contounded together in their historical associations, although respectively of a different species. Certainly, the larger flower, of which we now give a passing notice, is the one which is said to have been plucked, in mediæval stories, by disconsolate maidens who felt dubious as to the true-love assurances of their knights and squires. The augury on which their hopes reposed was divined and decided by the last petal of the flower which they destroyed, as they mournfully inquired, "He loves me? Loves me not! Loves me? Loves me not!" or "Loves me!" A pastime with which our village maidens are, to this day, very familiar.

The *Marigold* is a flower of the same character as that above named, but it differs in colour and odour. The common species which often glorifies the English cottage gardens is the *Calendula officinalis*. It is employed as an ingredient in soups, but appears to be of little value otherwise than for its beauty. The African marigold (*Tagetes erecta*) is one of the sacred flowers of northern India, and its European cousin, the *Calendula*, or flower of the calends, was so named by the Romans under the idea that it blossomed the whole year round. In the days of Henry VIII. it was worn with the pansy in wreaths, and went by the name of Souvenir. In some of our counties it is still called "Mary Gowles," or "Goulans," a name little euphonious, but taken from the "Grete Harball," the most ancient of English works on the subject. It used also to be called "Ruddes," from its tawny hue. But the old poets, Shakespeare included, employ the more distinctive name of "marigold." In *The Winter's Tale*, the latter says—

"The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping."

It was to our mediæval monks and nuns that the "gold" was prefixed by "mari," as an old tradition existed that the Blessed Virgin used to wear this flower in her bosom. Rich in names and much in favour, it shares with the giant *Helianthus annuus*, the name of "sunflower;" also the "spouse of the sun," as it shares with its more remarkable sister the habit of turning its golden face

towards the great luminary. In allusion to this the marigold was adopted by the maternal grandmother of Henri IV., Marguerite of Orleans, as her armorial device, and with it the motto, "*Je ne veux suivre que lui seule*."

But there is yet another name by which this gorgeous little flower is known, and that is perhaps the origin of the meaning given to it in the language of flowers, i.e., "sorrow," and "cares." In America there is a tradition that the Mexicans, who fell victims to the greed of gold of their cruel exterminating invaders, stained with their blood the yellow blossoms of the fields, and so they changed to a deep ruby-red colour, and have been known ever since by the lugubrious name of "death flowers."

Like the holly, the *Mistletoe* (*Viscum album*) claims a place amongst our historical flowers, being employed at the winter festival so time-honoured and dear to us all. It is somewhat difficult to record any circumstances respecting its history with which the reader is not already acquainted; yet, perhaps, the origin of the primitive fashion of kissing under the white-berried branches may be known to comparatively few. For the explanation we must go back to very early ages in the history of northern nations, and dip into the annals of Scandinavian mythology. Baldr, the Beautiful (the northern Apollo), the son of Odin, had a potent foe in the evil spirit, Loki; and this latter endeavoured to compass his destruction by the hands of the blind god, Hödr. So he made an arrow out of the wood of the mistletoe (supposed to proceed from none of the elements), and placing it in his hands, directed it to Baldr, who fell to the earth—a catastrophe which by no other weapon could have been effected, as his mother, Frigga (or Freyja), had rendered him proof against harm from any of the four elements. This outrage displeased the gods, and they restored Baldr to life, and as they dedicated to Frigga the only instrument by which her son could be harmed, she took the precaution of having it placed out of touch of the earth, and thus beyond the jurisdiction of Loki. From this



MARIGOLD.

old fable the practice of hanging bunches of mistletoe from the ceilings and tops of the doorways has arisen, and the "kiss of peace" beneath them followed in natural sequence. The non-formation of arrows from its wood, with which to compass the death of anyone, was guaranteed so long as hung aloft; the kiss was an assurance of good faith and harmony.

The use of the mistletoe in the heathen sacrificial rites of the Druids needs no comment, so well is the subject known. They regarded it as a cure for every disease, an antidote to all poisons, and a talisman against witchcraft and all spiritual evil influences, a belief obtaining amongst the Greeks, Romans, in France, and all European nationalities. But it is the mistletoe that grows on the oak that used to be specially esteemed by the Druids and in Scandinavian countries. The natural order to which it belongs is the *Loranthaceæ*, consisting of some 450 evergreen parasitic shrubs, chiefly tropical, though found in temperate climates. It cruelly kills the branch on which it grows, and whence it derives its nourishment, and thus compasses its own death. The brittle twigs which we obtain for homestead decorations might well be supposed unsuitable for the construction of the shaft that transfixed the beautiful Baldr, but the stem, if left to attain its full growth, is sometimes upwards of an inch in diameter, and subdivides into a fork, thus lending itself naturally to the form of an arrow. More mistletoes are found on the apple tree than any other, but it grows on the hawthorn, lime, maple, mountain ash, poplar, larch, pear, and others. Though propagated in Ireland and Scotland, it is not a native of those countries. There are only about ten or a dozen examples in England of mistletoe-bearing oaks. It is said that the finest specimen is one at Bredwardine, discovered by Sir G. Cornewall in 1871, a fine oak, as yet proof against the feeding of no less than fifteen clusters of this parasite. In France and Switzerland it is found on the spruce firs; in Italy on the vine and *Loranthus*; and in the Himalayas on the apricot. It is also a native of Siberia. The "spignel" (or "bald-meigne"), otherwise "Baldrs-money," was dedicated to Baldr, and the "may-weed"



MARGUERITE.

(*Anthemis cotula*) is still said to be as fair as the brow of

"Baldr, the beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the gods;"

of whose story Longfellow sang so sweet a lay. No earlier notice of the time-honoured custom of "kissing under the mistletoe" appears to be on record than about the middle of the 17th century.

Few amongst our flowering shrubs and plants are so truly classical in their associations as the *Myrtle*, the emblem of love amongst the ancients of Greece and Rome, and of peace amongst the Jews. We find references to it in the Books of Nehemiah, Isaiah, Zechariah, as also in the Psalms. To this day the Jews employ branches of the myrtle, a broad-leaved species, in the construction of their booths or tents during the "Feast of Tabernacles," and which is cultivated near London for their special use. Those who have visited Aleppo at such seasons have seen an outer covering of myrtle branches over their tabernacles, laid upon a foundation of green reeds, forming a sort of diaper-work, and stretched between four slight supports, which are attached to a wooden divan.

Amongst the Arabs there is a tradition that when Adam was driven out



MISTLETOE.

To the loving students of Holy Writ, the *Olive* must have a special interest. Between thirty and forty references are made to it in the sacred books. Our Saviour's latter days on earth were connected with the Mount of Olives, which has rendered that grove of trees one of exceptional interest. But the historical character of this tree dates back to the time when the dove bore the tiny branch over the subsiding waters, and conveyed the emblem of peace to the redeemed from the flood.

Looking back to those long-ago times, our thoughts pass down through a long course of eventful centuries, to the day when, as I have already observed, our Divine Redeemer "poured out His soul unto death, in that olive-grown garden of Gethsemane, bringing pardon and peace to the children of men."

Dean Stanley speaks of the eight remarkable olives still standing on the hill of that "garden"—gnarled and venerable, perfectly distinct in character from any of their fellows. But whether they once sheltered the God-man,



MYRTLE.

of Eden he carried away an ear of wheat, representing the chief food and staff of life; a date, representing fruit; and the myrtle, as the sweetest scented of flowers (in their estimation). Indeed, all Oriental nations hold the latter in special esteem, and the superstitions connected with it abound equally in the West as the East. The Roman bridal-wreath for men and women was composed of it. At the sacred Greek festival of the Eleusinian mysteries the high priest officiating and the initiates were crowned with it, and the Athenian magistrates wore it as a badge of their authority, while heroes entwined it in their wreaths of laurel, as a symbol of victory. So, likewise, it was worn in chaplets by the Romans with the same symbolic motive, and one of the observances of the 1st of April amongst the Roman ladies consisted in crowning themselves with the leaves of this beautiful tree, after bathing under its shadow, when they set forth to offer sacrifice at the altar of Venus, to whom, as the "goddess of Love," it was consecrated.



OLIVE.

who sought the shade for meditation and prayer, we cannot decide.

The Delphic oracle was consulted by the Athenians, each holding a branch of the olive; and as to classical traditions connected with the tree, as well as those of modern date, they are fully as numerous as those regarding the myrtle. As an emblem of peace and reconciliation, the early Christians engraved a representation of it on the tombs of the martyrs, for the flood of cruel persecution had ceased for them, and the blessed peace-bringing spirit, once appearing as a dove, had brought them that which the olive branch typified—everlasting rest in "the haven where they would be."

It seems a curious confirmation of the aptness with which, in all ages, this beautiful tree has been made a symbol of "peace and security," that oil alone—of all the products of nature with which we are acquainted—can still the raging of the storm-tossed waters, and bring instant relief and security to those in peril. Victors at the Olympic games were awarded crowns of the olive, and in China they are conferred for literary merit.

The *Orange* tree, or *Citrus aurantium*, affords a blossom as fragrant as it is beautiful. The varieties are very many; amongst them the Chinese, Maltese, Tangerine, Seville, and St. Michaels are the most important.



ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

It seems not improbable that the origin of wearing orange blossoms for bridal wreaths may be traced to the mythological story of the nuptials of Juno and Jupiter, as Milton and Spenser considered the "golden apple," presented by the goddess to her spouse on the day of their marriage, was intended by the ancients to signify an orange. Those conversant with these old-world fables may remember that orange groves grew near Mount Atlas, in the garden of the Hesperides, under the care of the daughters of Hesperus, and guarded by a dragon. The story goes that Hercules slew the monster and stole the fruit; but Minerva restored them to the garden as the only place where they could be preserved. This idea has long since been proved to be as fabulous as the rest of the story. It would seem that the introduction of the tree into Europe from China was due to a present made to the old

Conde Mellor, Prime Minister of the King of Portugal; and Le Comte, the Jesuit, who wrote in 1697, stated that "the first and unique orange tree" brought into Europe was still preserved in the house of Count St. Laurent at Lisbon, and that from this tree all the others abounding in the South had sprung. On landing in India the Portuguese found it growing in abundance, according to the account given by Vasco di Gama, and it is supposed that it had been imported from that country to Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, in about the 9th century. It may be desirable to explain that the orange tree has nothing to do with

the title of our William of Orange, who took it from the name of a town of France, in the department of Vaucluse, which was, from the 11th to the 16th century, the capital of a small independent principality. This most interesting town—the *Arausia* of the Romans—passed, at the death without issue of the last sovereign Philibert de Chalons (1531), to a younger branch of the house of Nassau. It was held by the Dutch Stadtholders until the death of our William III. (1702), and was ultimately ceded to France. But the heir-presumptive to the crown of the Netherlands still holds the title of Prince of Orange. As a natural sug-

gestion (supplied by the beautiful hue of the golden fruit that shares the name of the ancient birthplace of the King) the loyal subjects of the Crown in Ireland adopted it for their distinctive colours.

The practice of wearing orange blossoms for bridal adornment was derived from the Saracens, who regarded them as emblematic of happiness in marriage. Orange flower water is sprinkled over the wedded pair in Crete, and in Sardinia oranges are hung on the horns of the oxen attached to the wagons that convey them on the day of their nuptials.

(To be concluded.)

MY LADY'S REST.

By FLORENCE WILLSON.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. DEANE'S VISITOR.



LIFE at Ashdeane passed in the same quiet way now in the hot autumn days as it had done in the changeable month of May, when I first made my way to Mrs. Deane's cottage and incurred the displeasure of Dandy by invading his premises.

Mr. Yorke was as energetic as ever, and aided by his vicar's sympathy and larger experience, his work prospered

in an encouraging manner. He had been wise enough to abandon, or, at least, to modify, some of his plans, which were too advanced for the leisurely nature and habits of his people. Miss Marchmont continued one of his most faithful supporters, and even went so far as to visit some of her poorer neighbours; but the experiment was not successful. She felt that she was conferring a favour on the people whose humble homes she visited, and they showed plainly enough that they did not appreciate her condescension or wish for it, and so she was disgusted at their ingratitude, and ceased to go amongst them.

Mr. Yorke had expected this result, and was not disappointed by it; in fact, he was better pleased that Miss Marchmont should help his poor through him, as she had done, than spoil her well-meant kindness by an irritating patronising manner.

Very different was Mrs. Deane, who was well-known and loved by all around her, and to whose sympathising ears all the village troubles and joys were told, sure of a patient hearing, and a helping hand, where needed, frankly and freely held out.

This had been a delightful summer for me. I had come to the Vicarage for change of air and rest, which had been declared necessary for me after a long illness, brought on, the doctor said, by too hard work, for most of the day I taught in a school, and the evenings were devoted to study on my own account, to pass my examinations.

These summer months I had almost completely lived in the fresh country air, and had not studied at all, and now I felt strong bodily and mentally, and able to resume my work.

But at present Miss Brown and her brother would not hear of my testing my strength, and as I was not dependent on my own exertions, I agreed to postpone my return to work, although I was beginning to weary of such an idle, easy life as I led with my kind friends at the Vicarage.

There was another reason why I was anxious to leave Ashdeane, but this I could not mention to anyone, not even to Mrs. Deane, but I could not help thinking sometimes that Mr. Yorke was anxious to interest me in his work and in himself in a degree I was not prepared to do.

Again, I persuaded myself that it was only my fancy, and that as there were very few young girls near us, it was only natural that Mr. Yorke should like to talk to me, with whom he was brought so much in contact and daily intercourse at the Vicarage, where he came and went as he liked.

Still, I sometimes felt uncomfortable on his account, all the more because I liked him, and did not want to make myself disagreeable, as if I was sure he would fall in love with me, if I was natural and friendly in my manners to him, and still less did I wish to mislead him as to my feelings.

Mrs. Deane, I imagine, had some idea of the state of affairs, although she never alluded to the subject, but once, when Miss Marchmont made some remark to me about the interest girls now-a-days took in parochial affairs, especially when good-looking young curates were connected with them, Mrs. Deane quietly turned the conversation into safer channels, for which I felt truly grateful to her.

Lady Constance was to be married in September, and Ashdeane was fully occupied with all the preparations for the event, which was to be celebrated in the little village church; the bride elect was staying in London, and would only return a day or two before the marriage to the Manor House.

Mr. Willoughby was altering and refurnishing his house, and Ashdeane was all astir with workpeople and the arrival and departure of furniture vans; people talked of nothing but the wedding, and Miss Marchmont was so deeply interested in it that she allowed me to pass unnoticed, for which I felt deeply grateful.

One hot afternoon I was sauntering slowly through the lanes to Mrs. Deane's cottage, having promised to come to tea, and bring some of my new songs with me, when I met a stranger, who seemed as if he were trying to find his way to some given point, stopping every now and then, looking about him.

I at once guessed that he must be one of Mr. Willoughby's guests, come for the wedding, and thought no more about him, as I went on to Mrs. Deane's, where Dandy gave me a lazy wag of his tail as welcome; he felt it too hot to bark or jump about in his usual fashion, and was asleep before I entered the house.

We had tea out of doors, under the trees on the tiny lawn, where we sat and talked, and I gathered flowers for the drawing-room, as I

always arranged them for Mrs. Deane when spending an evening with her; and as we went into the house I fastened a spray of scarlet geranium and heliotrope in my white dress.

After filling the flower stands, I sang one song after another, and I was in the middle of one of my favourites, when some one was ushered into the room, accompanied by Dandy, who barked and growled in a very indignant and wide-awake manner.

As I turned round at the noise, I recognised the stranger I had met in the lane, and began to wonder what could have brought him there, when I was struck by Mrs. Deane's look of bewilderment as she gazed at the card the stranger gave her; she turned it over and over, and then read the name slowly aloud—"Harry Marsden," and looked from the card to her visitor, and then at me, as if in a dream.

"I am Harry Marsden," said the stranger, "and if the information is correct which I received, you must be my sister."

Mrs. Deane sat down, with a look of bewilderment on her face, and then answered—

"You must be mistaken, for I have no brother; I was an only child. Who could have so misled you, I wonder?"

"I do not think I am mistaken," replied the stranger. "You must surely have heard of your father's second marriage in Australia, and of my birth."

"I heard he was married again, but nothing more," said Mrs. Deane. "Is it possible that I should never have heard of your existence all these years!"

"I have plenty of proofs as to my identity," said the young man, half-smiling at her bewildered incredulity. "This I fancy you will recognise," and he drew a case from his pocket and showed her a miniature, which she at once recognised as one of her father.

"You know my father's portrait, I see," said her visitor. "And here are some letters of his that I should like you to read." He took out a pocket-book and turned over its contents, and happening to raise his eyes they met mine, and I felt that I had no business whatever to be there and had better retire.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Deane," I said, putting on my hat and gloves. "I shall come and see you to-morrow if I may; but now I must go back to the Vicarage."

"Good-bye, dear," she said, as she pressed my hand in her cold ones. "Come as early as you can to-morrow; I shall want to see you."

The stranger opened the door for me and accompanied me to the hall door, apologising politely for having disturbed me in the middle of my song. I assured him it was of no consequence, and with a bow we parted.

As I ran down the steps I saw Miss Marchmont staring at me, having heard our voices, I suppose, as she came up the garden path.

She was anxious, I knew, to ask me all sorts of questions; but I bowed and hurried past her, saying I was late and had not time to stop.

The vicar was very much interested in my account of Mrs. Deane's visitor, and said he should go down to the cottage that evening, and see what was the result of the interview. He seemed to think it very probable that the stranger was Mrs. Deane's brother.

Just as the vicar was starting for the cottage a visitor was announced, and Mr. Marsden was ushered into the study and had a long interview, which ended by Mr. Brown putting on his hat and accompanying his visitor to the cottage. I felt great curiosity to know the result of the interview and conversations, and hoped that Miss Brown would not go to bed that evening at her usual hour; but immediately after prayers she put away her work, and in answer to my gentle hint that I should like to wait up for her brother's return, she said he would probably be late, and that we should hear all about it in the morning, and with this comforting assurance she bid me good-night, and I had to retire satisfied.

I did not go to sleep until the vicar had returned; nor, indeed, for some time after that, and I fell asleep wondering what we should hear in the morning as to Mrs. Deane's newly-found relation.

The vicar was very fond of his garden. I always took a stroll round it before breakfast to see what new flowers were out, and I joined him there next morning, almost my first words being, "Well, is he really her brother?"

"What a clearly put question," laughed Mr. Brown, "but I quite understand your meaning, and will gratify your feminine curiosity at once. Yes, I think there is not the smallest doubt; he is Mrs. Deane's brother, and very happy she is to have someone belonging to her, after her lonely life; and that reminds me, she sent her love and hoped you would go and see her this afternoon."

Mr. Yorke joined us at luncheon, as he very often did, and asked quite as many questions about Mr. Marsden as I could have done; he seemed surprised when the vicar spoke of him as a pleasant, good-looking young fellow."

"Being Mrs. Deane's brother," he said, "I fancied he was about her age, and quite forgot that I had heard her father was married a second time, and that Mr. Marsden is only her step-brother, whose mother was probably about her own age."

"I wonder what they will do," said Miss Brown; "if he will settle down in this country, and if Mrs. Deane will leave the cottage and live with him."

"Oh," said the vicar, "I daresay he will marry and settle down here; and his sister would be foolish to give up her comfortable home at the cottage, to share that of a brother who was a perfect stranger to her, and of whose disposition she knew nothing."

Mr. Yorke walked with me to the cottage, but would not go in; he said he had promised to lend some books to Miss Marchmont, and must leave them with her, before he went to see some sick people at the other end of the parish.

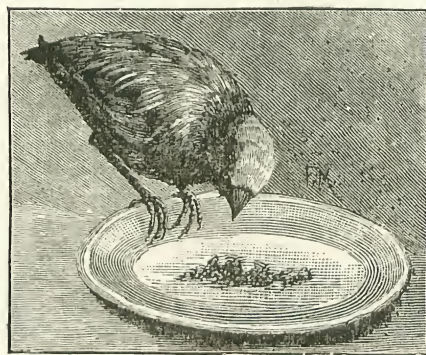
Mrs. Deane had a flush on her cheeks, and a look of excitement most unusual to be seen on her tranquil pale face.

"You have heard how much richer I am than I ever thought to have been, my dear," she said, as she kissed me; "I have got a brother, and feel proud of the acquisition; you must congratulate me on his arrival."

The afternoon passed very pleasantly, and I was able to satisfy my curiosity about Mr. Marsden's appearance and manners when he joined us at tea. I liked his looks, and he had a bright, frank manner which was very attractive. The vicar called for me on his way home, and I saw that he liked the newcomer and was interested in him, and as we walked back to the vicarage, we discussed Mrs. Deane's brother, and agreed that she was very fortunate in having found such a prepossessing and lovable character in her newly-discovered relation.

Things went on as usual at Ashdeane, and the preparations for the grand wedding occupied the general attention, so that the interest in young Mr. Marsden was of short-lived duration. Most of his time was spent in London, but he was often enough at the cottage to make himself a general favourite with all Mrs. Deane's friends, with one exception, and that was Miss Marchmont, who seemed from the first to have taken an unaccountable dislike to him; I do not believe she could have told why herself, except, perhaps, because everyone else liked him.

(To be concluded.)



VARIETIES.

THE HOMES AND WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

A visit was recently paid to England by the Nawab Mehdi Hassan, the Chief Justice of Hyderabad. His impressions of this country were communicated to his friends, and amongst them we find the following remarks regarding both that home-life, of which we are all so proud, and the women of England who make our homes all they should be:—

"It is," he says, "a beautiful thing. We have nothing like it in our country—this pure home-life, with all its tenderness and sympathies. In our language there is no such word as 'home'; in England every heart is stirred by it. All natural passions and questions are no doubt common to us and to Englishmen; but in them they are more systematic, civilised, and genuine. We love each other, but we do not express it in the same warm and impressive way.

"It is this home-life that is one of the chief sources of England's supremacy. There children grow up in the society of educated mothers, and become intelligent and thoughtful while they are yet children. In our country, where the women for the most part have no

education, this is impossible, and they grow up into men and women quite ignorant of the simplest things—things that are known in England by the children of the very poorest people.

"It is impossible to express to you my sense of the great influence of the English women upon English life. They refine and elevate it beyond all measure; you never know where their influence will not reach.

"I am a firm believer in the complete freedom of women, although I recognise that complete equality with men is not possible; but Indian people know nothing of this great influence of women upon English thought and action—the greater because it is a silent influence, working by suasion, not by force."

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS.

Lovers are prone to self-depreciation.

Said he tenderly as they sat looking at the stars, "I do not understand what you see in me that you love me."

"That's what everybody says," replied the ingenuous maiden.

Then the silence became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.

A THRIFTY MAN.

"I trust your husband had something saved up for a rainy day," said a sympathising friend.

"Indeed he had," replied the widow, with a fresh burst of tears; "he had seven umbrellas. John was the thriftiest man I ever knew."

ODD WAYS OF A FAMOUS AUTHORESS.

Mrs. Inchbald, whose "Simple Story" and "Nature and Art" are amongst the well-known works of English literature, had some odd ways. In company one day someone appeared distressed about the delivery of a note, and said he would give half-a-crown to anyone who would take it for him. Mrs. Inchbald immediately closed with the proposal, pocketed the half-crown, and set out to deliver the note.

Late in life, when living at Kensington, she observed a lady who lodged in the same house mending a hole in a black silk gown.

"Why do you give yourself that trouble?" said Mrs. Inchbald. "I always mend the holes in mine with black sticking plaster."

HOW TO TEACH THE ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.



AMONGST the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER there are doubtless many who are preparing for the profession of teaching, or who will by-and-by be called on to assist in the education of younger brothers and sisters.

A few practical hints how to make the music lesson profitable and interesting may therefore be useful to such "girls." First, then, I would say, do not imagine that the fact of your being able to play well on any instrument necessarily fits you to instruct others. You must study the art of teaching, and adapt your method to the temper and ability of each pupil. Great patience and perseverance are required to teach beginners in such a way as not to weary them, and yet prevent the formation of bad habits.

Again, do not mistake the mechanical playing of tunes for music, but let the very simplest lesson have a scientific basis, and although the progress may be slow, it will be sure. Bear in mind that the most beautiful building would soon be in ruins if the foundation were neglected. Strive to lay your foundation so securely that any superstructure may hereafter be raised upon it. The work of an elementary teacher may not bring much *éclat* or renown, but true work of any kind is sure eventually to meet with its reward.

You will find it easier to impart some musical truths by singing than by playing, particularly if a child has a quick ear, and perhaps stiff fingers, therefore a singing class will aid you much. Tune, time, and touch must each receive individual attention at every lesson; a beginner cannot attend fully to two things at a time. Therefore, until the hand is accustomed to a correct position, and the fingers can be lifted independently, do not trouble your pupil much about the notes, and do not be too hasty in allowing the two hands to be used together, but begin with the left, and let it always have the most work, so as to conquer its natural weakness. The habit of practising the left hand alone is very good even for advanced pupils; the rhythm and melody of the bass will be better appreciated.

Take care that the sound is pressed, not beaten, out of the keys, be content with feeble

tones rather than louder ones gained by too much force from the hand. Power will come by practice, and much trouble is saved by insisting on a quiet firm grasp of the notes with the fingers from the very first. The movement of the wrist for chords and double notes should be taught first on a table, and this and finger exercises, without an instrument, may be made interesting by being taught in class. Much exercise in writing will be the surest way of learning the names of the notes.

I think that the reason why time is so imperfectly understood is that the notation of time is introduced before a sense of rhythm has been cultivated.

It is far better to teach first the beating of duple and triple time with the hand counting aloud with a strong accent on the first beat, and sometimes counting whilst the teacher plays little melodies of different rhythm. The pupil will then understand that crotchets, quavers, etc., are only the signs for notes of different length, and the time-signatures will not be such an enigma as they are to many. When a little advance has been made it will be well to read through an exercise in time alone first, for "one thing at a time" is a golden rule in order to acquire accuracy and fluency. Frequent examples and much questioning will be necessary to ensure a thorough comprehension of rhythm. Require definite and accurate replies to your questions at the commencement of every new exercise; never take it for granted that anything is understood, but make sure, and do not be discouraged by the frequent repetition needed.

The scale being the foundation of all music, take great pains to explain its formation; use some pictorial aid, such as Mr. Curwen's modulator, to show the position of the tones and semitones; and as soon as a few easy five-finger exercises can be played accurately, let them be learnt in all the keys in regular order.

By the help of the modulator the use of the black keys will be understood, but to prevent false notes being struck, require the fingers to be placed on the notes first without sounding them. Later on simple melodies, chants, and hymn tunes should be practised in the same way, not even avoiding keys with many sharps and flats.

To secure fluency, be very particular to insist on each piece being played slowly at one uniform rate, and the difficult passages studied

separately; but in the very early lessons it is not wise to keep a child at one exercise until it is quite perfect; she will learn to read more quickly by passing on, and by degrees the hand and eye, assisted by the ear, will gain steadiness. In order to read well it is not sufficient to know the names of the notes: the eye must be taught to recognise intervals, scales, arpeggios, and chords, and also to keep, as it were, a little in advance of the fingers, to look forward. Teach chords and arpeggios in all the keys at a very early stage, beginning with a quiet position of the hand, in only one octave; the correct fingering will thus become familiar. Teach scales, too, not merely from the book, but let the signatures and fingering be learnt by heart; and when all the major and minor scales are perfectly known, oblige the pupil to pass from one to the other unhesitatingly. The sharpness needed to accomplish this will add zest to the lesson, and relieve the tediousness of scale practice.

Great discretion is necessary on the part of the teacher to vary the lesson without shirking these important exercises.

Even to beginners try to impart some knowledge of musical form; if you know nothing about it yourself, it will be an interesting subject for study, and cheap books can be procured. The frequent occurrence of the perfect cadence will cause it to be readily recognised, and the slightest points of rest which divide a melody will soon follow, so that when rondos and sonatas are attempted it will not be difficult to explain the outline of their form, and the knowledge will add greatly to their enjoyment, and to the musical culture of the student.

Throughout the course of instruction play to your pupils frequently and carefully. Until the hands have gained some steadiness, a beginner will have very little idea of time in what she plays, but she may be taught to hear and enjoy the beauty of good, even if simple, music. Although with a dull pupil accuracy of time and tune is all you can expect in her own performance, her ear can be cultivated by listening thoughtfully, and all should be taught to recognise intervals, major and minor scales and chords, and later on to write short phrases and melodies from ear and from memory. I have avoided details which are to be found in any good instruction-book, but the rules I have here given will be found practicable for quite young children of ordinary intelligence.

HELEN KENWAY.

MADEMOISELLE MERLE.

A SKETCH.



It is a very cold morning in Geneva. The *bise* wind rages pitilessly, while the sun is chary of his beams, as if he needed them all for himself; and the young ladies, mademoiselle's pupils, are seated dejectedly round the

able, pressing the tips of their tingling fingers together. The stove has only recently been lit, and its cracked surface is not yet penetrated by the heat. And then a stove is such a gloomy comforter at the best to those accustomed to the cheery fires of old England. The eyes demand their own share of comfort on a bitter

day, and turn unsatisfied from that hard, smooth surface, longing for the wayward flame, the companionable, heart-warming glow of the red embers, whose fitful shapes might supply at will the place of sunshine, society, or books.

There is a sudden quick, impulsive rapping at the hall door, and presently mademoiselle enters, bringing with her a breath of the bleak air outside that make the girls' teeth chatter with a sympathetic chill. But mademoiselle is warmly clad, and the cold has not penetrated to her heart, that being, moreover, of too generous a nature to be chilled by so casual a circumstance as the state of the temperature.

If her "*chères amies*" had been grudging of their sympathy, or niggardly in their

attentions, that indeed might have acted like a wintry spell to freeze the current of her quick affections. But the *chauve-pied* is ready to her feet, the word of sympathy to her ear; and mademoiselle smiles upon her pupils with an earnest, cheery benignity of expression which goes far to supply the place of sunshine in the room.

"Mais vous soignez bien votre pauvre maîtresse!" she exclaims, drawing her mittens over her slender brown hands, with an involuntary shrug of her shoulders, as the wind rushes in a sudden wild sweep past the house.

Everything under mademoiselle's superintendence is done by steam. The words, "Vite, vite, mes enfants!" acts as an enlivener to the puzzled intellect, a whip to



A LESSON.

the lagging industry. The exercises are corrected, the fables recited, and the verbs galloped through before her energy has had time to cool or her feet to get warm. Mademoiselle is great at verbs. Her store of them is inexhaustible; so that if the girls might ever fondly deem their number to be accomplished, a whole list more, regular and irregular, would be run off upon her fluent tongue. And, as she considerably reminds them, if the day be too short for their task, there is always the night to fall back upon. For "Qu'est ce que votre poète, Moore, a dit? 'Steal a few hours from night, my dear!'" So, with a smile that was "childlike and bland" would the artful instructress impose upon her unresisting victims.

Mademoiselle's English accent is inimitable; it is one of her small vanities to consider it perfect. There is but one word in our language in which she acknowledges any difficulty, and that is *sixth*. With patient effort, and invoking the assistance of her pupils, she will shape her mouth to the utterance of this barbaric sound, till their blood runs cold, and it halts uncouthly on their own insular tongues. But mademoiselle is strictly honourable, and though the study of English is with her a passion (she avers that she learned it expressly to read "Jane Eyre" in the vernacular), it is seldom that her eagerness for improvement in it betrays her into a word of the forbidden tongue. Fortunately there is nothing to prevent her from frequently carrying away some English book, to serve for a *bonne bouche* in her hour of evening rest; and most characteristic are her subsequent remarks thereon. A dilapidated edition of "My Novel" came in for an ecstatic embrace, as she returned it with the exclamation, "Ah ce cher Monsieur Riccabocca!" Then, with a sudden change to satirical, yet half-admiring raillery in her tone, "Monsieur le Comte!" she ejaculated, wafting him a kiss from the tips of her fingers, which, it is to be hoped, reached its destination in safety. But "Villette" was almost too much for her equanimity to recover.

"Ah, cette pauvre Mees Lucie!" she repeated with tearful voice, pronouncing the name exactly as Madame Beck must have done, either in unconscious imitation or else in gentle mockery of that hard-hearted little woman. It was most probably the latter, for mademoiselle smiled through her tears; though the image of Miss Snowe was with her through the lesson, subduing her vehemence to a tender dejection of manner, and ever and anon drawing a quick sigh from her heart, by obtruding its shadow between her and the business in hand.

Mademoiselle is not content with borrowing books; she must also lend them; and it must be confessed that, in her own maiden simplicity, a strange caterer for the youthful mind she is. One of the first books she favoured her pupils with was "Pamela," which was returned to her the following day on the plea that their father preferred them, if they indulged in any English works of fiction, to read the more modern ones; at which delicate hint mademoiselle, as she afterwards confided to her invalid sister, became "rouge comme cela!" hitting, as she spoke, the dark mahogany case of her piano.

This failure, however, did not discourage her from appearing the very next morning with another volume in her hand, none other than "Ernest Maltravers." This she confidently presented to her pupils as a work eminently adapted for their perusal, informing them at the same time with much delicacy that it contained one page which madame their mother *would have* the discretion to withhold from them. Unfortunately for the young ladies, madame their mother was more narrow in her views, and reserved the book in its

entirety for her own reading, they watching her with hungry eyes as she hurried through the pages of it, turning them over with a persistency which argued much for the author's powers of fascination.

"Do you think you've come to that page yet?" they would frequently inquire, their imagination having somehow fastened upon it to the exclusion of all the rest. But they were destined to remain unsatisfied on the subject.

Mademoiselle on receiving back her property, concerning which she fortunately asked no questions, launched out into uncontrollable rhapsodies thereon.

"Ah, cette caractère d'Alice, si pure!" with an airy salute towards the window, as if it were in that direction the heroine's wraith might be supposed to hover.

Mademoiselle is a fiery little creature, the spirit and vivacity due, it may be, to her Parisian training being just balanced by her own native good sense. Her skin is sallow, and she has the peering, piercing look peculiar to short sight; for she disdains the use of glasses. Yet her eyes are large and eloquent, and though they occasionally blaze out like signals of danger, their look at times is singularly soft. At the French lesson she is a veritable gunpowder magazine, fiery sparks and quick explosions following on every mistake. She stamps with her foot, she clenches her hand, she stands erect (in her favourite attitude, with her back to the stove), and thrills her pupils with the vibrating anger in her voice; though it is seldom, indeed, that the words she makes use of bear any proportion to these demonstrations of wrath—"Qu'est ce que vous avez, mesdemoiselles?" being as pronounced a reproach as she ever descends to.

The "vocabulaire" is the rock on which her good nature is usually destined to split; for with regard to this she has no mercy, and shows none even of her favourite quality of discretion. Pitiless doses of from a thousand to fifteen hundred out-of-the-way words are meted out to the young ladies every day; and even when their task has been accomplished to perfection, down to the most delicate point of accentuation (for mademoiselle will have it that the English "eat" their words, instead of uttering them, as the French do, "au bout des lèvres"), but scant praise do they receive in guerdon from their mistress, who, in this matter, evidently feels she has a character to maintain, and will on no account compromise it by the faintest show of lenity. A grim smile, or a reserved "C'est bien, mesdemoiselles," is all the acknowledgment her "chers élèves" may ever hope for.

Fortunately for themselves, the girls are not without a sense of humour, and being tickled with a desperate sort of amusement at this little peculiarity of their "professeur," as mademoiselle loves to sign herself, they find it less dreary work to attempt the conquest of these legions of words. For if they come up halting, or with any missing from their ranks, then, with a sudden fling the book is tossed to the far end of the table, where it lies forlorn, with leaves disarranged and cover falling backwards, no one daring to pick it up; while the outraged instructress stands fiery and defiant, "la flamme à l'âme, et l'éclair aux yeux," like her own favourite "Mees Lucie."

On these unlucky mornings it is no safeguard to her pupils, as on occasions of smaller import, to have their baby-sister ensconced, as she is well content to be, on mademoiselle's lap. For before giving vent to her passion she will set the little one down gently, and kissing her forehead—it not being in accordance with mademoiselle's notions of etiquette to kiss even an infant on the lips—will eject her with the softly-spoken dismissal, yet whose

calmness is that of agitation betokening a rising storm, "Va, mon ange! va, mon bijou!" And when the door is shut upon the small retreating figure, what can the trembling delinquents do but bend their heads and suffer the torrent to sweep past?

It is at the music-lesson that mademoiselle shines supreme, though her gentleness here is more potent than severity, being due not to weakness but to the patience of art. A fit of laziness, a careless touch, would break it up as suddenly as a contrary wind would break the tranquillity of a summer sea. We know not if mademoiselle's method is peculiar, as are most of her other qualities, to herself; but it is in this wise she divides the hour devoted to the piano—nominally an hour, for her enthusiasm, when it meets with any response, usually leads her to prolong the stated time. Finger exercises, scales, and arpeggios occupy the first ten minutes or so; and her repertory of scales, be it mentioned, is no less inexhaustible than that of her verbs. Their number is veritably legion, and amongst them, we are convinced, are many with whose intricate and wonderful evolutions no one but herself is acquainted. When the hands have thus been brought into *rappot* with the instrument, there follows an "étude," or portion of an "étude," from one of the minor masters. Then comes the great feature of the lesson, the "morceau classique," to the study of which mademoiselle's whole heart is given over; and the tension this occasions is relieved by the lighter strains of some first-class "morceau de salon." All these have been carefully practised beforehand, and the lesson closes with "déchiffage," or reading from sight, which last is seldom a triumph for either teacher or pupil.

Through all these progressive stages mademoiselle's accents are honeyed, her smiles persuasive and alluring. Her slim hand hovers over those of her pupil with something of the quivering solicitude with which the mother-bird encourages the flight of her young. Her voice softly pursues the melody, if it be but that of an exercise, with an accompaniment peculiar to herself, consisting of the oft-repeated syllable, "Paw—paw," and the variety of intonation she throws into this sound is truly marvellous, from the wildest, swiftest-rushing *crescendos* to the most plaintive, long-drawn-out *diminuendos*, dying away into a scarce audible sigh. Her pupil would not break the measure then for worlds, the lesson in fact having become an inspiration, carrying on in spite of oneself. When she says (but beneath her breath, so as not to break the flow or sound), "Plus vite, mon enfant, plus fort, chantez! chantez!" the fingers fly in obedience to her will, grasping the notes with a power scarcely their own, extracting the melody with a sweetness that surprises the ear; till the touch, the expression, the fluency of the rendering strike perfect on the highly-strung nerves, the acutely listening ear of both teacher and pupil, and the last chord is taken with a throb of triumphant, if yet trembling, joy, though the performer has been but the medium of another's enthusiasm.

And then mademoiselle is happy. Her brown cheek flushes, and her eyes are bright. Placing her hand upon her pupil's shoulder, she rewards her with an approving smile and word, nay, in moments of peculiar exultation, with a kiss upon the forehead.

That same "chantez, chantez!" of mademoiselle, being new at first to her pupils, fresh from the straitlaced teaching of their English governess, confused one of them so much that, in her eagerness to obey the persistent injunction, she began with her childish voice to follow the majestic harmonies of Beethoven's "Sonate pathétique"—blushing to the roots of her hair when she discovered her mistake, which mademoiselle, in the rapture of her mood, had scarcely noticed. For it was the

notes of the piano that were expected to sing—to sing; and the abashed young pupil henceforth did her best to make them do so. For if she should fail, should the fingers falter or the courage break down, it is something to remember when mademoiselle bends forward in her seat that her eyes may upbraid the delinquent, though even then her look is more of sorrow than of anger, and in accents stern, yet trembling with suppressed emotion, bids her practise the offending passage over one hundred times. Then, for mademoiselle is methodical, even in her rage, her pencil is flashed out, her nervous fingers score the bars under heavily, and “*cent fois*” glares forth in large red letters from the top of the page at the culprit, who would practise it a thousand times rather than falter in a note again.

But the lessons are over now. Mademoiselle rises to resume her out-of-door apparel, and, refusing with a slight disdain all offers of shelter from the still raging wind, wishes her “*chères petites*,” two of whom, by the way, are bigger than herself, a courteous *au revoir*, and steps out bravely to meet the furious blast, while it is as much as one of the girls can do to hold the door open until the last remnant of the “*professeur’s*” black skirt has fluttered from the threshold, and she has ceased

from looking back to smile her gracious *adieux*.

Dear, honest little mademoiselle, who didst combine in thy small, wiry person the vivacity of a Française with the sturdy independence of character, the unflinching, unwearied discharge of duty which we English are wont to attribute to our noble selves. We seem to see thee now—thy slender form so straight and self-supporting; thy long and mobile hand, instinct, as was thy soul, with music, raised up in warning, in supplication, or in rapture; representing, as it were, in some mysterious way the very spirit of the master hovering above the work of his own creation; intently waiting on its first note of utterance; assisting with the most patient care at its every new development, yea, and compelling at times its almost perfect rendering. For was there in truth some mystic bond of sympathy, more quick than electricity, betwixt mademoiselle and her departed genii, that her soul could move in such mysterious harmony with theirs?—could divine their hidden meanings, could interpret their half-uttered thoughts, could pierce beneath the outworks of notes and measure, and grasp them hand to hand; while she blushed at times, all tremulous with emotion, like a maiden in the presence of her

destined lord; and at times, with an imperious smile, seemed to demand the recognition of her kinship with them by virtue of her power to respond to every touch of theirs.

By her the very names of Mendelssohn, of Dussck, of Chopin, and, above them all, of Beethoven, were spoken with an air of subdued reverence, in a tone of hushed delight, as if they were the names of gods.

We may never meet with mademoiselle again. Let us take this opportunity of wishing her all happiness. Soon may she attain to her heart’s desire of being elected “*professeure*” in the Conservatoire de Musique, where at present she is but a “*supplémentary*,” that she may be the better able to support her aged mother and invalid sister, who are dependent for everything on her. And may the art she has served so faithfully, with such a perfect devotion, repay her humble services by weaving its sweetest strains about her declining years, that her weaker steps may be taken to the accompaniment of heaven’s own harmonies! So the music of her eternal home shall welcome her beforehand, mingling with, yet not extinguishing, those earthly strains, which we fain would think of as pursuing her still even when she has entered upon the life immortal.

P. W. ROOSE.

THE HILL OF ANGELS

By LILY WATSON, Author of “*Within Sight of the Snow*,” etc.

CHAPTER XV.



CHRISTMAS came and went; week after week of the new year slipped by, and Evelyn was still leading her strange, unwonted life in the Bayswater lodgings with Miss Wentworth. What was to be the end of it all? She heard occasionally from Dottie, but the letters gave such vivid descriptions of Algy’s forlornness, and the misery to which the Lancaster household was reduced by her obstinacy, that the correspondence was by no means exhilarating. Algy

himself called and wrote several times; but on one visit Evelyn happened to be out, and Miss Wentworth signified to him, with more candour than politeness, that he had better let her alone.

“She’s not the more likely to consent because she is worried within an inch of her life.”

“But what are we to do?” cried Algy, in desperation. “The Elms is a perfect desert. I don’t want to drive her away, but my mother won’t hear of my leaving home. I’m sure I wish I had never come back from the Continent.”

“I wish you never had,” was on the

tip of Miss Wentworth’s tongue to reply. She was not hard-hearted; but she had watched Algy closely, had gathered certain facts about him from the Lichtensteins, and felt sure he would soon recover his disappointment.

The American lady had brought a few introductions to various people in London society. Evelyn’s acquaintance had been hitherto much restricted to her suburban circle, and it was interesting and amusing to her to appear as Miss Wentworth’s young friend here and there at a stray *réunion* in February.

“Mrs. Wyndham wants us to take tickets for a concert she is to give on the fifteenth on behalf of the Children’s Hospital,” announced Miss Wentworth one morning. “And as it is for a very good object, I believe we’ll go.”

The concert was a brilliant one. Artists of high rank gave their services, and the large drawing-room of Mrs. Wyndham’s house in Bruton Street was thronged on the evening in question with a fashionable audience—women in diamonds and full dress, with a goodly sprinkling of the other sex. Just as the music was about to begin, there was a slight commotion among the guests, and the hostess was seen escorting a lady to a chair that had been carefully kept vacant in the front row.

Evelyn started at the sight of the tall, slight figure, in its draperies of fine black lace with an Indian shawl thrown carelessly across the shoulders. It was Mrs. Allingham West.

A great agitation instantly arose in the girl’s mind. She longed to speak once more to her heroine; but dared she, could she claim acquaintance? It was almost a relief that the music would enforce silence, and enchain her to her

chair for at least an hour and a half longer, and as she was sitting several rows behind Mrs. West, she was unable to do more than watch the poise of her fine head, catching once and again the profile of her face as she turned to her neighbour. But great was her dismay, as soon as the song was over, to hear Miss Wentworth observe, in calm, low tones—

“I am glad to observe that Mrs. Allingham West has come in. I did not wish to go back to my own country without an interview; and what failed me at Engelberg I shall get in London. We will go and speak to her shortly.”

“Oh, do you think we had better?” hesitated Evelyn, in great dismay; “she may not remember me; and you do not know her at all!”

Miss Wentworth’s reply was suggestive.

“No, I do not know her; but *I mean to*.”

It would be difficult to describe the anguish of Evelyn’s mind during the rest of that concert. She never knew what was sung or played. She felt terribly responsible for Miss Wentworth, and in her exaggerated girlish consciousness, and her reverence for the well-known authoress, she really felt as though she would be grateful to vanish into nothingness. Once a wild idea seized her of fainting and being taken out, so as to escape from the coming ordeal. She looked despairingly at Miss Wentworth; with her coronet of white hair, the curious pallor of her fine skin, and the brilliance of her black eyes, her whole air of weirdness and daintiness set off by her plain black velvet gown, the little American lady had certainly a most distinguished appearance; no one would.

in the wildest moments of aberration, accuse her of vulgarity; and yet the act she proposed, of deliberately introducing herself to an eminent woman—how abhorrent to every notion of English propriety! Poor Evelyn! she revolved over and over again in her mind what to say to deter her, what to do to soften the suddenness of the proceeding; but she sought in vain for any means of averting the catastrophe.

At length the concert, interminable as it seemed, came to an end; there was a buzz of applause, and then people began to rise, to take leave, to exchange a few words with one and another. Now was Miss Wentworth's time. Undaunted by any fears, or by the fact that Mrs. Allingham West was surrounded by a little court of men and women, she sailed up to the top of the room, awaited a pause in the conversation, and boldly extending a perfectly fitting little grey glove, she remarked, in her distinct American tones—

"I venture to introduce myself to Mrs. Allingham West. As an Amuh-ican I should like to have an opportunity of expressing my own appreciation—the appreciation of my countrymen and countrywomen—for her remarkable genius."

The grey glove remained extended, and Mrs. West had no alternative but to take it.

"Oh! allow me to introduce Miss Wentworth to you," hurriedly said Mrs. Wyndham, uncomfortably aware that Mrs. West was not at all fond of public compliments, interviews, and allusions to her genius of such an obtrusive character.

"You are very good, I am sure," replied the authoress, with a touch of hauteur.

"And I can see that you all agree with my little friend over there that I am doing a very unconventional thing," pursued Miss Wentworth, looking round on the little coterie of men and women in the most easy and unembarrassed manner possible. "Poor child, she is ready to sink into the ground with discomposure; but it was my only opportunity, and I am sure Mrs. Allingham West will forgive me. I leave Europe before many months are past."

This little speech, in its perfect candour, quite set the American lady right in the eyes of all; and it had, of course, the effect of turning attention to Evelyn. In her white silk gown and daffodils she stood there, alone, out of hearing; with such an expression of disturbance and discomfort on her pretty face that it went to the heart of two or three spectators. The whole situation was plain in a moment.

"Why, that is my little friend of Engelberg!" exclaimed Mrs. West, who did not remember Miss Wentworth, but recognised the girl with whom she had had so much talk. "Mr. Muir, do go and bring her to me."

A tall gentleman, with rough curly hair and beard and bright eyes, started from Mrs. West's side with alacrity to do her bidding. And Evelyn suddenly looking up, almost expecting to find

Miss Wentworth crushed to the earth by the force of British scorn, found a pleasant, friendly little stir going on, kind glances directed towards her, Miss Wentworth talking away at perfect ease to the celebrated lady, and a gentleman saying to her in a Scotch accent—

"Miss Hope, Mrs. Allingham West would like to speak to you."

"Oh!" cried Evelyn, in a subdued flutter. She recognised the messenger; it was the Scotchman she had met at the Ladies' Conversazione of the Royal Society, but she did not feel any wonder at seeing him again. The wonder was that she was really going once more to worship at the shrine of her goddess.

Nothing very wonderful passed after all! Mrs. West greeted Evelyn very kindly and cordially, and made several pleasant little speeches. Then she said—

"You must come to one of my Thursday evenings. I will send you a card."

"I am staying away from home just now," faltered Evelyn, "at Bayswater, with Miss Wentworth."

"Oh, you must both come; Mrs. Wyndham will forward the cards," replied Mrs. Allingham West, most graciously; and then there were smiles and farewells, and Mr. Muir escorted Miss Wentworth and Evelyn downstairs to their carriage.

How utterly the girl's forebodings were turned into delight! She was as grateful to Miss Wentworth as she had been ashamed of her half an hour ago.

"Oh, how glorious! How splendid! Only to think, dear Miss Wentworth, that we are actually going to Mrs. Allingham West's house! How glad I am we met her again!"

"There's nothing lost by being too modest," responded Miss Wentworth, drawing the folds of her rich opera cloak around her; "and if I admire a woman's genius I want to know why I am not to tell her so."

Evelyn had no answer ready, and was quite willing to accept the result of things as they were.

On the very Thursday she and Miss Wentworth were going to accept Mrs. West's hospitality, Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie were sitting in the resplendent drawing-room at The Elms. Dottie had lost much of the merry, bright expression that formerly characterised her, and a line of worry was on Mrs. Lancaster's usually placid brow.

"But things can't go on for ever and ever like this, mother dear," the girl was saying, in a slightly querulous tone. "Evelyn has been away from us nearly five months now. Miss Wentworth will sail for America in June; what's Evelyn to do then? This is her home, after all."

"I don't know, I'm sure," fretted Mrs. Lancaster. "I wish she would be reasonable, and come back and marry Algy. No one can expect I am to be separated from my only son."

"Don't you think Algy's getting over it?" suddenly asked Dottie. "He has looked very cheerful lately; and he has enjoyed all the dances we have been to;

and last night he paid great attention to one or two of his partners, and ate a very good supper. I think he is forgetting; and do you know, mother, if Evelyn cannot like him, I think he ought to try to get over it."

"Oh, my dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Lancaster, horrified at the suggestion of Algy having cheerfully to renounce anything he wanted. "I am sure it would be dreadfully trying to him to see your cousin about."

A loud ring at the bell interrupted this colloquy, and a servant shortly announced—

"Mr. Hope!"

There was no time to utter the exclamation of dismay that rose to the lips of mother and daughter. Mr. Hope, they knew vaguely, had been wintering abroad, but of his return they knew nothing. He came into the room, military, fresh, upright as ever, and after the first civil greetings, responded—

"Yes, I only crossed yesterday. Left sunshine behind me in the South, it appears; we cheat the winter there. Where's Evelyn?"

"Evelyn!" stammered Mrs. Lancaster.

"Yes; I quite want to see the child again. I never lost sight of her for so long before. What's wrong—she's not ill, I hope?"

"She's gone away for a little time," replied the elder lady, much confused and disturbed.

"You speak as if there were something wrong," observed Mr. Hope, contracting his grey eyebrows; "kindly tell me anything you have to tell me at once."

Thus adjured, Mrs. Lancaster proceeded in much anguish and agitation to describe the circumstances that had led to Evelyn's taking up her temporary abode with Miss Wentworth. Mr. Hope's aspect was the reverse of encouraging, and the poor lady's habitual awe of him increased tenfold.

"I really did think I must have sunk into the earth," she said to Dottie afterwards.

"So you mean to tell me, madam, that you have driven away your niece from her home because of this fancy of your son's?" demanded Mr. Hope. "First cousins should be safe from that kind of thing. I call it preposterous—simply preposterous! The young fellow should have gone away again till he could get over it."

"But what were we to do?" almost wailed Mrs. Lancaster.

"I can tell you what you should *not* have done: and that is, turn away an orphan girl whom you had taken into your family, just because your son chose to fancy himself in love with her," retorted Mr. Hope. "A visit is all very well, but five months with a stranger American—Upon my word!"

He was pacing up and down the room, and Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie could see he was very angry indeed.

"You ought to have written to me as the child's only other relative. I would have prevented her being flung on the

hospitality of strangers. An American woman, forsooth!"

"Miss Wentworth is a very nice lady," feebly interposed Mrs. Lancaster; but Mr. Hope did not like Americans, and took no heed of the interruption.

"She must come to me," he continued.

"She will be welcome at my house. My housekeeper will look after her—it's a bachelor household; but it's the best we can do for the child. Have the goodness, madam, to give me her address, and pack up any things she has left here."

The sternness of Mr. Hope's face as he said this terrified Mrs. Lancaster so much that she could utter no words in self-exculpation. She wrote down what he required, and with the briefest of farewells he strode out of the house.

(To be continued.)

THE CHEF.

By MARY POCKOCK.

HOW A FRENCH COOK SERVES HORS D'ŒUVRE, ETC.



HORS-D'ŒUVRE are of two kinds, hot and cold; the latter in France are generally placed on table, and often remain there half through the dinner. They are eaten before or after the soup; the former are usually handed

mediately after the soup. They should be small and light, and always served dry, that is to say, without any sauce or gravy. Any kind of little patties, croquettes, rissoles, croustades, shells filled with meat or fish are suitable. They are placed on folded napkins with fresh or fried parsley on them. Many hors-d'œuvre are also used as entrées; in England they frequently take the place of them, or are served as savouries at the end of a dinner; depending on what they are composed of. A Frenchman often begins his dinner with radishes and bread and butter; with us the radishes do not appear until the cheese and butter with which dinner is finished.

Butter is placed on table with the hors-d'œuvre; it is moulded into small shapes or shells; if the butter is good and firm, with a little practice it is easy to make these shells by merely scraping a piece of the butter up with the round top of a table-knife.

COLD HORS-D'ŒUVRE.

Radishes.—The small, tender leaves are left on, the radishes are slightly scraped, and the ends cut to points.

Olives, Gherkins, Cucumbers, and other salt pickles are drained and served in suitable dishes in fresh cold water. Vinegar pickles are served as they are.

Fresh Cucumbers.—Peel and cut them in thin slices, put salt over for a quarter of an hour, then arrange in a circle, one piece overlapping the next; add pepper, oil, vinegar, and chopped parsley.

Ham (raw or cooked), **Sausage,** and **Tongue,** are all served as hors-d'œuvre; they are cut in small, thin pieces, arranged in rows or circles with parsley. Tongue is not cut as thin as ham and sausage.

Fresh Ripe Figs are served at the same time as sausage and ham.

Slices of Melon (preferably cantaloups).—These are usually handed round.

Prawns arranged simply with parsley.

Salad of Salted or Smoked Herrings.—Soak the herrings in milk, skin them, and take the fillets from the bones, trim and cut them in

neat pieces, arrange in small dishes, pour a sauce of mustard, oil, and vinegar over, and surround with quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

Pickled Herrings.—Cut off the heads and tails of some smoked herrings, then put them in a stewpan with plenty of cold water; let it stand on the stove until the water is quite hot, but not boiling; drain, skin, and place in a deep dish; cover them with oil, cover the dish, leave for two or three days, and serve the fillets plain or as above.

Anchovies.—Dip pickled anchovies in hot water, scrape off the skin with a knife, take the fillets off the bones, cut each in two, and place them in little dishes with little heaps of chopped hard-boiled eggs (the yolks and whites separate); sprinkle with either finely-chopped chervil, capers, or parsley, and a little oil and vinegar.

Sardines in the same way.

Sardines are also drained, wiped with a linen cloth, the tails cut off, and a little fresh oil put over them. Anchovies are boned and served with a small quantity of oil and vinegar over them.

Smoked Salmon.—Cut the salmon in very thin slices and serve surrounded with parsley.

Caviar should be served in its natural state, with cut lemon. Sometimes chopped scallion or onion are served with it. It is also spread on small rounds of fried bread, toasts, or bread with very little butter on it; this way nothing is added to the caviar, and it is a convenient way of putting it on table.

Pontargue (this is caviar dried and pressed with mullet or other fish spawn) is cut in thin slices, the skin is removed, and it is seasoned with oil, pepper, and lemon-juice.

Canapés aux Anchois.—Cut some thin slices of bread into oval shapes, butter them evenly, cover the butter with a layer of yolk of hard-boiled egg, that has been seasoned and passed through a sieve; on this arrange fillets of anchovies, either as a star or lattice-work, garnish the spaces between the fillets with chopped gherkin, egg, capers, or parsley.

Canapés au Saumon Fumé.—Cut pieces of bread as above, work a little anchovy paste or essence into some butter; cover the bread with this, then place a thin slice of smoked salmon on each piece (smoked salmon is not cooked); trim the fish off even with the bread, and serve.

Canapés au Jambon Rapé.—Grate a piece of cooked cold, lean ham; cut some thin slices of bread into long squares, mix a little mustard with some butter, cover one side of the bread with this, cover the butter with the grated ham, and serve. Grated tongue can be used in the same way.

Coquilles de Homard.—Cut in small dice any remains of lobster, add to it pickled gherkins and hard-boiled eggs, also cut up; add some whole capers; season, and mix some mayonnaise with it; put into scallop shells, smooth the tops over, and decorate with fillets of anchovies, with a little savoury jelly and chervil.

HOT HORS-D'ŒUVRE.

Anchovies à la Provençe.—Cut some thin slices of toast in six long squares; while warm rub them over lightly with a clove of garlic; take twelve anchovies, bone and pound them, add a pinch of chopped parsley, and stir in gradually some good oil; brush both sides of the toast over lightly with oil, spread the anchovies on one side of the toast, and put over the fire on a gridiron, or cook in a hot oven for seven or eight minutes; serve very hot.

Fried Anchovies.—Dip the anchovies in hot water; bone them; mix some flour with a little lemon juice and a tablespoonful of oil, dip the anchovies in this, fry them in boiling fat, and serve immediately on pieces of fried bread.

Œufs Farcis aux Anchois.—Boil eight eggs hard; when done put them in cold water for a quarter of an hour, then shell and cut them in halves, take the yolks out, and pound with twenty boned anchovies; add two tablespoonfuls of bread panade, a little piece of butter, and two yolks of raw eggs, add a pinch of finely chopped onion and a small tablespoonful of chopped parsley, season with salt and cayenne; fill the whites of eggs with this mixture; put the remainder on a dish, in this stand the sixteen half eggs close together (middle up), sprinkle with breadcrumbs and oiled butter, and bake for from fifteen to twenty minutes; serve in the dish they are cooked in.

Croustade de Jambon.—Take some remains of a ham, chop it very finely, add as much chopped parsley and sweet herbs as you have ham, and make it into a sort of paste; cut some very thin slices of ham; place in a pie-dish a layer of fine breadcrumbs, then a layer of sliced ham, then one of the mince, repeat until the dish is full; finish with very thin slices of bread at the top; press the whole well down; turn the pie-dish over on to a flat dish, then bake until brown; eaten hot or cold.

Croûtes aux Champignons.—Cook some mushrooms in butter with a little broth, season, thicken the sauce with the yolk of one egg (or more according to quantity of mushrooms), add a little lemon juice. Take the top crusts of some small dinner rolls, scoop out the crumb, butter the crusts on both sides, broil them, place on a hot dish, fill each crust full of mushrooms, and serve.

Stuffed Mushrooms.—Take a dozen of the large round mushrooms with pinkish insides, wash them well, take out the stalks, and scoop out part of the insides with a vegetable scoop, sprinkle with salt, and turn them down on a cloth to drain. Take two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped onion and two or three finely-chopped shallots, put them in a stewpan with the mushroom stalks, insides, and two or three mushrooms, also finely chopped, and some butter, cook without browning; then add a little parsley, chopped, with a very small piece of garlic; two minutes after add three tablespoonfuls of fine breadcrumbs, and

one or two tablespoonfuls of brown sauce. Draw the stewpan from the fire, add the yolk of an egg to bind the mixture, fill the mushrooms with this, cover with breadcrumbs and oiled butter; arrange on a tin, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes; serve heaped on a dish.

Coquilles de Truffes Noires à la Crème.—Peel five or six clean truffles, put the peels in a stewpan with a little water and a pinch of sweet herbs; stew until the water is flavoured and reduced a little, strain it, and add it gradually to a little good béchamel or ordinary white sauce; reduce until rather thick. Cut the raw truffles in dice, cook them in a little oiled butter, season, and add the sauce to them; with this fill five or six scallop shells, cover the tops with breadcrumbs, sprinkle with oiled butter, and brown before the fire or with a salamander. Mushrooms are very good prepared in this way, and much less expensive than truffles.

Croquettes de Homard (lobster croquettes).—Cut some lobster in small dice, add to it half its quantity of cooked and chopped mushrooms, and the same quantity of bread panade (made with milk) as mushrooms, or half the quantity of bread panade and half of cold chopped fish; put all in a stewpan with sufficient thick béchamel sauce to bind the ingredients, make hot, then turn on to a plate to get cold. When cold mould into croquettes (they look well pear-shaped), roll them in egg, then in fine dry breadcrumbs, and fry in plenty of boiling fat.

Bouchées are made thus: Take some feuilletage, roll it out, and cut a dozen rounds with a scalloped-edged cutter; place these rounds on a baking-sheet, and brush them over with egg, then take a smaller plain-edged cutter, dip it in hot water, and press it lightly on the centres of rounds, so as to cut the paste half through to make the covers; make two or three slight cuts across these centres. Bake in a hot oven; when done carefully remove the covers with a knife and take out the soft paste from the inside, fill, put the covers on, and serve. *Bouchées* are filled with almost anything, and named according to their contents, as "bouchées de homard," which are filled with lobster, cut in dice, and mixed with béchamel sauce and chopped cooked mushrooms. Oysters, shrimps, prawns, tongue, chicken, game, mushrooms, truffles cut small and prepared with thick sauce (see "salpicons," garnitures) are used for filling these cases, or small quantities of purées of game or poultry.

Fried Oysters à la Provençale.—Take two dozen oysters, squeeze a little lemon-juice over, then throw them into boiling water for three minutes, take them out, drain, and wipe them, remove the beards and place the oysters on a plate; put a little pepper, finely-chopped parsley and oil over them, then take up two at a time, dip in butter, and throw into boiling fat; when they are a pale brown drain, and sprinkle with salt. Pile the oysters on a dish on a folded serviette, garnish with fried parsley and cut lemons.

Batter for Oysters.—Take a teacupful of flour, add a little salt and two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, moisten gradually with tepid water or beer (if with the latter keep the batter tolerably near the fire for an hour or two before it is used), it should be quite smooth and not too thick; just before using stir in lightly the well-beaten whites of two eggs.

Cromesquis d'Huitres (oyster kromesksys).—Choose large oysters, poach them in a very little water with a squeeze of lemon-juice, drain, and let them get cold, then beard and cut the oysters in small square pieces; add some good béchamel sauce (warm) that has been boiled down with some of the liquor in which the oysters were cooked (or make a

little thick white sauce of the liquor, with butter, flour, and cream added to it); add a small piece of melted glaze, season with a little nutmeg, and let it cool. When cold take pieces of about the size of a small egg, flatten them, have ready some thin pancakes, cut in pieces all the same size and shape, put each piece of oyster mixture between two pieces of pancake; ten minutes before serving dip the kromesksys in frying batter, put them in hot fat, fry a nice colour, drain, and serve heaped on a serviette.

Croûtes aux Huitres.—Cut some small slices of bread, half an inch thick, trim them into ovals, hollow one side, fry them in butter, and keep hot. Beard some oysters, cut them in pieces, stew the beards in a very little water; when done take out the beards, put some good béchamel sauce, a little cayenne pepper, and the oysters in, add two or three tablespoonfuls of good cream, finish with a little butter. Fill the pieces of hot fried bread with this, and serve. These are sometimes covered with fine breadcrumbs and a little oiled butter, and glazed with a salamander.

Les Anges à Cheval (angels on horseback).—Beard some large oysters, pepper, and dip them in oiled butter or in oil. Cut some thin slices of cold boiled bacon, cut these into squares the size of the oysters. Take some little silver skewers, stick a piece of bacon, then an oyster, alternately, on the skewers, six on each, sprinkle with breadcrumbs mixed with chopped parsley. Broil three minutes over a brisk fire. Serve on the skewers on strips of bread fried in butter.

Croûtes à la Moelle de Bœuf (beef marrow crusts).—Soak some beef marrow in cold water, drain, and then put it in a stewpan with a little broth; boil two or three minutes, then take from the stove; leave ten minutes, then drain on a cloth. Cut the marrow in slices, season it with salt and cayenne; have ready some pieces of fried bread prepared as for "croûtes aux huitres," put the marrow on the fried bread, with a little finely chopped scallion over the top, and send to table very hot on a serviette.

Croûtes aux Rognons de Mouton (sheep's kidneys).—Cut some slices of crumb of bread, half an inch thick; trim them into pieces about three inches long and two inches wide; cut a little of the thickness from the centre of each piece of bread on one side, fry them, and keep them hot. Take some calf's, lamb's, or sheep's kidneys, skin them and roast in a stewpan with a little butter or fat from the kidneys; when done, take them out and put in an equal quantity of mushrooms cut in dice, shake them for a minute in the stewpan, then put in a little water and stew the mushrooms until done, then remove the fat; cut the kidneys like the mushrooms, put them back in the stewpan; season, add a little thick white sauce, a little piece of glaze, and one or two tablespoonfuls of cream; a little nutmeg may be added or not as liked. Fill the crusts with this, heaping the centres; smooth the mover, cover with fine breadcrumbs, sprinkle with oiled butter, brown the tops with a salamander, and serve.

Coquilles de Ris de Veau.—Cut cold remains of sweetbreads in dice, put them in a stewpan with a third the quantity of cold tongue, cut in the same way; add some good white sauce, a few finely-powdered sweet herbs, a little chopped parsley and nutmeg; fill some scallop-shells with this, put fine breadcrumbs over the tops and sprinkle with butter, put them in the oven for five minutes, then brown with a hot shovel.

Coquilles de Cervelles de Veau (scallops of calf's brains).—Prepare in the same way as above, but omit the tongue, and mix some grated Parmesan with the breadcrumbs.

Petites Caisses de Ris d'Agneau (little cases of lamb's sweetbread).—Boil some lamb's

sweetbreads five minutes, dry them and divide each in three pieces. Put a lump of butter in a stewpan, with a few sweet herbs and a little chopped parsley, add a small quantity of thick sauce, put in the sweetbreads, and let them finish cooking. Take sufficient china ramekin cases, butter them, and line them with quenelle forcemeat; stand them in a stewpan in boiling water to poach the forcemeat, then fill with the sweetbreads and sauce, put a thin cover of the quenelle meat over, bake until set, then brush the tops over with a little thick brown sauce, or with melted glaze; put them back in the oven for two minutes, and serve.

Coquilles de Foie Gras, aux Champignons.—Cut a piece of foie gras in small dice, add half its quantity of cooked mushrooms or truffles, cut in the same way; put in a stewpan with a little good white sauce or béchamel, and a small piece of glaze; make all hot. With this fill some scallop-shells, smooth the tops, cover with fine breadcrumbs, and pour a little oiled butter over; brown with a salamander, and serve.

Foie Gras (fat livers of poultry) *en Caisse.*—Cut the foie gras in pieces, cook it in butter with pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, chopped parsley, shalots, and mushrooms; make small paper cases (about one inch and a half square), oil or butter them well, put a few light coloured raspings at the bottom of each, and then put some of the liver in each (do not fill them full); bake for about ten minutes; if necessary take some of the fat off, place on a dish, put a little hot sauce espagnole with a few drops of lemon-juice into each case, and serve.

Foie Gras are much used for bouchées, rissoles, croquettes, etc. Small pieces of Strasburg paté de foie gras made hot in paper cases, then served as above, are generally liked.

Palais de Bœuf au Fromage de Parme (ox palates with Parmesan).—Cook the palates in the stockpot until quite tender, then cut them into small pieces, put them in a stewpan with some bacon fat and some small onions sliced, let all colour slightly (pale gold colour only), then add a little white sauce; put in small china ramekin cases, grate Parmesan over the tops; put in the oven a few minutes to brown, and serve. A few very fine breadcrumbs are sometimes mixed with the Parmesan.

Crissins au Fromage (cheese straws).—Make some feuilletage, but for each of the last three turns shake grated Parmesan instead of flour over the paste to roll it out; when made roll the paste out tolerably thin, cut it into strips about the width of a pencil and four inches long, roll them on the table; place on a baking sheet in rows, cut all the same length, brush over with egg, sift Parmesan over them; bake in a quick oven; arrange on a serviette, and send to table hot.

Soufflé au Fromage, en Petites Caisses.—Melt a quarter of a pound of butter in a stewpan, beat the yolks of six eggs, add them to the butter, stir a few seconds over a moderate fire; then take from the stove, and stir in little by little half a pound of grated cheese (one quarter of a pound of Gruyère, and one quarter of a pound of Parmesan mixed together), add a pinch of pepper and a pinch of pounded sugar; put on the fire again, make hot, stirring all the time; when smooth take from the fire, and add the white of an egg beaten to a froth. Twenty-five minutes before the soufflé is wanted add five more whites of eggs beaten to a froth; fill eight or nine small china or paper cases with the mixture; bake in a moderate oven, and serve as soon as done. These are particularly good; they do not rise much in baking; the following recipe is also good, and has the advantage of being less expensive and more digestible.

Petit Soufflé au Fromage (little soufflés of cheese).—Boil half a pint of milk, draw it to

the side of the stove, put in a small piece of butter, then throw in fine breadcrumbs until about the consistency of bread sauce, stirring all the time; boil for five minutes, continuing to stir, then draw from the fire; add two ounces of butter, the yolks of three eggs, two or three tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan, a little salt, and a pinch of sugar and nutmeg. Beat the whites of three eggs to a firm froth, stir them into the other ingredients. Butter some small china or paper cases, put the mixture in; do not quite fill the cases. Bake for about fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

Cheese Ramekins.—Boil one-third of a pint of water, add a few grains of salt, and one ounce of butter, then stir in gradually as much flour as the butter and water will absorb; put over the fire, and continue stirring until the paste leaves the bottom of the stewpan as you stir, then put it in a fresh stewpan, stir into it three eggs (yolks and whites), two ounces of butter, two ounces of grated Parmesan, a pinch of white sugar, and a pinch of pepper; place in small pieces on a baking sheet, put a little chopped Gruyère on each, or sprinkle with Parmesan. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven, and serve heaped on a serviette.

Ramequins de Dijon.—Put in a stewpan a quarter of a pint of water, a pinch of salt, the same of pepper, half a teaspoonful of pounded loaf sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter; boil together for a minute, then draw from the fire, and stir in by degrees five ounces of flour, so as to make a nice smooth paste (if the flour is very dry it takes a little less); stir a few

minutes over the fire, then put the paste in a clean saucepan, and mix with it rather more than three ounces of chopped Gruyère cheese; add three or four eggs (yolks and whites), stir over the fire for a half minute, then with a spoon take up pieces of the paste the size of a small egg, put them in balls on a baking sheet, egg them over, put a strip of Gruyère on the top of each; bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, and serve immediately.

Cheese Tartlets.—With the remains of light pastry fill eighteen small tartlet tins, prick the paste with a fork in the centres, half fill them with flour, bake, empty the flour out again. Put a tablespoonful of flour in an earthen stewpan with four tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan, moisten with one-third of a pint of milk or cream, add a little salt, pounded white sugar, nutmeg, and two ounces of butter; stir over the fire until the butter is melted, then take from the stove. A quarter of an hour after add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth. Fill the tartlets, bake fifteen minutes, and serve immediately.

Beignets de Semoule au Parmesan.—Boil one pint of milk with one ounce of butter, throw in by degrees three ounces of semolina and half an ounce of potato flour; cook at the side of the stove for twenty-five minutes, add a pinch of salt, a little pounded sugar, and nutmeg; draw from the fire, and add the yolks of three eggs that have been beaten and mixed with a tablespoonful of cold water; cook for five minutes, stirring all the time, then take from the fire and add two or three tablespoon-

fuls of grated Parmesan, turn on to a buttered dish, and leave to get cold. When quite cold, cut in rounds with a paste-cutter, roll the beignets in grated Parmesan, then dip in egg and breadcrumb them; throw into boiling fat, and fry gold colour.

Rissoles.—Take any remains of paste (feuilletage or brisée), roll it out thin, cut some rounds about three inches across, put on the centre a forcemeat made of any kind of meat or poultry, with or without mushrooms, or use a salpicon; double one side of the paste over so as to make half rounds, pinch the edges together sufficiently to keep the meat in, put in a frying-basket, then in sufficient boiling fat to cover them; when a pale brown, drain and serve. Before being fried they are sometimes dipped in egg and breadcrumbed or rolled in broken vermicelli. Rissoles are also filled with any mixtures used for bouchées or croquettes, but it must not be too moist for this purpose. Fried parsley is put with rissoles to send to table. These and so many other small dishes depend for success so much on the way they are fried, that I must remind my readers that fat when it bubbles is not nearly hot enough to fry things that require "hot" fat; when it throws off a blue smoke it is ready for croquettes, rissoles, beignets, and all things of like kind. It is also to be remembered that the process is really boiling in fat, not a little fat in a frying-pan, or the bottom of the stewpan just covered with fat, but sufficient to entirely cover the articles to be cooked.

(To be concluded.)

THE THREE CITIZEN BRIDES OF AUGSBURG.

THE ancient city of Augsburg in Bavaria was, at an early period in the Middle Ages, celebrated for its commercial activity and the wealth of its merchant princes. Its advantageous position on one of the then great highways of trade, midway between the harbours of Italy and the great commercial cities of Upper Germany, made it a staple place for the exchange of the productions of the Levant and the manufactures of the North; and its citizens, enriched by commerce, adorned their city with stately churches and colleges, and established guilds whose wealth was often forthcoming to replenish the exhausted exchequer of the empire.

Augsburg was frequently the residence of the Emperors Maximilian and Charles V.; the session of the Germanic Diet was often held there, and some of the most distinguished of the burghers were raised to the ranks of the lower nobility.

Such frequent opportunities of intercourse with the highest and noblest of the land would be gradually productive of more polished social manners, whilst the wealth which they possessed would enable the citizens to cultivate the refining pursuits of music, poetry, and song.

The beauty of the daughters of Augsburg was as celebrated as the substantial advantages of their dowries; and not a few of the younger members of the nobility sought by such alliances to rehabilitate their fortunes.

Of the daughters of Augsburg there were three whose marriage with husbands of imperial or royal blood has kept their names in remembrance, and of their fortunes and subsequent career the following is a short account.

The first was Clara von Detten, who became the wife of Frederick the Victorious, Elector Palatine of the Rhine. From this marriage, in the fifth generation, was descended Frederick V. It will be remembered that he married Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England. On the occasion of the religious troubles which convulsed Bohemia at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Frederick

was elected king, chiefly by the Protestants of that country.

His reign was of short duration; after two years he was defeated by Ferdinand I., Emperor of Germany, at the battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1620, and driven not only from his kingdom, but also out of his electorate. The ambition of his wife was the chief cause of his misfortunes. On his election his consort persuaded him, contrary to his own better judgment, to accept the proffered dignity. The fair castle of Heidelberg, which he had beautified with hanging gardens for her sake, and which looks down from its rocky height into the lovely vale of the Neckar, had lost its attraction for her when a higher title was within her reach. "I would rather," said she, "eat bread at a King's table than feast at the banquets of an Elector."

The daughter of this unfortunate pair was Sophia, the wife of Ernest of Hanover, and to her son George I. passed the succession to the crown of England.

The second bride was Philippina Welser, accounted the most beautiful woman of her time. She was the daughter of Franz Welser, citizen and merchant of Augsburg. Whilst attending one of the Diets of the Empire held at Augsburg in 1547, Ferdinand of the Tyrol, son of the Emperor Ferdinand I., lost his heart to the fair maiden, and the next year made her his wife. Ferdinand and Philippina took up their abode in the ancient Castle of Innsbruck; it became her favourite residence, and was presented to her by her husband in 1564.

Few places in Europe can vie for beauty of situation with the city of Innsbruck. It lies in the angle formed by the rivers Inn and Sill, in the midst of a green and fertile valley, round which rise in towering majesty the snowy peaks of the Tyrolean Alps, whose summits hang over the peaceful vale below.

The married life of Ferdinand and Philip-

pina was one of almost unsullied happiness. There was, however, one sorrow in their cup. The alliance which his son had formed was looked upon by the proud Emperor as a degrading one, and for twelve years he refused to see or acknowledge his son's wife. At the end of that time, however, she succeeded in gaining admission to his presence, and throwing herself at his feet, her tears, her beauty, and her manifold virtues moved the stern heart of the father, and he raised her from her lowly position, and saluted her as his daughter.

Philippina died in 1580, and is buried in the Franciscan church at Innsbruck, where her tomb, surmounted by a recumbent figure, is still to be seen.

The third of the citizen brides of Augsburg was Agnes Bernhauer, whose beauty attracted the notice and gained the heart of Prince Adalbert, son of Ernest, Duke of Bavaria. They were privately married, for the bridegroom well knew that his haughty father would never give his consent to the match.

The story of the secret marriage soon reached the ears of the Duke. Enraged at what he considered a degrading connection, he refused his son admission to a tournament, accounting him one of sullied blood, and unworthy to enter the lists with knights of gentle birth. Adalbert then openly acknowledged his wife, and defied his father.

Tragic were the circumstances which soon followed. On a temporary absence of her husband, Agnes was seized by order of the Duke, and soon after condemned to death on a false accusation. She was taken to Strauburg on the Danube, bound hand and foot, hurled living from the bridge, and perished in the waters below.

This judicial murder took place in 1436. Her body was recovered, and in one of the side chapels in the graveyard of St. Peter's church in that town is still visited the last resting-place of this innocent and unfortunate woman.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



EDUCATIONAL.

MARY C. POPE.—We are happy to assist in your good work by giving the name of your Corresponding Literary Union to aid the private home study in English classics, French history, Euclid, algebra, natural philosophy, and harmony. From all you say we should think you well qualified for conducting a correspondence club. To our readers requiring the address of such a society I therefore give, Miss Mary Pope, Wynnfild Place, Upper Rathmines, Dublin.

CONSTANT READER.—There is the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Upper Norwood, S.E.; apply to the principal, F. J. Campbell, Esq., LL.D., at the college in Westow Street. But there is another institution which might suit you even better—the School for the Indigent Blind (junior branch), Linden Lodge, Wandsworth Common, S.W., secretary, the Rev. B. G. Johns, who is also the chaplain. In this school the children are given religious instruction, taught to read and write, and a trade; and should a child show any real talent for music, they are taught. Admission by election; age between seven and twenty-two years. A form of admission sent on application.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. M.—Your lines are pious in tone, but are not "poetry." We cannot say what your foreign "mission" may be, but judging from the line—"I sit and think and think," we fear that perhaps the nearer "home mission" may be neglected, and we advise you to cultivate all practical service and leave poetry and your "mission" alone for a time. "Ye do serve the Lord Christ."

QUEENIE.—The lines are not worth printing.

M. C. B.—Lacking in originality and incorrect in rhythm.

M. B. L.—Many thanks for the verses and the cordial appreciation of our paper.

DAISY'S "verses" are not verses at all, as they are not even rhymed.

LANCASHIRE.—We suppose you mean what we have always known as a "stump," used in crayon-drawing. They are to be had at any artists' colourman's, where every appliance of artistic work in that line is sold.

WHITE VIOLET.—The lines show some descriptive power, but are incorrect in metre, and lack original thought.

PEARL NOBLE.—Not badly written, but thin in thought. You may do better.

CLAUDIA.—See 2 Timothy iv.

21. Many suppose Claudia to have been a British lady, daughter of King Cogidubanus, and the wife of Pudeus.

LONDON-SUPER-MARE should wear a blue, brown, or green gauze veil, and if the sun has burnt the skin of her nose, she might benefit the skin by bathing in sage-tea, or milk of almonds, sold at the chemist's.

BELLA'S hand is not formed, but promises well.

"MACAULEY."—Read our articles on the care of the complexion, and look in our indexes for "Freckles."

WELL-WISHER inquires "when lizards make their gloves." Certainly they have pretty little fingered-feet that look like hands; but we never heard of any glove manufactory of their institution, nor ever saw a lizard wearing that article of dress. If Nature induces them to take a bath from time to time during the day, do not deprive them of the inexpensive luxury.

SOMERSET.—Miss Anning, the geologist, has been long dead. She presented many of her specimens to the British Museum, which she had discovered at her native place, Lyme Regis. Doubtless information respecting her could be obtained at the Museum.

LILY, A LOVER OF MILTON, M. H. E., IRENE.—Good thoughts and pious ones expressed in your verses, but not poetry. Doubtless it did you good to put them on paper; so far, well.

F. A. I. T. H. (Canada).—The poem is very pretty; we sympathise much with you in your misfortunes, and are glad to hear that in your far off-home you love the "G.O.P." so much, and find it useful in many ways.

HAMLET.—Not a "dress suit" at a wedding; a frock coat seems now generally worn.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—The question of a marriage between two people where the woman is older than the man seems to us so purely a personal one that we can only say, consider it well on all sides, but especially on the side of love, for if love and mutual esteem be present there is little to fear.

TEA ROSE.—We should think you quite capable, so far as writing is concerned, to be a children's maid, but we do not know whether you be a good needlewoman, what else you can do, nor whether you have any experience, and have a good temper.

A CONCERT SINGER.—We regret that we cannot help you in your wishes.

LUCINDA'S poems show much merit; we advise her to persevere.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Not a bad attempt at description, but incorrect in rhyme, and reads more like June than May.

M. D. G.—Both poems show a promise of better things. You might have read either to your classmates, we think; but study and do better still.

ETTY.—1. The lady speaks first, or bows, on meeting a gentleman in the street. 2. If her family see no objection to her going, she may.

UNE FILLE MODESTE.—We should think by the gentleman telling her how much the expenses would amount to that he intends her to pay them herself.

ETHEL.—1. H.M.S. *Eurydice* foundered in a squall off Dunnoose, near Ventnor, Isle of Wight, March 24th, 1878. 2. It is a usual custom to deposit coins and documents under the foundation-stone of buildings or monuments, and is of very ancient origin.

J. E. C. A.—The poem "Two Hands upon the Breast" will be found in the collected edition of Mrs. Craik's poems.

DAISY'S.—We could not judge unless you wrote the stories. How could we?

ADELINE T.—1. About sixteen yards of material, but this would depend on the size of the person for whom the gown is intended. 2. August, 5th, 1860, was a Sunday.

70TH HIGHLANDERS does not tell us what her dog is fed upon; we should say that two small meals a day were enough; we think that some improper dietary was being given to yours. Does the dog get water and exercise enough?

LAURA SIDDALL.—Do not attempt to express yourself in rhyme. Try to write good English prose; even if intended for the latter, your grammar is at fault in saying "Thou has." You should be able to write well yourself before undertaking such an office as that of an "editor."

MATRON.—2. Of course Nature did not supply a man with a beard for no reason. He is more exposed to the trials of damp and cold than the woman, whose natural duties keep her more in the shelter of home. For example, sailors, soldiers, masons, and other such like labourers employed in outdoor work. 2. Cramp usually results from some acidity in the system; this should be attended to. Nurses of experience have noted good results from standing a basin of clean cold water under the bed of a sufferer from cramp.

MISS TAYLOR.—Some of the principals of girls' clubs have retired without giving due notice. Write to Miss Ellman, The Rectory, Berwick, Sussex; or Miss Clift, Fernbank, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire; or Miss Hacking, Seymour Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester; or Miss Allen, 79, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight; or Miss C. Kemp, Bicton Rectory, Budleigh Salterton, S. Devon, respecting their Early Rising Clubs.

GALLOWAY GIRL, CONSTANT READER.—The causes of early grey hair are general debility of health, or lack of local nutrition and vitality. Iron taken internally, under medical advice, is a good thing, and some doctors recommend a tonic head-bath, such as the use of a cheap claret well rubbed into the surface of the skin of the head.

NANCY.—If the white cashmere be a good dress, you had far better send it to a cleaner's, and see whether they can improve it. The way to pronounce "Batehoven" is as we have now written it, only dropping the "h."



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

WELCOME !

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author
of "Ripples and Breakers," etc.

He is coming, he is coming !
I can see him from afar ;
He is coming, he is coming !
A victor from the war.
I can see his floating pennon,
Can hear the trumpets' tone ;
He is coming back rejoicing,
My Waldemar—my own.

He is coming, he is coming !
Be still, my bounding heart !
I'm almost mad with joyousness ;
Why should the tear-drops
start ?

He must see my kerchief waving
Its welcome from the wall,
And will know his love awaits
him,
My Waldemar—my all.

Run, run, my little foot-page,
Swift down the turret stair,
Bid every man and maiden
To greet their lord prepare ;
Bid the warders loose the draw-
bridge,
Raise the standard on the
keep,
Our noble knight is coming,
He must not think we sleep.

'Till he sees my waving kerchief,
I cannot leave my post :
It will tell him she is waiting
Who loves—and he loves—
most.

He is coming, he is coming !
And I tremble with delight,
As a sunlit blossom trembles
After a tearful night.



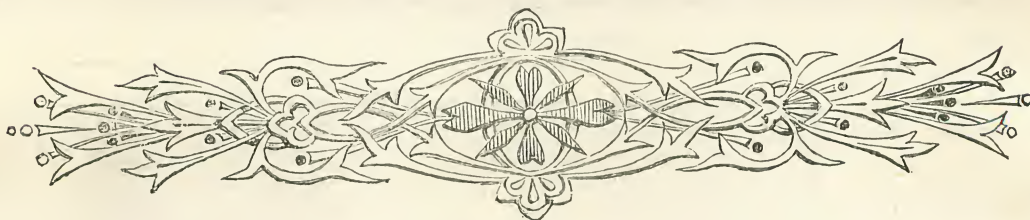
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"MY WAVING KERCHIEF."

He is coming—sees my signal—
 Waves his scarf in glad response;
 I must hasten—first to greet him
 Must be his Ildefonse.
 Stay, let me thank the Lord of Hosts
 Upon the bended knee,
 For bringing Waldemar, my own,
 In safety back to me.

The glory and the praise be His,
 The shame be only mine,
 That in my weeping, widowed prayers
 Ere doubted the Divine.
 Yet human hearts have human fears,
 And faith will droop forlorn,
 When grief's long night shows not a star,
 But joy has come with morn.

He is coming o'er the greensward,
 Fleet as the flying wind;
 I must rush to clasp my true one,
 Lest he think I lag behind.
 Hark! the shouting of his vassals,
 Of the followers in his rear;
 My Waldemar, my wept one,
 He is coming—he is here!



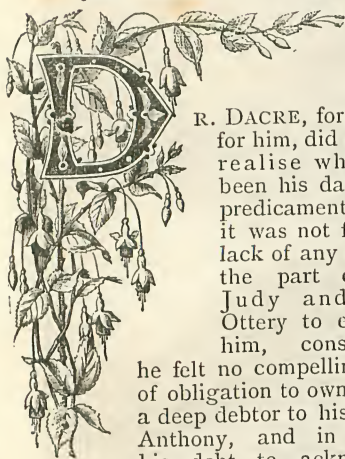
A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN DACRE'S LAST VISIT HOME.



DR. DACRE, fortunately for him, did not fully realise what had been his daughter's predicament, though it was not from the lack of any effort on the part of Mrs. Judy and Lady Ottery to enlighten him, consequently

he felt no compelling sense of obligation to own himself a deep debtor to his nephew Anthony, and in owing his debt to acknowledge

Anthony Walton's magnanimity in not urging his claim. Dr. Peter made no show of forgetting or forgiving former grievances; he simply rated Kitty rather sharply for her folly, which had occasioned so much inconvenience and trouble, and might have had serious results.

On the 10th of January, 1645, Archbishop Laud, the late Chancellor of the University, after lying more than three years in the Tower, was tried, found guilty of high treason, and beheaded on Tower Hill. Strafford had died like a haughty stoic, Laud died like a Christian bishop, who, whatever error he had committed in his public policy, had held the error sincerely, and in his private character was upright, disinterested, and devout. Even the Parliamentary party

were not jubilant over his death when they had brought it about, as they had been over Stafford's, while to his own side in Church and State he appeared to be struck down by sacrilegious hands, and to die the death of a martyr.

Matters continued exactly as they had been between Oriel and Islip Barnes and Essex's camp, when one windy March day, at the season when the colonies of rooks were beginning to build in some of the college gardens, John Dacre walked quietly and openly across the quadrangle of Oriel. What was most changed in him was that, instead of his student's gown and trencher hat, he wore a buff coat and steel breast-plate and head-piece; but that was far too common a change to attract attention. No doubt the buff coats and armour were worn in Oxford, up to this date, in the King's service, and not in that of the London Parliament; but in good sooth there was little to choose between many young Englishmen on both sides of the question. This was especially true when, as in the case of Jack, they wore—not the short-cropped hair of the Roundheads and of the men of the present day—but the long locks to which the lads were accustomed before the comparative length of their hair was the test of their political creed.

At the same time, Jack was not sneaking into his old home, with any idea of passing himself off, to a casual observer, as a Royalist. He did not look as if he sought disguise. He had always been impetuously straightforward, and in the four years which had elapsed since he had last trodden the familiar ground, and looked up with affectionate inquiries and greetings at the square tower, the

battlements, and the college's proud boast of a window, he had grown in manliness. Not only were his shoulders broader and squarer, the down on his lips and chin a fair attempt at a beard, and the red and white of his cheeks darkened by exposure to sun and wind; he carried himself with a certain quiet resolution, and an absence of eager assertion which belongs to manhood rather than to youth. They may be in their turn as precocious a ripening as the former stage was an early bloom and flush of independent thought and feeling, a passionate choice of principles to abide by, and live or die for.

Jack was there under his own colours, yet walking openly and calmly as one who has no fear for his safety. The only apprehension he entertained, and even that was somehow subdued and softened into a gentle, half-smiling doubt, as if he was not in earnest in the apprehension, had to do with the reception he would get from his father.

He was coming back in a sense like the prodigal, to express his repentance, and ask his father's forgiveness; but in another light he did not recant a single opinion, or depart from one proposition on which he had ruled his conduct and decided his fortunes. He was Captain John Dacre, in one of Lord Essex's regiments, and Captain John Dacre of Essex's battalion he intended to continue, unless, indeed, he were promoted to be major or colonel, or were transferred to Fairfax's, or, best of all, to General Cromwell's command. For where the stout, stern General was, there was sure to be gallant fighting along with decent order, reverent living, just weighing of a man's merits, and a cordial if curt mention of

him, if he had done anything deserving mention, in the despatch to the Parliament in London.

John Dacre had come into Oxford by virtue of a pass to arrange for the exchange of prisoners, and the moment the business was done he repaired to Oriel, where his family were ignorant alike of his presence and his business. He ascended the particular staircase, and walked straight to his father's rooms, as if he had been there but yesterday, as if he had not been turned out with contumely. He opened the parlour door without knocking, awaking two shrill shrieks from Mrs. Judy and Kitty, who behaved as if they had seen a ghost, and causing Dr. Peter, sitting in his great chair indulging in half an hour's relaxation after his midday meal, to remain motionless and dumbfounded, gaping and staring in sheer amazement.

"Father," said Jack, "I am glad to see you well. I have come to greet you, and to say, if you will let me, how sorry I am for any rudeness and violence whereof I was guilty in our last meeting, which I might have spared you."

"Dost mean, boy, thou hast seen the error of thy ways?" cried Dr. Dacre, starting up, trembling with agitation. His thin face was very pale, and his delicate hands grasped the arms of his chair as if for support. "Thou wouldst say thou art mortally ashamed of thy disgraceful tampering and leaguings with rebels, thou renouncest the whole treacherous band, with every unhung knave and villain who was thy evil counsellor?"

"Nay, sir, nay," said Jack, striving to keep cool, but with his father's agitation communicating itself to him. "I know of no rogue or evil counsellor. I was not decoyed or even over-pressed. I made my choice not without painful deliberation, not without honestly seeking God's guidance. Though you may have held me over young, ignorant, and wholly mistaken in my decision, I am prepared to abide by it."

"Then what are you seeking here?" demanded Dr. Dacre, his heat chilling on the instant and freezing into ice. He rose to his feet, drew as far back as the room would let him from his son, and with a sudden effort dragged his chair round, and placed it between them as if to bar Jack's farther approach. But the lad stepped quickly past it and again stood before his father.

"I am here in the right of my sonship and your fatherhood. I am here in my own name and in that of my dead mother, to pray that there may be peace between us, though the whole world besides were at war. I am here to crave your pardon for all wherein I have offended you. I know I was insolent and headstrong—a presumptuous, hot-blooded, self-willed boy if you will, when we last parted. It may be that I might have delayed the step I took. It may even be that I was mistaken so far. I make no pretensions to infallibility of judgment; how should any one of us, however old and wise, take that upon him?" protested poor Jack, wistfully. "There be many good and true men who were with us in all else, but de-

parted from us on the question of the necessity of a resort to arms. I myself have pondered it on many a weary day and sleepless night, and upon my honour I cannot yet settle it to my satisfaction. I admit all that willingly, but the thing is done, has been honestly done, and cannot be undone. I have put my hand to the plough, I cannot go back."

"I want none of thy hypocritical cant," protested Dr. Dacre, wrathfully. "Thou wilt tell me next it was honourable, and thou hadst no resource save to bear arms against thy lawful king, thy mother church, and that other mother, this grand and noble university, which hath fostered serpents in her generous, confiding bosom, which not only cherished thee, but me before thee. Lad, hadst thou no feeling for my grey hairs that thou shouldst bring them down in sorrow to the grave, because son of mine hath lifted up his hand against these sacred institutions?"

"Not to destroy them," said Jack, firmly; "not to hurt the very least of their valued possessions; to keep them intact, free from blight and blot, to hand them down as we have received them. Yea, more, for there is growth in all living things, growth or else decay, to help to carry them on to their supreme perfection."

"Father," cried Kitty at last, springing forward, "I know I am only a weak, silly maid, I could never be to you like a son; but, at least, I have never offended you. Yet I dare to offend you now. What hath my brother done that you should treat him so? should refuse to accept his plea for a reconsideration of your judgment? He is not a vile person that we should blush to own him. He is no scapegrace or wastrel; not even a vain fop and silly idler of his time and despiser of his books. Dear father, thou wast proud when he won his demyship at Magdalen, thou didst take such delight in his progress. Now, I say again, what hath he done? Made his election like a man of what side he should take in this dreadful war, and maintained his cause in hardship and suffering. I protest I am proud of him for that, though he were twice as much mistaken as he is, without doubt. You may be ashamed, but for me I am proud, and I tell you as well as him," said Kitty, drawing herself up, her breast heaving and her eyes flashing; "if he be in error, as methinks he is, he will be punished, all his side will be punished; but do not thou inflict the punishment. I cannot be with thee in this, sir; he is my dear and only brother—my dearest Jackie. If I have not kissed and embraced him as yet, and bade God bless and speed him, and show him the right way, it was that he might first have speech with you. In what deadly peril he may have placed himself to get it, he alone can tell," Kitty ended, her voice breaking with terror and distress.

"Doctor, master; oh, have pity on thine own flesh and blood!" Mrs. Judy lifted up her voice and besought him.

Dr. Peter looked around him somewhat wildly.

"So," he said, "this is the weapon

that is to be employed against me, to work upon my weakness, this fellow's danger through his audacious foolhardiness. But I am not a Brutus who can give him up to justice as he deserves. I would I were, I would I were!" and he compressed his bloodless lips as if he would compel himself to speak the dread sentence; but they parted trembling and said instead, "I cannot. Thou hast made me a traitor like unto thyself, if that be any comfort to thee. But at least I will not harbour traitors. Begone, John Dacre, and let me see thy face no more. Be thankful to the treacherous blood in thy veins, and to thy mother looking out of thine eyes, for the fact that thou hast come to me, and I have let thee go scot free without calling in every King's soldier in Oxford to seize and bind thee."

"Not so, father," said Jack, steadily. "I did not come to use my danger as a weapon against you, and thus play on your feelings. I am in no peril any more than you are. Cheer up, Kitty; compose yourself, Mrs. Judy. I came here under a safe conduct in the way of my duty to treat in an exchange of prisoners, and to plead for humanity to our men. I confess I begged for the job. I did so long to see Oxford again; if that be a sin on my part, I plead guilty. Being in the town I could not choose but wait on you, and see with my own eyes how you and sister Kitty and my old friend Mrs. Judy fared. Your loyalty is so well attested," continued Jack, with a faint smile, "that I had no fear of compromising you by coming here. I would also relieve my mind by putting into words for your hearing, my pain and remorse for any undutiful word or look I may have been betrayed into, in my passion, during our last interview. And now, sir, I am ready to take my departure instantly, if you wish it."

Dr. Dacre was a second time taken aback by Jack's steadfastness and coolness. The old man was also considerably shaken by what had already transpired.

"Since you are here on these terms," he said, sullenly, "since you have thought fit to come, without the ceremony of craving my permission, you may dispense with the form in leaving, and quit the place when it suiteth you. It seems to me that you are already master here, as your crew are like to be masters of England." He turned his chair round and sat down heavily.

It was an ungracious concession, still it was an approach to a truce, and Jack was fain to make the best of it for the brief interval he could command. He turned eagerly to the women, who were drawing nearer and nearer and hovering about him.

"Let me have a look at you, Kitty," catching her by the waist and turning up her face. "Why, you are a grown woman, little Kitty, and do no despite in your looks to the stock you and I have come of. I heard tell you were as fresh and fair as a daisy, and I declare, my dearest dear, without flattery, it is true. Mrs. Judy, you do not look a day older. You are wearing as you deserve to wear. I vow your age must be less, by a round dozen of years, for the lack of the burden

of my torn ruffles and cravats, and those pairs of stockings, Mrs. Judy, of which an unlucky right or left was sure to go amissing."

In the reaction from the strain which had been upon him, he spoke with positive gaiety, as if all were well, peace established, and the warfare which had undone them at an end and forgotten.

Fondly the women clutched at the respite, took up his cue, exclaimed over his growth, the hue of his cheeks, the length of his beard. Kitty laid her cheek to his, Mrs. Judy kept patting him on the shoulder. Then Mrs. Judy accomplished a bold stroke.

"I warrant, master Jackie," she said, looking defiantly at Dr. Peter, "thou wouldst be the better of meat and drink after thy ride. Indeed, I should not wonder, though, thou didst start fasting—young people are main foolish on some points. But thou wilt do the greater justice to the bread and cheese and ale which are all I have to offer between meals. Nay, I have by good luck some trifles in the shape of apple-pasties and spiced bread I baked this morning. Many a kiss thou gavest me for their like, my tall master, when thou wast a small boy not up to my knee. Thou wilt tell me if thou hast tasted their equal since I last baked them for thee?"

Both Jack and Kitty fully expected Dr. Dacre would rise up in a fury, and forbid a rogue and rebel to break bread in his honest college, and say there were enough hostelries in Oxford, with their tables open to all, without his board being defiled. But he sat silent and glum, contenting himself with turning away his head. Apparently he could not deny his son—his only son—the passing refreshment which he would have bestowed on a tired stranger or a weary dog, any more than in other circumstances he could have proclaimed Jack's presence and given him up to his enemies.

Jack was still more "heartened" to sit down and eat with all the appetite he could summon for the occasion, to declare that Mrs. Judy's was a sumptuous feast, and to accompany it with impromptu quips and cranks, spontaneous conceits, and somewhat shaky laughter. He was no longer the moody, constrained lad they had last seen him. He was the old schoolboy Jackie, who had been detained in school by some more than usually-hard imposition which had cost him vexation and trouble, perhaps a few secret tears brushed away on the cuff of his little coat, but which, when it was over and done with, he was fain to fling behind him, and rejoice with a nervous abandonment to rejoicing. In the talk there was not a word of politics or war or the straitened purses and empty cupboards of Oxford in the long siege, or the hard life and the daily casualties in a camp of soldiers. It was Jack twitting Kitty with wearing carnation ribands to set off the greater delicacy of the rose in her cheeks, and Kitty threatening to clip his locks into greater evenness of length, and reminding him of Dr. Kettle and his shears; or Mrs. Judy calling the

two to order, as if they were still children, and bidding Kitty let her brother alone, and suffer him to eat his victuals in peace.

Kitty was impelled to call her brother's attention to the changes in the room, and to give him a merry account of the state in which the family had found their quarters when the Provost had ceased to want them for his guests.

Jack got up and strolled to a picture, the position of which had been altered; it was not hanging straight, and he put it right. On the table at his elbow were some books of his father's, which Dr. Dacre had been prepared to consult when the period of rest which he allowed for his digestion had come to an end. Jack just touched them with the brown sinewy hand, which was so different from the white fingers of the scholar.

"Is it Thucydides or Tacitus that you are taking up now, sir, for the benefit of the next generation?" he ventured to ask with respectful interest; "or are you carrying out your idea of commenting on Herodotus, and then going on to deal with the dramatists?"

"It is little you care for my work," said Dr. Dacre, with a scowl and a growl. "There is little learning where thou art gone."

Yet it was evident that the mere mention of the subjects which were next his heart, and had been the occupation of his life, stirred him.

"You are a little hard on us," said Jack, sedately. "The arts of war and peace do not agree well, 'tis true, but we are not all ignoramuses. I may have stopped short with being little more, for which I am truly contrite, as for other sins, since I have the honour to be the son of a ripe scholar, and ought to have done him greater credit; but Sir Thomas Fairfax hath a pretty smattering of Latin and Greek, and General Cromwell himself is not indifferent to the humanities, I do assure you. I can pledge myself for both gentlemen that they would lose half their worldly goods sooner than work lasting harm to the colleges or the great library."

"Ah, Jack," said his father, with irony, but still with a certain revulsion of feeling, and returning at a bound to familiar terms, "I know not if a scholar hath been spoiled in thee, but a special pleader hath lost his chance. I wis not where thou gottest the faculty. I was not aware before that any of my race had a creeping, twisting, insinuating lawyer trick with him."

"Mayhap it is bred of the ingenuity of the scholar," said Jack, boldly, and with perfect good humour; "but my books are not so clean forgotten as you think, sir, nor am I without hope of returning to them some day. I have one among my baggage, and I was reading an oration of Cicero's t'other night, but I confess a passage in it did puzzle me."

"Eh! what was it?" inquired Dr. Peter, with keen interest, sitting up and leaning forward. "I have always thought Cicero as plain as a pikestaff, but when a man grows rusty he is soon put out. I prithee, Jack, what was the difficulty?"

"Here it is," said Jack, pulling a small brown book out of his pocket, and opening it where a page was turned down. The two pored over it together, their heads almost touching, Dr. Peter's bald crown close to Jack's flowing locks, as the father and son discussed the passage, sentence by sentence, from different points of view. They read on and spoke out their admiration of the orator or their dissent from his oratory. It was as if they had gone back to some of the happiest moments of their past intercourse, when Jack was still an eager studious lad, and his father had supplemented the instructions of his regular tutor.

The spring afternoon was passing rapidly, longer and longer shadows were falling across the quadrangle, the sun's last rays were lighting up the great window, the pride of Hall Royal, while Jack still lingered. Suddenly Dr. Dacre stopped with his finger on the page, and looked up with a half-dazed look, which frightened not only Jack but Kitty, who was watching them gladly.

"What are we doing? What is it all about?" He passed his hand over his eyes as if to see more clearly. "Ah, Jack, Jack, thou didst break my heart years ago, and didst close it against thee, and now thou wouldst steal back to thy former place without warrant," he said reproachfully.

"Only for a few minutes, father," said Jack, softly, in an undertone, "only to hear your voice as it did use to sound once again. I thank thee with all my heart for the boon. My time is up, that is—though I have quarters in the town for the night, in order to finish my business—I will not cumber or detain you farther."

"When it comes to that," said Dr. Peter, hesitating, while Kitty's heart leapt up, "since thou hast come at all, since thou art here and hast to stay in Oxford for the night, it may be as well here as elsewhere. Thou mayst at least remain and sup with us. After all, Judy's interim hospitality is but meagre in these days of short commons, and nobody can object for thee to eat one meal with thy family."

"No, by your leave, and with you know what gratitude, for your kindness, father," said Jack, fervently. "The Provost or others in the college might object, and you must suffer no reproach or indignity for me, sir."

"I am entitled to some license," Dr. Dacre began again, still hesitating.

"No," repeated Jack, "I am bound to report myself at the Castle. The license I have profited by already is more than half due to the fact that I am your son. I must not trespass upon it farther."

He was firm, but he still lingered as if loth to go. He lifted the steel head-piece which he had removed when he came in, and fingered it, but did not put it on. It had been Dr. Dacre's habit to have evensong said before supper. Mrs. Judy, who had been out of the room for the latter part of Jack's stay, on hospitable thoughts intent, having taken it for granted that he was to be his father's guest a little longer, came in with the

prayer-book, and placed it as usual before the head of the family.

Dr. Dacre paused and looked round, still with his perturbed air, but Jack had thrown down his steel cap and taken his old seat on one side of his father, while Kitty sat on the other.

The Doctor opened the book with a slightly abstracted air, but still in his ordinary deliberate and reverent fashion, and read the psalm and lesson for the day, part of the service which the Parliament in London had prescribed. If Jack concurred in the sentence of the Parliament, and had learnt to worship God in a more informal manner, he made no sign. He anticipated Kitty in what had been her duty lately of giving the responses. He said them in his strong yet melodious, manly young voice, dwelling on them as if each well-remembered, sacred word was loved by him, and lovely to him, as if it was a joy to him to join once more in the family prayers. After the amen he continued for a few seconds longer on his knees, then rose quickly, as if the act of worship formed a fit finale to his visit. He clasped Kitty, and kissed her on the

lips again and again. He kissed Mrs. Judy affectionately on the forehead, as he had not done since he was a small boy, come to make it up with her after he had been under her displeasure for a childish delinquency, or as if he was just setting out, proud of his independence and responsibility, on a few days' visit to his kindred at Islip Barnes; and as if he was the same boy grown older, and bound for a longer expedition, he turned to his father, and bent, according to the custom of the time, to receive his parting blessing. Dr. Dacre gave it much moved, as by an impulse which thrilled his very heartstrings: "God bless and keep thee, my son John, and send thee and all of us the true light," and Jack was gone.

In less than a fortnight afterwards a battle was fought at Islip Bridge. It was not a great battle; it was merely the successful resistance on the part of the Parliamentary soldiers of an attempt on the Royalist side to break through the besieging line which shut in the King and his forces. Its greatest achievement was the baffling of Prince Rupert's

purpose, of advancing two thousand men from Worcester, to serve as an escort to Charles to enable him to quit Oxford and join his nephew. But in scarcely one of even far more trifling skirmishes, which read as utterly insignificant on the page of history, was there not some dear life quenched and some hearth rendered desolate. On the field of Islip, within sight of the happy resort of his childhood and youth, almost within cry of his kindred, John Dacre was slain. When he lay shot through the lungs the night wind blew the long light brown locks which were so like Kitty's, that would never more be stirred by aught else, across the fine thin face, and no impatient hand swept them back again. The eyes, which were also like Kitty's, were no longer troubled in their depths of wistful, yearning sweetness, long choked at its source. Their fair dreams were ended or fled to a purer region. They were eyes unreflecting even the starry sky, at which they stared blankly. John Dacre's tribulation was ended, and his work done.

(To be continued.)

HOW WE BREATHE.

"WHAT an extraordinary subject to speak about!" you will say. "What can there be to talk about in such a thing? Such an everyday affair!" True. Such an everyday affair that by most people it will have almost been overlooked. But certain scientific men called physiologists have carefully observed this same breathing of ours, and have many interesting things to tell us about it. Concerned with this breathing a most elaborate and beautifully-made pair of bellows has been constructed, far beyond the power of human ingenuity to imitate. From time immemorial it has been recognised that the absence of this breathing for any considerable length of time is incompatible with life, and that that termination to which we all must sooner or later come, has, from very ancient times, been spoken of as "drawing your last breath." Yet really how few of us have a distinct notion of this very important process; how few of us know how we breathe, how very few why we breathe.

You have all watched a candle burn at some period or another of your lives, yet how many of you have found out what the burning of a candle means? It is an old saying that "Familiarity breeds contempt"; perhaps many may have thought it beneath their notice



FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM OF BRONCHUS TERMINATING IN ALVEOLUS.

to inquire into the *rationale* of the burning of a candle. Like our breathing, it is such an everyday occurrence, that one is liable to take it for granted, and ask no more about

it; and, like it, it is what is known as a chemical process.

You know that we are surrounded on this earth by a gaseous medium known as the

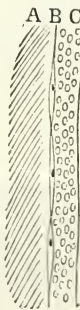


FIG. 2.—(A) AIR. (B) ALVEOLAR WALL. (C) BLOOD-VESSEL.

"atmospheric air." You know that if we are deprived of this air we can no longer live, that is to say, we die of suffocation. Now what is the air that we breathe that it should be so valuable?

Chemists have found out that the air is a mixture of two gases, one called "oxygen," and another called "nitrogen." It is the former gas (oxygen) which is so vitally important to us; this gas has the power, at certain degrees of heat, of uniting with various substances, and "oxidising" them, as it is called. When a candle is burnt, the oxygen of the air is uniting with the elements going to form the candle, and the visible manifestation of this is called "combustion." The nitrogen in the air is an inert gas, and serves to dilute the oxygen and modify its action. Strange as it may seem, the process which goes on as a result of our breathing is the same as that in the burning of a candle—it is a process of "oxidising." Let us, then, before we see this process, follow a draught of air in its whole course during our breathing. We will then see what becomes of the air, and finally

examine the mechanism by which the air is moved.

In the act of breathing in, air is drawn into the mouth and nose, and passes thence into the "pharynx," or back part of the mouth. From here it passes into the "larynx," or voice-box. Now, stretching across this larynx are certain structures called "vocal cords," and during each act of breathing in, or "inspiration," as it is termed, these vocal cords are pulled apart by minute muscles. If it were not for the efficient action of these little muscles we should be suffocated by the vocal cords impeding the passage of air.

If you have read some previous articles on "The Microscope and Ourselves" in this magazine, you will understand what I mean when I say that the larynx or voice-box is made mainly of cartilage; it has a lining membrane which is called its "mucous membrane," and which is provided with those little microscopic lashes called "cilia." The air having successfully passed the portals of the larynx, enters the "trachea" or "windpipe"; this is a tube made up of cartilaginous rings; it has involuntary muscular tissue in it, and is lined by a ciliated mucous membrane like that of the larynx. This trachea, when it reaches the great organs of respiration, the lungs, breaks up into two lesser but still large tubes, called respectively right and left bronchus, down both

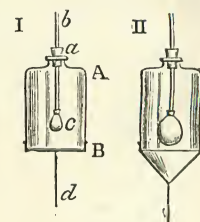


FIG. 3.

of which the air passes on its way to the lungs. Each of these tubes breaks up into smaller bronchi, and these occurring to an indefinite degree constitute all the air passages of the

lung. Slight changes of structure take place as we pass down from the larger to the smaller bronchi; the cartilaginous rings of the larger bronchi are not found in the smaller, and in the smaller bronchi the quantity of muscular tissue is relatively much increased. Now at the end of each terminal bronchus a little sac is attached; this is the "alveolus," as it is called; the air enters this sac, and this is its last visible destination. These sacs are made up of very thin elastic tissue, and are lined with extremely delicate thin epithelial scales. The lungs themselves then are made up of a number of branching tubes, which terminate in delicate epithelial sacs—much as if in a bunch of grapes the stalks were tubes representing the bronchi, and the grapes the sacs or alveoli.

We have now followed our breath of air in through the mouth—pharynx, larynx, trachea, and bronchi—into the terminal alveoli or sacs. What now becomes of this air? I said a little time ago that what went on in the lungs was a process comparable to that seen in the combustion of a candle; that is, that it was a process of oxidation. What is it that is oxidised? Well, running round all the alveoli are very minute blood-vessels, which we have heard described in a former article as "capillaries"—blood-vessels with very thin walls; the air in the alveoli is brought into very intimate contact with the blood in these capillaries, and the oxygen of that air combines with the blood, and oxidises it. By breathing we are incessantly supplying fresh air to the alveoli, and the heart is ever supplying fresh blood to those capillaries; and thus the process goes on. Fig. 2 is intended to diagrammatically convey some idea of the intimate relation between blood and air in the alveoli; but the blood in these capillaries does not only receive, it gives a gas back to the lungs, which gas they get rid of in breathing out. Now the gas which the blood has in it on its return to the lungs is called carbon dioxide, and is part of the result of combination of the oxygen with the tissues. Its presence may be demonstrated in expired air

in a very simple way. Take a glass of clear lime-water, and blow into it by means of a glass tube; the water will become turbid, and a deposit will form. Clearly there is something in the lime-water which there was not before; that something is this gas—carbon dioxide—which by its presence has formed chalk in the lime-water. The same result is obtained if after burning a candle we collect the gases given off, and lead them into lime-water.

Now these two gases—oxygen and carbon dioxide—which play such an important part in our breathing, have a very marked and characteristic difference from one another. If we light a wooden chip and then blow out the flame, leaving the chip in a red glow, and then plunge it into a jar of oxygen, the chip relights, and does it with an extra brilliancy; if now, instead, we plunge the chip into a jar of carbon dioxide, it will not relight, but, on the contrary, it becomes quite black. From these experimental results we learn certain facts: that the processes which oxygen is concerned in, in the body, are comparable to those in the burning of a candle in air; that the results are parallel in each instance; and that while oxygen supports combustion of whatever kind, carbon dioxide depresses it.

And now let us cast a glance on the mechanism by means of which the air is allowed access to the lungs and to the blood. The lungs are placed in a bony framework, the "thorax" or chest, closed in on all sides by various muscles. Now the floor of the chest is formed by a broad flat muscle which is called the "diaphragm."

Let me by a simple mechanical contrivance give you some idea of the principles on which this muscle works. In Fig. 3, *a* is a glass jar, and *b* is an indiarubber membrane, stretched across the lower end of *a*, which is open above and below, being in fact a bottle with the bottom knocked out; at *a* is a cork with a hole in it, which admits a glass tube, *b*, having on its lower end an indiarubber bag *c*; thus air can only enter the apparatus through the glass tube *b*. The membrane *b* can be pulled down

by means of a string *d*. Now for the experiment! Pull down the membrane *b* by means of the string, and what happens? the bag *c* is inflated, and becomes distended with air (Fig. 3 2). What does this teach us? The glass jar is the thorax, the indiarubber membrane *b* is the diaphragm; the glass tube *b* is the trachea and bronchi, and the little indiarubber bag *c* is the lungs. The same thing happens in inspiration; the diaphragm descends, air rushes in at the larynx and trachea, and the lungs become inflated. But this is not the whole story even of the inspiration: the whole chest is made broader from before backwards.

You all know that our ribs slope downwards. Well, when we inspire, certain muscles lift up the ribs as a whole, and thus make the upper part much greater in capacity than before; all this assists in the inflation of the lungs. The natural elasticity of the lungs does the work of expiration. Is not this a wonderful pair of bellows? What could be more perfect than quiet breathing as a mechanical act? And yet it is an act which is quite involuntary, although we can vary it at will. Yet for the greater part of our lives we are unconscious that we are performing such complex and perfect mechanical acts.

How great a building up of structure to meet function! Do you remember *amoeba*? How think you does he breathe? Very simply. *Amoeba* has no blood; but then he has no skin, and the constituent parts of his body are in much the same relation to the oxygen of the air as the blood to the lung capillaries is. Do not facts like these set one thinking how that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and that there are more things in our very humble selves than are dreamt of by most everyday individuals? I may have been tedious in this article, and many of you may cast it away impatiently as dry, but if from it you have learnt how and why we breathe, you know more than many other girls who think it not worth the inquiry.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.



PAINTING.



SINCE tapestry painting (the art of painting with liquid dyes upon wool, silk, velvet, or other animal fabric) was introduced into England some years ago, a great advance has been made both in the method of painting and the materials employed. Originally the fabric used was a coarse kind of linen canvas, and the dyes were merely liquid colours which were diluted with water and painted on in thin washes until the requisite depth was obtained. The colours were not in themselves notable, nor had they any special affinity for the canvas, and as there was no means of fixing the colours so as to make them permanent, the paintings soon faded. I was one of the first to try my

hand in this new style of painting over here, but I was never satisfied with the results I obtained, nor was the process of painting itself very fascinating, for it was troublesome to make the colour sink into the canvas, and with all one's care many of the threads seemed to remain uncoloured, which greatly militated against richness of effect. The colour never sank thoroughly into the canvas, but only remained upon the surface.

"*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" It is pretty generally known that vegetable fibres, such as flax and cotton, do not take dyes as well as animal fibres, such as wool and silk, and the first step to improve tapestry painting was to change the material from linen to wool. This brought about a change in the colours themselves, for in using wool it was possible to employ colours that had a special affinity

for the material. This woollen fabric is woven in the same manner as the Gobelins tapestry, and paintings executed upon it can hardly be told from real Gobelins. The woollen fabric is prepared with what dyers term a "mordant," which has a special affinity for the colours, and tends to fix them upon the material. The mordant generally employed is alum, but the woollen tissue is sold ready prepared, so that my readers need not trouble about preparing the woollen tissue themselves. The dyes sink very readily into the material, and in order to make the painting perfectly indelible it only has to be fixed by steaming, and you have a material decorated according to each one's taste, which will stand washing and cleaning, and will thus last for years. Those who have tried the old process of painting on the linen canvas cannot

realise the difference there is between the two processes and how infinitely superior the latter process is to the former.

The dyes in themselves are brighter and more transparent, and when fixed are wonderfully brilliant without being crude. I have seen some most charming effects produced on the woollen tissue by Walter Crane, Coleman, Rischgitz, and others; and I am certain there is a great future before tapestry painting, as it can be applied to so many useful purposes. Portières, chair backs and seats, sofa coverings, curtains and curtain borders, pianoforte fronts and backs, screens, and hosts of other things can be cheaply and beautifully decorated with these indelible colours. And the painting is not confined to the woollen tissue. Silk and satin look even more beautiful when painted than wool, as the colours come out so much more brilliantly on silk tissue, and paintings executed on silk velvet are yet more beautiful, as the pile produces a delicious softness while retaining the brilliancy of the colours. Dresses can be decorated with these colours, and on one occasion I helped a lady friend to paint a fancy dress with these dyes.

Fans also are more durable painted with these dyes than with water colours, as the dyes sink into the silk and cannot fade or chip off, as is the case with body colour. So you see it opens up a wide field does this indelible tapestry painting for those who cultivate art at home.

There are some twenty-two colours, of which the following are the most useful. They are taken from M. Rischgitz's list:—

Scarlet, pink, purple, Indian red, orange, vermilion, light yellow, yellow ochre, red brown, chrome green, turquoise green, yellow green, deep blue, light sky blue, raw sienna, neutral tint.

There is a medium for mixing with the colours to enable them being manipulated and painted on freely. All the colours mix, but there are some mixtures which give better results than others. Very fine reds are to be obtained by these dyes, and if it can be said that the colours undergo any change in the fixing apart from the depth and brilliancy the fixing imparts to the colours, it is in intensifying the yellows and reds.

Very rich greens can be made with the chrome and turquoise greens in combination with yellow ochre and raw sienna. Fine blue greens and peacock blues can be made with these greens and light sky blue. The blues and greens, it should be noted, are very powerful, and a bottle of each of these colours goes a long way, as they require to be considerably diluted with medium. Browns can be made with neutral tint and sky and deep blue, and Indian red and red brown with blue.

It would be as well at first to obtain a small piece of tissue, and try the various colours, pure and in combination, keeping a key to them for future reference. Have this test palette fixed so that you may note what change the dyes undergo in the fixing.

When beginning your actual painting, the tissue should be tightly strained on a stretcher or board. If you are painting a set of screen panels, you might get the tissue strained by a manufacturer of artists' canvases, as when the painting is finished it can be untacked and sent to be fixed and afterwards re-strained. Those who paint tapestry regularly have two or three stretchers of various sizes, and by sewing on pieces of canvas to the tissue to make it out to the size of the nearest stretcher you have by you, the tissue can be strained ready for work. The tighter the tissue is strained the easier it is to paint. The threads of the tissue, it should be noted, run from right to left, and this is the way it should be painted. The tissue can be had forty-six and fifty-four inches, and wider, and in painting a screen the width of the panels should be such as will enable the tissue to be cut to the greatest advantage. Thus the forty-six inch stuff will cut three panels fifteen inches wide, and the fifty-four inch three panels eighteen inches wide. It is not so easy to paint the tissue if the grain runs from top to bottom.

I find small Liebig pots very useful for mixing tints in, as it is important to mix up enough of each tint at once owing to the difficulty of matching it should you run out of it before the work is finished. The colours want putting on freely, and consequently you want plenty of each tint wherever there is a large surface to cover. In light tints, such as flesh, greys, and skies, the colours will want to be considerably diluted with medium. This is especially the case with the blues and pinks. If you are painting foliage have three or four good tints mixed. Grey-greens are made of the pure greens very diluted, or with sky blue and Italian earth. Rich juicy greens with chrome or turquoise green and the warm yellows. Yellow-greens with yellow, green, and the lighter yellows. Neutral tint, a very intense colour, and deep blue can be added where very dark deep greens are wanted, as they can easily be toned with the warm yellows.

It will be noticed the colours look much darker when wet than when dry, and due allowance must be made for this. Don't be frightened of putting on the colours of sufficient depth at once, providing you are sure that the colour you are using is the right one. It is useless painting three or four times over the same tint to obtain depth when it might have been got in one painting. I believe in finishing off the painting as far as possible in one sitting, as when your first tint is laid and is getting a little dry any colours painted on this sink in very agreeably and give a charmingly soft effect. Not that this

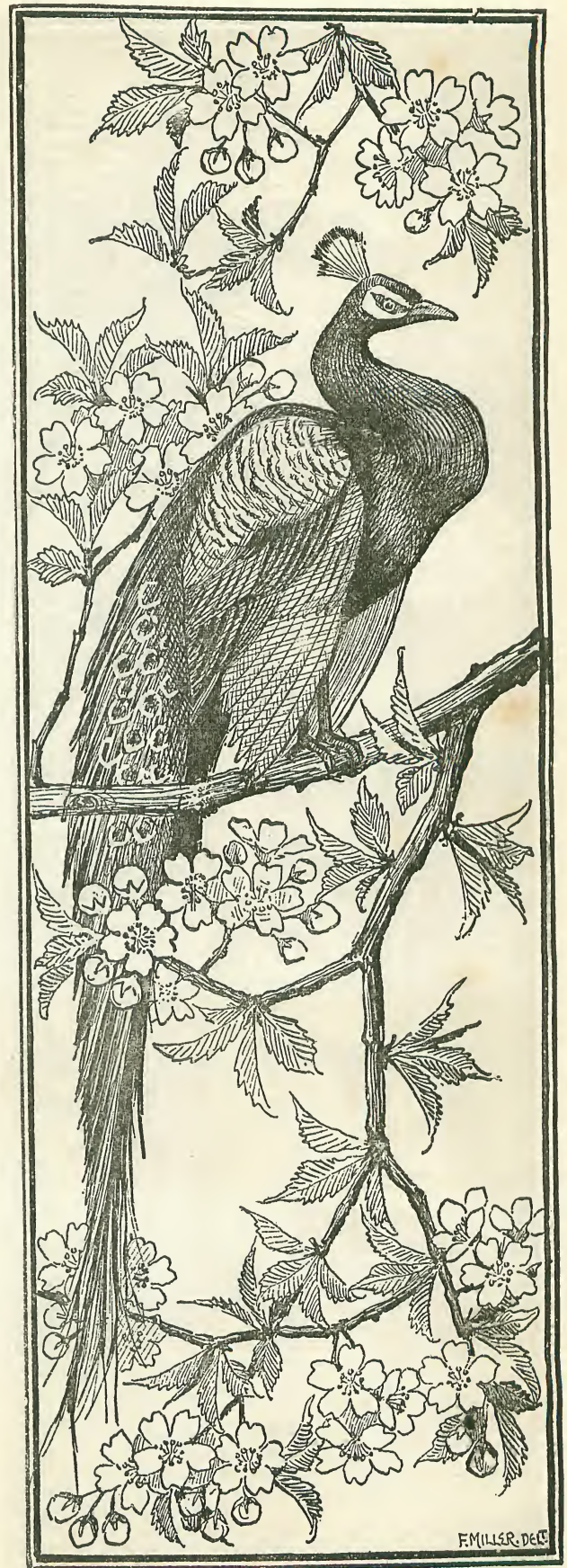


FIG. I.

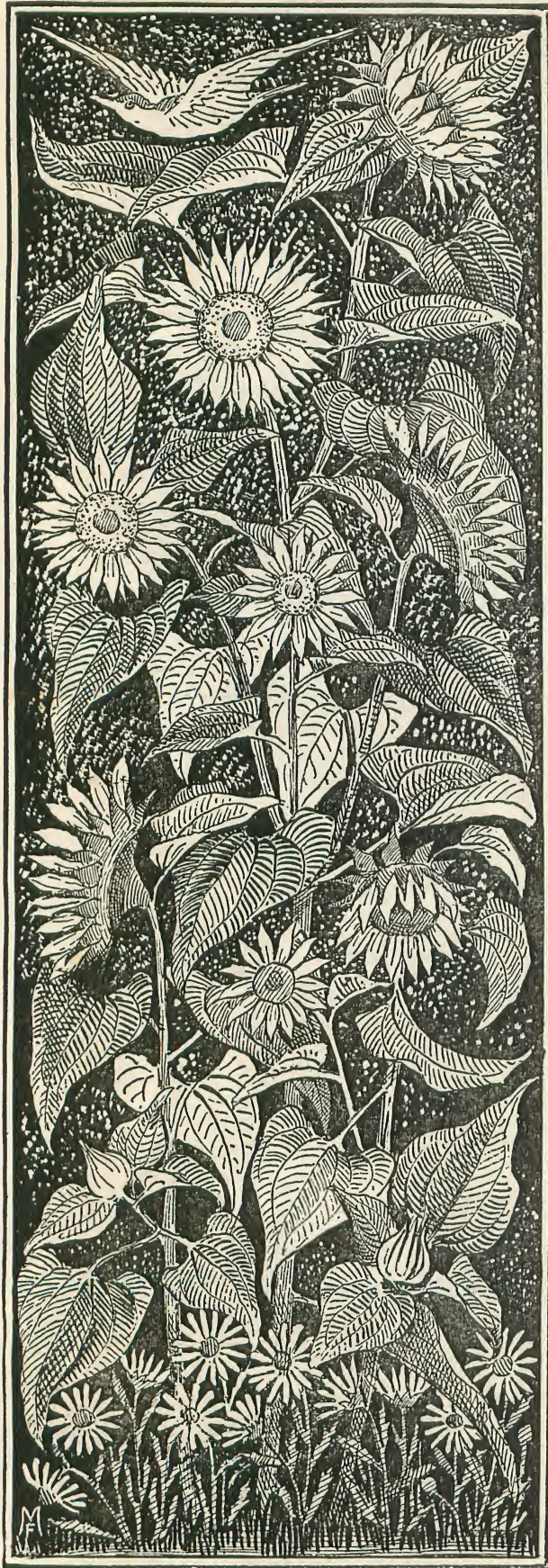


FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

softness is always the most desirable quality to get in your work, for a certain vigour and crispness are necessary in order to counteract the softening effect the tissue has upon the colours. Tapestry painting is not a difficult art, for unlike oil and water colour painting, the worker has not to trouble about "texture," that is working his colours until they look finished, this being obtained for him by the tissue itself. All you have to do is to put the right tints on in a liquid manner, so that the whole of that part of the canvas is covered without showing the marks of the brush, and the rest is done for you by the tissue, which, owing to the way it is woven, gives a charming effect to the painting. I have seen copies of some of the pictures in the National Gallery executed on this woollen tissue, and most excellent is the effect, for all the depth of colour and tone of the original can be obtained with a certain softness which only a dyed material has. Mr. Coleman, whose Christmas cards of little semi-nude children are so well known, has painted some tapestry panels, enlargements of some of his Christmas card designs, and very charming they are. He allowed a good deal of the plain tissue to show throughout the painting (the colour of the tissue is a warm cream), and this not only economised his labour, but had a most excellent effect. Much of the effect he obtained with the outline, which was done in a warm brown, and his introduction of turquoise blues and greens (colours he is particularly fond of, as may be seen in his Christmas cards), with warm yellows produced most harmonious and delicate effects.

In painting flesh the shadows should first be put in. Neutral tint, sky blue and burnt sienna make a good grey, and the shadows should be put in delicately with this mixture. When quite dry, wash with vermilion largely diluted with medium. It is a good plan before dipping the brush into any of the very powerful colours to previously dip it into pure medium. This prevents the colour staining the hairs of the brush. For second painting use a greyish tint of sky blue; while this is still wet use bright pink thirdly for lips and cheeks. When dry accentuate with Italian earth and pink and Indian red. I don't much believe in these hard and fast rules, but it may be useful to know how a good flesh tint may be obtained, though I would not advise my readers to tie themselves down to this or any other formula.

Don't try too difficult an effect at first. A simple study of foliage and birds, such as shown in Fig. 1, would do as a beginning. The peacock would give scope for rich colour; the background might be left unpainted, or just tinted with blue and grey. The ornamental treatment of sunflowers in Fig. 2, I carried out with a background of rich blues and blue-greens; I varied the colour of the ground considerably, and the effect was not bad. Fig. 3 was taken from a screen I painted. I adhered to the pomegranate, filling in all the panels, but of course had different heads in the circles.

Fig. 4, which I termed "The Parliament of Birds," was carried out as a three-fold screen. The birds were treated somewhat quaintly with an outline, though natural colours were

introduced. The birds rendered are the peacock, pelican, hen, cockatoo, owl, adjutant, penguin, cormorant, gull, flamingo, crow, etc., etc.

The whole thing was made highly decorative, and my readers may feel inclined to enlarge the design and carry it out for themselves. See that your tone of colour is harmonious. It is most important to get harmonious colours in tapestry painting (or in any other painting for that matter), for the best design in the world is spoiled by a bad tone of colour. For transferring a design to the tissue I prefer to prick the design and pounce it on, to transferring it by means of black paper. Go over the charcoal lines with some light colour, unless you intend to adopt a decorative style of work, when in that case the outline will assist you, and should be put in strongly.

Tapestry painting can be used in conjunction with embroidery. For a curtain border, for instance, the design can be carried out in the dyes, and when fixed a few stitches of silk can be introduced here and there to brighten up the effect. I have seen some excellent effects obtained in this way, and as the groundwork can be got over much more quickly by painting than with needlework, a combination of tapestry painting and needlework may be a very desirable union.

Borders to dresses might be painted on silk or velvet, if one wished to be unique, and the effect might be even better than embroidery. Fans, too, can be painted with these dyes. The silk and velvet must of course be quite light; white is best, as all the dyes are transparent, and consequently the lights must be



FIG. 4.—THE PARLIAMENT OF BIRDS.

left, for if once destroyed they cannot be restored. The worker must be certain of his touch, and have a clear idea of what has to be done or what he wants to do, for when once a tint is laid upon the tissue it cannot be removed or even lightened. There is no getting the colours out, so the only thing is not to make mistakes. Carefully plan out your

and think out your design before commencing work, and then you will have little chance of going wrong. It is because people rush into colour before their plans are matured that they have to rub out and botch and bungle. Every touch should have a meaning, and be put on with intention and precision. Go the readiest way to work, for there is no merit in spending

a month over a painting if it could be done equally well in three weeks. A work is finished when the intention of the worker is made clear and intelligible to the seer. Tapestry painting is much more effective when painted crisply and dexterously than when it is laboured and finniking.

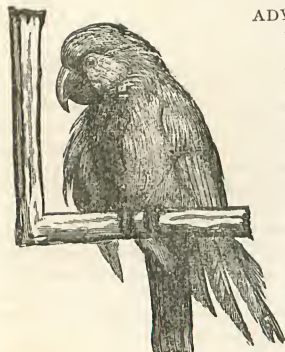
FRED MILLER.

MY LADY'S REST.

By FLORENCE WILLSON.

CHAPTER IV.

HOPES AND THEIR REALISATION.



LADY CONSTANCE'S wedding-day came and went, leaving behind it a store of recollections of grand doings and festivities, such as had never before been heard of at Ashdeane.

None of us were likely to forget the pretty sight of Lady Constance in her bridal dress, followed by a bevy of charming bridesmaids,

all dressed alike in soft, creamy muslins, as they walked down the aisle of the village church, as they passed along filling the air with the delicious fragrance of their bouquets of Maréchal Niel roses.

I was less likely to forget that memorable day than anyone else, for many reasons which I shall mention presently; but I must not forget to say how charming Mrs. Deane looked in a soft, silvery-grey silk, given to her by the bride, who begged each lady at "My Lady's Rest" to accept from her a dress for the occasion. Miss Marchmont chose a rich, black silk, in which she looked very stiff and stately and forbidding, I thought.

After the wedding breakfast was over, and we had looked at the presents till our eyes ached with the glitter of gold and gems, we strolled off through the grounds, and it happened that Mr. Yorke and I were left alone, the rest of our party having joined the tennis players.

At first we talked about the event of the day, and about the numbers of people present, etc.; and then somehow we became silent, and I could not think of anything to say, try as I might, so I suggested that we should go and look on at the tennis.

Then Mr. Yorke began to speak, and if I had felt the silence irksome before, I would willingly have taken refuge in it again, as I listened to his words, whilst he spoke of his love for me, and his earnest wish that I should be his wife.

How sorry I felt, and how I blamed myself for not having prevented this outburst; but all I could do now was to try and stop him from saying anything more, and to assure him that I never could marry him, much as it grieved me to have to say so.

He seemed so much in earnest, and so anxious to cling to the smallest hope of my changing my mind, that the conversation was more trying than could be imagined by any ordinary fashionable young lady more accustomed to such things than I was.

Miss Marchmont met us as we were very silently walking back to our friends, and I felt that she knew what had happened by the sharp

way she looked at me, and then began asking Mr. Yorke about some parochial matters in which she was interested.

I seized this opportunity to join the vicar and Mrs. Deane, who were sitting chatting under the shade of a spreading cedar.

"How pale you look, my dear!" said Mrs. Deane, as I sat down beside her. "You are tired with all the excitement of the day."

"Perhaps," said the vicar, "Mr. Yorke persuaded you to ramble too far on such a hot afternoon."

My cheeks were red enough in a moment at the mention of Mr. Yorke's name to satisfy even Mrs. Deane, and I fancy she saw something had upset me, and probably guessed what it was, for she quietly changed the conversation, and asked me to go with her for a cup of tea, which I was only too glad to do.

Mr. Marsden joined us as we entered one of the tea tents, scattered here and there through the grounds, and attended to our wants; just as he was handing me some fruit Miss Marchmont and Mr. Yorke came in also.

"Poor Yorke looks terribly victimised by his companion, don't you think so, Miss Lawrence?" said Mr. Marsden, smiling.

I did not dare to glance in his direction, feeling too uncomfortable and conscious, and finished my tea with all possible speed, so as to avoid a meeting with Miss Marchmont and her companion, and then murmuring something about the heat of the tent, I made my way into the open air. I did not know many people amongst the numbers gathered together, and naturally I kept with the vicar, his sister, and Mrs. Deane; and of course her brother was a good deal with her, when he was not playing tennis, and he was always so bright, and gave such interesting accounts of his life in the colonies, that the afternoon passed very quickly and pleasantly, and I felt sorry to go home when the time came to say good-bye, there was so much I still wished to hear. Mr. Marsden would not stay for the dance with which the day was to end, and walked to the vicarage gate with us. As we all stood there, laughing and talking, Miss Marchmont passed us, and as she said good-bye she whispered to me, in a very audible tone—

"Did you ever hear, Miss Lawrence, that it was considered prudent to be quite off with the old love before you were on with the new?"

"I do not understand you, Miss Marchmont," I answered, as indifferently as I could; "but 'proverbs' never was a favourite game of mine," and I turned away, feeling vexed and annoyed to a foolish extent; but it was so provoking to be subjected to these constant pin-pricks and to Miss Marchmont's ceaseless supervision.

"Barbara, you are tired after all the excitement of the day," said Miss Brown that evening; "you must go to bed soon and have a long sleep; you don't look like yourself this evening."

I was glad enough to go to my own room,

to think over the events of the day. Very regretfully I thought of poor Mr. Yorke and his misplaced affection, and then of Miss Marchmont's sharp remark, and I wondered if she could possibly have overheard any of Mr. Marsden's conversation with me. But again I felt sure that it was only a chance dart, which had struck home in a way not probably expected by Miss Marchmont herself; it was my own conscience which had made me so quick to feel the reproach implied by her words.

For when Harry Marsden had spoken to me that evening, I knew why I felt so very certain that never as long as I lived could I care for Mr. Yorke!

The day after the wedding I had promised to spend with Mrs. Deane, and when I went to the cottage she told me that her brother had gone to London on business for a day or two.

"Oh, yes," I said, "he told me yesterday that he was going to town, and asked if I had any commissions for him to execute for me."

Mrs. Deane looked surprised for a moment, as if she wondered why her brother had mentioned his plans to me, and I thought she was going to say so, when the entrance of Dandy and the tea-tray turned the conversation.

Dandy was much too well-trained a dog to beg, and at tea-time he used always to lie quietly at his mistress's feet, as if asleep and utterly indifferent to the fact that muffins and biscuits were at hand; and even when he was called he would get up most leisurely, and with a deprecating wag of his tail (as much as to say, "If I must, I must") consent to eat up the morsels offered him.

My afternoon passed too fast, as it always did when with Mrs. Deane; we had so much in common that we seemed to forget the disparity in our ages, and I felt more as if with an elder sister than with a woman so many years my senior; and I was already looking forward sadly to the time when I should have to say good-bye to her (my newly-made but true friend) on leaving Ashdeane.

For a day or two Mr. Yorke did not come to the Vicarage, and kind Miss Brown began to grow anxious lest anything should have annoyed him, but after that he came in and out as usual, and no one but myself could have detected any change in his manner towards me.

A week had passed since Lady Constance's wedding, and Harry Marsden had not returned; he wrote a hurried note to Mrs. Deane at the end of that time, saying he was unavoidably detained in London, and the next day came a telegram saying that business obliged him to start at once for New Zealand, and that he would write to her more fully as soon as possible.

Mrs. Deane was startled by this sudden change in her brother's plans, and could not imagine what the "business" was that summoned him away so unexpectedly. When Miss Marchmont heard about it, she remarked,

drily, that the word business was as useful to men as headache was supposed to be to women—it might mean temper, or love of amusement, or anything else, and no one could question its genuineness.

"Come, Miss Marchmont," said Mr. Yorke, when he heard this speech, "I could not have believed you would have said such severe things about our sex; and as for Marsden, no doubt he was obliged to hurry off by genuine business claims on him; why should we doubt it for a moment?"

"How much more generous men are than women," I thought, as I listened; but then, Dandy and I were alike in our feeling of antipathy to Miss Marchmont, and were not fair judges of her words or deeds.

It was about the middle of October when I left the Vicarage to return to my schoolwork, and it was with feelings of unmixed regret that I bade farewell to my kind friends at Ashdeane, amongst whom I had spent such a happy summer. Miss Brown and Mrs. Deane promised to write often to me, and I knew they would not forget to do so, knowing how lonely I should feel at first in the midst of strangers, after my happy home life at the Vicarage.

Very dreary the regular routine of school-work seemed at first, but I was determined to throw all my energies into it, and soon I became as much interested in it and my pupils as I used to be.

Very pressing were the Ashdeane letters that I should spend Christmas at the Vicarage or the cottage, but I feared that it might unsettle me, and accepted a holiday engagement instead, determined not to visit Ashdeane until the summer vacation set me free.

Mrs. Deane wrote frequently to me, and I could see, from the tone of her letters, how uneasy she was at the strange silence of her brother, from whom she had received no intelligence since he left London.

I tried not to think in a gloomy way about his silence; but how could we help fearing all sorts of misfortunes, when week after week passed and brought no tidings of our wanderer?

I felt I had a right to think of one who had expressed his love for me, and his hopes of claiming me as his wife, and if Mrs. Grundy should upbraid me for being so quickly won—why, I could not help it, and I had never thought about it until my heart had passed out of my own keeping into his.

So the months passed in constant work with my pupils, and hard study in my free time, by which I hoped to banish vain longings for the foreign letter that never came; and those who have made similar struggles can alone tell how I succeeded in my efforts.

When July came, bringing with it the much-longed-for vacation, I was so tired by overwork and anxiety that my friends at Ashdeane thought me sadly changed since I had said good-bye to them in the autumn, and kind Miss Brown was inclined to treat me as an invalid. Mrs. Deane understood me better

than the others did, and made no fuss about my altered looks, but treated me with more tenderness, if possible, than before.

I cannot say how I dreaded meeting Miss Marchmont, and being subjected to her sharp scrutiny and sharper remarks; but when I did see her there was nothing formidable about her; she seemed unconscious of any change in my looks, and was almost gentle in her manner to me; people so often act differently from what we expect after their former conduct.

One day I was sitting with Mrs. Deane under the shade of the trees, with Dandy fast asleep at our feet, when we heard a step on the gravel walk, and looking up, saw a gentleman coming towards us. We looked up in surprise at such an unfamiliar sight, wondering who the stranger could be. Dandy had been roused by the sound of footsteps, and advanced to reconnoitre; after a questioning sniff or two he began to bark, and to jump on the stranger, in evident joy at meeting an old friend.

The stranger looked from Mrs. Deane to me, and it was only when he smiled that I recognised him, and turning to Mrs. Deane I exclaimed—

"Don't you know who it is, Mrs. Deane? Your brother, Mr. Marsden!"

"Neither of you seem inclined to welcome me home," cried Harry, laughing; "but perhaps my beard has made a change in my appearance sufficient to serve as a disguise."

What a scene followed of questions and explanations, and how simple it all was in the end! Harry had been (as we knew) summoned off to New Zealand on business which proved very complicated, as he wished to withdraw from his partnership, and there were many tedious delays. He had written to his sister, enclosing a letter to me, explaining his enforced absence, and whether the letter had not been posted, or had gone astray, we could not tell, but we never received it.

Then, just as Harry was preparing to start on his homeward journey, he was struck down by fever, and became so ill that his life was despaired of; when his strength began slowly to return, after the fever had subsided, he did not write, fearing to alarm us, and thinking that we were prepared for delays by his letter.

Then he had a relapse, and finally, when the day came for the vessel to start for England, he was carried on board in a terribly weakened state; the sea voyage had, however, worked wonders for him, and he was now quite restored to health, although much slighter and older-looking than when he left England.

Harry walked home with me that evening to the Vicarage, where he received a warm welcome, and had to tell his story over again to interested listeners; and when he told the vicar that I had promised to share his future life with him, many and fervent were the good wishes expressed by Mr. Brown and his sister for our happiness.

What did Miss Marchmont say to all this?

Well, she expressed no surprise whatever about it (she never was surprised at anything, not considering it good breeding to be astonished), but congratulated me on having secured such a suitable and wealthy *parti*, much more suitable, she added meaningly, than a curate would have been; and with this parting shot she actually embraced me; and one of the prettiest of my wedding presents was an Indian bracelet, the gift of Miss Marchmont, a relic of her past prosperous youth. I fancy she thought Mr. Yorke had a happy escape, and that she was grateful to Harry Marsden for coming to the rescue, and taking me out of the way of her favourite.

When Harry and I were married we tried to persuade Mrs. Deane to make her home with us, but nothing would induce her to leave the cottage; young people were better left to themselves, she said, and, besides, she was happier in her own home, with faithful Dandy, than she could be with us, dearly as she loved us; and as we were going to take a place in the neighbourhood, we could be constantly together, and so we had to agree to her wishes.

In course of years Mr. Brown gave up his living, in which he was succeeded by Mr. Yorke, whose persevering work had won for him the love and respect of his people, who gave him a warm welcome when he came to the Vicarage, bringing with him his pretty young wife; for he acted like a sensible man, and got over his boyish fancy for me, and, as Miss Marchmont declared, "made a most desirable and suitable match at last."

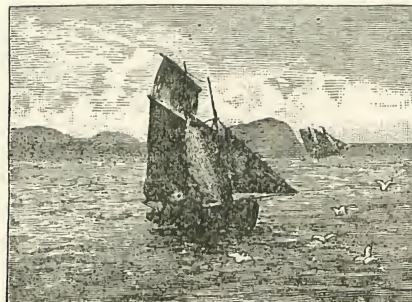
So when Miss Marchmont is satisfied with her favourite's choice the rest of the community need raise no dissenting voice; but, indeed, no one was inclined to do so, and Ashdeane considered itself a *fortunate parish* in possessing such a model vicar, although there lingered in some indolent minds a wish that he were not so energetic and determined to keep a healthy current of life circulating through their quiet and somewhat inactive lives.

At "My Lady's Rest" things went on as usual, Mrs. Deane growing—in my eyes at least—sweeter every year: the very ideal of old womanhood, from whose refined face intelligence and goodness beamed; and to me she proved herself the truest, kindest friend that anyone could have.

Happy indeed was I in my friends, my home, and my husband; happy far beyond what I could ever have hoped or imagined in the old times, when I first came to Ashdeane, and wondered if I should ever come to be an inhabitant of one of the cottages of "My Lady's Rest," near which my happy peaceful days are spent.

"Days that, in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.
Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend.'"

(THE END.)



ART NEEDLEWORK.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

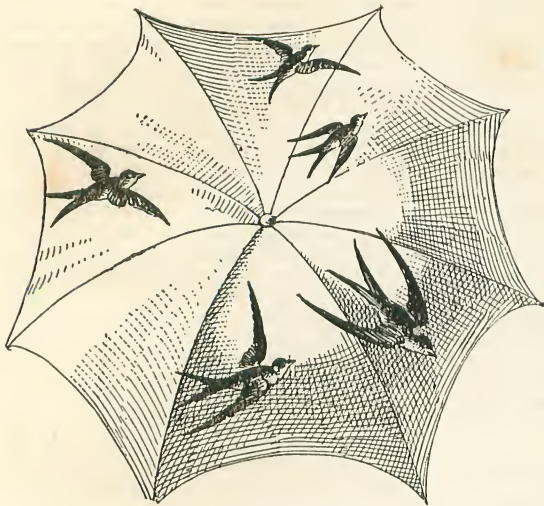


FIG. 1.—SUNSHADE.

With the sole exception of the sunshade, all the articles with which illustrations are given in this paper on art needlework are carefully chosen as such that may be carried out easily by ordinary girl-workers from beginning to end, as there is no troublesome or expensive mounting to be done.

To commence with our exception. The sunshade, of which we give a sketch in Fig. 1, is of natural-coloured tussore. A skilful needlewoman should be able, with a little management, to embroider this in its made-

up form, but it would be necessary, in order to hide the unsightly back of the embroidery, to have it lined with silk afterwards, and this cannot be done by the worker. The swallows are embroidered solidly in feather stitch (*opus plumarium*), in natural-coloured silks. Humming birds and butterflies are worked on dark-coloured satin on silk sunshades in the same manner. Very little work is necessary to produce a good effect. Bows of ribbon of some shade of the silk used in embroidery may be attached to the tops or handles of the sunshade, and

they may also be made smarter by the addition of lace. If natural birds or butterflies be too realistic for the worker's taste, the style of the design may be Japanese, and merely outlined in gold thread. This would be handsome on a sunshade of black satin, trimmed with Spanish lace.

Fig. 2 is a pocket-handkerchief sachet of the palest blue tussore or corah silk, on which natural tulips are solidly worked in feather stitch, in a variety of delicately tinted silks, pink being the dominating colour. It is lined with pale pink quilted silk, and trimmed with cord of combined pink and blue.

Sets of pocket-handkerchief and glove sachets, with nightdress and brush and comb bags, all embroidered and made up to match, are among the most popular art needlework presents of the season. Fine white sateen, or sateen-jean, is, in our opinion, the best material to use for the set of this kind. The design can be worked with flourishing thread, which is now brought to such perfection, and can be obtained in such endless variety of colours and delicate shades, that an article solidly worked with it can scarcely be distinguished from silk embroidery. Articles thus worked can so easily be washed or cleaned without injury, especially as the lining can, if liked, be also of sateen.

Fig. 3 is a glove sachet of olive green satin, which has a design of mimosa embroidered in natural-coloured shaded silk. Both leaves and stems are of rather pale green, and the fluffy blossoms are worked in two or three shades of yellow, in feather stitch. The stitches should radiate irregularly and not very thickly from the centre of each tuft. These flowers might be worked in French knots, but this would not give the soft and fluffy effect so well as the former method. The sachet is lined with quilted yellow silk, and bound with green cord. It is merely to give a suggestion for another set, such as Fig. 2. A glove and handkerchief case should always match. The two together make a very handsome birthday or wedding present. Nightdress and brush and comb bags would then make a second pair, if the whole four articles be too large an undertaking.



FIG. 2.—HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.



FIG. 3.—GLOVE SACHET.



FIG. 4.—WALL-POCKET.

In Fig. 4 we give a sketch of a wall-pocket, such as would be a useful and decorative present for a gentleman, or for a bachelor's room of any sort. It will hold a good many letters and cards, and can be easily made up by a neat-fingered girl. A piece of millboard, from 12 to 14 inches long, by 6 or 7 inches wide, will make the foundation, with three

for the making up and finishing off of this pocket. It may be made in one material throughout, and any suitable small spray of natural or conventional flowers can be utilised for the design, which can, if preferred, be repeated at the top instead of the monogram. But if it be intended for a gentleman, the monogram, or perhaps initials and crest, or

silk. The little tassels which gather up the ends can be made by the worker of a needleful of filoselle.

The same design would look very pretty on dark blue silk. Such trifles as these, and others of which we have endeavoured to give practical sketches and suggestions, have certainly advantages in the eyes of many of our

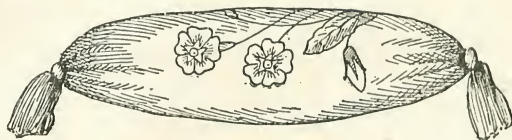
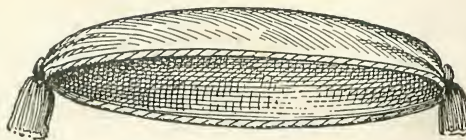


FIG. 5.—TEAPOT HOLDER.



SHOWING REVERSE OF FIG. 5.

pieces of thinner cardboard for the pockets. The foundation is covered with terra-cotta coloured satin, backed with sateen of the same shade, with which the pockets are also lined. The front or embroidered parts of the pockets are of terra-cotta coloured plush. The design is outlined throughout with Japanese gold thread, its leaves and flowers being partly filled in with pale pink silk, in long and short stitch. Great neatness and care are necessary

the arms of the college or school, would certainly make it a more valued present.

Fig. 5 is an improved form of a teapot or kettle holder, for drawing-room use, of which, for practical purposes, we give two sketches. It is of olive green satin, on which is embroidered a tiny group of natural primroses, shaded daintily in solid silk. Layers of cotton wool are inserted between the satin and the lining, which is of primrose-coloured

girls, to whom larger and more complicated pieces of work appear too formidable to be commenced and carried out, from the fact that patience and energy are likely to fail before they are completed, and also because they do not involve any great outlay in the way of material, which is a great consideration to those who wish to offer a pretty and acceptable present, but who, at the same time, have but a limited command of pocket-money.

VARIETIES.

IN SEARCH OF A BARGAIN.

A woman went into a shop the other day to buy material for a gown. She selected, after a good deal of fussing, a gingham costing sixpence a yard.

"How many yards are there in the piece?" she asked.

"There are eleven," the assistant answered, after counting.

I will take ten," she said.

He suggested that she should take the whole piece, but she insisted that he should cut off ten yards, which was accordingly done.

"That is a remnant, I suppose?" she said, interrogatively, taking up the odd yard, as he folded the goods.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You sell remnants cheaper, don't you?"

"Sometimes," the assistant said laconically.

"What will you take for this?"

"Sixpence."

"But that was just what I paid for the piece."

"Yes; but I haven't any authority to mark goods down."

"Couldn't you send the cash boy to find the man that does mark them down, so as to see what he would take?" the customer asked anxiously.

"Just now," the assistant replied, "he is at his dinner, and I don't think he will be back to-day."

"And you couldn't mark it down yourself, and tell him about it?"

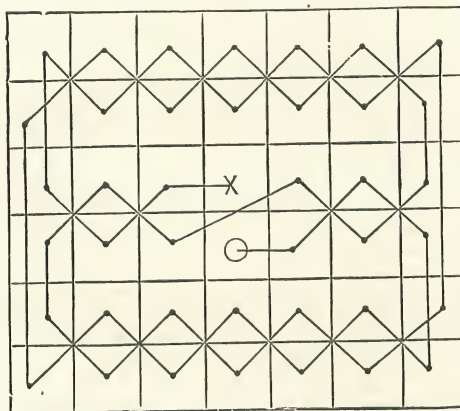
"No," the assistant said, smiling aggravatingly; "I couldn't really."

"Well," the woman replied with a sigh, "then I'm dreadfully sorry I had it cut, for I must have that yard any way, even if I have to pay sixpence for it. Ten yards wouldn't possibly do. But I ain't used to paying full price for remnants."

The assistant put the odd yard in, and what the woman told her dressmaker is unfortunately not on record.

SYMMETRICAL PUZZLE.

Key to No. IV.—Follow on from the star.



No. V.

Construct a symmetrical figure that will indicate the order in which these syllables must be read to form a passage from *The Faerie Queene*.

pass	be	gave	them	tin	sel	which
to	ure	scarce	and	pings	shone	steed
hold	ing	her	hold	en	trap	with
might	that	leis	her	wrought	all	her
him	so	f...	all	and	beat	ments
fled	no	thing	gold	of	gar	were

AN EASTERN FABLE.

Riches expose us to danger as formidable as if they were a venomous serpent. We should neither look at them nor attach ourselves to them.

One day, Buddha, journeying in the province of Prasirajit, saw a place where a treasure had been deposited by someone, and it was composed of a great number of precious things. Buddha said to Ananda, "Do you not see that venomous serpent?"

"I see it," replied Ananda.

At this moment there was a man walking behind Buddha. On hearing these words he resolved to go and see the serpent. Having observed the precious and beautiful things, he bitterly blamed the words of Buddha, and considered them vain and foolish.

"These are very precious things," said he, "and yet he said that it was a venomous serpent!"

Straightway he brought all the people of his house to the spot, and by their assistance conveyed away that treasure, so that his wealth became immense.

But there was a man who presented himself before the king and told him that that person had lately found a great treasure and had not brought it to the judge. So the king immediately caused him to be cast into prison, and demanded from him the treasure which he had found.

He declared that he had spent it all.

But the king would not believe him. He caused him to be stunned with blows and put him to the most cruel tortures.

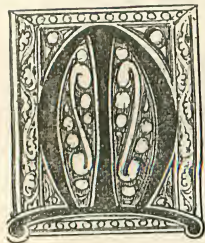
This man recognised too late the truth of the words of Buddha.

TRAINING IN SYMPATHY.—A man ought to know any language or science he learns thoroughly, while a woman should know the same language or science so far as to enable her to sympathise in all her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.—*Ruskin*.

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.



RS. ALLINGHAM WEST'S rooms were always crowded on her "Thursday evenings." To gain admission to the presence of the celebrated novelist was a distinction eagerly coveted;

although two years ago she had been left in comparative solitude. Her drawing-rooms were lit by the soft, subdued glow of many wax candles. Algerian curtains, Japanese screens, Chelsea china, the spreading leaves of many palms—these formed a background against which the pageant of London society displayed itself. There were windows with deep embrasures, and window-sills where one could sit at ease; the rooms were old-fashioned in shape, and there were recesses here and there which gave admirable opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*. Low ebony bookcases ran against the walls, furnished richly with books in good bindings. The authoress would not have books banished from any room, although her peculiar private sanctum, lined with shelves from floor to ceiling, was downstairs.

It may easily be imagined that Evelyn's heart was in a flutter when she entered the softly-lighted, murmuring scene with Miss Wentworth. There was an air of culture, grace, and refinement about the interior which contrasted strongly with the homes—rich and luxurious though they were—to which she had been accustomed.

The rooms were already full of all sorts of people—in great variety of dress as to the womankind—for Mrs. West entertained with impartiality great people who had "taken her up," and the poorest woman who might claim kinship with her in the sisterhood of talent. Struggling artists, musicians and painters, as well as authors, found their way to the pretty house at Chelsea, and Mrs. Allingham West did all in her power to give them a helping hand.

At first Miss Wentworth and Evelyn could not distinguish their hostess, but in a moment they saw her surrounded as usual by a cluster of men and women; the words rose to Evelyn's mind in a little confusion—

"As 'midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all."

Her thoughtful face looked more distinguished than ever among her guests.

She greeted them kindly; then they withdrew among the others.

Miss Wentworth began talking directly with great energy, catechising the first person near her, for it was plain even to her that she could not claim the hostess for a confidential chat. Evelyn had not the American's *sang froid*, and stood

about for a moment or two looking for a chair or for some friendly face. She felt a little abashed and lonely, for not one of all these people, some of whom she felt sure were distinguished, was known to her.

"I wish they had their names printed on their backs," she reflected. "It is so tantalising to see people who may be celebrated, and never to know it."

The tones of a voice she had heard before fell on her ear like music.

"Miss Hope, will you come into the back drawing-room? I have a seat for you," said the voice, in Scotch accents; and turning round Evelyn beheld the tall form of Mr. Muir. He skilfully piloted her among the men and women to a recessed and cushioned window seat, where they could sit and look out upon the crowd. The grand piano stood close to them, in such a way that they were fenced in from the trailing gowns.

"We shall have some music soon," remarked Mr. Muir, "but till then we may talk."

Evelyn was grateful for the seat and for the acquaintanceship among all these strange faces, but she did not know that she wanted to talk. She did not care about Mr. Muir, and remembered he had spoken disparagingly of her idol on the first occasion she ever saw him. He also appeared to recollect that encounter, for he said after a few casual remarks and replies—

"The first time we met I think you were anxious to see Mrs. Allingham West. It was at the Royal Society's Conversation."

"I remember perfectly," replied Evelyn, "and you said you did not care for her book. I did not think you were acquainted with her, from the way you spoke then."

"Must one always admire all the books of one's friends?" inquired the Scotchman. "That would be rather a tax upon friendship."

"Well, if I had a friend who had written a book, I should not disparage it to strangers," replied Evelyn, suddenly rousing up. The bright eyes of Mr. Muir flashed with a gleam of suppressed amusement.

"If you remember, I only said what I did in answer to a remark of your own. You said, 'everybody' admired it. So I felt obliged to say—I did not altogether. But I did not disparage it further than that, and yet it gained me your scorn and contempt. One longs to be an author when one sees what partisanship it can win."

Scorn and contempt! This was a curious way to talk; and yet Mr. Muir looked perfectly at ease.

"Shall I take the trouble to contradict him?" thought Evelyn, and decided in the negative.

"What made you think it gained my scorn and contempt?" asked she.

"You crushed me with a terrible remark, 'Thought is spiritual, but

science is material.' I wondered at the time what it meant, and I am wondering now. Would it be impertinent to ask you to explain it? It has often weighed upon my mind."

Mr. Muir spoke with perfect seriousness, and Evelyn, if she had been the Evelyn of a few months ago, would have taken his request in sober earnest. She was so accustomed in the old days to hold forth like an oracle that she would not have been surprised at any tribute to her powers. But she was wiser now, and consequently felt both angry and mortified. She did not speak for a moment or two, then said haughtily—

"It would be rather a hard fate if every foolish remark one makes were to be remembered for a year."

"Pardon me," returned Mr. Muir, "I did not know you considered it a foolish remark, or I would not have reminded you of it." His tone was changed, and Evelyn could detect real kindness in his look.

"You must have a very good memory," she answered, smiling at him; "inconveniently good."

"I certainly remember all that passed that evening," rejoined Mr. Muir, quietly; "but then it was no ordinary occasion."

"I am sorry any stupid remarks of mine should mingle with the memory," said Evelyn. "But if you know Mrs. Allingham West, would you mind telling me as much about her as you can?"

"Ah, you have still the old fascination, I see," replied Mr. Muir. "First of all, have you read her former books?"

"What, besides 'Transmigrations'?" No."

"I think that is a mistake of yours. Why not?"

"I heard they were quite different, and I thought they would perhaps spoil the charm," acknowledged Evelyn.

The Scotchman threw back his head in a way that signified disapprobation.

"Oh, but if you really admire an author, you ought to learn as much as he or she can teach you," he said. "The reason I did not speak warmly of 'Transmigrations' was that I admired it less than her former work, which had a great hold upon me. I thought she was leaving the subjects she could touch best; but the public thought differently."

He was silent; then went on in a lower voice—

"Mrs. West had an invalid husband for many years. She wrote, to support him, articles in magazines, and stories. Some of these were of quite unusual power and charm. They contained a quiet delineation of nature, an accuracy, a freshness, that are rare, and that must in time have made their mark. At last he died. She had worked hard, but her name was little known. For awhile she could scarcely write at all; she was paralysed with grief. Then all at once she wrote this book, which brought her fame and wealth with one bound, be-

cause it hit the popular taste. He, who could best have appreciated her honours, was gone, and she said to me once: 'It is a sad use for my laurels, to lay them on my husband's grave.'"

Mr. Muir paused, for he saw tears in Evelyn's eyes.

"Ah! it is a piteous story," he resumed, in a moved tone, "and you cannot wonder that I cling with affection to the earlier books. One or two of them did for me in my youth what Wordsworth's poems did for the elder generation—opened my eyes to the teaching of Nature. And I feel jealous pity, somehow, for the stories that could not win back the husband's fading life, nor coax the cold world to look kindly on the toiling woman."

"Oh, how sad! how heartbreaking!" cried Evelyn, impulsively; "and that fame should come too late for him to know!" She stopped.

"There are consolations; for Mrs. Allingham West retains her faith in God and immortality," said Mr. Muir, gravely. "I say her *faith*—no mere conventional show of belief; and if you have much acquaintance with the world of literature, just now, you will know that this is not universal with writers of genius by any means—by any means. It is a difficult age to live in. The Atheists in old days had a hard time of it. I sometimes think that times are to be changed, and that the sincere Christian will soon, among clever people, be the one to need courage in avowing himself."

"Do you really think that the power of Christianity is growing less?" asked Evelyn, anxiously.

"I think that the power of hollow profession, conventional shibboleths, is growing less, and a very good thing too. But I hold with all my heart that He, the founder of Christianity, was never more loved and honoured than now. The reign of Jesus Christ is yet to come; but come it will. *He must reign*. The ideas He taught are permeating modern society more and more, and in time men will learn to see Him as He is."

This was a very unusual vein of conversation for an evening party, or once

upon a time it would have been so; but one of the features of the present day is an increasing earnestness and interest in all aspects of life. Evelyn felt much attracted by Mr. Muir, in spite of her previous dislike. "I wonder what he is?" she thought. She enjoyed talking to him heartily. He led the conversation, after the grave and heartfelt words he had uttered, away to literature, and though once again Evelyn felt how little she had read and how little she knew, that conviction was not so novel to her as it had formerly been. The winter with Miss Wentworth, coming upon the stay at Engelberg, had done her incalculable good, widened her horizon, and shown her how great was the world of art and thought.

Mr. Muir, on his part, considered Miss Hope fresh, intelligent, and most interesting to talk to.

"She's very much changed since that evening I met her first," he reflected. "She made the impression upon me of a pretty but most conceited girl. I was either mistaken or she has altered." And he applied himself with fresh zeal to the delightful task of drawing Evelyn out.

Mrs. Allingham West cast more than one glance in their direction, but did not approach them. Evelyn was quite surprised when she found people beginning to take their leave, and it was with much reluctance that she followed Miss Wentworth to bid farewell to their hostess.

"You seem to have enjoyed talking to my friend Miss Hope," observed Mrs. West, some time afterwards, to Mr. Muir, who was one of the last to depart. "I hope you have made your peace with her?"

"Made my peace? I do not quite understand you."

"Why, did you not review her poems?"

"Her poems? Not that I am aware of."

"Yes, yes, in the *Critic*. What was the name of the book? The poor child nearly fainted away on the spot when she found me reading the article."

"Oh, I am sure you are mistaken,"

cried Mr. Muir, "she said nothing about any book."

"I have the name! 'Day-dreams,' by Espérance, reviewed in the *Critic* last August. Surely you recollect?"

Mr. Muir stood aghast. "I do remember something of the kind, in a general article; a paragraph or two about some small volume of poems Dalrymple sent me. Do you really mean to say she wrote them?"

"Of course she did. Espérance stands for Hope. It was her first book. She was nearly heartbroken at your severity." Mrs. Allingham West had a spice of mischief in her. "I could not help being amused to see you together all the evening," she continued; "the English bard and the Scotch reviewer! I thought you were appeasing her indignation!"

"Was it—were my remarks very unfavourable?" faltered he.

"Unfavourable! That is a very mild word for it. I should say annihilating!"

"What an unlucky fellow I am!" groaned Mr. Muir. "Did she really mind very much?"

"As I tell you, she nearly fainted."

And Mrs. West, whose gift of graphic description was improved by practice, rehearsed the whole scene that took place in her Engelberg sitting-room.

"You were quite right, you know," she concluded. "The poor girl lent me her poems, and I was obliged to give the same verdict, only by insinuation rather than open condemnation. I don't see the use of breaking a butterfly on the wheel."

"What an unfortunate thing!" exclaimed Mr. Muir. "May I ask you a favour, Mrs. West? Don't tell her."

"Certainly not," replied the lady; "but why, Mr. Muir? Haven't you the courage of your convictions? A reviewer ought to be hardened to all such considerations as hurting people's feelings."

"I would rather tell her myself," replied the reviewer in question. Mrs. West half repented her playfulness, for he looked very much perturbed as he bade his hostess good-bye.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DOUBTFUL.—Your query may be answered out of a German educational journal, wherein a method is suggested by which the "moving round of the earth" is demonstrated. Take a large bowl, fill nearly full with water, and place it on the floor of a room not exposed to any shaking or jarring from train or street movements. Sprinkle a coating of Lycopodium powder, a white substance which is sometimes used for purposes of the toilet, to be obtained at an apothecary's. On the surface of this coating of powder make a straight black line an inch or two in length with powdered charcoal; then lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick, or some other straight object, such as an iron curtain rod, so as to be perfectly parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark, with reference to the object with which it was laid parallel. It will then be found to have moved about from east to west in the direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis. The earth, in revolving, has carried the water and all in

the bowl with her; but the powder on the surface has been left a little behind, and the line will always be found to have moved from east to west; which is the best proof that everything else has moved the other way. This experiment may interest many of our readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INQUIRER.—The Inland Revenue Office is at Somerset House, Strand, W.C.

H. B. PENCIL.—We grieve to hear that we gave you "awful squash, and jumped on you horribly" when you sent some "very mild" verses for criticism, but "hard words break no bones," so we hope you had no surgeon's bill for splints and attendance to pay. Your writing is good, if not graceful. With reference to your other question, the case may be explained thus: The Godhead of our blessed Lord (He having taken human nature upon Him) has been denied by many; and His command that "all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father," has been set aside. Thus a specially-marked expression of honour to the Lord Jesus has for ages been offered to Him as the God-man.

ETIENNE.—The case you name is indeed a sad one, when an intimate friendship has been formed and a discovery made of such extreme unworthiness comes so late. But in so very serious a case you can scarcely continue on the former terms with him—friends being aware that you know all—without damage to your own character; and if you had any idea of matrimony that is certainly out of the question. If he has insulted you by paying his addresses to you under false pretences (of respectability), you have full right to break off the connection. Shakespeare makes Ophelia say that the "Pansy is for thoughts," obviously from the French, *penser*, to think. But the flower has another name which explains itself—"heart's ease," and in presenting it the flower explains its own message of good wishes.

MRS. MELLOR and E. M. GRANT.—We could not possibly give you instruction in the rules of lawn tennis in our Correspondence columns. "The Girl's Own Indoor Book" contains full particulars. The quotation—

"And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness on the brain,"
is from Coleridge's "Christobel," part ii.



STREATHAM.—We think that you would do well to inquire about either the Girls' Friendly Society, 3, Victoria Mansions, Westminster, S.W., or the Young Women's Help Society, 20, Queen Square, W.C. The benefits provided are of five kinds: (1) help in daily life, (2) help in sickness, (3) temperance, (4) thrift, (5) literature. Perfect liberty is accorded as to the amount subscribed by workers. We could not give you any recommendation of lodgings at any seaside place. There are many insurance offices, but it would be against our rules to advertise them. We could tell you of very many boarding homes, but not at Ilfracombe. If you prefer Devonshire, there is one at Torquay at 1, Lauriston Place, Torre, and at Plymouth at 28, Bedford Street. There is also one at Hastings, Sussex; matron, Miss Webb, 39, Western Road; and at Folkestone, 11, Connaught Road, at 7s. a week.

M. A.—The League of Love is not a charitable society, but one for self-improvement. It is designed for the promotion of modesty, purity, and unselfishness, and the hon. sec. is Mrs.

Henry Kingsley, Cotswold, Lansdowne Road, Wimbledon.

LILLY had better read the article by "Medicus" on the care of the complexion, the hands and feet.

ELLINOR has a certain facility in writing verse, but lacks expression and originality.

ICB



THE FLOWER GIRL.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

PART IV.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN FLOWERS.

"WOULD you like a bunch of flowers, sir?"

It was Solley's boy who put the question. Solley's boy who brings milk for the camp, as early as seven o'clock, on these breezy summer mornings. Rich creamy milk from Jersey cows, that cull and eat wild flowers on the fields around Solley's farm. And butter too, that is positively redolent of the white and red clover and the purple vetches, on which the bovines have browsed, to say nothing of large fresh eggs of ducks, so big, indeed, that to settle seriously down to the discussion of two of them demands not only the appetite of a gipsy, but that of a gipsy encamped by the sea.

If, reader, you were sitting where I am at this present moment, and if you were to look out through one of the port windows of my caravan eastward, and away over green fields and hedgerows, past rustic cottages roofed brown or grey, past an old windmill, past an elm wood half hid in a purple haze, until your eye reached the horizon, you would notice the tops of weather-beaten cottages, and a solid-looking square old church tower peeping up through a kind of rolling cloudland of trees. That is the village of Mongeham, and near it lies Solley's farm. It nestles there I should say, and has a fine old-fashioned garden, and fine old-fashioned farm buildings, and low lying pastures, rich and rare, and all sorts of fine old-fashioned creatures and things; but I must confess that when Solley's boy put the question to me about the flowers, it was the garden itself that my thoughts reverted to. The bunch of flowers I felt sure would contain some roses, red and white carnations, six-week stocks, and sweet williams, with a natural accompaniment of polypod ferns and ribbon grass.

But this very morning, June 22nd, Solley's boy handed our black servant, Dresky, a covered basket, on opening which, lo, and behold! two huge bouquets of wild hedge-roses, and one of fragrant honeysuckle. To transfer these gems to vases was the work of a very few minutes. Pity it is that these roses fade so soon. Not if left to grow and blossom and trail over the hedges, however. And what a charming feature of English wayside scenery those same wild roses are! All the way from the New Forest, in lower Hampshire, right through the midland and northern counties, till you strike the sea again on the eastern shores of far Northumbria, and even across the border and into Scotland itself, they line and beautify the roadsides wherever the hedges are left to the freedom of their own

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AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS

By

GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

luxuriance. Within a distance of a quarter of a mile I have seen as many pink and white roses in bloom as would drape St. Paul's Cathedral from cross to basement. Independent of the small and excessively prickly burnet rose and the downy rose, the three most common hedgerow roses are the trailing field rose (*Rosa arvensis*), the dog rose (*Rosa canina*), and the sweetbriar, or *Rosa rubiginosa*. The field rose is a marvellous climber, or rather it is a trailing rose; but its branches in June increase so fast that their growth is almost visible. The flowers are white, abundant, and nearly devoid of scent. The dog-rose, on the other hand, is sweetly and delicately perfumed, and pink or deep red, according to the nature of the soil and shade. The well-known eglantine or sweetbriar beats all the others, however, in scent, its leaves alone sufficing to perfume the air all around the spot where it grows. Its flowers are small and deeply crimson.

The honeysuckle is another charming daughter of the hedgerow. Its leaves are out long before there is even a bud upon the may, and now in June in many places the flowers—so sweetly scented—form a splendid yellow or pink canopy over the hedges. It is called the *Lonicera periclymenum* by botanists.

As the summer advances we find the hedges and trees and copses adorned by many other species of wild climbing flowers. Among these are found the large white convolvulus or bindweed (*Calystegia sepium*). This species of convolvulus is said to be a great foe to the gardener, as, once established, it is difficult to eradicate. My own experience is different; I cultivate the plant as a climber. It is not permitted to grow anywhere except where wanted, but arbours, old walls, and buildings can be most charmingly draped with its foliage and flowers.

The lesser bindweed or convolvulus grows plentiful on the clean sea-washed shingle that forms one side of the meadow where I am at present encamped. The leaf is small, but the pink, white-striped flowers are large, multitudinous, and very pretty. The scent, too, is delightful, a kind of peachy odour which Rim-mel, I believe, would find it difficult to imitate. There is also a rose-coloured sea convolvulus, but I do not find it here.

This meadow of mine where, after a caravan journey of nearly three hundred miles, I have settled down for the summer, is almost as level as a billiard table. Early in spring it was green and covered with daisies. The daisies have now mostly fled, but there are many beautiful wild flowers growing in it nevertheless. Most conspicuous are huge patches of pink mallows, far more handsome and pretty than most garden-bed geraniums. The soil lies very lightly over shingle, so the stone-crop or wall-pepper has quite made the field its home. In some places so thickly are the beautiful wee yellow flowers patched over the ground, that we have to pick our steps as we walk, for it seems a sin to crush such floral loveliness. It is called *Sedum acre* by botanists, from its habit of sitting or squatting on the ground, or on walls, and the exceedingly acrid taste of its leaves and flowers.

The waterlilies, both white and yellow, are abundant in my vicinity (North Deal). The former is known and beloved by everyone. It is the *Nymphaea alba* of the naturalist. Although its roots are firmly fixed in the bottom of the pond or ditch which it lives and blooms to beautify, its lovely leaves and flowers float on the surface. The yellow water lily is the *Nuphar lutea*, and though the perfume is not so sweet as that of the white species, it is a charming flower both as regards shape and colour.

A very pretty summer and autumn wild-flower of the wayside or cornfield is the devil's-bit scabious, *Scabiosa succisa*. In shape it is

like our garden scabious, in colour a strange deep blue. Its root, which is about as thick as the little finger, has a cut-off or bitten-off appearance, and in ancient times people actually believed it was snipped off by the Evil One, hence the name. The globular flower head, it will easily be perceived, is in reality a collection of small flowerets.

But a still more beautiful flower is the field scabious, the *Knautia arvensis*, and its lilac-tinted globular flower head makes a charming addition to the bouquet. It is common by the wayside in sheltered situations, and grows plentifully in the cornfields.

The silverweed, *Potentilla anserina*, with its large and pretty yellow buttercup-like flowers, is easily known from the peculiar appearance of its leaves, which are covered all over with a silver-grey down. The shape of these leaves has also some resemblance to the Prince of Wales's feathers, and this has caused it to be called by some prince's feather.

We have in this country a great variety of wayside or marsh flowers, which in form and colour resemble the silverweed. Lovers of wild flowers would do well to make themselves acquainted with these, so as to be able to tell and name them, not at a glance, for this would be impossible, but after a look at their leaves, flower-stalks, etc.

I may give the names and natural orders of a few of the commonest of these, and I commend them to my readers as a study in yellow.

English Names.	Latin.	Natural Order.
Silverweed	<i>Potentilla anserina</i>	Rosaceæ
Bulbous crowfoot	<i>Ranunculus bulbosus</i>	Ranunculaceæ
Goldilocks	<i>Ranunculus auricomus</i>	Ranunculaceæ
Lesser celandine	<i>Ranunculus ficaria</i>	Ranunculaceæ
Upright meadow crowfoot	<i>Ranunculus acris</i>	Ranunculaceæ
Marsh marigold	<i>Caltha palustris</i>	Ranunculaceæ
The rock rose	<i>Helianthemum vulgare</i>	Cistaceæ
Moneywort	<i>Lysimachia nummularia</i>	Primulaceæ
Wood loose-strife	<i>Lysimachia nemorum</i>	Primulaceæ
The avens	<i>Geum urbanum</i>	Rosaceæ

Another study in yellow would be a few of the following flowers, which have all points of resemblance to the cursory glance.

Dandelion	<i>Taraxicum dens-leonis</i>	Compositæ
Fleabane	<i>Pulicaria dysenterica</i>	Compositæ
Leopard's bane	<i>Doronicum pardalines</i>	Compositæ
Coltsfoot	<i>Tusilago farfara</i>	Compositæ
Corn sow thistle	<i>Sonchus arvensis</i>	Compositæ
Hawkbit	<i>Apargia autumnalis</i>	Compositæ
Water ragwort	<i>Senecio aquaticus</i>	Compositæ
Nippelwort	<i>Lapsana communis</i>	Compositæ

Studies in red, blue, or white may be arranged by the reader in somewhat the same fashion. There may be no great amount of science needed to master such exercises, but nevertheless they are very useful, and any plan that tends to assist knowledge and memory is certainly to be commended.

Many of these flowers may be carefully collected, and with specimens of their leaves,

stalks, and even roots, to show peculiarities of shape, placed near each other in the preserving book.

An excellent way of acquiring a permanent knowledge of flowers is to paint them either singly or in small bouquets. Flower painting is not nearly so difficult as it seems, and the very act of sketching and colouring a floral pet, with its many little peculiarities, fixes the flower not only on the paper but in the memory. The more beautiful among them may be painted on terra-cotta vases or plaques. Very common objects of everyday use may be greatly beautified and ornamented by flower-painting. Curiously shaped old-fashioned bottles, for instance, may first be treated to a coat or two of dark colour paint as a background, and then receive a pretty flower sketch.

During summer and autumn our hedgerows are quite a study in themselves, and many is the beautiful flower to be found nestling near them, or clinging in wild luxuriance to their branches. The hedge stachys, which grows so tall and luxuriantly in July and August, is not a favourite with everyone, owing to its rather powerful odour and dullish purple or pink flowers, which at a little distance give it somewhat the appearance of a nettle. It is the *Stachys sylvatica* of naturalists, and is of the labiate order.

The large mullein, *Verbascum thapsus*, is one of our stateliest of hedge pets; its tall, erect stem, on which pretty bright yellow flowers cluster, tapering off into buds towards the top—as do those of the foxglove—have a very striking appearance and pretty effect.

The chicory or succory plant, *Cichorium intybus*, may be known at a glance from its tall, hard, erect stem, and the intense brightness of the blue flowers that cluster close to the stalk. It blooms on the wayside in July and August.

The vetches are a numerous and very pretty class of flowers belonging to the natural order Leguminosæ. The common vetch, *Vicia sativa*, or tare, which we notice growing luxuriantly in fields along with oats or rye, to form forage for cattle, may be taken as a type, for from this all the vetches may be known.

The wood vetch, *Vicia sylvatica*, with its light lilac inflorescence, is common enough in some of the midland counties. It grows to a height of five or six feet, holding on as it climbs by its tendrils, and beautifying every bush that supports it.

The meadow vetchling may easily be distinguished from all the others. The leaves are curiously shaped, and the flowers are bright yellow, having a resemblance to birdsfoot trefoil. It is called a wild pea, and really is indeed, but a very great beautifier of the hedgerows. It is a good climber.

The tufted vetch, *Vicia cracca*, may be easily known by its dense clusters of lilac-trailing bloom.

The kidney vetch, *Anthyllis vulneraria*, should be studied side by side with the meadow vetchling and the birdsfoot trefoil; it is especially like the latter. It grows on high dry pastures, and is plentiful enough by the wayside. It does not climb, but stands strongly on its own stalk, and this as well as its leaves are covered with soft downy hairs.

The bush vetch, *Vicia sepium*, is very common both in England and Scotland through all the months of summer and autumn. It is sometimes called the sweet-scented vernal grass.

Trailing over the hedges in summer we have the white bryony, *Bryonia alba*, and though its foliage dies off as autumn comes on, it is still an object of beauty from its clusters of berries red and green.

The wild hop is another hedge favourite, and the woody nightshade still another. The bright scarlet, or rather crimson, glittering berries of the latter mingle very charmingly with the

tints of the fading hawthorn leaves or the changing colours of the foliage of dwarf oaks and elm.

While in autumn our hedges are all ablaze with the brightness lent them by the innumerable wild berries, our hills and moors both in England and Scotland are still crimson and purple with the glory of heather and heath. These are almost too well known to need

description, and were I to be tempted to write about them, my Highland blood would rise to the surface, patriotism would assume sway in my soul, and I should not know where to stop.

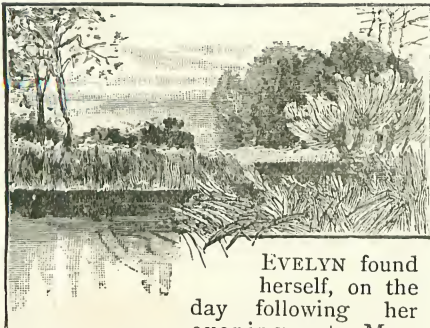
I cannot help quoting Campbell in concluding this brief series on wild flowers, and as I have steered clear of poetry all through, I dare say I shall be forgiven. But the bard is referring to heather when he writes:—

"I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and
echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm;
While the deer is seen glancing in sunshine
remote,
And the deep mellow gush of the wood-
pigeon's note
Makes music that sweetens the calm."

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.



EVELYN found herself, on the day following her evening at Mrs. Allingham West's, in a flutter of pleasurable excitement. This literary world into which she had entered was full of new suggestions, new possibilities for her. Conversation with those of superior mental calibre to ourselves, who will take pains to draw out and to help our growing tendencies towards that which is highest, is of all things the most stimulating. Evelyn had enjoyed much of this pleasure in different forms during the past twelve months, and last night's experience was specially exhilarating. She was just discussing with Miss Wentworth what Mr. Muir had said to her about Christianity, when Mr. Austin Hope was announced.

"My uncle! I thought he was abroad," exclaimed Evelyn, and hastened to greet the visitor, who showed an unusual amount of kindness in his salutation.

"You're looking very well, in spite of what you have gone through, my dear," he observed. "What a set of preposterous idiots!"

Evelyn rightly judged that this remark referred to her relatives at The Elms.

"That young fellow did not take his degree at college, I believe," Mr. Hope went on. "Just what I should have expected of him."

Evelyn did not feel very clear in her own mind as to whether this referred to poor Algy's pretensions to herself or to his college career, but in any case she resolved to make an attempt to stand up for him.

"He is a very charming fellow, and I like him very much indeed. We were always like brother and sister."

"Just so, brother and sister; that is what it ought to have been. Had I had any other idea I would not have let you go to The Elms in the first place. However, you cannot return there under present

circumstances, so what I have come to say is, you must live with me. I shall be very glad to have you," continued Mr. Hope, with a rather unsuccessful attempt at enthusiasm. "So get your bonnet on, and come along."

"But, uncle," cried the dismayed girl, "I could not leave Miss Wentworth like that. She has been kindness itself to me."

"Miss Wentworth! That's the American lady, I suppose? I never could bear Americans, especially the women. Always lecturing about women's rights, and so on. The last thing I ever should have thought could happen is that my niece should be thrown on the hospitality of a Transatlantic female."

"But, uncle, you are quite mistaken, I assure you. She is a charming woman, and most cultivated. Last night I went with her to Mrs. Allingham West's."

"I suppose she asked for a card," retorted Mr. Hope, in no wise impressed by this announcement. "Trust an American for that sort of thing."

"You really do her injustice," protested Evelyn. "I am sure you would like her. I will ask her to come downstairs—"

"No, no! Stop, my dear!" cried Mr. Hope, looking at his watch. "If you really cannot come to-day, come to-morrow. I have no time to see this Miss—what's her name? Apologise, and say everything that is civil for me. When shall we expect you?"

The prospect of going to Mr. Hope's house was most distasteful to poor Evelyn. She had lived on with Miss Wentworth, week by week, hoping "something would turn up," and vaguely expecting she would go back to The Elms by some lucky turn of events. The present had been thoroughly enjoyable, and she had not troubled herself much about the future. Her uncle was quite the last friend in the world with whom she wished to take up her abode. But what else, after all, was to be done? As Mr. Hope proceeded to point out, Miss Wentworth would be going back to America before very long.

"Didn't they say anything at The Elms about my coming back?" she faltered.

"If they had, I should not have listened to it," returned Mr. Hope, sternly. "They ought to be ashamed of themselves, every one."

Evelyn felt this was a little hard on her unfortunate relatives, but it was

useless to defend them. The upshot of her interview with Mr. Hope was that she promised to come to him in a week's time. Mr. Hope demurred to the delay, but at last consented.

"Perhaps you will let me be of use to you, uncle, in keeping house and so on," she ventured, trying to make things cheerful for both of them. But Mr. Hope looked exceedingly rigid.

"As to that, my dear, I do not think I shall trouble you," he replied. "My housekeeper, Mrs. Willis, has been with me a great many years, and Stevens is an old servant. I do not suppose they will interfere with you, or you with them."

This did not add to poor Evelyn's delight in the prospect, and when her uncle had gone, she rushed upstairs to Miss Wentworth and burst into tears. The kindly American soothed her, and sympathised with her. She saw the change was inevitable, and in view of her own approaching departure for America she felt relieved that Evelyn had a settled home in prospect, though she grieved to lose her companionship.

In spite of all this, the parting was very hard when, a week later, Evelyn and her boxes were carried off by a cab. Miss Wentworth, though she was not of a demonstrative nature, kissed the girl tenderly at parting, and poor Evelyn clung about her, for the child needed a woman's love and care.

Her uncle's house, in a highly respectable road at Kensington, was of a rather sombre and forbidding aspect. There was a great flight of steps, and pillars flanked a portentous hall door. An elderly housemaid of irreproachable dress, but stiff and starched in appearance, admitted Evelyn, and looked, as the girl nervously imagined, displeasure at the sight of her boxes. Her uncle came out into the hall to greet her.

"Well, my dear, here you are! Good gracious, what a quantity of luggage the child has brought!"

"I had to bring all my things, uncle," said poor Evelyn, who possessed the average number of pretty dresses required by the claims of society.

"All your things! I should think so. What, another box? We had two come from The Elms the other day, and a case of books into the bargain."

Mr. Austin Hope, as a bachelor, had no idea of the necessities of civilisation for a London young lady, and only meant what he said good-humouredly. But

Evelyn felt that even this trivial incident was depressing to the last degree.

"The cabman can carry them up, Stevens," said Mr. Hope. But Stevens, with a severe glance at the cabman's boots, replied that she and Jane would try and manage it by-and-by.

"He would have made more work than he saved, with mud on my stair-carpets," she remarked, in discussing the young lady's arrival, in the kitchen, with Mrs. Willis and Jane. Mrs. Willis was cook-housekeeper; Jane, the "young girl" who did all the rough work. It is easy to suppose that the arrival of a strange young lady for an indefinite period was not regarded with favour by the worthy trio, who had kept Mr. Hope's house in beautiful order, looked after his linen, cooked his *recherché* dinners, and spent his money for him from time immemorial.

It was with a sinking heart poor Evelyn followed Stevens up to the second floor. The bedroom into which she was admitted was furnished in an old-fashioned style. A mahogany four-poster, with red damask hangings and carved pillars polished to a high state of perfection, a mahogany wardrobe and dressing-table, a Brussels carpet—all was good, heavy, costly, and ugly, but exquisitely clean. Evelyn sank into a chair and waited forlornly till it should please somebody to bring up her luggage. How very desolate life had become!

At length Stevens and Jane, with a martyred aspect, staggered into the room under dress-basket No. 1.

Evelyn nervously thanked them, and was relieved to begin unpacking. "Shall I ever feel at home in this strange house?" she thought, as she put away her girlish belongings in the deep, old-fashioned drawers. It was four o'clock.

"Master bade me say dinner will be on the table punctually at seven, Miss," observed Stevens. "And is there anything we can do for you?"

"Oh, for some afternoon tea!" thought Evelyn, but she dared not begin by asking this acid personage for what was, probably, contrary to the rules of the house. She thought she remembered her uncle denouncing afternoon tea as a dangerous luxury, only fit for silly women who wanted to ruin their health. So she faintly said, "No, thank you, Stevens," and tried to forget the cosy meal she and Miss Wentworth had always taken at that hour. "If I can't have it any other way," she thought, "I will have an Etna and boil my own water up here."

The dinner to which Evelyn was formally handed in by her uncle at the exact stroke of seven might have gone far to console her for the loss of afternoon tea. It began with olives, followed by clear soup with pieces of white of egg in it; a couple of *entrées* succeeded, each of some unusual concoction, so far as Evelyn's experience went. Mr. Hope ate leisurely of each course; and

although what he took was moderate in quantity, he seemed to enjoy and appreciate his dinner very much indeed. The wines were evidently chosen with great care to match the courses.

"What! still an abstainer! Extremes, Evelyn, extremes! You know enough Latin to understand this; *Medio tutissimus ibis*?"

Evelyn had not spirit enough to enter upon an argument on behalf of total abstinence just then. She wished the dinner were less tedious; half the number of courses would have amply sufficed for her.

"I had this on purpose for you, my dear," said Mr. Hope, as a sweet omelette at length made its appearance. Evelyn fancied Stevens' eye was on her disapprovingly as she ate it, unaccompanied by Mr. Hope, who waited for the savouries. She thought he could scarcely dine so elaborately every night; but in this she was mistaken.

At length it was over, and Evelyn withdrew into the small drawing-room that occupied the front of the ground floor. She had, of course, been to the house before, but her visits had rather been matters of ceremony than anything else, and had been few and far between. She knew, however, that the greater part of the first storey was occupied by her uncle's library—a noble room with books from floor to ceiling, a very paradise for a student. She feared also that she would not be made free of that apartment.

Her fear was well founded. Mr. Hope was scrupulously neat and fidgety; he could not have endured an impulsive girl, as he conceived Evelyn to be, flitting in and out, and disarranging his papers. He did a certain amount of literary work in a dilettante manner, and was engaged at the present time in writing an article for one of the reviews, "On the Influence of Climate on Species." He was particular about his manuscripts and his books of reference, keeping both with mathematical accuracy very unusual in a literary man. He spent a great deal of time at the Natural History Museum not far away, and was accustomed to enjoy plenty of congenial society. This evening he had refused an invitation, intending to make his niece happy at home; but somehow he did not know how to set about it. They talked of Engelberg as they drank their beautifully prepared coffee, and Evelyn congratulated her uncle on the excellence of the beverage, which was equal to anything she had tasted on the Continent. Then conversation flagged. Mr. Hope wanted to go and smoke a cigar in the library, and luxuriate among his books, but he did not want Evelyn there, and he did not like to leave her alone. So the slow hours dragged on their weary length till ten o'clock, when Evelyn escaped to bed, and Mr. Hope fled to smoke in peace.

"Am I always to sit in that prim drawing-room among the old china?" she desperately asked herself. "Where

am I to write and to study? I must have some retreat, or I shall be miserable."

The next morning she ventured to explore a little, and found that the room behind her bedroom was untenanted. It looked upon trees that would soon put forth their leaves—for March was almost past—and conceal the backs of the opposite houses. It could be made a delightful study. Dare she ask her uncle if she might appropriate it? To sit in the drawing-room with no place for books or writing-desk would be impossible.

As she poured out his tea at the nine o'clock breakfast, she made the suggestion, timidly hinting that she should like to fit the room up out of her pocket money. Her books had already been sent from The Elms, and needed shelves. All she required besides was carpet, desk, table, and chairs.

Mr. Hope did not like the proposal very well. He foresaw difficulties with Stevens, and he did not believe, after Evelyn's folly in persisting in publishing "Day-dreams," that she had capacity or purpose to do anything in writing or study worth making much fuss about. However, he could not very well refuse her.

"You must not think you are to immure yourself because you have come to live with an old bachelor," he said, kindly enough. "My next door neighbour, Mrs. Grant, wife of Professor Grant, has promised to take you anywhere with her own daughters. She is coming to call to-day, and will be very kind to you, I am sure."

"Thank you very much, uncle; but I feel I must have some little nook I can write in. If you will let me, I will manage it without troubling you at all, even to give an order."

"Well, well; if you can be sure you will not upset Stevens or Mrs. Willis. They are invaluable servants, but just a little crotchety," replied her uncle.

Evelyn faced the difficulty without delay. Stevens did not look with favour on the scheme, but Evelyn unblushingly bribed her into compliance. "It is the only way, for I can't have these old servants make my life wretched," she reflected. It was some little consolation to set to work that very day among the Kensington shops to furnish the room, and in bustling about Evelyn half forgot her heartache.

"Now, Evelyn Hope, you must face your destiny," she said that evening to herself. "Either make up your mind to be contented here, or go back to The Elms and marry Algy."

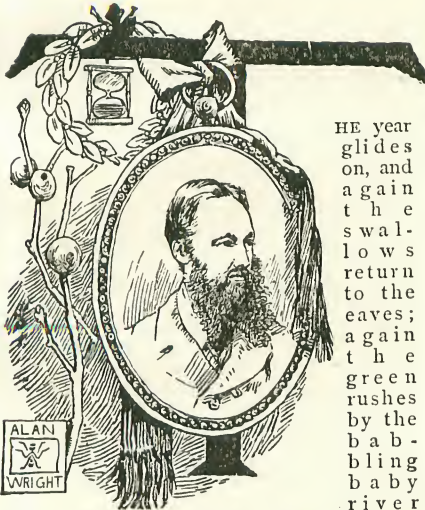
Last night she had felt as if the latter alternative were almost possible; to-day better thoughts had come, and she resolved to brace herself up to do the best with her present life. In this determination the preparation of her study was no insignificant assistance to the lonely girl.

(To be continued.)



RICHARD JEFFERIES.

"If rest is sweet at shut of day,
For tired hands and tired feet,
How sweet at last to rest for aye,
If rest is sweet!"
—Arthur Symonds.



HE year
glides
on, and
again
the
swallow
returns
to the
caves;
again
the
green
rushes
by the
babbling
baby
river

emit their sweet scent; again the blue veronica flowers on the wayside banks, and in the stubble the scarlet pimpernel gazes up to the brilliant sun; again, again, spring follows winter and summer spring, and the seasons pass as the revolutions of the wheel of time carries them on, and yet he is not here to watch the changes, to note the coming and going of bird, beast, and flower, he who loved them all so well that he wrote, "I wonder to myself how they can all get on without me; how they manage, bird and flower, without me to keep the calendar for them. For I noted it so carefully and lovingly day by day."

On the 14th of August, 1887, Richard Jefferies, artist and poet—artist not by right of painted pictures, poet not by right of metred lines, but both by right of his passionate love of all that was beautiful, true, and pure, and by right of the beautiful pictures and poems he has left us in word and prose—passed from the world he had loved so well, and which had given for that love only pain and poverty, to his long, hard-earned rest in the quiet grave; but he has not left us altogether; the passionate, nature-loving soul lingers about his works, and infuses them with a subtle essence of the master mind which noted nature's changes and chances, and sung them in sweet impassioned language which all who list may hear.

Jefferies' great ambition seems to have been to become a novelist, and to this end he wrote several more or less dreary volumes, but though the plot be never so poor, through them all, showing here and there, runs the beautiful stream of nature notes, like a golden thread in a cotton garment, sparkling and flashing all the more brilliantly for the contrast of the poor material; for instance, in "Greene Ferne Farm" and "The Dewy Morn," many very fine passages occur, particularly in the latter, where he describes the beauty of the human knee. Jefferies' eyes, keen to observe and detect the minutest natural occurrences, were perhaps even more keen for beauty—beauty of colour, of form, of sound, of feeling, of motion, pure real beauty. In "The Story of My Heart," his constant prayer, reiterated again and again, is "Give me physical perfection," perfect physical form. And knowing how he suffered, how for six long years he fought face to face with death, battling hard day by day for dear life, this constant cry becomes

unutterably sad, and not only was death in arms against him, others fought side by side in the same ranks. "Three great giants are against me—disease, despair, and poverty," is one of his last notes. Well might he pray, well, indeed, might he cry, "Give me physical perfection." Alas! the days of miracles are past. Well might he weep tears of blood; and imagining him sitting by his window, in the long summer evenings, looking across the soft, green-carpeted meadows and waving corn, by footpath and stile, and the banks where the countless wildflowers bloomed and waited his coming, who can doubt that he shed tears of blood, tears from the heart, bitter agonising tears, whilst he uttered his profitless, passionate prayer, "Give me physical perfection." What suffering like this? The parched and weary traveller in the desert, dying of thirst and seeing the mirage of lake and river. It is nothing; a few hours and, his thirst unslaked, death will ease him of his pains; but with poor Jefferies how different! There he sat with his burning thirst and could not even die. For years, six long and awful years, he must listen to the babbling brook and not a drop must pass his parched lips, and through all this pain and torment his mind held on its way and cast its pearls before men.

Richard Jefferies, the son of a farmer and descendant of a long line of farmers, was born in 1848, at an old farmhouse in Wiltshire, that splendid shire of down and valley. Do you know the Wiltshire downs, the long sweep of grassland rising in mighty undulations, and clothed in summer with blue scabious, toadflax, hawkweed, ladies' bedstraw, crowfoot, and countless other wildflowers? A glorious country! Small wonder the thoughtful boy developed an ardent love for the beautiful earth, and particularly of this portion of it of which he at a later date wrote so often and so lovingly. How he loved to roam over these enormous stretches of breezy grassland, making those minute and countless notes of flower and bird and beast, of sun and moon and sky and clouds, which he loved to the last, reading and translating from the mighty book in a manner which was to make him famous! Jefferies seems to have spent his youth much in the usual style of the ordinarily studious country boy, save only that he joined less in field sports than others, reading all books that came in his way, enjoying slight adventures as only boys can, and building a boat, quite an achievement at that early date, when papers for boys with detailed accounts of how such a work might be well and cheaply done were few indeed. Interested in natural history by his father's strolling lectures, he, with all a boy's aptitude for such subjects, quickly learned the common objects of the country-side, and searched deeper as his knowledge grew.

At an early age his ambition and inclination lured him into literature, and he became reporter for one or two local papers. His knowledge and skill in writing of farming gained him some notice, and presently he contributed to some of the principal London papers short sketches of agricultural progress or country life and folklore. In 1878 he sprang into sudden celebrity through his wonderful book, "The Gamekeeper at Home," and in the two following years increased his reputation by the publication of "Wild Life in a Southern County," "The Amateur Poacher," and that delightful book, written ostensibly for boys and girls, but equally interesting to adults, "Word Magic," wherein his wonderful knowledge of the ways of animals and his marvellously keen perception of their moral characters, so to speak, are plainly manifest, whilst his delineation of the child Bevis is really fascinating. In 1883 his most interesting

volume appears, viz., "The Story of My Heart," a wonderful and beautiful story. In it he shows how, wrung by doubt and questions which the cleverest and truest Christians can but half answer, he swerved from the old faith to search after what should be to him a more palpably true and satisfactory worship; but throughout the search the black thread of uncertainty and suffering constantly appears.

In 1887 he published his last work, "Amaryllis at the Fair," and perhaps of all his works none is more charming. The scene, Mr. Besant tells us in his "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies," is laid at the author's old home, Coate Farm, and Mr. and Mrs. Iden are his father and mother—two delightful characters; and we can well understand how such a father would influence a son with the disposition of Jefferies. But Amaryllis herself is surely his most bewitching creation—such a tender, passionate, loving girl, with all the breezy freshness of the country in her nature; and Alere Flamma, what a fine, happy Bohemian! One is almost tempted to quote the opening lines of this charming volume, were it not that once quoting commences it is difficult to stop where all is so beautiful. "After London," a romance of the possible (?) future of England, though less interesting than his other principal works, is happy in conception and carried out with the writer's usual attention to detail; but like "Amaryllis at the Fair," one feels that a second volume is wanting to complete the story, and doubtless had death spared him longer they would both have been continued; but death was ever a marplot.

That Jefferies would have made no mean art critic he more than once shows, but what particular style of painting he would have preferred it is difficult to imagine; he was certainly a severe critic of the old school of landscape painting, nor did he spare the more modern men. Had he been an artist, his naturally quick perception of colour would probably have made him eminent. As it is, he has left scattered throughout his works short notes and remarks on art which would be worth collecting and publishing in a separate volume.

Those who wish to know more of Jefferies' life of trouble and triumph would do well to read Mr. Besant's biography of him—"The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies." A eulogy it is indeed; the great novelist has nothing but praise to give, and gives it in noiggardly manner. It is easy to read Jefferies' character through his books; we catch, here and there, glimpses of his passionate hasty temper and of his sensitive, tender, and sympathetic nature. One feels that many of his criticisms were written on the spur of the moment, and that had he paused to think ere writing they would not have been so caustic. A man of strong prejudices, he yet belonged to no political faction, siding with the party which seemed to him to promise most good to the people. He carried his independence to the farthest limit when in the direst distress he refused help from the Literary Fund because he would not be patronised; from men in his own profession he would accept help, but not from outsiders. At last the end of his sufferings came. After six years of weary struggling for existence, he succumbed to the universal enemy, and was laid to rest in the churchyard at Broadwater, in Sussex. Will the swallows heed, will they tell it to the wheat—"Richard Jefferies is dead?" and will the wheat be sad and tell it to another little Guido? * Alas! we know not, for he who alone could understand them, sleeps at peace in the quiet earth.

ALAN WRIGHT.

"Saint Guido," Chap. I. *The Open Air.*

TYPES OF VIRTUE;
OR,
IDEAL HEROINES OF ENGLISH WRITERS.

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER.

CONSTANCY: EVANGELINE.



LOYALTY, the quality of which I spoke in the last article, is an issue of the virtue of constancy; stability, persevering resolution, firmness in mind, purpose, affection, or principle, are all included in

the term. It may almost be said to be the principle of truth in its relation to time, and it is therefore so specially an attribute of the Almighty. The word is now, however, most frequently employed to denote unchangeableness in friendship and in love; that beautiful state of continuance in affection which time and altered circumstances have no power to affect.

In Longfellow's "Evangeline" we have a beautiful example of this kind of constancy; of an "affection that hopes and endures and is patient." When reading the poem, it is as well to recollect the great importance attached to betrothal, or engagements, in old French society. At the present time engagements are held in less account than ever they were, and the way in which they are made and broken would have appeared disgraceful to the primitive peasants of Acadia. Of course in England no ceremony of betrothal takes place, whereas on parts of the Continent it is a very solemn ceremony, and after it, the girl is called the bride until her marriage, when she drops the title.

The story of Evangeline is founded upon an incident which took place in the northern part of America in the eighteenth century. Acadia, or Nova Scotia, as it is now called, belonged originally to the French, but it was handed over to the English in the year 1713. Entirely French in sympathy, the Acadians, only after great difficulty, were induced to swear allegiance to the English, and when war broke out between the latter Power and France, the Acadians were accused of having assisted their old masters. Whether the accusation was a true one or not, it is difficult to say, but the Government of George II. acted with great harshness to the simple-minded peasants. Their lands and houses were forfeited, and the governor issued a summons to the whole people bidding them attend a meeting, at which he declared he had orders to remove them to distant colonies, and to put them under arrest until their departure.

The early part of the poem is descriptive of the happiness and contentment of the Acadian peasants. In a fruitful and beautiful valley lay the secluded little village of Grand-Pré. Vast meadows provided pasturage to flocks without number; fields of flax, orchards and cornfields spread out afar; and dykes that the farmers had reared with great labour shut out the turbulent tides of the great Atlantic.

"There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirr of the wheels and the songs of the maidens."

It is a picture of happiness such as may be seen in the primitive parts of Brittany, and also in Canada at the present time.

Somewhat apart from the village lived Benedict Bellefontaine and his daughter Evangeline, a beautiful maiden of seventeen summers. Evangeline had many suitors, but Gabriel only was welcome, the son of Basil the blacksmith, a great man in the village and much respected. Gabriel and Evangeline had grown up together since their childhood, and had been taught their letters and hymns out of the self-same book. In happiness a few swift years are passed, and they were no longer children:—

"He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman."

Evil tidings, however, were soon to disturb the peaceful quiet of Grand-Pré, and by-and-by the English ships make their appearance, with their cannon pointed at the village. Basil the blacksmith angurs ill from this; not so the father of Evangeline; he will foresee no harm:—

"Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract."

On the same night the public notary arrives, and the betrothal of Gabriel and Evangeline is drawn up, after which the old men played at draughts while the lovers sat together "in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure." The feast of the betrothal takes place on the morrow, and is followed by a dance, when a summons from a bell tower and the beating of a drum causes the men to flock to the church and the women to the churchyard. In silence the crowd awaits the will of the soldiers and listens to the commander, who from the steps of the altar proclaims the order of King George.

The people were for a moment speechless with wonder, and then gave way to a cry of sorrow and anger, high above which is heard the voice of Basil the blacksmith, who with uplifted arm shouts his defiance. He is struck down by a soldier, and a scene of tumult follows. This is quelled by the priest, who counsels submission and reproves the people for fighting in the church. Basil and Gabriel are carried away in different ships, and Evangeline and her father are left on the shore, whither they are joined by the priest. Towards evening a blood-red light in the heavens proclaims to them and to the other Acadians who had been left on the shore the burning of the village of Grand-Pré. Speechless, they gaze at the terrible and melancholy scene, and on turning round to speak to Benedict they find him fallen from his seat—a corpse, stretched on the sea-shore. Without bell or book they bury him, and at the first dawn of day the embarking recommences and the ruined village is left.

In this melancholy fashion the first part of Evangeline ends,

Many weary years pass; friendless and home-

less, the once happy Acadians wander from city to city, and get scattered over a vast continent. Many of them in despair long for death, and not a few of them obtain their wish. "Written, their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards." Long amongst these wanderers Evangeline was to be seen, "lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things." Sometimes she tarried in cities, but always urged onward by the "hunger and thirst of the spirit," she would recommence her search. Often she heard rumours of Gabriel; many of those she came across had seen him in far-off places, but the rumours were contradictory. She was advised to bestow her hand elsewhere.

"Dear child, why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand, and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses.

Then would Evangeline answer serenely, but sadly:—"I cannot;

Whither my heart has gone there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear that else lie hidden in darkness."

A band of exiles, among whom was Evangeline, guided by hope or hearsay, sought for their kith and kin "among the few-acred farmers on the Acadian coast and the prairies of fair Opelousas." Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune, this remnant of a nation pursued its way "past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the Wabash, into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi."

Accompanied by the faithful priest, Father Felician, Evangeline does not give up hope of meeting Gabriel—

"But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer."

And again,

"Oh, Father Felician! Something says in my heart that near me

Gabriel wanders; Is it a foolish dream—an idle and vague superstition?

Or has an angel passed and revealed the truth to my spirit?"

The wanderers approach a beautiful country, and to their great joy discover their friends. Basil the blacksmith is there, and welcomes the priest and Evangeline, and leads them to the garden.

"There in an arbour of roses, with endless question and answer,

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces."

But a terrible disappointment is in store for Evangeline; doubts and misgivings steal

over her heart as she observes the absence of Gabriel, and when Basil inquires of them whether they had encountered his son on their journey—

"Tears came into her eyes, and she said with a tremulous accent—

'Gone! is Gabriel gone?' and concealing her face on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.

Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew blithe as he said it—

'Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.'"

Evangeline takes leave of Father Felician, and departs with Basil to search for Gabriel. Frequently they hear tidings of him, and buoyed up by hope they continue their journey from place to place.

"So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter: yet Gabriel came not.

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blackbird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood: yet Gabriel came not."

* * *

"Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places,

Divers and distant, far was seen the wandering maiden;

Now in the noisy camps and the battlefields of the army;

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns, and populous cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended."

At length she abandons her fruitless search, and lived for many years as a sister of mercy, frequenting lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city—

"Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected."

By-and-by a pestilence falls on the city, and day and night Evangeline tends the sick and the dying. One Sabbath morn, wending her way through the deserted and silent streets, she entered the almshouse:—

"Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison."

* * *

"Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,

Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder

Ran through her frame."

Then she utters a terrible cry of anguish. On the pallet before her was the dying form of an old man, long and thin, with grey hair. It is Gabriel, and he recognises her.

"Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom."

* * *

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow;

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing;

All the dull, deep pain and constant anguish of patience;

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank thee.'"

Constancy is the quality that ennobles and purifies love and makes the marriage life happy; it is the preserver and supporter of attachment, which it carries through the shoals and quicksands of time and altered circumstances.

BIRD LIFE IN SEPTEMBER.

By A NATURALIST.



HO does not love to ramble through the woodlands and fields, in this usually so pleasant month, on a bright sunny morning, when there is a gentle whispering breeze just strong enough to dry the moisture on the leaves of the turnips and mangolds?

Such a morning, however, proves fatal to numbers of partridges. The old keeper, yonder, who is attended by his favourite Spanish pointer, gives expression to his feelings of satisfaction. "We shall get at 'em to-day, and no mis-

take about it, for it ain't too hot nor too chilly; they'll rise proper."

All residents in the country are familiar with the partridge. His call to his mate, early in the year, is one of the first signs that winter has gone. To the day-labourer, as he returns home from his work across the fields in the dusk of evening, his cheery call, as he runs swiftly up and down the furrows, has a pleasant sound. His legs are rather long and muscular, whereas his wings are short; for he lives chiefly on the ground—running more than flying. His hard bill, strong, and a little curved, and the short, thick, straight nails of his toes, indicate that he has his living to get mostly from the earth, where he scratches

in search of grain. Most careful and affectionate parents they are; when her chicks are in danger the mother shows the most determined courage in their defence. In walking along some sandy road, bordered by trees, I have often come suddenly on a mother and family basking and dusting themselves in the sun which shines bright and warm through the numerous openings in the foliage. What a commotion ensues then! If the cock is absent the hen will drop, after making a dash almost to your feet, as though her wing was broken, or she was wounded. She appears to try vainly to raise herself, for she falls on her side and cries in painful tones. With an apparently final effort she manages to creep through the hedge into the standing corn. At racing speed, up the road comes the cock bird, head and body nearly upright, sounding his alarm note. But just as you think he will pass by you, he also runs through the hedge, and all is still. The pretty chicks had made good their escape while the mother was pretending to be crippled; a clever performance on her part, one that she and the cock go through often.

It is an interesting sight to see a covey feed before they finally settle for the night in some open field. You will hear them call to each other from the slopes of the hilly fields, when the sun is low down in the west, just before it grows dusk. By the sound you can tell that in a few moments they will be on the wing. Here they come, with a "whirr" just overhead, to pitch in the field opposite us, where they at once begin to search for the scattered grain in the stubbles. With arched backs and drooping tails, they glide hither and thither like so many shadows. One or two of their number, however, are posted as sentinels on the look out for the least sight or sound of anything suspicious; you will see these with their forms raised well up from the stubbles, and hear their note of warning or cry of "all's well," as

the case may be. Resting on the ground, as they do at night, they need exercise caution, for their natural enemies are many. Dear to the heart of Englishmen who love sport is the plump partridge.

As the month draws to a close other sounds make themselves heard; the hooting of the wood-owl, the clamour of the stone curlew. Woodlarks, thrushes, and blackbirds begin their subdued autumn notes, as the days grow colder.

"Hedge-crickets sing; and, now with treble soft,

The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies."

For the common swallow begins to leave us about the end of September, as well as many other birds of soft bill to whom insect food is a necessity; whilst some other birds leave the mountainous districts and come to the southern and warmer localities, where the berries which they love grow and ripen in the woods and the hedges.

Other fruit ripens there now also—fruit our boys and girls come into the lanes and fields in search of. Miss Mitford, whose writings were prized by your mothers and grandmothers when writers on natural history were less plentiful than they now are, but which you would do well to read, speaking of nutting, says—"On we go, scrambling and gathering with all our might and all our glee. Oh, what an enjoyment! All my life long I have had a passion for that sort of seeking which implies finding—the secret, I believe, of the love of field sports which is in man's mind a natural impulse," but this hedgerow nutting beats some other sports to nothing, she continues.

On the 14th of September, Holy Rood Day, in olden time, the lads and lasses went together in the woods, a nutting.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

BY A LADY DRESSMAKER.



MANTLE AND JACKET.



NET BONNET, AND ONE OF CRAPE AND LISSE.

WE sometimes meet with such quaint provincial or national expressions in the course of our reading, that it would be well if we all kept commonplace books. *Apropos* of dress, I lately heard two or three Irish expressions which were delightfully odd. When a lady purchases a new garment, a very amiable wish is, "health to wear it, strength to tear it," and in America they add, "money to buy a new one," which is a very practical touch indeed. When you put on a new thing, you are said to "give the beverage of it" to the person you first kiss after putting it on. This, however, is not all Irish, for in "Bailey's Dictionary," published early in 1700, "to pay beverage" is defined as giving a treat on the first wearing of a suit of clothes. In the North of England people say, "Nip for new," a saying which sets the children running when they have on a new frock, as they know a good pinch is sure to follow if they be caught. "Sure I must put a drop on yees for luck," said an old Irishwoman to me one bright summer day; "but I'll put it where it won't show, darlin', so as not to be spoiling yer frock." "What good is that, Bridget?" "Sure ye look too nice entirely, ma'am; ye'll be having a shower of rain, or a splash of mire on yees; if I put the drop on it first, they'll be taking it for an auld gown done up new." I never found out who the "they" was; but the story is a very funny one to my mind, with its mixture of superstition and comical roguish cleverness.

The hot days of June and July, and the pleasant sense of summer which has been so unknown for a long time, made the season in London a very bright and cheerful one. Never has the dress worn been so pretty or so simple and seasonable. The great popularity of embroidered materials was one reason why the

dresses looked prettier, for embroidery is always graceful and becoming, particularly in the form called "English," which is the most in vogue in the machine-made embroidery of to-day. The revival of so many of the old pure and primitive colours, green especially, in all its varied shades, adds to the beauty of dress in the summer, for green is beautiful with either black or white. It is odd, nevertheless, that with all the immense strides we have taken and improvements developed, we have not arrived at producing a good tone of green in cotton or mixed textures of wool and cotton. White silk seems to excel all others each successive year in its powers of receiving green dyes.

No one ever saw a green cotton of any pretty shade, which, in these days of cotton frocks, is a great drawback. It is also unsuitable to wear in the evening, as it is not generally becoming, save in very pale shades. There are many new greens in silk and ribbons; one called "watercress," or "Egyptian green," is the colour of the early watercress leaves; this, in plush or velvet, is very beautiful. Then there are besides that "grasshopper," "serpent," "lizard," "chicory," "absinthe," "beetle-wing," "*vert métaux*," or "metal green," and "young linden" — all greens that are commonly worn, and used as trimmings of dresses, and for sashes, panels, and folded waistcoats. There is a blue-grey lavender, which years ago used to be worn in mourning, and a smoky blue-grey, which is poetically called "summer night." "Briar-rose pink" and "blotting-paper pink" are both much worn, even in woollen materials. Drab is generally liked, also, and has for its trimmings one of these pinks. "Hortensia" is a red-purple, which I daresay will be carried on during the autumn and winter. If the present taste for brighter colours should continue to prevail, we shall see a partial termination to the long reign of black, which has been the favourite hue of young and old, as well as rich and poor.

Alpaca is more used in greys than in any other hue, and though a good deal of black alpaca with white waistcoat fronts has been

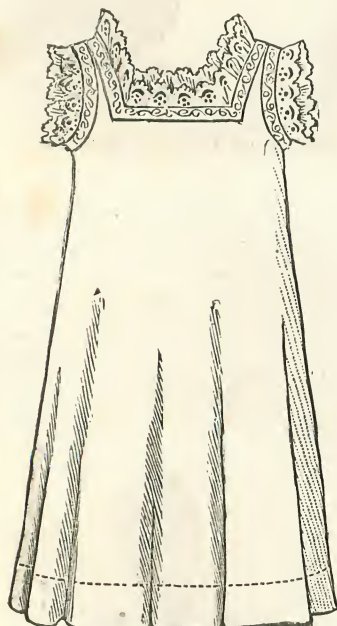
made up during the season, the only sort really very popular has been the grey brocaded, or brocaded with stripes, which has been much made up with pink and with white for dresses, and also for dust cloaks. I do not know whether alpaca will really meet with the revival to which its merits entitle it for summer ordinary dresses, but it has not been the fashion as it became some years ago. This may be explained by the introduction of the tailor-made gown, which is worn at every season, and takes the place that the alpaca did formerly.



THE NEW BRETelles AND FRILL.

I think I mentioned in my last the revival of "accordion pleating," which is adopted for the entire skirt of many thin materials, such as "delaine," "pongee," "voile de nonne," "barege," and even muslin of all kinds. The skirt is often trimmed at the edge with several rows of narrow baby-ribbon, which must be put on before it is pleated. The "accordion pleating" forms a very graceful and pretty skirt, and the opening and shutting of its folds make it look undulating when in movement.

Narrow ribbons are taking the place of the very wide sashes that have been used throughout the year, and the newest kind of sash seems to be soft silk scarves, which are put once round the waist, and then the ends are brought forward loosely, so that the scarf hangs below the waist, and is tied with short loops and short ends, on the left side towards the front. This sash was seen on the bridesmaids' dresses at the Duchess of Portland's



GORED CHEMISE.

wedding. Of course it is only suitable for a slight figure, and a young or youngish person.

Although the tendency of all skirts is to hang in straight lines, they have much of the stiffness taken out of them by the arrangement of the embroidered borders, or flat trimmings which run up the sides. They are mounted in pleats for the front and sides, and have the back in gathers. The foundation skirt is gored at the front and sides; but the overskirt is rarely gored, and if needful they are sparsely gathered at the waist. Panels are still worn, but are much wider, and do not decrease at the top; while the newest form of *revers* is wider at the top than at the bottom, which entirely alters their appearance. They are also put down in folded draperies, which hang like the side of a window-valance.

I have tried to give an idea of the way in which frills are used down the front of

bodices in several of the illustrations of this month. This frill is quite one of the styles of the day, and is added to the front of all blouses and bibbed-bodices. It is thickly pleated, and sometimes falls in a straight manner, as seen in the lady "In the Tuileries Gardens," or it is arranged to fall zigzag, like that worn by the lady with the *bretelles*. The soft silk blouses are found in immense variety for wearing with all kinds of skirts, including those of white embroidered muslin.

Cotton bodices are nearly always made with a touch of "shirt" in them, and look the best and the least "mannish" when they are made of some pretty striped or spotted cotton. They may be worn either under the dress skirt, or over it, and either with or without a jacket; the starching of the front and the manly collar make them look masculine. Nevertheless, when surmounted by the young girlish face, they cease to be so objectionable, and one remembers they are only a fashion of the hour. All our recent styles have been a little manly, and we have fully adopted the tailor of our fathers and brothers, and the reason is not far to seek. We want neat, well-made garments to wear and look well in all weathers, like the coat and great coat as made by a tailor.

One of the new fancies—that of leaving the throat and neck uncovered, and wearing very low and turned down collars—I cannot think is at all pretty or feminine. One laughs at a foolish fancy for a starched shirt-front, but to see a tanned, brown, and red neck, arms, and hands is a far more serious and ugly matter, and is a manly imitation to be much discouraged. Some very pretty Zouave jackets are made of white cotton embroidery, either open or closed work, and they are worn over plain cambric, or any kind of blouse with a belt, and any sort of underskirt. If these Zouaves be made of cloth, cashmere, or silk for dressy wear, the embroidery is sure to be of gold or silver—generally gold of very fine thread and close pattern. The most stylish mixture for the whole season has been gold on white for every kind of day festival, concerts, or garden parties.

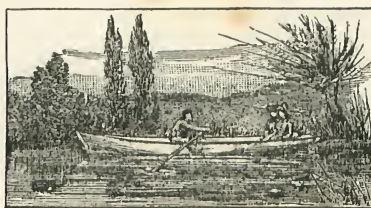
One of our oldest friends has returned to fashion, namely, frills, which have not been seen for so long. They are put on the open sides of skirts, and border hems and *fichus*. Hems are also occasionally flounced quite in the olden style, the flounces being piped and drawn up on a cord. The revival of the "Empire style" and its flounced skirt has done this.

The upper part of all sleeves is wider, and have almost an epaulette effect, the old "leg-of-mutton" style of cutting them being followed. Many sleeves are cut loose and long, and the fulness is then pushed up to the shoulder, and fastened under an ornament; or there is a pointed trimming down the back of the arm, and all the sleeve fulness is gathered under it. Ribbon is often tied round the arm, finishing in a bow on the shoulder, which stands up, and assists in giving the height which is fashionable. These high shoulders suit only the tall and rather slim girls; if worn by the short and stout, they add breadth to the shoulders, and decrease the apparent height. Short people had better have sleeves which are raised by gathers into the top of the sleeve, and fit the arm closely.

The long lace cloaks are more seen than any others, as they are graceful and summery-looking. We shall probably have the same shape repeated this winter with many variations; the yoke-shaped top with very high "Medici collar" may be brought out again. There is a new cape, called the "four-in-hand," which consists of two or three capes like a coachman's, placed severally to lie on each other. It is made of cloth of any hue. The edges of the capes are either simply cut round or else have double rows of stitching. There is a "turn-down collar," and the neck is fastened by ribbons to match, the cape coming nearly to the waist at the back and front alike.

The pattern selected for this month is a plain gored princess chemise. We are frequently asked whether we have anything of the kind, and the present pattern is one of the best. It will require from two yards and a half to three yards of material, according to size and length. It is in four pieces, and is easy to make, and comfortable to wear, and is well suited to stout people.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county, and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, and a plain gored princess chemise.



HOW WORKING GIRLS LIVE IN LONDON.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART III.

INSTEAD of going into lodgings girls sometimes become boarders, either in regular boarding-houses or with families who either have more accommodation than they themselves require, or who find it desirable to make a little money by opening their fireside circle to strangers. Girls out at business all day seldom, however, arrange for full board anywhere. In most instances it is only partial board—breakfast and tea during the week, and full board on Sundays.

Boarding is preferable to lodging in this, that there is more supervision, and that it keeps up the feeling of family life which it is desirable we should never lose. It only proves undesirable when the boarder finds herself treated not as one of the family, but as an intruder, whose very bite and sup are regarded as a dead loss to be resented, even though she has paid for them.

"An objection to some boarding-houses," says a London bachelor, "is that they are conducted on penurious principles, and that their tables are so economically provided that one never gets enough to eat. Not only is there a scant supply, but the landlady grudges, or seems to grudge, every mouthful, and her terrible eye follows you as you dip into the marmalade jar or help yourself to butter. A boarder may feel bound to eat as much as possible to get the worth of his money, but it is hard to do that in some houses."

"This is an objection, however, that applies more to small establishments than to large. When there are a dozen or more at table the effect of the terrible eye is distributed. Besides, wise landladies know very well that pinching is the worst possible policy, and that even if every boarder were a glutton and ate till he could eat no more, there would still be a good profit over." Girls of sense and spirit, when they find themselves in niggardly houses, will soon pack up their traps and seek for more liberal dwelling-places.

Admirable institutions started for the benefit of girls engaged in business in the metropolis are found in the Homes for Working Girls, in which readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* have, by their liberal contributions, already shown a deep interest. The object of the committee who manage these is, to quote their own words, "'to help those who help themselves,' by providing homes in the various districts of London for those who are earnestly striving to gain an honest living, but who are 'homeless'; at the same time to afford them profitable recreation, and above all to surround them with Christian influences and friendly guidance at the most critical period of their lives."

They are founded on the idea that woman's sphere is the home, and that girls who are to become wives should never lose touch of home life, or have any chance of feeling like fish out of water, when happy fortune sets them at last to govern households of their own. In the Homes girls are able "to live like sisters under the loving care of a Christian woman as superintendent, with dining, sitting-rooms, and library in common, and all arranged so as to secure that well-ordered freedom and cheerful independence which family life means."

The payments in the Homes are small, but everything is paid for, so that their benefits may be partaken of without the slightest lowering of independence, or the uncomfortable feeling on the part of any girl that she is the recipient of charity. The rules for conducting the Homes—and every community must observe some rules—strike one as the product of common sense. They are such as every wise girl will cheerfully obey, and praise, too, for their recognition of her reasonable personal freedom.

In the case of many establishments girls live under the roofs of their employers, board and lodging being provided for them; several large houses are indeed conspicuous in this way. How this answers depends very much on the employers. If they recognise their duty all goes well. Some, however, take little pains about either the food or lodging they provide; and in the regulations they impose, and the practices they shut their eyes to, show little knowledge of the wants and eccentricities of human nature.

A class of working girls who have practically no choice in the matter of living is that which includes the thousands in the metropolis who are engaged in domestic service. These are in the hands of the people who employ them, and they are comfortable and happy or miserable and discontented just as it happens to be a good or bad master, or, what is much more important, a good or bad "missus."

How servants live and how they have a right to live, are subjects which have been a good deal written about, and that from two points of view—that of maid and that of mistress. The fact is not to be ignored that domestic service is unpopular with the class who might be supposed to find in it a congenial occupation. It is looked down upon as not so genteel, for example, as waiting in a shop, and being there called "Miss," as if people lessened their gentility by any sort of useful labour whatever.

Another reason for domestic service being held in abhorrence by girls is the restraint which it imposes. Their nature rebels against confinement; liberty, evening liberty especially, is what they want, and no occasional "days out" will make up for the loss of it. To be independent and free, a girl rejects what at first sight one would think the best thing in the world for her, and joins the hungry army of workgirls, with its underpay and excessive competition.

"What is her freedom after all?" asks Mrs. Monument in "The Children of Gideon." "She's free to walk the streets and get into bad company; she's free to learn bad manners, and she's free to go hungry and ragged."

Faults, it must be allowed, are to be laid to the charge both of mistresses and maids. The perfect servant is a rare bird, and so is the perfect mistress. Mistresses are often over-exacting, full of whims, and with an unfortunate and irritating inclination to nag at those over whom they have control. The rules they lay down are too frequently only petty restrictions, in which the fact is lost sight of that servants are of the same flesh and blood as themselves. "The counsels of woman," says the proverb, "are cruel," and to judge by the want of consideration shown by some mistresses, there is a good deal of truth in it. A few mistresses, however, err on the side of over-indulgence, like one we met recently, who had no belief in class distinction, and showed her disapproval of them by allowing her servants to sit for a certain time in the drawing-room every afternoon and play on the piano.

General servants are in most respects the worst off. They have more difficulties than those in larger establishments of getting time to themselves either for exercise in the open air or for seeing their friends; then they are more isolated, and what with sweeping, dusting, cooking, and answering the door-bell, they are much harder worked.

Of all general servants the hardest wrought are the "slaves" in lodging-houses, as many of our working girls may have observed. The traditional character of the lodging-house domestic is not a good one; it represents her as tricky sometimes, forgetful often, discreet never, and slovenly always. "But," says a

writer of experience in London life, "she has seldom had justice done her. Our observations on servants of this class confirm the conclusion that the number of people trying to do their duty in the world is much greater than is generally made out. We have known all sorts, from a girl fresh from the country and as 'green' as her native grass, who, when she brought up the tea-things, instead of setting them down and opening the door, would stand and kick at it till it was opened, to one of an ambitious turn, who aimed at being a lady's maid, studied French out of a well-thumbed grammar, and would conjugate 'avoir' and 'être' in a low tone to herself as she polished the grates or blackened the shoes. The difficulties of a lodging-house servant, often a single girl waiting upon a dozen unreasonable and exacting lodgers, must be pretty considerable, and she deserves some consideration if her memory is occasionally at fault and her appearance is seldom as fine as if she had just been taken out of a band-box."

When servants are out of a situation they often take refuge till they find something to suit them in the lodgings provided by some registry offices. There they may have to sleep five or six in a room and two or three in a bed, but the price is low—about sixpence a night. But sensible girls will be slow to go to lodgings about whose respectability they are not quite certain, and about some registry offices the less said the better. Those who know their way about prefer when in difficulties to knock at the doors of such institutions as the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, the Young Women's Christian Association, and the Girls' Friendly Society. An account of the Servants' Home in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association was given in one of our numbers for January by our valued contributor Miss Anne Beale.

Many foreign girls have found a welcome oasis in the desert of London in Gordon House, one of the Homes for working girls which was founded for the purpose of receiving young women who had come from Germany for domestic service in England.

Amongst the difficulties of working girls not the least are those connected with eating and drinking. Certainly in nothing has the metropolis advanced so much within the last few years as in the facilities it affords for obtaining good food, well cooked, and at moderate prices. But the real obstacle in the path is the empty pocket. Many, because of their miserable earnings, have to be contented with the commonest and scantiest food, and lead lives of semi-starvation. What sort of fare can be had, say, by a mantle finisher who, when fully employed, can earn only eight shillings a week after providing her own cotton and needles?

So far as wages are concerned, girls run small chance of hurting their constitutions by eating either too liberally or too daintily. But the injury to the bodily system arises in other ways. Working girls forget that when the requirements of health have to be satisfied on a very small sum, great judgment in the selection of food must be exercised. It won't do, for one thing, to drink tea to excess; indeed, for girls with narrow finances if the teapot were thrown out of the window and the porridge pot made to reign in its stead, they would be happier and healthier beyond telling.

Girls in lodgings often find it a cheap and excellent plan to do their own cooking, and, by means of a little cooking stove burning mineral oil, this can easily be accomplished. Such stoves are now made to great perfection and cost

only a few shillings; they are easily carried anywhere; the oil gives no smell; they burn at marvellously small expense, and when the cooking is over it is a simple thing to put out the fire.

By way of furnishing an encouraging example, we may quote from the autobiography of James Nasmyth, the famous engineer. When Nasmyth came to London he had only ten shillings a week, and he resolved, he tells us, that his wages should maintain him in food and lodging. He therefore directed his attention to economical living. "In order," he says, "to keep within my weekly income, I bought the raw materials and cooked them in my own way and to my own taste." He got a little stove made by a tinsmith; but in these days there is no necessity for that. "I put the meat," he goes on to say, "in the pot with the other comestibles at nine o'clock in the morning. It simmered away all day until half-past six in the evening, when I came home with a healthy appetite to enjoy my dinner. . . .

"The meat I generally cooked in it was leg of beef, with sliced potato, bits of onion chopped down, and a modicum of white pepper and salt, with just enough water to cover the elements. When stewed slowly the meat became very tender, and the whole yielded a capital dish which a very Soyer might envy. It was partaken of with a zest that, no doubt, was a very important element in its savouriness. The whole cost of this capital dinner was about fourpence halfpenny. I sometimes varied the meat with rice boiled with a few raisins and a pennyworth of milk."

It has been said that the passion for dress in women is like that for drink in men. How it is satisfied on the low wages of working girls constitutes one of the mysteries which meet the inquirer at many points of our present subject. Too often it takes the direction of indulgence in cheap finery and pinchbeck jewellery, and many a girl may be seen hurrying to business with imitation diamond earrings—"only a shilling"—and with feathers, flowers, and ribbons that in proportion are no higher priced. And all this outside show, too, whilst not improbably her underclothing will not bear inspection, and her boots are in the last stage of decrepitude.

Sometimes the decorative tendency even leads girls into what for them is a ruinous expenditure. Take the craving for ostrich feathers which is common among very many classes of factory operatives in the metropolis. "A girl," says Mr. David F. Schloss, writing of women's work and wages, "who has not attained to the coveted dignity of an ostrich feather (*Indicium atque insigne fortuna*, as Cicero says of the golden *bulla* of the Roman nobles) is esteemed of small account by her

comrades. The cost of one of these highly prized decorations is never less than 4s. (the price of a very inferior specimen) and runs as high as 17s. The necessary amount of self-denial requisite to their purchase is in many cases supplied—as the present writer has ascertained—by elaborate machinery in the form of 'feather clubs' with weekly contributions, like those of that well-known institution among the working classes, the 'goose club.'"

The instinct for making oneself attractive is not to be run down. Love of dress may be wrong, but regard for it and attention to it are certainly praiseworthy. Let every girl then try to go tastefully clad. But there are one or two points she ought never to lose sight of. For one thing, dress should suit one's occupation. It should be of the quietest possible colour and of a really serviceable material, something that will stand brushing or washing. There is not the least need for its being in the fashion. "Better out of the world than out of the fashion" is a maxim that has nothing whatever to do with the industrious.

In many businesses girls have to appear what is called "respectable," and that is to be done by taste and simplicity, both of which are cheap, and not by tawdry attempts at personal adornment, which only get people laughed at. A clean collar is really better than all the lockets, brooches, clasps, and buckles in the world, and a dress can hardly be called shabby that is neat and spotless, without holes, and complete in the way of buttons. If low-priced finery is put on to hide poverty it completely fails in that object and only makes it more glaring, not to speak of the ridiculous spectacle it presents when it grows dragged, limp, and faded. The true method for looking respectable, and charming into the bargain, is to wear the ornaments of neatness and simplicity.

So long as wages are at a point which provides for nothing but bare subsistence, we can hardly expect working girls to do anything in the way of saving. People cannot be saving who have nothing to be saving with, and the problem of keeping soul and body together to-day often leaves neither time nor spirit for solving questions about how to live to-morrow. In a few cases girls who have acquired the difficult art of managing money in microscopic quantities put by a little in the Savings Bank against a rainy day, but they are quite exceptions.

It does not happen, however, that even with wretched pittance saving is impossible. We have just seen what girls can do when bent on ornamenting themselves with ostrich feathers, and we remember the case of two dressmakers' assistants, who by painful effort saved up a considerable sum, which they spent in the hire of a carriage for a single day. In it they went to the Park and elsewhere, one of the con-

ditions of the hiring being that whenever either of them addressed the coachman he was to touch his hat and say "My Lady!"

The Post Office, with its aids to thrift, is at everybody's door, and the benefits which are thus conferred on those inclined to make the future secure and comfortable, cannot be too widely known. In the Post Office a girl can invest her savings, insure her life, and lay up something to be an annuity in her old age. The terms, too, on which the business is conducted are frequently better than those of any private company, and the security is the best in the world. Even pence can be saved by means of the forms that are to be had at any Post Office, on which forms penny postage stamps can be fixed from time to time, and when there are twelve of them they are received by the Post Office as a Savings Bank deposit of a shilling.

Nothing gives a pleasanter feeling of independence than the knowledge that one has a few pounds at one's back in the Savings Bank. At any time the fluctuations of fashion, and many other causes, may throw a girl out of work, and unless she has saved something, what is she to do before finding new employment? There is a discipline, too, in thrift of a very valuable kind even when the income is of the smallest.

Something saved is handy also in the event of illness when the cost of medical advice has to be faced, for many have praiseworthy scruples about obtaining such advice gratis. A wise provision against ill-health is made in the Homes for Working Girls by means of a sick fund, which has proved a great success. Every resident in the Homes is required to contribute a penny a week towards this useful fund. In all cases of sickness medicine is supplied free for twenty-one days, and in the event of any resident being confined to the house on account of illness, a shilling a day is allowed for a period of not more than fourteen days.

It is not everyone who can convert illness into a profitable investment like a working girl we once met in London, who made her ill-health or pretended ill-health a means of obtaining many privileges which would otherwise have been denied her. She got on very well till one fine day when in a fainting fit one of her fellow workers was all of a sudden struck with an idea, capsized the smelling salts into her mouth, and exclaimed—

"Sally, you are shamming!"

The taste of the smelling salts made Sally forget her part, and she started to her feet spluttering rage and revenge. After that there was no more attempts to excite compassion by means of pretended ailments, and there is a moral in the incident for some girls if they have only cuteness to discover it.

(To be concluded.)

L O N E L Y .

BY AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

WHEN the ev'ning bells are ringing, ringing out their solemn chime,
And the mists creep o'er the valley in the peaceful, gloaming time,
Comes the breath of wafted odours from the almond and the lime.

Comes a rush of memories stealing, stealing o'er my tired breast,
And the touch of loving fingers that mine own have softly pressed,
Now, indeed, in tender keeping, "where the weary are at rest."

Comes a dream of days far-fleeting, fleeting to the silent past,
Days of bright and golden sunshine, all too strangely sweet to last,
As the rainbow-tinted foam wreaths on the wave-washed shore upcast

Comes a voice in eager pleading, pleading, urging to the light,
Saying, "Work while time is given; yonder, yonder cometh night,
And within the gates of heaven sadness melts in rapture bright."

ASCENSION DAY AT ST. JOHN'S SERVANTS' SCHOOL.

By ANNE BEALE.



ANY years ago a young lady just entering her teens said to her maid, "When I am grown up I will found a home, and you shall be the matron."

This prophecy was literally fulfilled. It was uttered by the late Lady Kinnaird,

and we had the happiness of setting our small seal as witness of its fulfilment on Ascension Day last. Nearly half a century ago Lady Kinnaird did actually found St. John's Servants' School, and the faithful maid to whom she spoke those memorable words was its first matron. She began it with two children in 1842, and on Ascension Day of this year of grace, 1889, we see the result. It is the period of reunion of pupils, old and young, and all who have been educated at the school are sure of a warm welcome home on that day on which we celebrate the return of our dear Lord to His Father's kingdom.

The school is now situated near Westbourne Park Station, in Great Western Road, and is, therefore, easy of access. It has twice changed its locality, having originated in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, whence it migrated to St. George-the-Martyr, and thence to its present site. When Lady Kinnaird succeeded in erecting the large and commodious building which is capable of housing 130 pupils, it was situated in the midst of fields, and might almost be said to have been in the country. Now it is surrounded by brick and mortar; albeit its friends still congratulate themselves on certain insular privileges, of which they cannot be deprived. The canal and railroad circle it like a belt, and prevent encroachments which might interfere with fresh air. Indeed, the said friends flatter themselves that the institution and playground form an island, and so healthy are the small embryo servants in this their water and steam-girdled kingdom that a home of health at Brighton has been given up. It is not, perhaps, universally known that a railroad brings with it fresh and dry air—we say nothing of its sounds.

But to return to Ascension Day, and the inmates and guests of the training home. In so doing we touch a chord of sadness. All the children, and most of the visitors, are in mourning. Striking and neat as is the costume of black gowns and white aprons worn by the former, it tells of a loss almost as irreparable to them as to the daughters of the foundress of the home, who mingle amongst them. The Dowager Lady Kinnaird was taken to a better and more permanent home, "even a heavenly," on the 1st December, 1888, and thus scarcely half a year has passed since she departed from amongst us. She was wont to consider Ascension Day one of the happiest of her year; and we cannot be surprised, because she then reaped the fruit of her labours. Of her manifold good works she loved this the best. Not even the Young Women's Christian Association, which she also founded, could afford her the pleasure of this her earliest philanthropic and Christian effort.

Over 1,500 children, varying in age from one to fifteen years, have been trained in this school, and it is strange and interesting to watch the gathering of pupils, old and new, in the large airy playground. The scholars of the past are accompanied, for the most part, by their offspring; while those of the present are vigorously going through wonder-

ful gymnastic exercises, under the guidance of an expert teacher. It is pretty to see the little regiment of domestic soldiers perform all the evolutions of Swedish drill, and if their industrial training be equal to their physical, they will make very good servants indeed.

Amongst the onlookers are four middle-aged women, who were brought up at the school. Three of them are married, and have nearly grown-up children with them, who are watching the drill with great interest. All have held responsible positions in good families, and all unite in lamenting the absence of their benefactress, who "used to greet them so kindly year by year." Their regrets are touching tributes to the virtues of the departed.

Not less touching are those uttered by their youngsters; for all unite in testifying to the happy days spent in the school. Many of them are orphans, who look upon it as their home, and it is delightful to see the eager pleasure with which they greet one another. Arm-in-arm, or with arms circling one another's waist, they walk about the playground, discussing the past and present and all that has happened since they parted. Many of them, again, are mothers with babies in the arms; or, more truthfully to speak, in the arms of the Miss Kinnairds, who carry them from friend to friend for general admiration, playfully introducing them as their "grandchildren," their mothers having been their pupils for religious instruction.

It is a glorious day, and the skies smile upon our gathering. They could scarcely bestow their approval upon a more hopeful scene. Matron and teachers mingle with the cheerful crowd, and the representatives of the foundress of the institution are here, there, and everywhere, setting aside personal feeling and many memories, in ministering to the pleasure of others.

Comparative calm reigns while the drill proceeds; but tongues are well loosened when the large party assembles for tea. One side of the immense school and dining room is appropriated to the children, the other to the guests. The latter must number seventy or eighty, and they thoroughly enjoy themselves. "I feel at home again. I have no parents," says one interesting girl, "and I would rather be here than at service," another. But all look respectable, and one cannot be too thankful, in these ambitious times, to those who will thoroughly train girls for domestic service.

The pupils of St. John's School have come from all quarters, not only from the United Kingdom, but even from India and China. Many are daughter of sailors, thankful to place their children in safe custody while themselves away on the broad seas. Another sad chord is touched by one such as we wander through the large, airy dormitories. In a private room containing only three or four beds, lies a little girl, dying of consumption. She is the daughter of a sailor, who died of the same insidious malady. Her mother is by her bedside, and on a small table are portions of the feast prepared for her companions below. "This is my last child," says the poor mother, "the others have all gone, like their father, of consumption." It is very sad, but the little girl has every comfort—friends, medical advice, and the presence of her mother. Two-thirds of the pupils from the commencement of the school have been orphaned of one or both parents, and when, as in the case of the dear child now passing away, it has been the father, the mother has been able to pursue some avocation, while her

child or children are trained and cared for in the school.

Of course the parent or friends pay for this, as it is no charity school. Still it is scarcely self-supporting, since £18 a year will not educate, clothe, and board a pupil, and it is hoped that the kind donations and subscriptions of friends will not diminish with the lamented death of the foundress. To quote from the last report. "The managers feel deeply the grave responsibility which rests upon them to carry on the school in the same spirit and in the same admirable manner, which has been the outcome of so much prayer and effort. They ask for the continued support of old and valued friends, and for the co-operation of any who would desire to see the school efficiently worked."

Amongst these six "managers" we read the names of the three daughters and daughter-in-law of the departed foundress, while her son, the Lord Kinnaird, is hon. treasurer, and one of her daughters, the Hon. Gertrude Kinnaird, is hon. secretary. Let us be thankful that they walk in the steps of parents who "went about doing good."

We go about seeing good on this bright Ascension Day. There is a "Poet's Corner" in Westminster Abbey, and at our institution there is a "Pupil's Corner." In each dormitory we remark a curtained corner appropriated to those who have attained the rank of pupil teachers. Here, on a tiny table, are many treasures. Photographs and ornaments, gathered during a brief tenure of life and office, and showing to admiring neighbours what industry and perseverance may effect. They have certainly effected much here, for from well-ventilated dormitories to school-rooms, kitchen, lavatories, playground, and what not, all breathes of work. It is truly a school for industrial training, and servants of all denominations are taught the useful and invaluable arts which shall make of them respectable members of the commonwealth. If girls only knew what was best for them, they would qualify themselves for domestic service, instead of scorning it, and striving after what they cannot attain.

Returning to the large tea-party after our tour through the house, we find the meal virtually finished, while the buzz of conversation increases. The old scholars make the most noise, and scarcely know how to enjoy their day enough. The children are comparatively quiet, and doubtless envy their elders their unbridled delight. Their turn comes when grace has been sung, and they appropriate the flowers that have adorned the tables, pinning them into every available corner of their frocks or aprons. One tiny mite has secured a purple rhododendron, and we help her to insert it into the bib of her white apron. Very proud she is when it is so placed, and very happy they all appear as they march off to another scene.

Ascension Day closes, as it should, with prayer and praise. The pupils sing hymns, and their spiritual pastors address them. The neighbouring clergy are most kind in aiding this excellent work, and several are present. We think of the good seed sown, and how it must have ripened during all these years. We think of the various means employed to bring the girls to a "saving knowledge" of Jesus Christ their Lord, and while thinking, try to realise what these means are. "Above all, we seek for the true conversion of the children," said Lady Kinnaird, and to aid in this, ladies hold Bible classes, and keep the members of them in view when they have left the school.

They are invited to join the St. John's branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, receive a monthly letter, and are otherwise reminded of their early teaching. Most of the girls belong to the Scripture Union, and cannot easily forget how they read their daily portion, joined in family prayer, and were brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Neither are they likely to forget the hour spent every week in working for some missionary or charitable object, when they learn experimentally to help those who are less fortunate than themselves.

Some sceptical reader will exclaim, "Charity begins at home." So it does here; for the girls make all their own clothes and outfits for service; which proves to a demonstration that time may be found in the busiest day for help-

ing our neighbours. And what with house-work, tending the little ones, keeping up to the awful educational "Standards," laundry work, etc., etc., the pupils of St. John's Training School have a very busy day indeed! And as to the teachers—well, they must be busier still.

They all thrive upon it, nevertheless, so it is not work that kills, and to judge from the embraces of teachers and taught, the fervent welcomes and somewhat sad farewells, they have had a happy time together, despite "laborious days."

And we certainly have all had a happy Ascension Day, from the morning service in church to the afternoon gathering, and the evening addresses, singing, and games—a day not to be forgotten. Perhaps the most notable feature of it has been the mourning garb of the

large party and the regrets that have mingled with the mirth. Indeed, some few of the elders find mirth impossible, and confide to us that the blank left by the absence of the one who had been the guiding-star of the establishment for nearly fifty years, could scarcely be filled for them. "Perhaps she is with us in spirit," is, however, the feeling of some; and we all understand, as we watch the scene, the meaning of the text, "and their works do follow them." May the children of the Christian lady who from childhood devoted her life to the service of her Divine Lord, have strength given them to carry on these works and to increase them as they are already striving to do. The motto of their house is *Certa Cruce Salus*—"Sure salvation by the cross"—and they need no safer watchword.

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

A "BALM OF HURT MINDS."



DEATH had not before, within Kitty's consciousness, come and touched her best beloved, so Jack's death was an overwhelming blow to her. She was little more than eighteen, and he was her only

brother, while sister and mother she had none. She was so stricken that it seemed as if the whole world had come to a standstill for her, as if she could have no future in this world with her Jackie gone hence without her, even as the outlines of her past were washed out in tears.

The first thing which roused Kitty was the sense of her father's sorrow, inarticulate at first. She awoke from her dreary apathy of extreme crushing grief, to seek to creep nearer to him, to venture to show him her silent, piteous sympathy, to try to minister tenderly to him in a hundred ways, in which Mrs. Judy, faithful, afflicted soul that she was, could not approach him. Kitty would prove to Dr. Dacre that though in this life he had lost a son, he had still a daughter. Jack had taken the great step which divides the mortal from the immortal, and carries the wayfarer into infinitely vaster fields of God's universe, and if all is well with him, into an awful, unspeakable increase of nearness to the Great White Throne, where none left behind, however near and dear, can follow him. But Kitty was still beside her father, close to him, linked to him

more than ever by that strong link of their common sorrow in addition to their common love, able to commune with him as he was able to commune with her.

This was the first lever to raise the mountain-load of heavy grief. Then in God's gracious economy there were other levers given her, which Kitty, in her dutifulness to God and her father, and the trained reasonableness which balanced her warm, constant affection, was qualified to use, as no man or woman of ill-regulated temper and unbalanced unreasonableness would have had the smallest chance of doing. Kitty could take the levers into her trembling young hands, and employ the weapons so as to free herself from the dark prison-house of inordinate mourning. She let in the light of God's hopeful, eternal word, and His no less hopeful world with its golden sunshine, its green earth, renewed year by year, and its myriads of kindly, natural influences for healing to the broken in heart and the bruised in spirit.

Kitty could not do it all at once or without many a pang. For it was one thing to believe with her whole heart, soul, and spirit that her brother would rise again, and that it was well with him; though it was only by an aching stretch of her poor human faculties that she could imagine confusedly and gropingly where he was now, what he was, how he was employed. And it was quite another thing to know in happy confidence that he was alive and well on this earth with her, on her own level, ready to come to her next month, or at the farthest with the new year, or at Easter or midsummer, as circumstances would permit.

Kitty could not at first and for a long time attain to the patient resignation of Mrs. Judy, who had grown accustomed by long use and wont to the trials of life. She took them almost as a matter of course, even when her motherly heart was aching most sorely for her nursing, her bright and eager Master Jackie, of whom she had secretly prophesied great

things, who was to have been a still more notable scholar than was Dr. Dacre.

Kitty could but feel after the humble thankfulness which, with the woman's inveterate habit of looking round and discovering how God could be praised in all circumstances, lay at the root of Mrs. Judy's cheerful philosophy. It caused her again and again to bring forward what a good, what a blessed thing it was that Master Jackie had taken it upon him, out of his own head, in his integrity and natural affection, to pay that short visit home when he had come into Oxford to see about the exchange of prisoners. What a merciful thing it was, to be sure, that they had seen him once again! And did not Mrs. Kitty remember how pleasant and delightful the dear lad, who had grown so fine a young man, had been that windy March afternoon, and how he had departed after evening prayers at peace with all? What a terrible trial, how infinitely worse it would have been if his father and he had not met this once again, been reconciled, and spoken good words like gentlemen and Christians! Master Jackie might have fallen in the beginning of the war, when the last speech he and Dr. Dacre had held together was full of cruel strife and fierce contention.

Kitty had but a vague consciousness how absolutely glad she would be one day that the hands of loving friends prepared Jack for his rest. Prissy Walton and her mother washed his wounds, smoothed his locks, and crossed his arms on his breast in the attitude of one who is watching and waiting; Alice strewed rosemary on his pillow Anthony lifted him into his coffin.

Another privilege was granted to John Dacre's friends. By dint of urgent representation and private favour, with which few would have found the heart, even if they had possessed the knowledge in time, to interfere, the coffin was brought by night within the range of the sentries, into the village of St. Clement's, near to the east gate of the beleaguered city,

and laid down before the wicket by the lodge of Magdalen. The gate was opened, and the sad burden found its way into a vault beneath Magdalen Chapel. Kitty never saw her brother's face again in this world. She was not even present at the hurried darkling ceremony, the last in which he was destined to figure here. But she knew that he slept within the walls of his college, which he had loved, under the pavement of the chapel in which he and Anthony Walton had sat many a time side by side, listening to the sweet voices of the choristers, contending for mastery with the thrushes in the early summer mornings. Or there the lads had heartily prayed for spiritual light in the dusky twilight of the November afternoons. The true light which his father had asked for Jack had come to him, and whereas he had only seen men as trees walking, now all wisdom was clear to him.

People may ask why the dust of women and soldiers is to be found in the old sanctuary of monks and scholars? But exclusiveness has its limits; women have been buried in the narrow quarters reserved for men, and John Dacre is not the only man of war among the men of peace; witness young William Harrison of Balls in Exeter Chapel.

When Kitty got a letter from Anthony Walton about Jack's death, she cried so bitterly over it, that it might have struck a shortsighted onlooker it had only served to hurt her, while in reality it was one of her greatest consolations.

"Dear Cousin Kitty," Anthony wrote in blurred characters, "I could not save him for you and his father; would God I could! Mayhap if I had been a soldier I might have been at dear Jack's side and done something; I cannot tell. But I deemed it better in the beginning—with what struggle and constraint I need not trouble you—to bide still at Islip Barnes. I wot all men have something of the fighting cock in them, and, I methinks, a bigger than ordinary share. Yet it seemed a plain obligation, which only idle vanity and a restless spirit could set aside, that I, the sole man in the household, with poor mother weak and ailing, and Prissy and Alice young and unprotected, should rest content with being Squire of Islip Barnes, and lending what counsel and help a civilian could furnish. Jack owned no such obligation, and he reckoned that as he was cut off from his natural vocation and his people, he was called to fight for the liberties of himself and his fellow-countrymen. How difficult it was for him, fresh from his desk and his books, to accept and take to a camp life, with all its roughing and hardship, it were but pain to recall, unless to lend additional lustre to the fact that he never faltered or complained; he did his duty as a soldier, manfully, and he grew in mental as well as in bodily stature under the discipline. It could not be otherwise, since he was doing his best under whatever hard conditions. I know not that he had any underlying inclination and aptitude for a soldier's life, such as some gentlemen have developed in these times, and so it hath been made easier for them. Beyond a man's courage and that fighting spirit

which is more or less in all our sex, I know not that he was a born soldier; while I do know that, like Falkland, your brother had a great sorrow and horror wrought in him by the spectacle of the havoc and outrages of war. His heart on one side was as tender and gracious as a woman's; and so the more honour to him, say I, that he set his face sternly to do the right in fighting when fighting was called for. Kitty, John Dacre had a very sensitive, no less than a sweet and noble nature, and it seemeth to me that he could not, brave as he was, have gone through a prolonged experience of this troubled life of ours without much shrinking and suffering. For there are enemies within and without, and a man's outward enemies are often very savages to him in their incapacity to fathom his thoughts and feelings. Jack had to pass through one ordeal which cost him dear; will you grudge that, by God's grace, he hath grown soon ripe and gone early to reap his reward? Cousin Kitty, I am in great anxiety of mind about some who are dear to us, which I have nought to do to mention to you, at this moment, thus heaping sorrow on sorrow on your dear bowed head; but I would have thee take this as one more proof that life is not so full of peace and happiness, so unclouded in its promise, that we should clamour to keep it either for ourselves or those we love. Oh! when will this woeful struggle be ended? already it hath lasted four years of bloodshed, ruin to trade and agriculture, hardening of men's hearts against their fellows. Yet no terms are come to or even broached, such as would bring satisfaction to both sides, and lasting tranquillity to the country. The conclusion of the whole matter is as far off as when we started. Jack died like a gallant Christian soldier, with a prayer on his lips and his sword in his hand. He fell for the cause he believed to be right, in the thickest of the fight, with his face to the foe, doing what he could to bring the war to a speedy termination. I hear tell that his death is much lamented by his companions-in-arms and his superior officers, as well it may be. It were a mighty difference to die the death of a traitor, condemned by both sides, with none to understand and make allowance, and even to find ground for approval and admiration, save one or two wrong hearts; but I say no more.

"Your faithful cousin and servant,
"ANTHONY WALTON."

Kitty, though she had cried like a child over this letter when she read it first, would have gone on to cherish it as one of her most precious possessions; but having ventured to show it to her father, he took it from her and stored it away where no eye but his could read it. She could only blame herself for grudging it to him, because it was plain he dwelt upon it and learned it by heart. Among the new impressions she received, which struck Kitty as something she could not quite understand, was the mournful pride which her father took in poor Jack's gallantry, though it had been displayed on what Dr. Peter Dacre still and always held to be the wrong side in the Civil War. The part Jack

had played as a soldier seemed to assume a greater prominence and worth in the old man's eyes, even than the dead lad's promise as a student, though on that too, when he spoke at all on the subject, Dr. Dacre was disposed to insist with piteous pertinacity, "a rare scholar would my son have been if he had been spared—a youth who, after the rust of four years' adverse circumstances, could still construe as he did, and descant with enthusiasm on the merits of his author, would have been a credit to his college and university, there cannot be two opinions on that score; but God's will be done." Then he would turn, and pacing up and down, enlarge with still more glowing, faltering earnestness on the heroic elements in Jack's death. "In the thick of the fight, with his face to the enemy—thy poor brother—my brave lad! The boy did always show himself fearless and ready to hold his own, if need were; though 'twas the sweetest temper that ever a miserable man drove desperate."

Kitty could only conjecture it was the fighting spirit which had so long lain dormant in the quiet scholar that had come in touch with the soldier's rôle Jack had filled faithfully, and responded to it. Or could it be that Dr. Peter Dacre had learnt to see that there may be two sides to a question, and supposing they are in violent conflict, he who strikes home for his side, and most quickly decides the day, is to be commended, not censured? John Dacre had not died as the fool dieth.

Lady Ottery took Kitty in hand that grief-laden spring, and sought to win her from absorption in her bereavement. Lady Ottery was one of John Dacre's sincerest mourners. "That an old dry stock like me should be spared, and the young tree, full of sap for future years, be cut down in its glory and strength!" she was tempted to cry. But none knew better than Dame Tabitha that God's ways are not as man's ways. Like Mrs. Judy, the old lady had not lived to grey hairs without taking it to heart and consenting to it meekly. Man's heritage on earth is not peace but strife, not success but disappointment, not unbroken smiles but many a salt tear. And it is not everyone who learns without a hard apprenticeship that there is a rainbow radiance in the tears, and a grand lasting delight beyond all the small fleeting pleasures of self-indulgence, in the toil and the drudgery, in the very defeat which can never be utter and final, seeing it is incurred in fighting the great Master's battle, in doing the behests of the mighty Maker of the Universe.

For it is a goodly world, notwithstanding its crosses, with joys as deep as its sorrows are heavy—a world full of glorious possibilities, of God-given pledges, which if not fulfilled here will be redeemed yonder; a world as full of beauty as are the angelic spheres, which every good man and woman thanks God for having created, and is humbly grateful to have entered.

But if the heritage of trouble which is inseparably bound up with the heritage of bliss comes not soon, it will come

late; while the shoulder which has borne the yoke in its youth, will fit itself early to the burden, will learn to bear it loyally, nay, cheerfully, and will be qualified to welcome with an adoring heart every halt in the green pastures by the still waters, every ray of sunshine, as a foretaste of the good land—the pilgrim's rest.

Lady Ottery sought to rouse Kitty Dacre to the fact of the heavy afflictions of others, to draw her out to relieve them as the best antidote to her own melancholy. There was young merry Madam Fanshawe, to whom Kitty had taken a fancy when they were girl-companions, whom she had stolen forth to find and warn the day she, Kitty, was caught in the great fire. Eighteen months ago Ann Harrison had come to Oxford, a sprightly girl, unawakened to the seriousness of life, with hardly a care beyond her half-assumed fits of petulance at having to exchange, in company with her family, the manor-house of Balls for the lodging over the baker's shop and her father's liberal table, with the good clothes to which she and her sister had been used, for one meal a day and scanty changes of wardrobe. A year ago Kitty had been at Ann Harrison's marriage in Wolvercot Church, when even in her mourning for her young brother, a happy bride had vowed to love, honour, and obey the man of her heart—the noble gentleman whom above all others she admired. Now Mrs. Fanshawe was lying, sick and solitary, in her poor lodging, her husband unable to be with her in her hour of trial, her newborn baby sobbing out its last breath, her father and sister in such straits themselves that they could do little to relieve the poverty which, in the midst of the other evils, was pressing hard upon the young mother.

Kitty hastened to her friend to help to nurse her dying infant, and heard her tell how Dick Fanshawe—mature, dignified man that he was—had wept to leave his wife and child in such a plight. Then the ailing woman would gather up all her strength to sing his praises. How patient he had been with her girlish follies, how long-suffering to her ignorance and indiscretion! How she had been set upon by some of the elder matrons among the fine-lady meddlers and mischief-makers in politics still at Oxford, to worm out of her husband his State secrets, and retail them for the benefit of the fantastic plots of these ladies and their like-minded allies! He had first sought to stop her mouth with kisses; then when she pouted and pretended to believe he did not love her because he would not confide to her the contents of a certain packet which he had to lay before the Council, he had remonstrated with her very gravely, but still with the utmost gentleness and kindness. He had used such words as these: "My dear life, all the secrets of my heart are yours; it is my pride and happiness to confide them to you, but I cannot impart to thee the secrets of my master and the nation. That were to hand over to thee property which is not mine to give, and to betray trust as no man of honour would betray it, base conduct for which thou wouldst be the first to hold me in scorn."

"Ah! Mrs. Kitty Dacre, was there ever such another?" protested Madam Fanshawe, proud and happy in the middle of her doleful case.

"I think my Jackie might have been like him if God had spared him to us," cried Kitty, with a gush of softened tears. She was able to go out of herself, and take a friendly interest in Mrs.

Fanshawe's precarious circumstances. She spared a tear for the babe of a day, though she said, shaking her young head with somewhat morbid, grandmotherly wisdom, which was not like sound-minded Kitty, that the little innocent was well away out of a woeful world.

Kitty was glad when, the first time Madam Fanshawe was able to go abroad to church, a friend of her husband's brought her fifty gold pieces which he had sent her. And when the farther good news came of the arrival of two of his men with horses, to carry her and her father and sister to join him at Bristol, Kitty could not sit churlishly apart, nursing her own sore grief. She could not refuse to rejoice a little with her friend, and to go with her in that first walk she had taken for many a day in St. John's Gardens. As the couple paced the turf there, looking up at the beautiful window of the library in which Archbishop Laud was wont to sit, and speaking of what changes had occurred since the play of the "Hospital of Lovers" was acted in the hall, and the child Kitty had been fascinated by the horrible story of Master William Prynn's cropped ears, drums were heard beating in the highway under the wall. Sir John Harrison came hurrying up to join his daughter and Kitty, and tell them it was Sir Charles Lee and his company of foot passing by. The ladies climbed a mound of earth in the garden as best they could, to see the soldiers, whose leader, recognising the Harrisons, caused his men to fire a parting volley in their honour. But the muskets were loaded, and a stray ball passing over Ann Fanshawe's head, had well-nigh deprived Dick Fanshawe of his faithful helpmate.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

L. A. W.—We think that it would be worth your while to apply to Miss Jessie Deedes, 120, Ebury Street, S.W., for a pamphlet on the Lower Branches of Industrial Work, published by the East London Organising Committee of the Girls' Friendly Society. It will give you some hints as to many branches of light work, as, for example, card box-making, envelope folding and gumming, clay pipe-making, babies' boot-making, cigarette-making, packing fruit and sweetmeats, silk-sorting and skeining, etc. Miss Deedes could give you addresses.

D. B. (Hungary).—We think you had better get Dr. Angus' "Handbook of the English Tongue," published at our office. Apply for it to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C. The best style of English handwriting is small, round, and slightly sloping from left to right; no very long spidery tops and tails, and no sharp angles. We thank you for your kind appreciative letter and good wishes, which we cordially reciprocate.

EDITH W. C., matron, North Eastern Hospital for Children, Goldsmith Row, Hackney Road, E. According to your desire we name the fact that no pupils will be wanted for nearly two years, and that they are not received for a less term than three years.

FANNY.—The address of the Sloyd Association of Great Britain and Ireland, for training the eye and hand, with the view of developing the intellectual and artistic powers, such as they may be, in the student, is 106, Great Portland Street. Apply to the superintendent or lady principal.

ANXIOUS ONE.—The National Art Training School is at South Kensington, S.W. Address Miss Trulock, lady superintendent (or the secretary), Science and Art Department.

A. S. O. E.—If you really desired information as to the qualifications required in a Zenana missionary, and the steps to be taken by a competitor for such an appointment, you would have spent half an hour in looking through our multitudinous answers to similar questions under the above heading. One or two qualifications essential in a missionary you certainly have not got, *i.e.*, good temper, good manners, and patience. Apply to Miss Webb, secretary of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, in Zenanas, Harems, and Schools, 267, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

EVELYN B.—The salaries of female librarians vary from six shillings weekly to £50 per annum; but the vacancies are very few indeed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HILDA.—The wholesomest bed is a hair mattress resting on an iron bedstead with wire netting. To lie on a feather-bed in winter would do no harm perhaps; but a hair mattress and a feather *duvet* as an upper covering (instead of additional blankets) would be preferable. Wool mattresses are not to be recommended, and straw ones are too hard to be agreeable. Your writing is legible and good for manuscript writing; but for correspondence a small graceful "running hand," with well-formed letters, is more suitable, long spidery tops and tails being avoided.

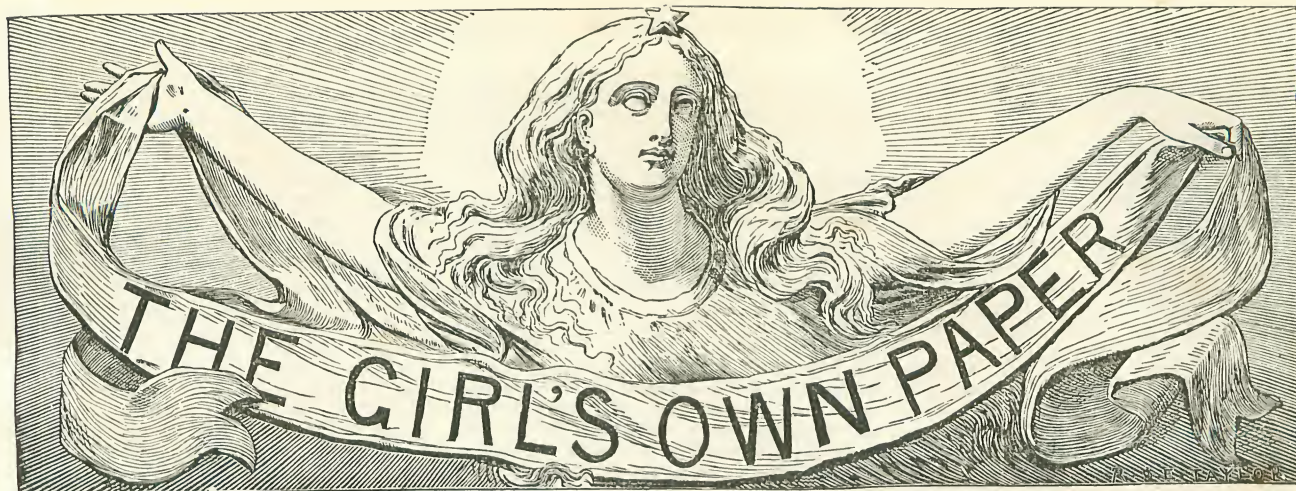
CHERRY BLOSSOM is our second inquirer for some method of "getting the green of her teeth." (She should have bestowed a second "f" to her "of.") We are perfectly inexperienced as to the existence of "green on the teeth," but advise our young friend to give her teeth a good brushing with powdered and prepared charcoal, to be had at any chemist's. Should that fail in removing the stain she should go to a dentist.

HOUSEKEEPER.—It is not usual to rise from your chair when a man shakes hands with you at an evening reception (at least, scarcely rise) unless at home and receiving or helping the hostess to receive guests. Always subscribe yourself "sincerely," "faithfully" (in business letters), or "affectionately yours;" or if writing to members of your own immediate family, always name your relationship—daughter, sister, or niece. The rules of good breeding claim it of you—not to say affection. The other question is an enigma, owing to an illegibly written word. How could you "set a sponge?" You could "set" a trap, or "set" a drawing, or "set" an example; but you then speak of "baking" the article, and we are quite mystified!

ARDENT ADMIRER OF THE "G.O.P."—Jane Taylor was a daughter of Isaac Taylor; was a writer for young people; born September 23rd, 1783; died April, 13th, 1824. Published "Hymns for Infant Minds," 1807, "Essays in Rhyme on Morals and Manners," 1816, "Display," 1815. We think that this must be the writer to whom you refer.

F. H. K.—The passage to which you refer (St. Luke xiv. 33), is one which we have often explained. Our Saviour was preaching to Jews, His countrymen and women, who, as a nation, rejected Him. To confess Him was to be cast out of the synagogue, and out of home, too, in most cases. Thus in such times of persecution, the convert had to make a choice between Christ, and friends, relatives, home, bread, reputation, and life itself. So it was amongst heathen converts. In the present day, and in a Christian country, no such forsaking of family and home and life are required of you.

GRACE.—We are sorry to find from your letter that you are so low-spirited. Do not think so much of yourself. There are twenty-five "I's" in a very short note; perhaps that shows what the true ailment is, *i.e.*, too much self.



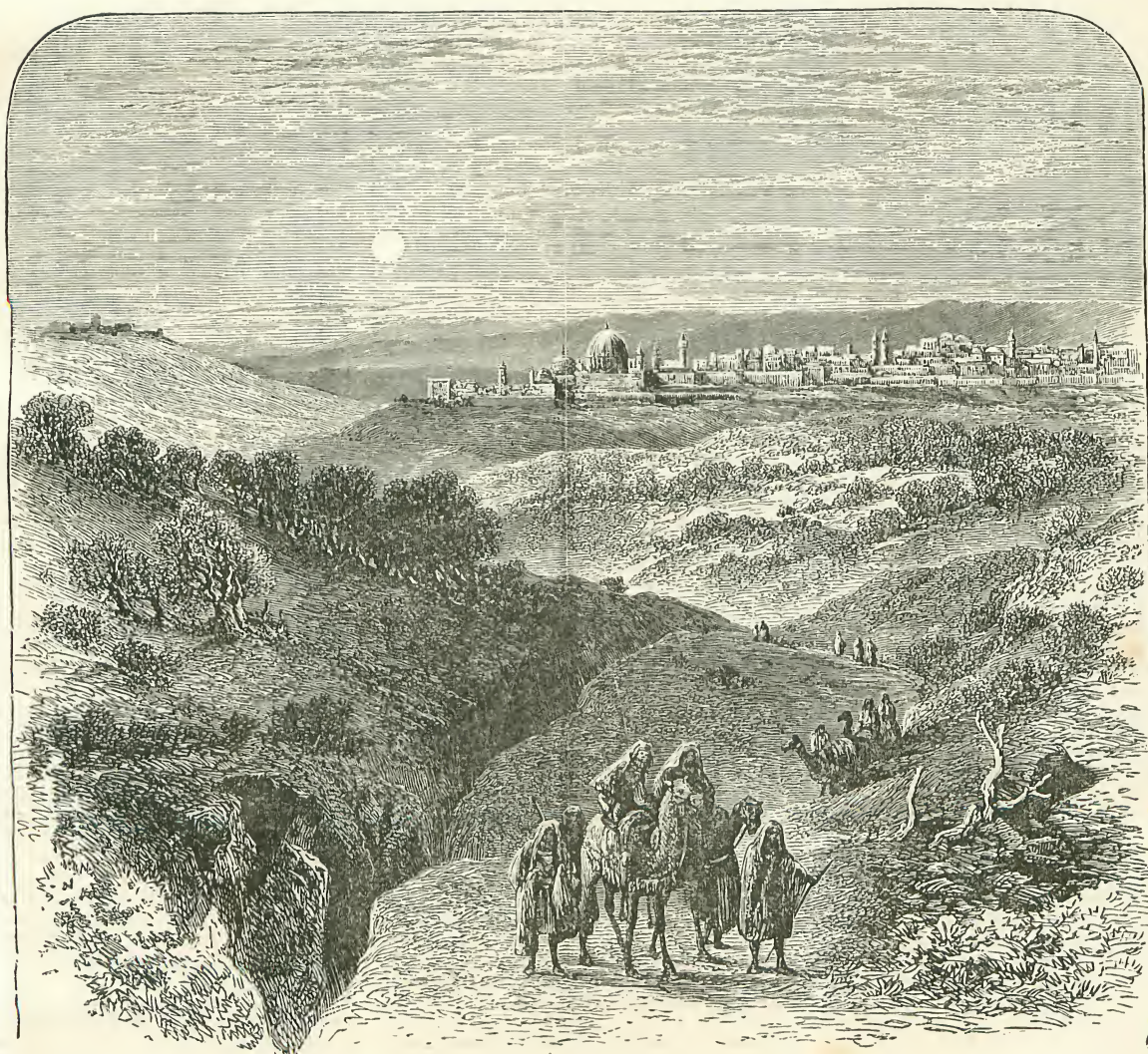
VOL. X.—No. 506.]

SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MY LIFE IN JERUSALEM.

By CONSTANCE M. FINN.



JERUSALEM AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM SCOPUS.



HE first few hours of my life were spent in a canvas tent, which was pitched under an old olive tree, one of a grove on the north side of the city of Jerusalem.

What could be more interesting or romantic for the beginning of one's life?

Till lately a great many people scarcely seemed to realise that the Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethany, and other places one has read of all one's life in the Bible,

are places in which one can live and have daily occupations, as in other countries; but for nearly thirteen years I lived as a child in and near Jerusalem, and I should like to tell you some of the things I remember very well, and with so much pleasure.

Though we spoke English, and in many ways lived as English children would live anywhere else, there were many things round us very different to what you would see in most countries.

To begin with the houses. They were nearly all built of stone, with domed roofs or flat terraces, upon which you could walk in the cool of the evening. One of the houses we lived in is a fair specimen of the rest, so I will try to describe it to you. When you got inside the hall door you would have been surprised to find yourself still in the open air, and not in a covered passage; for instead of the passages and stairs being shut in under the same roof as the rest of the house, they were quite open to the sky. You generally would find yourself in a square courtyard, and all the sitting-rooms opening out of it. This is very cool and pleasant in summer, and we were able to have plants and trees just outside the doors of the rooms.

Outside the dining-room door we had a white jasmine, and over my bedroom, opening into the same courtyard, was trained a beautiful passion flower tree, and scattered about in different parts were pots or wooden boxes, containing all kinds of sweet scented plants, sweet basil, mignonette, pinks, etc.

Sometimes the whole courtyard was covered in by wooden lattice work, stretching from side to side, and a vine or some creeper growing over it; but that was not the case in some of the houses.

These arrangements were very pleasant in hot weather, but I think you who are accustomed to nice warm houses and nurseries or schoolrooms would scarcely have liked it so well in winter, when the rain and snow came down. Now I can fancy that you will be surprised at my speaking of snow in Jerusalem, for you will suppose that in that Eastern climate we ought not to have it. We very seldom had it on the plains, but if you study a map and books about the Holy Land, or go there yourself some day, you will find that Jerusalem stands nearly 3,000 feet above the Mediterranean Sea level, quite on the top of the chain of mountains which is continued from Lebanon (or the "white" mountain, as its name means), and that some of the heights of Lebanon are 10,000 feet above the sea, and covered with perpetual snow. You will find it a very interesting thing to look out for all the texts in the Bible which speak of the climate and products of the Holy Land from the very beginning to the end. There are a great number in the Psalms, and more than you imagine in the other books of the Bible.

It is a wonderful country for its variations of climate, from snow in Lebanon to tropical heat in the plains and valleys, and you will therefore find allusions to snow and ice, as well as to extreme heat, and mention of trees and plants which need one or the other.

But the winter in Jerusalem never lasts very long; the natives have no word to express a season like our word winter; they only speak of "the rains." These begin generally in November and end in March, and we have no such thing as a fog. Nor do we ever have ice thick enough to skate upon. Snowstorms come down heavily sometimes, and you may see Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives covered with white; but the sun soon comes out and melts away the snow, and you seem to have spring again. I daresay you would not like one thing which happened to us every winter, and that was that if snow fell in the night after we had gone to bed we could not get down to breakfast in the morning till someone came to dig a way for us, as the steps were snowed over as one long slide. And if it was snowing or raining we had to wrap ourselves in cloaks and waterproofs and to carry umbrellas. I should not like it now, but I remember thinking it great fun to be wrapped up and carried to bed at night, and also to see the dinner brought up on a tray which was covered with a piece of oilcloth to keep the food from being spoiled on its way from the kitchen to the dining-room, the servant who carried it being wrapped in a native overcoat, with a hood over his head, which he left just inside the door with his overshoes. Sometimes the tray came in quite white with the snow. We had no open fireplaces in the sitting-rooms or bedrooms, or any coal, but we used American stoves, in which wood was burnt, and charcoal in the kitchen for cooking. The wood was not in chips or sticks, but fragments of immense roots of forest trees, dug out of the hillsides in the country, and brought by the peasantry in camel loads to Jerusalem.

I do not remember much of what we had to eat and drink, except that we ate less meat, more rice, plenty of olives and honey, fewer potatoes, and a great deal more fruit than here in England. We seldom had jam, and the butter was made of goat's milk, and this we could only get for about four months in the year. Beef we seldom had, but mutton, goat's and kid's flesh, and fowls.

There were no bells in the rooms by means of which to summon the servants, so we had to call or clap our hands outside the door. Our servants were of all nations. The men were sometimes Greek Christians, Mahomedans, or sometimes Abyssinian Christians. These latter were gentle, obedient, and affectionate men, who only became servants to English families till they had earned enough to take them back to their own country, from which they had come as pilgrims to see the holy city, so dear to all Eastern Christians. They were brown or black, but not the jet black of negroes, and their skin and features were very delicate and refined.

Our cooks were generally women, also Christians, and natives of Bethlehem; and our nurses were often Spanish Jewesses. One, however, was a native Arab Christian woman, whose kindness and devotion to us will never be forgotten. She was one of the sweetest and gentlest women I have ever seen, then or since. Our groom was an Egyptian and a Mahomedan; a good old fellow, and very kind to the creatures under his charge; but his great fault was opium smoking, which made him sometimes very stupid.

We had to learn a little of each of their languages in order to speak to them, and I remember once teaching an Abyssinian servant some French sentences, which he wrote down in his note-book in his own characters, and then he taught me some

Abyssinian words, which I am sorry to say I have quite forgotten. We often saw him with his Psalter in his hands, and heard him chanting or reciting the Psalms.

All our servants were extremely respectful and kind, and most of them very clean. One Spanish Jewess that we had as nurse, I remember now by the soapy smell of her calico dress, as well as her kind face and gentle voice. On festival days they generally had on some gay dress, which we admired very much. With the Christians this was at Easter, or as they call it "the great feast;" the Mahomedan feast of Ramadan was not fixed, and the Jewesses brought us thin flat unleavened cakes at Passover-time; they, poor creatures, were too poor to buy beautiful clothes such as the others wore, and instead of jewels in their hair, there were often real flowers, which many people think are the best jewellery. There are some Jewesses in Jerusalem who are well off, but they are few; the majority are in a fearful state of poverty and distress.

The Arab builders of the houses had a quaint way of inserting china plates in the roof and walls of some of the rooms. Our drawing-room ceiling in the last house we lived in was ornamented with blue-and-white willow-pattern plates fixed in the mortar. The view from the windows of this drawing-room was a very beautiful one, right across the whole city—the Mount of Olives behind, and the mountains of Moab in the far distance. Our stables at the back of the house were formed of the best part of a ruin called Goliath's Castle, close to the city wall. I should have told you that Jerusalem is enclosed by a very fine and very interesting stone wall, in which there are four gateways, out of which you must go if you wish to get into the country. These gates were always closed and locked at sunset, but I am told that now one is left open at night for the convenience of travellers, but a sentry is always watching at it, day and night. On Friday for an hour in the middle of the day the gates are closed while the sentries, who are Mahomedans, go and worship in their Mosque.

There were few days that we children missed our afternoon ride into the country. Our lessons were learnt and said in the morning, and it depended on how we got through them, and how we had behaved, whether our ride was long or short, or whether we were allowed to dismount and pick wild flowers or not.

You may wonder what lessons we learnt, and I can only tell you that we used Markham and Mangnall, wrote copies, and did sums like any of you, and many a cry have I had over Mayor's spelling-book.

We had two donkeys on which we rode—Jerry and Gipsy. Jerry was a beautiful creature; he had been brought from Egypt (where they have the best donkeys), and was of a delicate mouse colour; thin and slim, the size of a small pony, quite as active and more graceful. Gipsy was a much commoner-looking donkey and smaller, but a good little fellow, very much attached to Jerry, and as steady as old time; almost too steady, for the only fault we had to find with him was that he would not go as fast as we liked. When we were out and wanted a good run, we had to resort to a trick with him. We turned him round suddenly and stopped short, till Jerry had gone a long way, or even out of sight; and then we turned round and let him go. Away he ran, as fast as his legs could carry him, and we, laughing heartily, enjoyed what we thought a good joke.

Jerry had an English leather saddle, but Gipsy had only a padded seat, covered with a crimson cloth and edged with crimson fringe.

What fun we used to have in our rides, especially when I was old enough to be allowed to ride Jerry! Sometimes, if he had not been

out for a few days, he was so very frisky that I could scarcely hold him in with all my strength. He was very strong, and could be ridden quite as long a journey as the horses; he would sometimes prance and curvet in imitation of them, which was very amusing. When we got right out of the city we were allowed to dismount and pick the wild flowers which covered the country. In the autumn there were purple, yellow, and white crocuses; and in the spring, little blue irises, star of Bethlehem, scarlet anemones (which covered the hills and fields, and made our eyes ache to look at them they were so dazzlingly bright), blue periwinkle, pimpernel, speedwell, pheasants' eye, poppies, and quantities of other flowers which you know here. For our mother's birthday in March we always went to the valley of Hinnom, on the south side of the city, to pick a large bunch for her of cyclamen of all shades, from deep crimson to delicately-tinted white, and the deep blue grape hyacinth, both of which grew in great numbers there.

We never rode far, not more than a mile or two, for the roads are not such as you have here—some are not more than paths, and some not that. Sometimes we rode out of the gate which most travellers know, and which they call the Jaffa Gate, because it is the one they enter the city by when they arrive from Jaffa, or Joppa, the seaport town at which they land. Close to this are two public promenades, where the fashionable people meet to look at each other, as people do in Hyde Park and Rotten Row. Out of this gate we also rode when we wanted a good gallop on the Bethlehem plain, on the road to Bethlehem: this was on the west side of the city. Sometimes we went out of the gate on the north, called the Damascus Gate, close to which is the olive grove, where I was born in a tent. In this grove we listened to the turtle-doves and wood-pigeons, and once in riding fast under one of these olive trees I was caught by my hair in the branches, which was not comfortable. There is one tree in this grove thirty-eight feet round, and nearly all of them look very ancient; some are quite hollow inside, and look as if they ought to be worn out, all knotted and gnarled with age; but I am now told that the olive is a very long-lived tree, and that it is almost impossible to kill an olive tree, unless you dig the root right out of the earth. That is why we may look with great respect on the old olive trees round Jerusalem; for though some have been cut down, fresh shoots sprang up from the original root hundreds of years ago. There is something to my mind very interesting in an olive tree, and very pretty too; the leaves are green on the upper, and silvery white on the lower side, and when a fresh breeze is blowing it is difficult to say what colour they are; the wood is very pretty, and the smell of it refreshing, and as for the fruit, when it was pickled we were extremely fond of it, and ate quantities of olives with bread. I am quite aware that very few English children agree with me as to their being nice, so I can only say, wait till you taste them in Jerusalem. You cannot eat olives just as they are off the tree, they must be first pickled. Olives are of two colours—purple and green.

Sometimes we rode out of the gate called St. Stephen's Gate (in memory of the martyrdom of St. Stephen), down the slope of Mount Moriah, where there were a good many squill plants, and also a pretty little pink flower which we found nowhere else, and into the valley of Jehoshaphat, which separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. Sometimes we rode past the garden of Gethsemane, and up the Mount of Olives, a very hot and dusty ride on a summer's day, but the view from the top, looking back on Jerusalem westwards, was worth any fatigue.

Sometimes, instead of riding up it we kept along the foot of the Mount of Olives, past

the tombs of Zechariah and St. James the Less, and the pillar of Absalom, all cut out of the live rock, and along the valley nearly paved with Jewish gravestones, till we came to the village of Siloam. Here everything was green and fresh, the houses built partly up the hill, and surrounded with little plots of vegetable gardens. The cauliflowers and cabbages grow here to an enormous size. I remember being once invited to sit on a carpet spread in the middle of one of these gardens, and being given refreshment in the shape of fried eggs swimming on the top of a bowl of melted butter. We managed to dip out the eggs with a wooden spoon and bits of the flat bread cakes which the natives make.*

In spring, when the Brook Kedron overflowed after the winter rains, and the almond trees were in blossom, it was a pretty scene just beyond the village, for hundreds of people came in picnic parties from Jerusalem to smoke, eat, and swing among the trees.

Sometimes we rode southwards on to Mount Zion, close to where we have our English cemetery, and here we often picked up pieces of marbles and porphyry, green and purple, ancient coins and bits of tesserae, relics of the former grandeur of the palaces there.

We had very few toys but those that were sent to us from England, and we seldom bought sweets.

There was one man who came round with a tray on his head, containing pink sugar horses with a bit of gilt stuck on their backs for a saddle, and of these we were very fond, and we also got melon seeds dried and roasted; when we were very rich we sometimes bought tiny peppermints at the one European shop.

There were all sorts of made sweetmeat dishes which we sometimes had as a great treat. One was like an immense mincepie, made of light crust and mince-meat, and marked in diamond shapes on the top. Another was a delicious compound, in which there were raisins, walnuts, little nuts cut of the pine cones, besides other good things.

We scarcely ever had any children to play with, so we had to fall back on our own resources, and invented a kingdom of our own, of which we were kings and princes, and transacted all the business. We had a newspaper written out regularly, recording the principal events, and the "Foreign Intelligence" was carefully copied from the *Times*. We used also to dry quantities of the wild flowers, and either send them to our friends in England or give them to travellers.

On Sundays we always went to the English church on Mount Zion, to join in the same service that you have here, but it began at ten o'clock, so that we might get home in summer before the middle of the day.

It was strange on the way to church to see the open market-place, through which we had to pass, thronged with peasant men and women, selling vegetables and fruits, making a great noise whilst bargaining for the different wares. But they had had their day of worship on Friday, and the Jews had had theirs on Saturday. I once went to a Jewish wedding, but do not remember much about it, except one very ridiculous thing that was done. After the service was over at the house of the bride's father, she pretended to be unwilling to leave her home, so when she was at last ready to start, an old woman danced before her dressed in the most ridiculous way, and with a wreath on her head made of vegetables, trying to make her laugh and be cheerful, whilst other women pushed the bride forward when she pretended to lag behind.

The climate of Jerusalem was very temperate. The most trying thing was the sirocco

* I remember also seeing some men trying to swim in the Pool of Siloam, with black goat skins filled with air tied on their backs, to keep them from sinking; they looked very queer.

wind which blew in May—a hot wind from the desert, bringing up with it quantities of fine sand, which got into every corner. The ill-fitting windows and doors were not able to keep it out, and a table dusted clean would be again in a few minutes covered with dust. This wind would blow for some days continuously, and then leave off; but in a few days it began again, and while it lasted it made us all feel ill and cross. Travellers who came while it was blowing would sometimes say, "If this is what you have in May, what will it be like in June?" But in June this wind had gone, and we had delicious warm but not too hot weather, tempered by cool mountain and sea breezes, and at night heavy dews, which refreshed the earth instead of rain. We do not expect a drop of rain between May and October, but have long, cloudless days and these cooling dews at night, and such moonlight and stars! About this time we began to think of moving out of the city and into tents in the country.

Our camping-ground was not always the same; one was generally chosen where there was a stone house or cottage built in which we might sit during the day. After the sun had been shining a few hours the tents became unbearably hot, and it was not safe or pleasant to sit in them. Moving into tents was always great fun. Such packings up and running about! We children could think of little but the jolly time that was coming. When at last all was safely stowed away that we were not going to take with us, and the tents and beds rolled up, the luggage was packed on camels or mules' backs, and sent on before, while we followed, riding on horses or donkeys.

Several summers were spent at our own country place only a mile and a half out of the city. The cottage stood on rising ground, and the tents were pitched round and below it.

It was not all holiday-time; we did lessons in the morning, and in the afternoon wandered about among the rocks and in the fields in search of new plants and flowers. Sometimes we ran races or jumped from the rocks, and I often came home with the skin scraped off my knees. One plant we looked for each year in the same place; it was a creeping, white everlasting, which was to be found in only one place, and an upright red everlasting near it. There was also one plant of fennel, and one particular bush of wild thyme on the road which we always looked for. Sometimes we searched for creatures, tortoises, chameleons, pretty little praying mantises, and at night fireflies and glowworms. Now and then we saw a snake, but they never disturbed us much. There was only one on the grounds that we were afraid of, and that we tried each summer for several years to destroy, and at last one year it was suffocated in its hole under a rock by lighting a bonfire at the entrance. Scorpions and centipedes were also about, but very rarely troubled us.

Close to the house we had our garden flowers. One large rose-tree grew under the kitchen window; its beautiful single white blossoms were very sweet. There were also pink roses, violets, china cups, mignonette, petunias, marvel of Peru, one ice plant, a rosemary bush, a plant called "Fil," like a Cape jasmine, and a creeper—the blossom of which was in shape something like a snail, and was therefore called "Halazonee," or snail—of purple and white colour, with a creamy white tendril coming out of the centre of each blossom.

Here I had also some pigeons of my own, and there were some silkworms near, which we sometimes went to see. In front of the house there was a very pretty arrangement, a long stone bench, like a sofa, just outside the door, on which we could sit in the cool of the day. Overhead was a lattice-work verandah supported by wooden posts, and covered with a vine, whose leaves formed a fresh green shade,

and sometimes bunches of grapes hung down over our heads.

There was also close by a beautiful pomegranate tree, with its glossy leaves and scarlet bell-shaped flowers. Also some large trees which had sweet-scented, small, lilac flowers, which I have never seen since; I believe in India they are called "Neem."

Our Mahommedan servant who took charge of this place used to make up pyramid bouquets of these flowers, arranged with roses round a stick, and tied securely on without a green leaf showing.

Not far off was the Valley of Roses, where quantities are grown and brought to Jerusalem by peasant women in piled-up baskets carried on their heads.

From here we had a very fine view of Jerusalem on the west side, and facing us in the wall was the grand tower of David, which is now the Turkish citadel. It was a very pretty sight to see salutes fired from there, and to watch the curling smoke and then hear the report, whenever there was a Mahommedan festival, the Turkish scarlet flag and white crescent floating gaily in the breeze. We

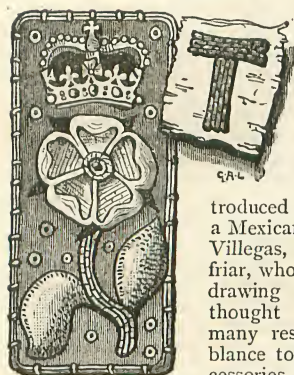
could also hear the call to prayers from the minarets in the city when the wind blew our way. The Mahommedans, instead of ringing a bell to summon the worshippers to remind the people that it is the prayer hour, have tall towers called minarets, near the top of which men with powerful voices walk round and call out, in a clear, musical voice, the notices: "Prayer is better than sleep"; and the Mahommedan belief, "There is no God but One, and Mahomet is His prophet."

(To be concluded.)

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART VI.



ROSE. THE ROYAL BADGE.
(From old embroidery).

HE *Passion-flower* (*Pas-siflora cœrulea*) was a native of the forests of South America, and first introduced to our notice by a Mexican, Emmanuel de Villegas, an Augustinian friar, who brought over a drawing of the flower thought to bear in so many respects a resemblance to the several accessories of our Saviour's passion and death. When shown to Bosio, a writer on sacred subjects at Rome, 1610, he forebore to make any allusion to

them in his works, until further confirmation arrived from New Spain, when some Dominicans at Bologna engraved and published the drawings received, with their description. Then, fully assured, Bosio introduced the flower to further notice. The crown of thorns, three nails, blood-tinged fringe of filaments (representing the scourge), the column of flagellation, five spots of blood, leaves like spears having round spots beneath them, denoting the thirty pieces of silver, and the seed-vessels, or sponge for the vinegar, all attracted notice, as the beautiful blossoms hung from the branches of the forest trees. The passion-flower is also a native of Peru, but the upper petals there are of a tawny hue.

In 1625 the flower was blooming in the garden of Cardinal Odoardo Farnese (Rome), and his physician and manager of his garden, Aldinus, wrote of the curative properties of the plant, and added that its white petals typified the white robe and purity of Christ, observing that as it would fain climb upwards, but cannot without support, so the Christian's faith needs support, and his weakness must be supplemented with Divine power from on high. Some may say that the so-called *Fiore della Passione* bears an emblematic character in the eyes only of the superstitious. Be the idea far-strained in its several minutiae, at least it is well to find food for reflection in the works of the great Father's hands, and they will lose the benefit of much designed to edify who fail to discern those "many voices in the world," which are "none of them without sig-

nification to him who owns the seeing eye and the hearing ear."

Although as a distinctive badge of a large party in the realm the *Primrose* cannot be omitted in our series of historical flowers, there is little of old-world interest attached to it. The ancient name for it was *Paralisos*, from the name of a son of Priapus and Flora, who dying of grief at the loss of his betrothed Melicerta, was rescued from death by his parents, and transformed into "the rather primrose, that forsaken dies." Chaucer called it the "Primerole," derived from the old French *Primeverole*, the first spring flower.

Associated with the memory and principles of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who honoured it with his special preference, it gives its name to the great League which endeavours to promulgate and carry out his views.

The *Rose of Sharon* is familiar by name to all students of the Scriptures; but it seems to be an error to associate that typical flower with the rose of our gardens. The rose of Scripture is believed to have been the tulip. The so-called "Rose of Jericho," brought from the "Casa Nuova" Convent of Jerusalem,

is, likewise, no species of the real rose. These "resurrection flowers" (*Anastatica*



PRIMROSE BADGE.

Hierochuntina) are only called roses because their little branches curl inwards, and assume a round rose shape.

The presentation of "the golden rose" by a Roman Pontiff dates back to the eleventh century, and is ascribed to the pontificate of St. Leo IX. It takes the form of a branch, planted in a vase, well supplied with leaves, buds, blossoms, and thorns, the topmost flower being the largest, and the whole wrought in pure gold. Within the principal flower is a small receptacle—usually a cup with a lid—in which, when blessing it on "Rose Sunday" (the fourth in Lent), his Holiness places some balm and musk; and on the pedestal his name and arms are engraved. Our kings, Henry IV., James III. of Scotland, and Henry VIII., were recipients of this distinction.

Amongst the ancients the rose was dedicated to Venus. According to Catullus, the pink colouring was due to its blushing for the wound its thorns inflicted on the foot of the goddess when she hastened to the aid of Adonis, an ancient epigram recording the fable—

"Her step she fixes on the cruel thorns,
And with her blood the pallid rose adorns."

Brides and bridegrooms were crowned with chaplets of white and red roses, Roman brides wearing them in combination with myrtle blossoms. Indeed, there were no public festivities into which they did not enter. The Falernian wine was drunk in goblets swimming with



PASSION FLOWER.

rose petals, and the Lucrine Lake, at the Regatta of Baïæ, was strewn with them. Cleopatra had a bed-like carpet of roses an ell deep on the floor of her banquet-chamber, kept in place by a thin netting; and Nero and Heliogabalus were specially



CONVENTIONAL ROSE.

(From English MS., 1500, in British Museum.)

extravagant in their employment. According to Suetonius, the former spent more than four million sesterces (some £30,000) on these flowers at one supper alone. It was amongst the ancients a symbol of joy, amongst moderns of love; but it was originally the emblem of the god of silence—Hippocrates. To this fact we owe the phrase "Under the rose" as signifying secrecy. Roses used to be painted on our banquet-room ceilings, and the central ornament in plaster is still called "a rose," though of conventional type. Carrying out the idea thus, the Jacobins adopted the white rose as a symbol of the "Pretender," whose followers assisted him "under the rose."



SUNFLOWER.

The "Rosary," introduced by St. Dominic, was attributed to the legend, that a chaplet of roses was thrown to him by the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the first instance it consisted of a string of beads composed of rose leaves, compressed into moulds in that form. But their employment as chaplets is of Eastern origin,

dating from the time of the Egyptian anchorites, and their use (with variations as to size and number) obtains amongst the Mahomedans and the Buddhists of China, Japan, and India. The phrase, "a bed of roses," has reference to a once existing fact, for, as I said, the Greeks and Romans had their beds and cushions stuffed with them. There is a pretty tradition ascribed to Zoroaster, that the rose was free from thorns until the coming into the world of Ahrimanes, the evil spirit. It is greatly esteemed in Persia, where there is a feast held in its honour, lasting the whole time that the flower remains in bloom; and pelting with them is a favourite game. The world-famed "attar" which they manufacture from them has made them a valuable article of commerce.

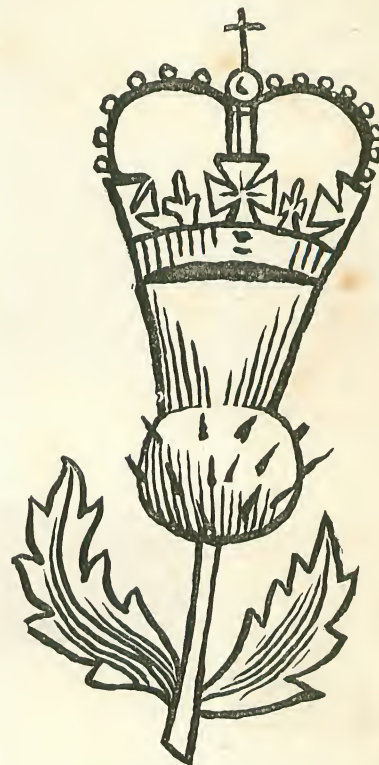
The "rose of England," *par excellence*, is the large red one (*Rosa centifolia*), of which the "cabbage rose" of Provence is a variety. It became the distinctive badge of England at the time of the Wars of the Roses (into which history I need scarcely enter), although the elder Pliny seems to find a connection between the name "Albion" and the white roses, *ob rosas albas*, which abounded in this country. At Upsal, the northern portal of the cathedral is covered with them, which the local historian, Scheffer, supposed was designed to commemorate the fact that the Christian missionaries to the North came from England. The first appearance of this flower on the Great Seal was in the reign of Edward IV., and it was repeated on those of all the succeeding monarchs, down to James II., and it appeared on the coinage in the "Rose-noble" of Henry VI. The coins struck to commemorate the coronation of Charles I. bore it on the reverse, an equestrian figure of that monarch on the obverse. On the badge of Mary I. it is united with the pomegranate, and on that of James I. with the thistle. That of Edward IV. and Richard II. represented a white rose. The origin of the *Rosa Galica*, or Rose of Provins, is attributed to the poet King of Navarre and Count of Champagne, Thibault IV., surnamed "the Song-maker." It is said that on his return from the Crusades he brought back a rose tree, which he planted in his City of Provins, where so greatly did it thrive that it made its new home famous, and the king's successor adopted the flower as his badge. The charming peculiarity of giving forth sweetness in its decay has been exquisitely enlarged upon by Elizabeth Browning in her poem "To a Dead Rose."

The *Shamrock*, which constitutes the national badge of Ireland, has been noticed under the name "trefoil," thus I shall only note the assertion of some that "shamrock" is derived from the Arabic *Shamrookh*, a club or "shillelagh"; and if so the emblem is more apposite than most are to those who adopt them in its suitability as a badge for the peasant population of that unquiet land.

The magnificent *Sunflower* must now claim a brief notice, so popular has it recently become. It is a herbaceous plant (*Helianthus annuus giganteus*) which attains a height of twenty feet, and the golden-rayed flowers often measure a foot and a half in diameter. Numerous representations of them, made in pure gold, were found by the early Spanish invaders of Peru in the Temples of the Sun, the workmanship of which was perfectly exquisite, so much so as to outvalue by far their weight in that precious metal. The priestesses were crowned with these; they wore them in their bosoms and carried them in their hands, as emblems of the sun. But this gorgeous flower, so much affected as an ornament and badge by aspirants to æstheticism, is not that of classical fable; the

"Symbol of unhappy love
Sacred to the slighted Clytie,"

whose devotion to Apollo (*Helios*—the Sun) may be remembered by many of my readers, was transformed into the classic heliotrope, an insignificant flower of the natural order of *Boraginæ*—a native of the South and West of Europe—not the Peruvian heliotrope, vul-



THISTLE. ROYAL BADGE.

(From stained glass, date about 1670. In private possession.)

garly called "cherry-pie." Moore adopts the theory that the sunflower was so designated because of its ever turning towards the sun; but Gerarde, writing in 1507, says: "Some have reported it to turn with the sunne, which I could never observe . . . but I think it was so called because it resembles the radiant beams of the sunne."



VIOLET.

(1500. In the British Museum.)

The incomparable Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis I., when Duchesse d'Alençon, chose (says Brantôme) the sunflower for her device, "to show that her heart was devoted to God; this flower bearing the greatest

affinity to the sun by the similarity of its rays and leaves, and that it turns to where He moves." Thus she signified, he continues, "how she directed all her thoughts, will, and affections towards that great sun, which is God." Her device was accompanied by the motto—*Non inferiora secutus*. A medal was struck in 1636 in honour of Frederick Henry of Orange, bearing a sunflower with the same motto; and Catherine, daughter of the Emperor Albert I., adopted the same flower, but with the motto—*Deorsum nunquam*, "never downwards."

How the *Thistle* became the symbol of Scotland I need scarcely relate, yet some reader may not have heard that an attempt being made to surprise the Scotch army at night, on one memorable occasion, by the invading Danes, one of the latter trod on a prickly thistle, and his involuntary exclamation roused some wakeful ones, who, flying to arms, drove out the enemy. The stemless thistle (*Oniscus acaulis*) is considered by some to be the true Scotch device, being that re-

presented in the gold bonnet-piece of James V. But opinion is divided on the question of the species. The Scotch order of knighthood was instituted, it is believed, by Achaius, King of the Scots, on the occasion of his victory over Athelstan.

I must now conclude with that lowly-growing and sweet amongst the sweetest of flowers, the *Violet* (*Viola odorata*). I have spoken of the games at Toulouse, when a golden violet was awarded for the best poem. When the unfortunate foundress was undergoing imprisonment, she sent her emblem to her knight to be worn as a token of her constancy, and thenceforth it was adopted (with a similar significance) by the Troubadours. In the olden days of "Merrie England," it told the same story from those presenting it, and in the reign of Charles II. it was reputed by doctors to cure consumption. Pliny affirmed that a chaplet of violets was a preventive of headache. As a family badge it was adopted by the Bonapartes, from the time of the exile to Elba of Napoleon I., and it is said that the

ex-Empress Eugenie appeared one evening decorated with a profusion of them, during the time that her future husband was paying her his addresses, as significant of her intention to accept his suit. At the touching funeral of her most promising and England-loving son, the Prince Imperial, I noticed that the coffin, drawn on a gun-carriage, was covered with violets, and an arch composed of them surmounted the head, several feet in height. As an emblem of sweetness, unobtrusive and lowly, the suitability of the flower is very obvious; as that of "constancy," the idea seems obscure. On what more beautiful attributes can I leave the reader to dwell, or can I commend to her cultivation in "the garden of the soul"? Modesty, sweetness, and constancy—surely these are amongst the spiritual blossoms that bear a "sweet-smelling savour," and amongst those "fruits of the spirit" which are "lovely and of good report."

[THE END.]



THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. HOPE was genuinely anxious to make Evelyn as comfortable as possible, and not to let her find her life under his roof dreary. As he had prophesied, Mrs. Grant, a motherly, good-natured soul, innocent of her husband's scientific tastes, was extremely kind to the girl, and would have had her be all day long with her own daughters. But these were two young ladies of the most conventional type; without an interest beyond dress and amusement, and Evelyn, though grateful for their goodwill, much preferred solitude to their society.

One evening Mr. Hope, Evelyn, and the Grant family found themselves at one of those exhibitions which, under the familiar appellations of Healtheries, Fisheries, Colinderies, etc., have enlivened London of late years. The gardens were glittering with electric light; the fountains were playing in silver radiance, and an excellent band was rehearsing strains of well-chosen music. A throng of people, testifying by their dress to the comparative exclusiveness of a "half-crown day," strolled about, enjoying the breath of the spring night, the music, and the brilliance of the illuminations.

"This is one of the tolls one has to pay to society in the course of the season," grumbled Mr. Hope, who

would very much rather have been in his library at home. The Misses Grant were in high spirits, greeting one and another acquaintance. Evelyn felt terribly lonely, and as the plaintive strains of a waltz by Gung'l sounded from the orchestra, her melancholy deepened. Just then she heard her uncle accosting someone, and looking up, she perceived it was Mr. Muir.

Evelyn's first introduction to him a year ago had been through Mr. Hope, and she was aware that the two men knew and liked one another. She felt it was a very pleasant coincidence, and was glad when Mr. Muir took a vacant chair at her side.

"Mr. Hope tells me you are staying with him for the present," he said, after the first greetings had passed. Evelyn felt, she did not know how or why, that he was thoroughly glad to see her; and as she always had the consciousness through all her uncle's kindness that she was at his house on sufferance, this cordiality and interest were pleasant to her. She felt very much inclined to tell him more about herself, for she knew instinctively he would like to hear.

"I have no settled home," she answered, "I am rather like a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. When I met you first, I was living with my aunt and cousin, where

I had been ever since I was a child. Afterwards I went to stay with an American lady, Miss Wentworth. Now I am at Kensington. I have scarcely any relatives belonging to me; my parents died long ago."

"I am very sorry," was all Mr. Muir's reply; but Evelyn knew it was not conventional, and that he was very sorry for her. "You will probably return to your aunt?" he remarked in a minute or two.

"I don't think so."

Evelyn gave a sudden, violent start, and almost knocked her chair backwards as she spoke; for among the crowds of people sauntering close by she had recognised Algy—Algy, looking particularly bright and handsome, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, side by side with a well-dressed young lady of dark eyes and vivacious mien, whom Evelyn knew to be Emily Thorne, a former member of the Mayflower Club. The two were evidently on the best of terms. Algy was discoursing eloquently, and Miss Thorne appeared to be listening with much delight. Neither of them saw Evelyn; they were far too intent upon their own conversation. She looked for Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie, but if they were in the grounds they certainly were nowhere in the immediate vicinity.

"Has anything startled you? Did anyone push against you?" asked Mr.

Muir, looking savagely after the figure of the retreating Algy.

"No, thank you; I recognised someone I knew, that was all," replied Evelyn. But she could scarcely hide her discomposure. It is a little startling when one imagines oneself first and best, to suspect that the place is filled. Theoretically, Evelyn was glad Algy should console himself, but a throng of other reflections crowded upon her mind. If this were so, why did they not tell her?—why did they not ask her to come back? "They must care very little about me," thought the orphan girl, bitterly.

It would take too long to describe in detail how it came to pass, but Evelyn found herself by-and-by talking confidentially to Mr. Muir about her life. She had too much sense of honour to relate what had passed between Algy and herself, and merely let him understand there had been a family disagreement. The loneliness of her present lot he could well appreciate, for though he liked Mr. Hope, he knew perfectly well that he was not in the least fitted to take charge of a girl like Evelyn.

Mr. Hope was a "man's man," not a "woman's man," and Mr. Muir almost shuddered to think of a bright young life in that perfectly-appointed, stereotyped household.

"And what resource do you find, then?" he asked gently. "You must need one."

Evelyn hesitated a little.

"I am very fond of writing," she confessed. "My uncle has let me have a study to myself, and there I spend the most of my time—when I am indoors. I love writing with my whole heart. I live in it, and if it were not for that just now, I really do not know what would become of me."

"Have you written much before?" Mr. Muir felt guilty as he asked this question, but Evelyn unsuspectingly replied—

"I have always been writing. At school I always had the composition prizes. My father used to write a good deal for reviews, and so forth, so I suppose I inherit his love for it. When I was a little thing I used to write verses; people thought them very wonderful, and once some were published in a local newspaper. I shall never forget how proud I was. Then as I grew older I loved to write poetry. At last, do you know, I published a volume."

Mr. Muir was silent.

"It was last summer," continued Evelyn. If it had not been dark as they paced to and fro, she would scarcely have made this frank avowal. "My friends admired my poetry so much, I thought other people would do the same, but it was a dreadful mistake of mine. There was one review only, but that was most cruel. It was in the *Critic*, and as soon as I read it I gave up all hope of ever doing anything as a poet."

"Was it only the review that made you come to that decision?"

"No," acknowledged Evelyn, "I think going to Switzerland, and contrasting my own verses with the glory and beauty of everything around me, made me feel how poor and paltry they

were. There was a musician at Engelberg, who played very splendidly. His music had an effect upon me too in the same way. But my talks with Mrs. Allingham West did the most."

"Did these things discourage you altogether from writing?"

"Not altogether. They gave me a different view of life. I felt poetry was no longer the easy thing I had supposed it to be. I still felt I must write, but in another way."

"And what is that, if I may ask you?"

"When I was at Engelberg I tried to make a little sketch of a girl I saw at the Engstlen Alp, giving her an imaginary history, but describing just what I saw around me. I found that seemed to 'go' easily, and I found great pleasure in it. Now I am writing a story, quite a brief one, in four or five chapters, the scene of which is laid in the same neighbourhood. It is called 'The Hill of Angels.'"

"That is a very pretty title."

"Engel-Berg—you have heard perhaps of the old legend," continued Evelyn. "I am connecting that with a modern story."

"Will you tell me something of the plot?" he asked.

Evelyn, a little diffidently, complied.

"You cannot think how intensely I enjoy it," she continued. "I seem to live in the beautiful Swiss valley while I write. When I go and shut myself up I am surrounded by all the lovely scenes I am trying to describe. I see the clouds wreathing, and rising, and soaring away from the hill, and I dream over Wordsworth's sonnet."

Mr. Muir did not recollect the sonnet in question, and Evelyn's soft voice repeated the last lines.

"Resplendent apparition! if in vain

My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze

And watch the slow departing of the train,

Whose skirts the glowing mountain thirsted to detain."

"You make me long to go to Engelberg," said Mr. Muir, greatly pleased.

"And what will become of this story when it is finished?"

"I do not know," she replied. "I do not think I shall venture into print again."

"Oh, but why not?" he asked.

"One failure ought not to discourage you for ever."

Evelyn shook her head.

"You did not read that review," she said, "or you would not think I could face publicity a second time."

The terrible moment had come! Mr. Muir felt he could in common honesty no longer shirk the question of authorship. And yet Evelyn, in her desolate girlhood, her winsomeness, her bright intelligence, her efforts after literary achievement, appealed so powerfully to his sympathies, he could not bear to reveal himself as the monster of her imagination. However, he was not accustomed to shrink from telling the truth.

"Miss Hope, I have something to say that will very likely surprise you,"

he announced abruptly. "You speak of a review in the *Critic* of your poems. I wrote that review!"

Evelyn started away from his side as though a shot had struck her.

"You!"

It was only one word, but it was eloquent.

"I review for that paper," he continued. "When I met you at Chelsea, I had, of course, no idea you were the author. Indeed, I had forgotten the circumstance altogether, it made no impression on me; but Mrs. West told me afterwards."

Evelyn was silent; a perfect tumult of feelings surging in her breast. In spite of the fact that she had ceased to admire "Day-dreams," she still regarded the reviewer whose words had stung her so keenly as a sort of monster in human form. Then the mortification to her of feeling that this man by her side had read, had mercilessly criticised her efforts, had ridiculed them in print, was intolerable. She felt angry even to think that Mr. Muir had read her poems, reviewing apart. She had grown to like him, to trust him, to wish to stand well with him; and now this terrible gulf had suddenly appeared between them. "He has been drawing me out only to ridicule me afresh, of course!" she thought, in the bitterness of her heart; but she merely said in the most icy tones she could command, "What a very curious coincidence! Don't you think we had better try to find my uncle and Mrs. Grant? They must be somewhere near the kiosk."

"No," replied Mr. Muir, "not until you have heard me say a word or two. I can see you are very angry with me."

Evelyn disdained to reply.

"I would not willingly say a word to hurt or grieve you," he exclaimed, with real feeling in his voice; "but how could I possibly tell—to begin with, how did I know I would ever see or speak to the author, much less that it would be you?" Mr. Muir's speech was rather involved, but it must be owned that explanation was difficult.

"How was it you said 'she' in that review?" demanded Evelyn.

"Oh, it was easy to guess it was a woman's work, but that was all. Mr. Hope never told me you had written any poems."

"Yes, 'a woman's work,'" broke out poor Evelyn, hurt, humiliated, hardly knowing what she said. "I have been talking freely to you of my hopes and my efforts, not knowing who you were; but of course you were only laughing at me afresh, and my 'woman's work.'"

"Now you are just talking like an unreasonable child," said Mr. Muir, emphatically. "I told you once, Miss Hope, and I tell you again, I would not lightly grieve or distress you. I have no such thought as to laugh at you. If I had, I should be unworthy the name of a gentleman. I wrote the couple of paragraphs in the *Critic*, in the ordinary exercise of my craft, saying what I honestly believed about the little book. I wish now that you had not been the author; but how can you blame me for that?"

Evelyn's mortification and vexation were not very easy to account for to herself, but they were none the less real; it was a cruel blow to her pride to find herself placed in this position, *vis-à-vis* with her new acquaintance. It is one thing to speak disparagingly of your own work to a friend, and quite another thing to find that he not only shares, but

has forestalled and outrun your own poor opinion. She thought she was very angry indeed with Mr. Muir, and additionally angry with him for the words he had just used. "Of course he thinks he can treat me as he chooses," she meditated in the bitterness of her spirit, and she repeated in her most chilling tones—

"If you will not take me back to my friends, Mr. Muir, I shall find the way by myself!"

There was no more to be said just then. Mr. Muir silently escorted Evelyn through the moving crowd, spoke a few words on different subjects to Mr. Hope, and wished the party good-night.

(To be continued.)

FORBIDDEN LETTERS.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Celia and Her Legacy," "No," etc.

CHAPTER I.



GOOD-BYE, Willie, and don't forget me now that I am going to live such a long way off."

Willie was a very small boy; he stood on tip-toe on the kerbstone, striving to look into the window of the cab which was waiting

in front of a shabby house in a dull London street.

Inside the cab was a girl in a black dress and hat; her pretty, oval face was very pale, and her eyes looked swollen and red.

"Good-bye," she said again, as she came closer to the window. "Give me another kiss, and run in to mamma."

"Mamma says, Bessie, that you are going to be a grand lady, and then perhaps you'll never come back again."

A gleam of colour crossed Bessie's face.

"When I am a grand lady, Willie dear, I shall never forget any of you!"

The ready tears filled her eyes again as a group of children on the doorstep shouted in chorus: "Good-bye, Bessie!"

A young man with a close-cut beard and clear, bright eyes, who had been a silent spectator of this little farewell scene, now interfered.

"We must be off," he said, "it is getting late."

Once more Bessie pressed her lips to the little boy's cheek, once more she waved her hand, then she retired to the farther corner of the cab, feeling very desolate, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

In another moment Edmund Ravensdale had given directions to the driver and had jumped into the cab. He felt very sorry for his cousin, and yet he hardly knew what to say to comfort her. Yesterday, when in obedience to his father's instructions he had called to beg her to be ready to travel down to Templebury on the following day, she had received him with a smiling face, and said that she should be very glad to go. And now, when the moment of departure had arrived, she had completely broken down in this unaccountable manner.

"I feel like a regular ogre out of a fairy tale," thought Edmund, and he racked his brains to find a remark which would be safe to make under the circumstances. "Shall I talk to her about London? Shall I ask her if she likes the country? Shall I—?"

At this point in his meditation she dropped her handkerchief and looked up suddenly. She had large, brown eyes, with that kind of far-away expression that is more often seen in young children than in girls of her age.

"Do you think that they will be good to me?" she asked.

"Do you mean my father and mother?"

She nodded assent timidly.

"I am sure that they will!" he answered eagerly. "My father is most anxious to welcome you, and you must not mind if he seems just a little stiff at first. Do you know that he and your father were schoolfellows as well as cousins? As for my mother, she is so good and kind you won't be able to help loving her."

Bessie heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm very glad," she said. "Poor papa talked about cousin Alfred when he was ill, just at the last. But I shall feel so strange."

"Never mind; when you have once seen my mother it will be all right. You will soon be so thoroughly at home at Yew Lodge that you will feel like the daughter of the house."

She blushed and smiled.

"Do tell me what Hazelton is like? Is it a small village? Is there a garden at Yew Lodge?"

Only too pleased to have gained her interest in her future home so easily, Edmund plunged into an animated description of Hazelton, the lawn-tennis ground, the river, the village street, his mother's flower garden, and above all, the old yew hedge which was the admiration of the neighbourhood.

By the time the train started she had completely regained her spirits, and was chatting as easily as if she had known her cousin for years instead of days. After a while she grew weary, and fell asleep over a book with which he had presented her, and so the hours passed by, and the dingy London street and the clamouring children were left a hundred miles behind.

Elizabeth Stanhope was the daughter of a struggling musician, a man full of talent and great ideas, who had managed, one way and the other, to miss his chances in life, and had gone down the steps of the great social ladder until he had become a teacher of music in a town in the extreme North of England; there he had lived for the last ten years with his motherless child, growing poorer and poorer as his pupils fell off, and people grew weary of patronising a genius who would not be punctual or methodical; and there he had died, after a short illness, about a month ago.

Poor Bessie, bewildered and scared by her sorrow, had been taken to London by some friends of very humble station, whom her father had assisted in his more prosperous days. The Bridges were kind-hearted people, and they did what they could to make their visitor happy, but the girl drooped and pined in London. Many a day she sat by the open window in her little attic room, pretending to sew, and secretly fretting over the hardships of her position. At home she had been her father's pet; now she was but one of a large family, all striving perpetually to make two ends meet.

When a letter arrived from Mr. Ravensdale, of Hazelton, inviting his young kinswoman to

make her home at Yew Lodge, the invitation had been regarded by Mr. and Mrs. Bridges as the solution of all difficulties, and even Bessie had gladly consented to go to her new relations for a while; anything would be better than remaining in the melancholy London lodging, where she could not but know that she was sadly in the way. Not that she meant to pass her life in a remote country village; no, by-and-by she intended to become a successful authoress. Then, with her fortune made and the world before her, she would go where she chose and do as she listed.

The Bridges would not be forgotten—Willie should have the best toys that money could buy; the children should be sent to school, and she, the young and talented benefactress, would go abroad and visit the beautiful countries that her father had loved to describe. After this fashion our heroine had kept up bravely until the moment of departure came, and then she realised the truth all at once. She was going to live amongst strangers, alone, and her courage failed her utterly and entirely.

It was lucky for Bessie that she had so kindly and considerate a travelling companion as Edmund Ravensdale. Indeed, had she known it, it was owing to his advice that she was invited to Hazelton. Old Mr. Ravensdale's original plan had been to send his young cousin to a first-rate boarding school for a year at least. How was he to know what she was like? What kind of an education had she received as the spoilt daughter of a man who had so thrown away his opportunities as poor Owen Stanhope? Nevertheless, the master of Yew Lodge was just and upright of heart; he was sincerely anxious to act fairly by Owen Stanhope's orphan daughter; eventually he put aside his own wishes, and listened to the counsels of his wife and son. Elizabeth should come to Yew Lodge, and be treated, not as a guest, but as a dear child of the house.

It was growing late in the afternoon when the train at last stopped at Templebury station.

"The trap is waiting for you, sir," said a civil porter, as he threw open the door.

Bessie rubbed her eyes and looked out of the window.

"What a pretty station!" she cried, enthusiastically.

The porter touched his hat, well pleased that his handiwork should be admired; for had he not planted every flower and shrub along the gay border with his own hand?

"Are you fond of flowers, Bessie?" asked Edmund, as he nodded to a couple of farmers, who wished him in return a hearty good-day. "My mother will be delighted to hear that. Look, here's the trap. Let me help you to your seat. We shall be home in an hour."

A boy in livery was standing at the horse's head.

"All well at home, Brown?"

"Yes, sir. Master has sent the carrier's cart for the luggage—"

"Good. Jump in."



Edmund
took the
reins, and
the white

horse set off at a sharp trot. Bessie gazed around delighted. How beautiful the trees and hedges were, clothed in their fresh young green! She liked driving, and a thrill of gratification ran through her. She really was on the high road to becoming a grand lady! Willie was quite right. Cousin Alfred must be very rich to keep a carriage, and all the people at the station were so polite and respectful. She had never travelled in this manner before.

As she sat bolt upright in her seat, she wished that her hat was not so shabby. This morning, when she dressed, she had not cared in the least about her appearance, but now, with everybody looking at her, she did not like to feel untidy.

However, "everybody" turned out to be a man mending a gate and a few school-children, who stood in a row and curtsied as the carriage passed. You see Bessie had still the lesson to learn that she was not, after all, a person of much importance in the eyes of the world at large. Even Edmund, who was so affectionately considerate for her comfort, had not the

slightest idea that the dreamy-eyed girl by his side was busily employed in building castles in the air, in which she, Elizabeth Stanhope, was to reign as a princess, meting out favours with a generous hand to those whom she might choose to befriend.

Up hill and down they went. Bessie was getting anxious to catch the first glimpse of Yew Lodge; she hoped that it would be a large and stately building. She had resolved to be very dignified in her behaviour, and impress her surroundings with the idea that she had always been accustomed to splendour. Would there be a lady's-maid to unpack her box? That was an important question. The recollection that her best black dress was torn at the gathers rather damped her joy in thinking that for the future she would never wait upon herself again. How she hated darning and patching, and she had had so much of that to do lately! The lady's-maid might consider her wardrobe inefficient; never mind, girls in story-books always had their sewing done for them, while they amused themselves in the company of admiring friends, or drove about in elegant carriages. The carriage was here already—admiring and appreciative friends would follow as a matter of course.

"Here we are!" cried Edmund; "there's the house behind the hedges."

The boy jumped down and opened a white-painted gate; there was a gravel drive neatly rolled, a small lawn, and a low cottage with heavy chimney stacks and a red tiled roof.

Bessie felt a pang of disappointment. The hall door stood wide open, the step was snowy white, roses were climbing round the porch; a little terrier ran out, wagging his tail. It was all so pretty and homely, but Yew Lodge was not a grand mansion by any manner of means; she had imagined something very different.

"My father and mother are in. We will go and look for them," said Edmund. He took her hand and led her into the hall. They had not far to go; at the drawing-room door a white-haired elderly man came forward.

"How do you do, my dear?" he said, gravely, as he kissed Bessie's forehead. "Come in, come in, and let me look at you. Here is Mrs. Ravensdale—cousin Edith—waiting to make your acquaintance."

On a sofa near the open window was a lady with a sweet face and a smile that was frank and kindly, like Edmund's.

"Well, my boy," she said—and Bessie liked the sound of her voice—"have you brought her home safely? I am sorry, dear Bessie, that I was not well enough to come and meet you. Edmund, bring a chair that she may sit close to the sofa. Give me a kiss, my dear child; you must be tired out after your long journey."

A sudden fit of shyness had taken possession of Bessie. Where was the dignified young lady who had proposed patronising her new relations and behaving with such extraordinary self-possession? Faded into thin air, and in her place a speechless maiden, who coloured to the roots of her hair and glanced appealingly in the direction of Edmund.

"I hope that you will like the country," said Mrs. Ravensdale, gently, in order to give her visitor time to recover from her embarrassment.

"Yes, thank you. I mean, I daresay I shall. Papa liked the town better, and we were obliged to live there because of his pupils."

Mr. Ravensdale, who had been standing by the sofa, put his hand on Bessie's shoulder.

"You are not at all like your poor father," he remarked, shortly.

"No, papa always said that I reminded him of my mother."

Bessie lifted her eyes to Mr. Ravensdale's face; she was not quite sure if she approved

of him: there were furrows on his forehead, and his voice was odd and cold.

"I did not know your mother; and your poor father and I had not met for many years; it has been a source of grief to me. But you are too young to remember—There"—patting her shoulder—"be a good girl, my dear, and we will do our best for you at Yew Lodge."

He walked away to the other end of the room and took up a book.

"I don't like him; I don't like him a bit!" was Bessie's mental verdict. "And why do they talk to me as if I were a little girl? Why did he never come to see us? I believe he was unkind to poor papa, and he is ashamed to say so. I shall never like him!" So, knowing nothing of the circumstances which had led to the breach between the cousins long years ago, she hardened her heart against cousin Alfred, and regarded him from the first as a relentless enemy. After tea she was conducted to her room, not by a magnificent lady's-maid in rustling silk, but by a rosy-cheeked girl, who was not in the least alarming.

The room prepared for the visitor overlooked the garden; white muslin curtains waved in the soft breeze; there was a bright-coloured carpet, a writing-table, and an easy chair draped in pink chintz. It was prettier and cosier than anything Bessie had imagined in her most vivid day-dream.

"Your luggage will come presently, miss," explained the girl, with a cheerful smile; "and the dinner bell rings at seven o'clock."

She presently withdrew, and Bessie was left to meditate on her new surroundings. On the whole, she was satisfied with her reception at Yew Lodge; at any rate, she could amuse herself very well here during the coming summer; what with lawn tennis, river parties, and visiting, the time would soon pass; and besides there was her own special work to occupy her time.

In that box which had been so rashly entrusted to the care of a common carrier, was a velvet-bound volume with a clasp and lock, the key of which was hanging round Bessie's neck, securely tied on to a ribbon. The MS. poems contained in this book were very dear to the author. She looked round for an inspiration; this was the right moment for a new idea. Yes, there beyond the hedge she caught a glimpse of the gleaming river. Here was the idea at last—an orphan girl, cruelly treated by wealthy relatives, whose proud spirit could ill brook the chains of despotism. She rested her head against the heavy shutter, and murmured—

"Rivulet, flowing to the sea,
Gently, swiftly, silently,
Far away from tyranny,
On thy waves, oh bear me,
Bear me!"

The sentiment was not strikingly original perhaps, the metre verged on the eccentric; but our heroine was quite satisfied.

In the meantime Mrs. Ravensdale and her son were talking together.

"I hope it will answer, mother. I hope she will be a companion to you."

"If we can only make her content, Edmund. She does not look very happy; and she must have had many disadvantages, poor child."

"Why did Owen Stanhope and father fall out?"

"I don't quite know. Your father does not like speaking about it. It was something about letters which Owen read and kept back to suit his own purpose. I am afraid that he was not a man of high character."

"Well," exclaimed Edmund, "Bessie interests me very much; I think she is charm-

ing. And as for her being contented here, of course she will be when she is with you."

CHAPTER II.

BESSIE awoke the following morning to find the sun streaming into the window, and the birds outside singing their loudest. She was wonderfully refreshed by a long night's rest, and, strange to say, she had forgotten most of her gloomy forebodings. She hummed a little tune to herself as she dressed: her eyes fell on the locked book: there was pen and ink handy, but she was in no mood for tyranny and ill-used maidens. Surely that was the breakfast bell, and there was no mistaking the fact that she was exceedingly hungry.

She was late. Mr. Ravensdale and his son were waiting in the parlour, and breakfast was ready.

"Good morning, Elizabeth," said Mr. Ravensdale. "I hope that you have slept well. Another morning try and be punctual; prayers are over."

Elizabeth looked at him doubtfully. Did he mean to begin by scolding her? It was a comfort that Edmund was there, ready and willing to take her part, and show her where she was to sit and pour out the tea, as his mother never came down to breakfast.

She liked presiding at the head of the long table, with its dainty silver, and red and white china. She could see the reflection of the room in a pier-glass that hung in a corner. How well she looked bending over the urn, with the mother of pearl tea-caddy by her side, the white tablecloth, and—just then Edmund asked for some more tea, and her day-dream came to an abrupt termination.

Mr. Ravensdale was very silent; he read his paper, leaving the conversation to the young people; but just as Bessie was about to leave the room, he called her back.

"I should like to show you my study; it is open to you whenever you would like to come and sit there. Have you been there yet?"

"No, cousin Alfred," answered Bessie, coldly.

He walked across the hall. The invitation had been intended as a special proof of favour, and he was just a little hurt that it was not more graciously received.

"Here are the English books," he said, hurrying through his explanation. "You can take any volume you please, on condition that you put it back in the same place. There are novels in that corner; you had better not read them without permission, but anything else is at your service."

"Papa always allowed me to read what I liked, and we had books from a lending library. I am quite old enough to read novels!"

Mr. Ravensdale looked over the top of his spectacles; this was the first deliberate opinion that he had heard her pronounce.

"I think, my dear," he said, slowly but decidedly, "that it will be as well for you to take advice on the subject; some of these books are not fit reading for you."

Bessie did not dare to contradict him a second time, but she stood there, reddening, and half-crying with vexation after he had left her. It was just because her father had never interfered with her that cousin Alfred was bent upon making these absurd regulations!

Silly girl! she little guessed how true a friend Alfred Ravensdale, with his abrupt fashion of speech and grim manner, had been to her and hers; how he, and he alone of all her father's relations, had constantly stood his friend, and helped him time after time out of difficulties innumerable.

Bessie soon recovered from her fit of depression, and later in the day she returned from a boating expedition with Edmund to throw herself on her knees before Mrs.

Ravensdale's chair and pour out an account of all that she had seen and done.

"And Edmund says that I can manage the punt alone; and it will be a splendid place for me to sit when I want to be by myself and write!"

"What are you going to write, Bessie?"

"Poetry," answered the young authoress in a whisper; "or perhaps a story. Oh, you don't know how I long to be very great, to do something really first-rate!"

Cousin Edith took this announcement quite gravely—

"There is plenty of time before you, little woman; but you will have to make up your mind to work hard if you want to be 'really first-rate.'"

"Yes, yes, of course!" replied Bessie, but she thought to herself, "Papa always said how clever I was, and cousin Edith cannot know how easily I can write poetry!"

"We were talking about you last night," continued Mrs. Ravensdale. "We must see how we can best arrange for you to have some good lessons in English and French."

"Cousin Edith!" interrupted Bessie, in horrified accents, "I left off going to school nearly a year ago. Do you know that I am sixteen?"

"There need be no hurry about it, my dear; but my husband is most anxious that you should be thoroughly educated."

Cousin Alfred again! he was bent upon thwarting her at every turn. She turned aside with a sigh.

"Come, dear child," said the kind invalid, "I don't like to see you fret. Will you help me this afternoon, and be my secretary? Look, there are three notes to answer."

Bessie had many faults, but she was always quick to hold out a helping hand when she could. She ran to the writing-table, eager to be of assistance, and the labour of love occupied her attention for some time. Note-writing was not her strong point, and it must be confessed that for a young lady who aspired to step immediately into literary celebrity, she made a good many mistakes.

The days passed by and Edmund Ravensdale was about to return to London, where he was engaged in a City house of business. The last evening the cousins walked together under the shelter of the yew hedge; the sun had set, and a few bright clouds were visible in the western sky. Bessie had no hat on, and the evening breeze touched her wavy hair. There was a great change in her appearance since she had become an inhabitant of Yew Lodge; she looked stronger and had more colour; the simple black dress with which Mrs. Ravensdale had provided her set off her pretty figure to advantage. Just now her face, turned slightly upwards, was full of earnest feeling. For the moment she had forgotten her little vanities and desire of praise; her brown eyes rested on Edmund's.

"I am so sorry that you are going away!"

There was a ring of pain in her voice that touched him to the quick.

"I shall come home again in the autumn, dear Bessie; and I shall look forward——" He hesitated a moment. "I shall expect to find that you have grown quite accustomed to our ways at Yew Lodge."

Bessie stood still in the narrow path and faced him.

"I love your mother!" she cried, "but——"

"Well, what is it?"

She hesitated.

"Won't you tell me?" asked Edmund.

"Yes, I will tell you, because I knew you first, and you were very patient and kind, Edmund." He put out his hand as if to stop her, but she would not heed. "I don't think that I shall ever get accustomed to the ways of Yew Lodge."

He, too, had begun to have his doubts on the subject; but he was shocked to hear her say so. Every now and then this little cousin, with the wistful, brown eyes, surprised him by her decided opinions on people and things.

"Your father does not like me."

"How can you say so? It is a mistake."

"Very well," replied Bessie, shifting her ground. "I do not please him. He finds fault with me. I had better go away."

Edmund listened aghast. In these few weeks she had become very dear to him; it distressed him beyond measure to hear her speak in this manner, and all the more because there was a foundation of truth in her statement. His father was good and true as gold, but he could upon occasion speak in a stern, hard fashion. And the girl, who talked in her ignorance of "going away," was entirely unfitted to earn her own livelihood, and, moreover, was absolutely penniless. She was his father's ward; she had been treated with every consideration. A sense of wounded pride caused him to say, quietly—

"I am very sorry."

"There!" exclaimed Bessie, "now you are angry with me too!"

"No, don't think that, but I am so disappointed."

She drew a deep breath; it had not occurred to her that he would receive her confidence in this way; she had expected that he would make light of her grievance, and he was distressed and hurt.

In the whole world there breathed no human being for whom she cared so much as Edmund Ravensdale; with a pang of deep remorse she perceived how ungrateful her speech must appear to him.

"I did not mean it," she said, softly, desirous to make amends, no matter at what sacrifice; "do forgive me, Edmund. I know it was wrong."

Edmund had recovered himself.

"There is nothing to forgive," he said, cheerily; "only my little cousin is even more foolish sometimes in her fancies than I had supposed. We mean well by you, Bessie, all of us; perhaps our ways are not quite like yours, but you must give and take. And remember, whatever you may think, my father loves you; I know he does. Why are you so nervous and unlike yourself when he speaks to you? Try and trust him a little more——"

"Edmund, Bessie," cried a voice from the drawing-room window, "it is time to come in."

The young people walked slowly towards the house.

"I will try and remember what you have said," faltered Bessie, "and promise me just one thing, please, Edmund."

"I will promise you everything!"

She put her hand on his arm.

"Whatever happens, whatever you may hear of me, do recollect what I tell you. I will try to do as you wish—don't think worse of me than you can help."

"I think a great deal better of you than you have any idea of. Don't indulge in foolish fancies. Look, there is mother at the window."

"But you promise?"

"Yes, I promise faithfully."

Bessie ran into the house, and he followed slowly, wondering to himself how it would all end, and whether the child of the Bohemian man of genius would ever settle down happily under his father's roof.

* * * * *

"She has run wild now for a month," said Mr. Ravensdale to his wife, "and it is high time that she had some definite occupation, if we do not want her to be a complete ignoramus."

"She plays very nicely, Alfred."

"Yes, I do not believe that she is lacking in ability, but she had better begin a regular course of study as soon as possible."

Accordingly, a day or so later, Mr. Ravensdale informed his ward that he had made arrangements for her to spend part of the morning with Miss Williams, the vicar's sister, a clever, highly-educated person, who had kindly agreed to undertake a pupil.

Bessie listened in dismay. She was to be considered a mere schoolgirl—she, who had been her father's constant companion, she, who aspired to fill a high place in the world, was to submit to becoming the pupil of an uninteresting old maid! Had she not seen Miss Williams very often? She was a dreary, melancholy, middle-aged woman, who wore a grey gown trimmed with green ribbons. That fact alone would have been sufficient to cause a discriminating person to regard her with suspicion. So thought our heroine, as her cousin patiently explained to her how anxious he was that she should enjoy every advantage that the neighbourhood afforded. It was his misfortune that while he was sincerely desirous to act rightly by Owen Stanhope's daughter, while his heart was full of tenderness, Mr. Ravensdale's manner was so unsympathetic, that Bessie regarded him merely in the light of a cruel persecutor.

She sat there, silent indeed, but burning with indignation against the hard fate which had doomed her to live at Hazelton, and still more against the stern decree which would force her into having lessons from a Miss Williams. But she had not heard the worst—not yet.

"I daresay, Elizabeth, that you will also be glad to improve yourself in mathematics, so I have asked Mr. Yeatman to come here twice a week. He has had great experience and thoroughly understands how to teach, and I am sure that you have too much sense to object to him because he is the village school-master."

"I do not mind that, not at all," said Bessie, at last, striving her utmost to be calm and collected, "but I want to do other things. I do not see how there will be time for so many lessons."

"You want time for your singing and gardening and sewing? Of course, my wife has told me that already. Well, my dear, she will see that you are not overworked, but remember that this is the golden hour for study now that you are young. However, let me have good accounts of your perseverance and industry, and I shall be well satisfied."

She had said all that she dared; there was no chance of escape, and cousin Edith was against her too. When she left the study she ran to find her precious MS. book. The writing had made but little progress lately, but to-day she longed to pour out her feelings, and seized a pen impatiently. At the end of a quarter of an hour she threw it down again. Her verses about "hate and fate, spurn and stern," seemed very unsatisfactory. She had already become deeply attached to cousin Edith; she had spent many happy hours with her and many more with Edmund. Was it true? Had she been so grievously ill-treated at Yew Lodge?

There was a knock at the door.

"May I come in, love?"

Bessie flung the velvet-bound book on one side, and unbolted the door.

"I am going down the village," said Mrs. Ravensdale. "I should be so glad of your company."

Bessie gulped down her misery and pride; it was hard to be angry with cousin Edith. She would follow Edmund's advice for once.

"Yes," she said, forcing back her tears, "I should like to come with you, cousin Edith."

(To be continued.)

A HARVEST SABBATH.

By J. HUIE.

BUT yesterday the yellow fields
Were all alive with busy hands;
To-day the quiet sunshine gilds
With lovelier light the silent lands.

God's "peace, be still," has made a calm
From sea to sea, and there is rest;
And man can hear the heavenly psalm
That fills the land from east to west.

The song of rest, the song of peace,
In harmonies from far away,
Come on soft winds, and bring release
Of tranquil, happy, holy day.

The weapons of man's weary toil
Lie still beside the shining corn;
And voices native to the soil
Hail with glad songs the Sabbath morn.

Hard voices of the harsh turmoil
Are hushed across the sunny lea;
The burden of the six days' toil
Is laid aside, and man is free.

Free for the soul to rise and sing
Above the clouds of care and strife
Free to ascend on thoughtful wing,
And view the sunlit heights of life.

Hail, day of rest—the best of earth,
Type of that rest of endless day,
Of brighter dawn and holier birth,
The heaven that waits us far away.



A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SAD MAY MORNING ON MAGDALEN TOWER.

AFTER Kitty had made the little effort for friendship's sake, before she had fallen back into her state of depression, she was again summoned by Lady Ottery to take what at the first glance struck Kitty as an absolutely unbecoming and impossible step.

"Kitty," said Dame Tabitha, "it will be but a drear May morning on Magdalen Tower this year to many more than thee. Methinks the ceremony were more honoured by its omission than by its observance in these sad times. It hath been omitted more than once, but as I hear the rite is to be kept this year, I would have thee go and hail the sunrise with the rest. For the summer sun is good though it shine on graves, and God, who is the giver both of the summer and the sun, ought to be praised."

"Madam, I cannot," said Kitty, staring in wonder and with a choke in her utterance. "I'd as lief go a-maying and gather fritillaries in the meadows. I trust I have given my dear brother to One who hath a better right to him than

I, until He shall see fit to give my Jackie back to me. But ere I can list to songs even in God's praise, where he lieth low, time must have gone on a little farther. It is scarce a little month since we lost him."

"I know," said the old woman, modulating her deep rough voice to greater gentleness. "I have not forgot, poor maid, but it is for the sake of one who desireth speech with thee and cannot contrive it elsewhere. There is such wrath and suspicion aroused in the town, since the last battle we wot of, which hath cost us dear, that he dare not venture again as far as my lodging under any disguise. It is thy cousin Anthony Walton. He hath somewhat of pressing import concerning his family to tell thee. I see not, considering he is now thy nearest kinsman after thy father, to whom thou canst turn, and was poor Jack's friend, how thou canst refuse upon a scruple of feeling to give him the opportunity. These are days when rules and forms otherwise excellent, ay, and natural feelings must be put on one side, and they who mourn be as though they

mourned not. But better days will come, trust me, child, when thou mayst love to stand in Magdalen Tower for the very reason that dear dust lieth below, and when thou mayst have a pensive pleasure in plucking the fritillaries because of the old friends with whom thou pluckedst them when thy heart was light and thou and the world were young together."

"What can ail them at Islip Barnes?" asked Kitty, anxiously. "My poor aunt had always her spring bout of illness—can she be sinking under it this time?"

"It booteth not to inquire where there is no answer forthcoming. Take thy woman Pettit with thee on May morning, and thou wilt learn the truth. All that I was told by a messenger, who durst not bring a letter, was that I must get thee to go with the company to the top of Magdalen Tower on May morning, for thy cousin could mingle with the people, enter, and climb the stair, and tell thee the tidings he was there to convey. Even if he were seen and recognised, he is an old Magdalen man, he hath plenty of friends still, who could put him out of

sight and smuggle him out. The gist of the matter is that there is a family affair which he is anxious to communicate to you, and will be there at his proper risk to do it."

"I will tell my father, of course," said Kitty, musing. "I think not that he will prevent me; though strict in some things, he hath always left me and Mrs. Judy very much to our own judgment, and to yours, dear Lady Ottery, in what becometh a maid like me in going out and coming in, and in appearing before the public. He knoweth well now how much our Jack owed to his cousins, the Waltons, when he had no home save Islip Barnes. But I believe father would not yet come face to face with cousin Anthony for the world, even if it were wise and not like to compromise both men, supposing it were ever found out that they had met by appointment at such a place and season. Oh! every little act is a ticklish business in such circumstances. For me I wis not how I am to go with Mrs. Judy to encounter the crowd of merry-makers, for say what you will about an ancient religious ceremony and a Latin hymn sung in honour of the Deity, I have been there in happier days with Jack, and these are merry-makers who assemble on Magdalen Tower on May morning."

"Many a heart will know its own bitterness," said Lady Ottery. "Thou wilt not be singular, Kitty, and thou hast an advantage in one respect, for whereas thy sorrow is open, not a few poor wights will have to hide deadly wounds under smiling exteriors."

"Yes, but ah! me, I am in no humour for merry-making," said Kitty, looking mournfully down at the black dress, against which her little hands and wrists crossing each other looked so white and slender. "If cousin Anthony hath not something past ordinary to tell, I shall not easily forgive him for exposing me to such a trial. It is not like him neither," Kitty took herself back with a softening face, "for ever since he became head of the house and squire of Islip Barnes by uncle Walton's death, when his son was little better than a boy, I can see that now—though I can remember I thought him at the time a great dictating, teasing fellow—he hath been well accustomed to think and care for others. Nay, if he had not thought of me and come to my aid in the fire, I should not be standing here now. You read his letter which father hath concerning Jack's death, madam? He had seen himself compelled to bide at home during the war, though he was more of a fighter at heart than his friend was, because of the women folk in trouble and jeopardy."

"When I think the message over again," said Lady Ottery, suddenly, "I misdoubt me I have been remiss in speaking of your woman Pettit as sufficient escort for thee. I considered but my own stiffness of joints, and that I had not been at the top of Magdalen Tower for a good score years. But I am an old campaigner," remarked Dame Tabitha, with a grim smile. "My joints may be stiff, but my sinews are tough and can stand some strain. If the worst

come to the worst people can but carry me; I'm long but I'm gaunt; I'll not stop up the way to the summit of the tower."

It was between three and four o'clock on a summer morning, when the grey dawn had a dimness and haziness of blue and white sky and clouds which befitted the fresh, chilly air, that Kitty and Lady Ottery, with one of her ladyship's men in attendance in case of night revellers and any disorders in the streets, traversed a sleeping Oxford. For though a venerable ceremonial was about to be celebrated, which had been wont to attract many of the citizens even at so early an hour, only those belonging to the college or having some interest in it, with the dwellers in the immediate neighbourhood of the East Gate, and a sprinkling of people from the country without, were sufficiently disengaged to join in the performance in this year of warfare.

By a singular exemption, in part due to the strong site of the water-girdled city, in part to an invariable reluctance in general after general of the Parliamentary army to level to the ground the ancient seats of learning, and destroy the institutions which the beneficence of the men's ancestors had founded for the enlightenment of England and the world, Oxford was very little injured materially by the camps which had so long encompassed it. It was the moral disorganisation, the deserted air of the colleges, or their abandonment to other uses than those for which they were designed; the sentries and their captains in place of the proctors and their bulldogs; the hosteleries doing a brisk business even before cock-crowing; the change-houses still lit up and swarming with soldiers, among whom were a few debauched students, that marked what Oxford had suffered.

Kitty Dacre and Lady Ottery walked slowly because of the dame's infirmities, and looked around them on account of the novelty of their presence there at such an hour, like people in a dream, or like strangers in a place they had never passed through before.

In the distance could be seen the low tower of St. Martin's Church, the bells of which had rung in rivalry with those of St. Mary on the winter day which helped to decide John Dacre's fate, and the old Bocardo Prison above the north gate, with its two round towers. In Bocardo some of the martyrs had lain on their way to their fiery martyrdom. In the same quarter rose the oldest tower in Oxford—Robert d'Oilgi's tower of St. Michael's, dating from the days of Henry I. The beautiful street—beautiful then as now—took Lady Ottery and Kitty past the churches of All Hallows and St. Mary the Virgin, with its porch containing the mutilated statues of the Virgin and Child, which William Laud, now sleeping in his bloody grave, caused to be reared in his time of power. Another archbishop's memory is linked with St. Mary's. There Thomas Cranmer sat and listened to the sermon preached at him before his execution, and when he was called on to recant his false doctrines in the face of the congregation, recanted his recanta-

tion instead, and was hustled forth to be chained to the stake among the faggots in the city ditch, and to plunge his right hand in the flames, that the guilty member which had writ his recantation might bear its punishment and perish first. The colleges of All Souls and Queen's came in their turn, and at last the East Gate, which was open for the occasion, so that the ladies passed out unchallenged.

Some little distance beyond, rising up by the Cherwell, the tall grey tower of Magdalen stirred Kitty's heart. On the other side of the road lay the Physic Gardens, where the old Jews' burying-ground had been. The land had been presented to the town by Lord Danby fifteen years before. It had been the delight of Kitty's childhood to be taken to walk among its vegetable monsters—Hercules with his club and Achilles with his shield in yew, and in box lions and peacocks innumerable. There was a considerable crowd in point of number, seeing that there was no longer leisure for gracious ceremonies, assembled round the college. All the boys and lads in the gathering were provided, as they had taken the precaution to be for fully a week before May-day, with horns or tin trumpets, large and small, which were to figure in the proceedings. One might have thought May was September, and that the fairs of St. Giles' and Clement's were in full operation.

It was likely, from the look of the sky in which the morning star was fading, and the feeling of the air, which had a balmy breath in its chilliness, to be as sweet a Mayday as had ever ushered in the summer before Magdalen was built, when Oxford was still but a few "religious houses," with Beaumont Palace and Osney Abbey to lend them strength and state, surrounded by forest; when there was no civil war devastating the land or hostile camps at the gates. But already for many a long year the rite in connection with Magdalen had preluded the maying by the Cherwell and the Isis, so that the pairs of young lovers and happy family groups of holiday-makers, with their arms full of kingcups, marsh-marigolds, and lady's-smocks, as well as may and fritillaries, were not yet set out on their quest. They had no trophy of may to show save the dew with which they had taken care to wash their faces. It was hanging thick on the shoes and skirts of those pedestrians who had brushed along the field paths and through the woods to keep their early appointment.

It was a proof how inveterate were old customs and traditions, to find, under every discouragement and difficulty, so many at the old rendezvous. To be sure it was a kind of neutral ground on which former neighbours and friends could meet and exchange words of truce. For this purpose, keeping well in the background and taking up their posts in out-of-the-way corners, there were more than two or three of Fairfax's soldiers approaching thus near to the stronghold of the enemy without the direct knowledge or express permission of their officers.

Lady Ottery and Kitty, by virtue of

her ladyship's rank and a certain authoritative dignity which never forsook her in her homeliness, made their way through the throng to the foot of the tower. Looking up, they could see that the summit was already crowned with the white or black figures of choristers, and members of the college, and with visitors waiting till the golden ball of the sun should rise above the eastern horizon. Kitty knew where to go; but Lady Ottery, though she was staunch and indefatigable, and gallantly faced the stair without having herself carried up, as she had threatened, was so long in her progress that the sun rose before she had reached the top, and the Magdalen May-morning matins burst forth,

*"Thee, God our Father, we confess;
To Thee alone our lauds are given."*

in Latin phrase, greeted the sun from the sweet-throated choristers, as it may be he was greeted with other words, not as God's creature, but as God himself, by pagan worshippers.

The hymn would be followed, according to a fashion which has fallen into disuse, by a collection of secular glees and madrigals; but in the meantime its solemn rolling cadences were sadly marred to those in the road below by the hideous discord which, after old use and wont, the boys and youths among the citizens made by sounding the horns and the trumpets. The origin of the privileged but unseemly interruption was variously stated. Some said it began at the Reformation, when, enraged by the Latin hymn, which they regarded as a relic of popery, the irate Reformers adopted this method of drowning the performance. Others held that the instruments of torture were in remembrance by the horns which had called the citizens whom the bells of St. Martin's failed to summon to the frays between town and gown, and that it was in rivalry with the bells of Magdalen, as representing for the moment the bells of St. Mary, and not in competition with the Latin hymn, that the braying arose. As a matter of fact, when the hymn closed with the noble

*"O Triune God, most glorious,
From whom our souls' salvation
sprang,
We hail the boundless mystery
With joyous and triumphant tongue,"*

the bells of Magdalen clashed with such a powerful appeal, that a strange effect was produced. For the old tower rocked to its foundation, as it does to this day, on May morning, like a ship on a stormy sea.

It was amidst the swaying and vibrating of the tower, giddy and dazzled with the glitter of the first long rays of the sun succeeding the twilight of the stair, that Kitty stepped out after Lady Ottery on the platform. There they were immediately received by Anthony Walton, wearing no other disguise than his old college gown and cap, in which certainly he was more indistinguishable among the groups of college men similarly attired than he could have been in any other dress. He had been on the watch for his cousin, fearing that she was not

coming, and sprang forward at the first sight of her.

"This is kind, cousin Kitty. This is more than kind, Lady Ottery," he said, fervently.

Kitty, in her heavy black dress, was trembling perceptibly. She was deeply moved, and could only control herself by a violent effort. It seemed as with Anthony Jack must appear—Jack, who would never more on earth gladden his sister's loving eyes; Jack, who in his comely young body was lying beneath the chapel pavement, unrecking of all that passed in the world around him.

Anthony Walton in his turn was so agitated and looked so haggard and worn, that Lady Ottery, trusting him fully, thought it kinder to him and to Kitty to leave him to tell her his errand, the two standing apart half hidden by a buttress, while she, Lady Ottery, spoke to some acquaintances whom she discovered among the select company.

At first Kitty thought it was about Jack that Anthony was so troubled, and her heart went out to him in warm gratitude for his kind kinsmanly sympathy. Instinctively she put out her hands to him in mute acknowledgment. He took them and grasped them tightly, but the next words he said showed her that though he had not forgotten her loss, his face was darkening and working with further tribulation.

"I would not have brought thee here, dear heart; I have not forgot what stood between; but there is no remedy. Your cousin Prissy is in sore distress. Colonel Windebank has been taken up for the surrender of Bletchington House to General Cromwell and his dragoons; he is lying in the castle here, and is to be tried by court-martial."

"Oh, dear!" cried Kitty. "I had not heard, nor I think had father. He hath mixed less in such matters since—since you know when, cousin. I am much concerned for my dear Prissy and Colonel Windebank; but it will be but a term of imprisonment, shorter or longer; bad as that is, it will come to an end. They can do nought else, and he one of their own officers of the best repute. He was overpowered by numbers; even if he could depend on his garrison, it would have been a criminal waste of life to hold out."

Anthony shook his head.

"They are mad with rage at the loss of the battle, and the failure of the plan for the King to co-operate with Rupert. Things are going badly with them, as even their friends must confess, and they seek a scapegoat. They say Windebank surrendered without striking a blow; as if a thousand blows would have kept the place against its assailants. Resistance would only have swelled the lists of the slain. But what care they if they can put out their disappointment and fury plausibly on an unfortunate victim? It is the way of the world," he ended, bitterly.

"But what think you, Anthony?" she questioned him breathlessly. "Could Colonel Windebank have stood out with any chance of saving the place for the King? And if there was no chance, would the governor have been warranted

in spilling blood like water for the mere name of a defence? I have heard tell he was a very reasonable and humane man; sure he only acted in keeping with common sense and common humanity. Why, even in the King's interest, he spared his Majesty's servants to fight for him another day."

"They will not think or heed that," said Anthony, slowly and sadly; "when their blood is up and they are thirsting for reprisals to wipe out what they hold a dire disgrace, they are in no mood for such considerations. I cannot tell whether Windebank might not have been deceived, whether it is not just possible that he might have successfully defied the enemy, as the Governor of Farrington hath done. Windebank acted for the best, I make no doubt of that; but in justice to his accusers, one must remember that prestige goeth for much in war. They say he knew three-fourths of his garrison had no heart for the fight; but what matters that when everybody knows that though he strove to be faithful to his commission, his own heart inclined the other way? Would to heaven he had been not three-fourths, but out and out with the Parliament, then he would have thrown up that accursed commission. I shock you, cousin Kitty; but my heart waxes hot within me over the thought of many more officers in Windebank's plight, though God forbid that any of them should pay so dear for it. Would that he had sailed for America with poor Prissy, as I have often turned over in my mind whether they had not better do. Said I not that there was cause for thankfulness as well as for mourning in your Jack's death—that it was what many of us might court before all was done?"

"But it is not so bad as that?" cried Kitty, under her breath, with eyes opening wider and wider in horror and dismay. "Can nothing be done to save Colonel Windebank? Will his superior officers, who knew his worth, and how greatly he did distinguish himself in foreign campaigns of which Prissy and Alice used to talk long ago, not intercede powerfully for him? Will the King, who is so good and so grievously tried himself, not interpose on Colonel Windebank's behalf?"

Anthony made a gesture of despair.

"It will go hard with him," he groaned. "The least suspicion of having failed in his trust, though it might be but by an error of judgment, is enough in the circumstances. Martial law admits of no excuses; it is as stern as any Roman code. Dost not see, child, that to have distinguished himself in foreign service and left his sword in the sheath when his King's cause called for it only renders the business a thousand times worse? No, Jack is gone, and now it is poor Windebank's turn, and I alone am left to tell it."

"It was no fault of thine, cousin Anthony," whispered Kitty, pressing closer to him. "I grieve for thee to have lost thy friends."

"It is sweet of thee to spare grief for me; but a truce to my selfish repinings. Windebank must be made an example

of. Who of his old comrades among the Royalists, who have not turned against him, will venture to plead for mercy when the pleading will compromise the pleader and may well ruin him? The King hath been a good master—ay, an over-indulgent, over-generous master—but he cannot forgive when he hath been brought to admit an injury; when once he is offended, he is implacable. No, I fear me there is no hope—not a grain. I am come to bespeak your kindness for Prissy. My hands are tied. I am in no great peril here, but if I were seen within the gates I should be laid hold of and dragged to give evidence against Colonel Windebank. His connection with our family is well known, and such suspicion and rage have been aroused that I begin to think 'twere well if I were out of these parts. My presence hath ceased to do good, and commences to do harm."

Kitty's countenance fell and her heart sank also, if Anthony could have seen that too, but she dared not, even if she had possessed the right, make any opposition.

"You know best," she said, meekly, "but thou wilt do nought in a hurry."

"No, sweet heart, but all the same I believe my work here is done. 'Twere better that I joined a branch of the army and dealt one stout stroke for the cause I have espoused. Neither King nor

Council can have up harmless women and imprison them, even if they harry them of their goods, and there are always some honest men to stand up for them. Yet Prissy durst not, for his sake, enter Oxford till sentence be given to-day or to-morrow, when my mind misgiveth me that short shrift will be granted him. But when it cometh to the last she will not be denied the miserable consolation of bidding him farewell. Hearts of stone could not deny her that, any more than if she were his wedded wife. Thou wilt look after my poor girl, my dearest sister, when none of her own can be with her, in the dark hours before her. Kitty, I trust and pray that no harm will come to thee for the charitable act. As far as I can judge, Dr. Dacre's principles are too well known for doubt or blame to attach to thee or him. Alice may not leave our mother for any length of time. In good sooth she is not fit to be left for an hour, her nerves are in so sorry a state, and the thought of any negligence, where she was concerned, Prissy could not away with; it would add double to her tribulation."

"Trust me, Anthony," said Kitty, with her heart on her lips. "I'll do all I can. Oh, what would I not do for my dear Prissy! I'll speak to father. I think—nay, I know, he will be deeply grieved, and will do all in his power for poor Jack's cousin. I hope, I feel sure,

he will put his rooms at her service; but as there is no time to tarry she will go straight to Lady Ottery's lodging, where all the desolate and oppressed are welcome, and where she will be right welcome for her own precious sake as well as for her misfortunes. I will go to her there; father cannot seek to prevent that, and stay by my own kind cousin, who kissed Jackie in his coffin for me; I will stay with her day and night till I can give her back to thee again. Trust me, cousin Anthony."

"I do trust thee, cousin Kitty, and God for ever bless thee for a loyal, tender soul."

Anthony and Kitty were arrested in their conversation by the commencement of the glees and madrigals, which were little in keeping with the couple's frame of mind. They missed the last characteristic act of the May morning's performance, when the choristers—demys and freshmen—stripped off their white and black gowns, rolled them up in so many bundles, and hurled them, with the accompanying trencher hats, at the braying crowd below, as a traditional typical specimen of the abiding strife between town and gown. But who had eyes for the farce when the tragedy was at the door? Not Anthony Walton and Kitty Dacre.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

N. C.—Of the Guildhall School of Music, the secretary is Mr. Charles P. Smith, Victoria Embankment, London, S.W. There are four or five students' homes in town, one of which is the Russell House, Tavistock Square, W.C.—principal Miss Cail; and another is the Royal Alexandra Home for Art and Music Students, South Kensington, S.W. Also 4 and 5, Brunswick Square, W.C., an Art Students' Home, of which the president is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The charge for board and residence is one guinea weekly, but some reduction is made in a few special cases. Applications to be made to "the lady resident," who is at home on Thursdays from twelve to four o'clock, or on any other day by appointment. We hope that one of these may suit you.

SNOWDROP.—Mandolines are to be had at any musical instrument shop.

LABURNUM.—The Royal College of Music is at Kensington Gore, S.W., and the Royal Academy of Music is at 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W. These two institutions have no connection one with the other. The hon. sec. of the former is Charles Morley, Esq., and the principal of the latter is Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SISTER OF CHARITY.—We do not see any defects worth a criticism on our part in your letter, excepting that you should unite all the letters of each word respectively together.

ONE OF—DAUGHTERS.—There are no faults in spelling in your letter, but the writing is very illegible. We cannot read the name of your respected parent. Your "r's" are made like "y's," and most of the letters are given long tails, which look as if the ink had run, and are very confusing. It is a point of good breeding to spare your reader all trouble in deciphering your writing.

CURIOUS MEG.—The word "Hypnotism," of which we have recently heard so much, is derived from the Greek name *ὑπνός*, that of the god of sleep. But the description of sleep artificially produced by mesmerists is an unnatural cataleptic condition, which tends to weaken the brain and the will powers, and reduces the subject to a state of slavish submission to the will of the operator.

NINA.—It is not natural to some people to have a colour. Keep early hours, get as much outdoor air as you can, wash your face in cold water, and eat wholesome food in moderation. If you still have no colour, be satisfied without it; if not, we can only tell you that the method adopted by certain dandies and vain women, at a very frivolous period, was to sleep at night with slices of raw beefsteaks tied upon each cheek, which was thought to produce in time a similar hue in the cheeks. Remember, we do not recommend this charming prescription, but only relate the circumstance as a historical fact.

HAZELNUTS (Paris).—Your English is fairly good, and with a little practice you would write very well. Of course there is such a thing as a romantic friendship between persons of the same sex (but this is not what is meant by "falling in love"). If a nice, well-conducted girl, and of your own position in life, why not let the lady to whom you refer know that you entertain so kind a feeling towards her? It may gratify her much.

CARMEN B. (Paris).—We sympathise much with you in your lonely position. But the more lonely the more careful you should be of forming friendships with "boys" and men, and of admitting them as visitors. You should always have a lady friend with you, older than yourself, should they pay you a visit; and never admit any man when alone, more especially of "an evening." This would be very indiscreet. Having no mother, and in the absence of your father, you need a chaperone or companion; and should any man or "boy" call on you, even were a lady friend with you, you should name the fact to your father. Have no clandestine interviews if you regard your fair name and peace (at least) between you and your father. However neglectful of his duty towards you, never violate yours towards him; and pray for help and guidance from above. Had your mother no intimate friends whom you could visit?

FERINDA, AGNES, MAY.—Common sense might suggest the obvious reasons why the wearing of a cap is specially desirable for a domestic servant. A woman who has to sweep and dust and make beds would get her hair full of feathers and dust; and as she is exposed to draughts, her hair gets blown about; while she has little time for hair-dressing and cleaning. A nice clean cap guarantees a certain degree of cleanliness and tidiness, and thus

is very desirable. As to a cook, it is indeed essential that loose hairs should not fall into the soups and other dishes over which she is occupied. Even men cooks, with short hair, acknowledge the propriety of keeping the head covered, for they always wear a white paper or linen cap. No respectable maid who wished to look well would be without one; only a poor lodging-house servant (and very few of them) would wear the narrow strap, called a "flag," almost useless as it is; only the "odd girl" would wear nothing. A lady's maid is often permitted to go bareheaded, simply because the nature of her work dispenses with the necessity for wearing that pretty and becoming white covering.

NIGHTSHADE.—The round patches on the windows of new houses mean that the house is finished and the workmen (masons, etc.) have left.

L. E. L.—There have been several endings to "Edwin Drood," the best being that of the late R. A. Proctor, called "Watched by the Dead." Another was by an anonymous hand, but said to be by Wilkie Collins, and is called "John Jasper's Secret." Proctor's is the best theory on the solution of the subject of the mystery.

WATTER WISE.—*Oorali*, spoken of by Tennyson, is also called *woorali*, *urati*, and *ourara*. It is the fearful Indian poison in which the natives of South America dip their arrows, prepared from the juice of *strychnos crevazui*. It is used by the vivisectionist in his fiendish cruelty, for when injected under the skin of an animal it produces complete paralysis, and though suffering the most dreadful agonies it can neither move nor cry; nor can the experimenter be hindered in his task by the least opposition from his poor victim.

PERPLEXED AND TROUBLED GIRL.—The disparity is but trifling, though "on the wrong side." The trouble consists in the youth of your lover. He is not yet "of age," and cannot know his own mind beyond the present moment; nor has he had all the opportunity for seeing other girls and making a choice amongst several. However, you might accept his addresses conditionally, that at the end of two or three years he remain of the same mind. This is all you can do; it is due to him as a minor, and essential for your own future happiness.

GRATEFUL GLADYS.—We fancy the toothache and swelling have to do with health, probably the state of your stomach. Why not consult a doctor?



A
MONTH'S
SKETCHES.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MY LIFE IN JERUSALEM.

By CONSTANCE M. FINN.

PART II.

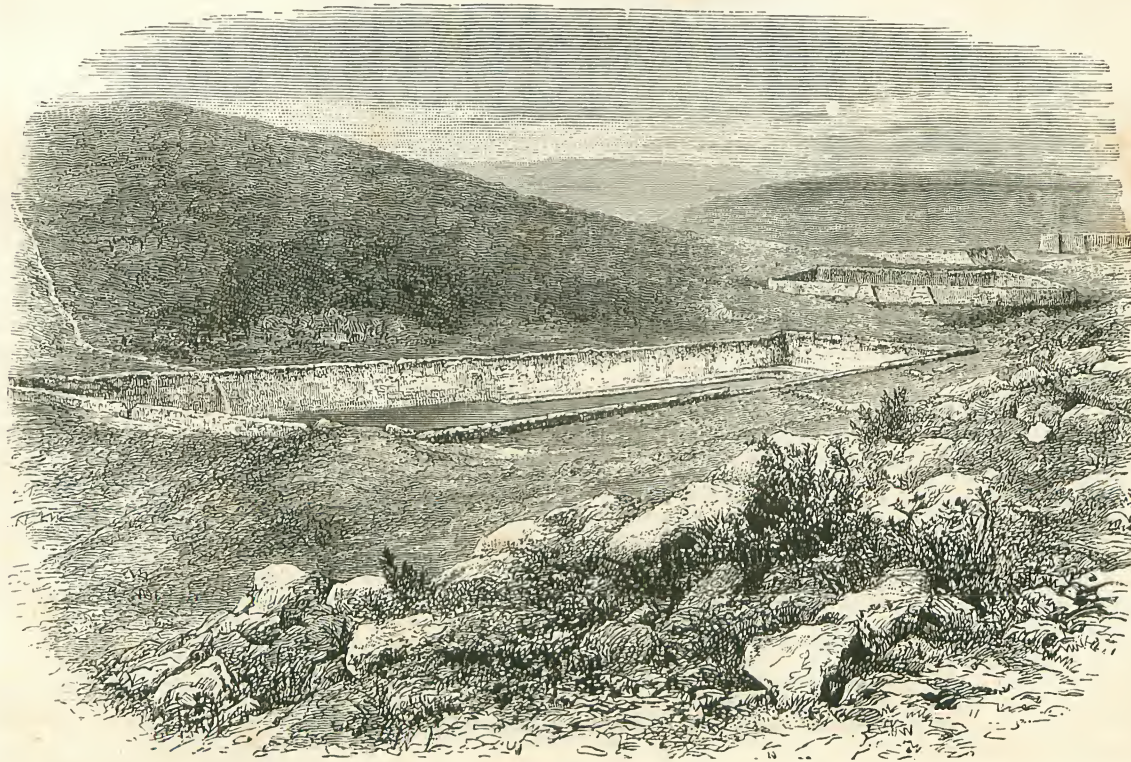
ONE of our other encampments was a valley surrounded by high hills seven miles off—beyond Bethlehem and near Solomon's Pools. This place was highly cultivated as a farm, and we had there fruit and vegetables in abundance. There were cows kept too, so that we got their milk and butter, which was a rare treat; and plenty of honey, some of which was got out of the rocks where the wild bees had placed it. Peach-trees grew to a large size as standards, and had to be propped up to support the weight of fruit with which they were loaded. There were also pears, apples, figs, grapes, sweet

lemons, greengages, and apricots. Of vegetables we had a variety, including tomatoes, and a great deal of Indian corn, of which we were very fond.

There was a spring of fresh water at the top of the valley, which watered all the garden plots, and kept them very fresh and green. At its source quantities of maidenhair grew, and we saw hundreds of goats and sheep taken there in the middle of the day to have their drink and rest. And in the evening the girls of the village gathered round, chattering and laughing, to fill their small jars with fresh spring water for the family supper.

I used to think it great fun when our nurse took us to the spring, lower in the valley, to have our morning bath; and I remember often watching my brother seated in the middle of the stream on the smooth round pebbles, while nurse poured the water out of a jug over him, and then came my turn.

They kept dogs at this farm, to protect the crops from the wild beasts who came to devour them, and sometimes there were most exciting chases. At night it would be after jackals, who came to eat the grapes; or badgers, who got up on their hind legs and devoured the Indian corn. Porcupines also attacked the



SOLOMON'S POOLS.

fruit, and we could hear the barking of the dogs as they pursued them down the valley. Once, however, they were regularly puzzled, for they chose to run after a hedgehog one day, and we could not help laughing to see them, for as soon as they came up to it, it rolled itself quickly up into a ball, pricks outside, so that when they tried to grab at it with their teeth, they had to retire instead with bleeding noses.

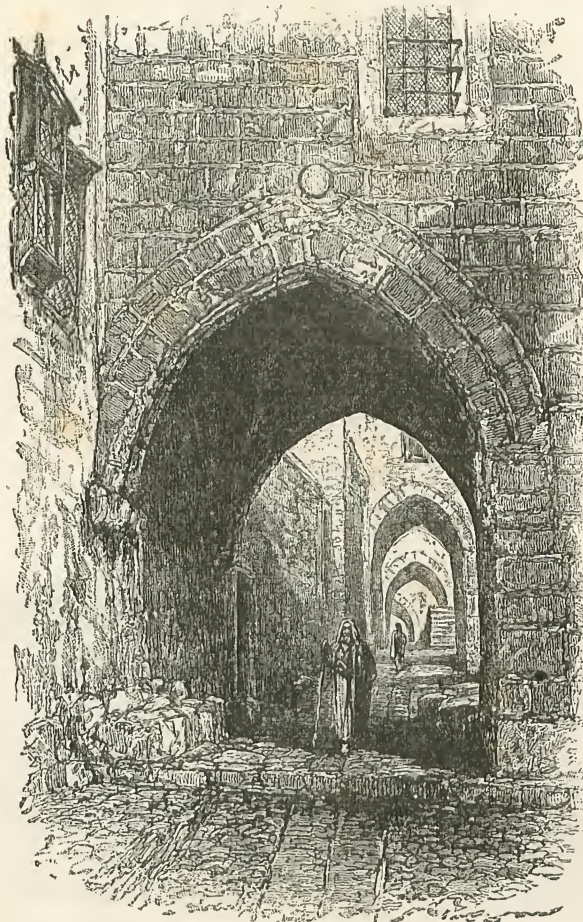
Hyenas prowled about the tents at night, not to attack us, for they do not attack man unless they are famished, and prefer donkey flesh to almost anything else; but I often lay awake with fear, hearing them jumping and running over our tent ropes, and uttering most unearthly sounds, like someone in great pain; but the dogs soon chased them away. One night, when our nurse had tucked us up in bed, she closed the tent and went back to the house for her supper; soon the hyenas began to dance about outside, and I remember counting the seconds till she returned. Though we heard them so near, I do not think I ever saw one till I went to the Zoological Gardens in London. Once our nursery tent was pitched close to a wall made of loose stones, and in the middle of the night we heard a great noise of some creature getting on the wall, and the stones tumbling down, and next morning we found the leg-bone of a white donkey on the wall, and our neighbour sent to ask if we had seen his favourite donkey, which was missing. We had little doubt that a hyena had made his supper off it, and was disturbed when finishing the last pickings on our wall. We always knew if a hyena was near the stable, by the donkeys shivering with fear, and getting very restless.

I shall never forget the happy times spent in this lovely spot, and shutting my eyes can see it all before me in bright sunny colours, and can recall very vividly the smell of the fig-trees, and hear the gurgling of the stream over the pebbles, dancing with sweet music to the valley below, and goldfinches singing in the trees. Our last experience of tent life was about a mile further off, above the Pools, on the top of a high hill. The tents were pitched as usual round the stone cottage on the next ledge, and down to the plain below the hill was one succession of terraces draped with hanging vines. We children rose before the sun, about half-past four, and having made a cup of coffee with the help of the servants, carried it to my mother's tent, and called her to get up. Each time we did this, she gave us each a coin worth the fifth part of a farthing, called "para," and these we saved up carefully to buy peppermints with when we got back to Jerusalem. Then we scampered off to get some fresh fruit, with the dew on it, for breakfast, or to a field at the back of the house, where quantities of tall thistles grew with rich clusters of blossoms like purple balls, and these we switched off with sticks, and called it cutting off our enemies' heads.

Then came breakfast and lessons, and in the afternoon we played about and took a ride or walk. Some of our rides were very interesting. At the back of the hill was a wild stretch of country, high hills and valleys, covered with wild thyme of every shade of purple, lilac, and white, and brushwood growing up from the roots of the old forest trees—oak, pine, terebinth, and arbutus trees; on the latter we found rich, red, sweet berries, larger than a wild strawberry, which we ate.

We could see from here the Valley of Elah, where David and Goliath met, and beyond it the vast tract of country stretching to the Philistine country, covered with golden corn. When my father was once riding through this district the wheat was so tall that it was sometimes over his head as he rode through it on horseback, and he had to steer by the distant hills, as there were no paths in that sea of corn.

On one of the hills near we found beautiful fossils of shells in flint, some very perfect. A little way off was another high hill, where the air was so fresh and delicious that we used to stand sometimes for a few minutes with our mouths open, and then, without speaking, shut them tight and rush home to take my mother some fresh air, as we said; but we generally laughed before we got home, and there was an end of our plan!



A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

My eldest brother was old enough to be trusted with a gun, and my little brother and I were very proud of being allowed to accompany him on his shooting expeditions, one to carry the powder and shot, and the other to carry home the game. The latter never made our arms ache with its weight, for he seldom killed any but small birds; sometimes they were the many-coloured bright bee catchers which flitted about among the fig-trees, or the tiny "bee-figures." Once he fired at a hare, with the only result of shooting off its tail, which it ran away without; and once at a bird on a fig-tree, and when we ran forward to pick up what came tumbling down, we found only the head, the poor bird's body remaining firmly on the branch where it had been. Once my brother and I went for a ride—he on my father's high-spirited grey mare, and I on

Jerry. Presently among the rocks we saw a white owl, and, dismounting, my brother gave me the reins to hold, and creeping cautiously forward, shot the owl. The loud report startled the mare and made Jerry almost unmanageable. When we got home, carrying our prize in triumph, and thinking we had done a very grand thing, my father said we were wrong to shoot the beautiful creature, especially as owls were on our coat of arms!

Once my father and I went out riding, and I had been singing as we went along on a wild hill-side, when we noticed a hare running as if for its life, dodging among the bushes, dreadfully frightened, and as if pursued by something which we could not see. Something, however, made us look up suddenly, and there high up in the far distance was a large eagle hovering in the sky. It did not seem to be moving, but yet was always just over the hare, till in one moment, like a flash of lightning, down it came and seized its prey. We often picked up porcupine quills on these hill-sides, and once saw a heron.

On the hill of our encampment, below the house, was a stone watch-tower, and this we were allowed to play in sometimes; we swept it out clean, and invited friends to come to a fruit feast of grapes, growing just outside the door, and figs which we ran on to the roof to pick off the fig-tree which overshadowed it. In the plain below were the pools cut out of the live rock by Solomon, as reservoirs of water, supplied by a spring close by. There are three of these pools; the top one was always full of blue water, the second was about half full, and the third nearly always empty. Once when it was quite dry, I walked down into it by means of the steps cut in the rock. The bottom floor was covered with soft, dry weed-like hay, and the walls of the pool were covered with the transparent skeletons of thousands of locusts, which seemed to have rested in their flight, and had been suddenly killed on the walls in some mysterious manner. It was a most curious sight.

The plain round the pools was bright in autumn with millions of crocuses—purple, white, and golden. Sometimes we collected acorns and had sham fights, retiring into our tents from the enemy when they came thick and fast. Once we made some acorn coffee, which someone had told us was very good, but the experiment was not repeated, for we agreed that we had seldom, if ever, tasted anything so nasty before. Often when my father and mother had ridden into Jerusalem, we collected quantities of dry brushwood, and when it got dark we and the servants made a

huge bonfire to show them the way home. Darkness came on very soon after the sun had set, and there was very little twilight. The view from the front of the house was a very beautiful one. On the left, at the top of a hill, lay the town of Bethlehem, and in it we could see the long roof of the Church of the Nativity, built by the Empress Helena 1,500 years ago, supposing it to be the place where our Saviour was born.

On the right was the remarkable volcanic mountain on which Herod the Great was buried. The whole Eastern background is taken up by the range of Moab mountains, the colours of which were our wonder and admiration.

In autumn, before the sun set, they reflected its rays from the west, and glowed with the most splendid colours—crimson, rose, all shades of pink and blue, gold and purple, till the

shadows crept up and it became dark. Across the plain below us ran the high road to Hebron, and we watched pilgrims going there, or lines of camels tied together and laden with charcoal and roots of trees, which were being taken to the Jerusalem market for fuel. Once the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, on his way to Hebron, pitched his tents in front of the pools, and it was a pretty sight to see the white tents dotted about the plain.

After supper we left the house with lanterns in our hands if dark, and if not, by moonlight, to go and sleep in the tents, walking across the terraces with the smell of the rich brown earth all round us. And when inside, the tent door closed, and we were tucked up in our little iron camp-bedsteads, the soft breeze would sometimes flap open the frill which ran round the tent, and we could see the bright stars beyond, or sometimes the moonlight, almost like daylight, and we went to sleep amidst country sounds and smells such as you have no idea of. The dews fell so heavily at night that sometimes, if the ropes were not pegged rather slack, they contracted with the wet and were apt to snap off with a crack like a pistol shot towards morning.

I went three times to the seaside at Jaffa; the first time with my cousin, and rode nearly all the way on Jerry. It is only thirty-five miles from Jerusalem, but the first part of the road is so hilly and so rough that we took nearly two days over the journey. The first night we stopped at a pretty village on a hill, and were entertained by the chief of the village at his house. We slept in the part of the house belonging to the ladies—his wives and their slaves—and found that we were to sleep in one large bedroom where they slept, on mattresses laid on the floor. A huge lantern on a stand burned all night in the midst of us, and I remember thinking myself very grand because I

had a crimson-quilted silk counterpane put over me. The next day our journey was easier; we soon came to the Plain of Sharon and level road. On one part of the plain I thought I saw huge cannon-balls rolling about in a field, but they turned out to be enormous green water melons, which grew close down on the sand. The sun had withered their green leaves, and they were only attached to the earth by a bit of yellowish stalk like a bit of rope, which we could not see in the distance. We used to buy these melons in Jerusalem, sometimes only half a one, as a whole one was too much for us; and I have seen a man roll a melon on the ground before him, because he could not carry it! Some of the fields were divided, not by green hedges such as we have here, or even stone walls such as we had at Jerusalem, but by hedges of the cactus or prickly pear, with large fleshy leaves covered with fine thorns, which are very painful and difficult to get out of the skin if once they get in. The fruit, too, is protected with a sort of skin, covered also with thorns; and the natives, when they gather it, knock it down with a stick and roll it in the sand before they attempt to peel it. They call the fruit "Subbur," or "Patience," because it requires so much in dealing with them. I found some at Covent Garden this year, and was greatly surprised to see them there, for we never thought them fit to eat except with the dew on them, gathered before the sun rose.

When we arrived at Jaffa we went to stay at a house in one of the beautiful orange groves that surround the town; and I remember when I was in bed being frightened at the sound of the sea waves, which I heard for the first time; and when I got used to that I was startled by a strange noise, which turned out to be the croaking of thousands of frogs in a pool close by. I was allowed to go into the

orange grove and eat as many oranges as I liked. The trees grew so close together, and the leaves were so thick, that sometimes I could not see the sun through the branches. The fruit and blossom were in profusion on the trees, as well as fallen on the ground, and the smell of these and of the lemons, besides jasmine flowers, was something of which you have no idea. Banana plants, with their great glossy leaves, were planted about, and a stream of water was running through the grove.

My second journey to Jaffa was not so comfortably performed as the first. My youngest brother was one of the party, and he and I travelled in basket paniers on each side of a mule, which I found wretched work. We rested once for lunch on the way, under an olive-tree, and ate pickled olives and native bread, with buttermilk to drink. Some of the buttermilk we put on our faces to cool them, when we got sunburnt. The second day we stopped, after a very hot and sandy ride of some hours, to give our thirsty animals water to drink at a well. Our mule was in a tremendous hurry, and rushed at it, and when refreshed, tried to roll in the sand, to rid himself of the flies that were teasing him; we had just time to jump out and save ourselves from being crushed.

One thing puzzled us a good deal. As we rode along we saw for miles in the sand a very pretty pattern evenly traced. At last we found out that it was done by a beetle's legs as he walked along.

My third journey to Jaffa was my last, on our way to England, and though I was then looking forward eagerly to seeing my relations and friends, and the wonderful country I had heard of all my life, I now wish I could go back and see these things, which I remember so vividly, but meanwhile am glad to try and interest other girls, and make them wish to go too.

THE CHEF.

By MARY POCKOCK.

HOW A FRENCH COOK MAKES SWEET DISHES
(ENTREMETS SUCRES, ETC.).

Gâteau aux Pommes.—Take one pound of apples, weighed without skins or cores, cut them in thin slices, put two ounces of butter in a stewpan, add the apples, half cook them over a quick fire, shake the stewpan as they cook (do not break the pieces of apple), sift half an ounce of pounded sugar over, and leave them to get cold. Beat five eggs (yolks and whites), stir into them two ounces of flour and rather less than half a pint of milk, strain, add a little salt, grated lemon peel, an ounce of pounded sugar, and then the apples. Butter a pie-dish, put the mixture in it, bake fifty minutes in a moderate oven, sift pounded sugar over the top, and serve.

Gâteau de Semoule.—Boil a quart of milk with a tablespoonful of loaf sugar, a little salt, and a piece of lemon peel, stir in six ounces of semolina, letting it fall slowly from the hand so that it does not get into lumps; boil up twice, then stand at the side of the fire until it is rather thick; add more sugar to taste, leave five minutes longer, then take from the fire and turn into a basin; remove the lemon peel, add four eggs, one at a time. Butter and sprinkle breadcrumbs over the inside of a dish, put in the mixture, and bake forty minutes.

Pouding de Semoule au Bain Marie (steamed semolina pudding).—Boil a pint of milk with a small piece of butter, two or three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a little salt, and some lemon peel; shake in sufficient semolina

to make it rather thick; boil five minutes; if it becomes too thick, thin it with a little cream, take from the fire and let it get cool; remove the lemon peel, and mix with the semolina two tablespoonfuls of chopped almonds and four or five yolks of eggs one after the other; beat four whites of eggs, add a little sugar to them, and stir lightly to the other ingredients; butter a round mould, put in the mixture, cover the top with buttered paper, and stand in a saucepan with boiling water (the water should come half-way up the mould); put the lid on the saucepan, and steam the pudding for forty-five minutes; when done turn out of the mould, and serve with "sabayon," or *crème liée*.

Crème Liée.—Boil one pint of milk with half a pod of vanilla and half a pound of loaf sugar, cover, and leave to infuse for fifteen minutes; put seven yolks of eggs in a pan, stir them, pour the milk to them, strain and put the vanilla back in the liquid; cook over a moderate fire until thick, but not boiled; take from the stove, and stir until cool; remove vanilla and serve.

Sabayon.—Put six yolks of eggs in a stewpan, measure six half egg-shells of powdered sugar, stir into the eggs, add six half egg-shells of light white wine and a small piece of lemon peel; whip all together over a slow fire until it is thick and frothy, draw to the side of the fire, but continue to whip, and let it get hot enough to cook the eggs, but do not let it boil; use as pudding sauce, or serve in custard cups with little cakes or biscuits.

Gâteau de Pommes de Terre.—Steam five or six moderate sized potatoes, pound them in a mortar with a small piece of butter, add milk until they are moderately thick; then put in two tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar, and the grated rind of a lemon; cook for a few minutes, then let it cool; mix a little milk with the yolks of three eggs, add to the potato, and beat together; whip the whites of the eggs to a froth, mix them lightly with the other ingredients; butter a dish, put in the mixture, and bake in a hot oven.

Gâteau d'Amandes (almond pudding).—Blanch and soak a quarter of a pound of almonds in cold water, then pound them in a mortar, add the grated rind of a lemon, and a pinch of salt; when well pounded, put in a quarter of a pound of white sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, and a quarter of a pound of potato that has been passed through a sieve after cooking; pound all together, and mix with three or four eggs (according to size), yolks and whites; when a smooth paste, put in a buttered mould, and cook in a moderate oven; when done, cover with pounded sugar, and glaze with hot shovell.

Gâteau de Riz aux Raisins (rice pudding with raisins).—Wash six ounces of rice, put it in cold water; boil five or six minutes; drain it. Boil a pint and a half of milk, mix the rice with it, and cook until quite tender; sweeten and let it stand on the stove for ten minutes covered, then let it cool, and mix in four eggs, one at a time, a little grated orange peel, and a handful of sultana raisins or dried

currants. Put the whole into a dish or mould that you have previously buttered and covered with dry crumbs; bake for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven; turn on to a dish, put powdered sugar over, and serve.

Pain Perdu.—Boil one pint of milk with a piece of lemon peel, a tablespoonful of orange flower water, and a little sugar and salt until the milk is a little reduced; cut some pieces of crumb of bread into lozenge shapes; soak them in the milk, then drain. Beat some eggs until quite frothy; dip the pieces of soaked bread in and fry immediately; sift sugar over, and serve.

Frangipane.—Put three eggs in a stewpan and stir into them as much flour as they will absorb, then moisten with milk (about a pint); stir all the time and cook fifteen minutes; add a pinch of salt, sugar, three or four crushed macaroons, or two tablespoonfuls of pounded almonds, a little grated lemon peel, and some preserved orange flowers that have been pounded in a mortar. Frangipane should be moderately thick; it is used in various dishes, such as some creams and omelettes. It is eaten hot or cold, and is very good with preserved or stewed fruits. I often put a layer of macaroons, with a layer of greengage jam over, in a dish, and cover all with frangipane. I find it much liked as a cold sweet.

Crème à la Frangipane.—Put a pint of cream in a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, three eggs (yolks and whites), pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of fine flour, a little grated lemon peel, and a few pounded preserved orange flowers; stir over the fire until quite thick. Use in tartlets, with fruit, etc.

Omelette Soufflée.—Mix a teaspoonful of ground rice (Groult's cream of rice is far the best for this purpose) with rather less than half a pint of milk; stir and boil; when cooked add a small lump of butter, little salt, some sugar, and the yolks of three eggs; stir over the fire for a few minutes, then take from the stove, beat the yolks of four eggs and add them, also two macaroons, pounded with a little chopped candied peel; beat the seven whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add and beat all well together, put in a well buttered soufflée dish, and bake.

Omelette Soufflée (another way).—Take six very fresh eggs, separate the yolks and whites, mix four tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar with the former. Work the sugar and the yolks of eggs together with a spoon for ten minutes, add two or three bitter almonds grated, and three pounded macaroons. Mix a few grains of salt with the whites of eggs, and beat to a firm froth; when quite stiff add a little of the whites to the yolks, then all the yolks to the whites, but stir very lightly so as to keep the mixture frothy. Put in a well buttered dish, smooth the top with the blade of a knife, and put in a moderate oven. As soon as there is a skin on the top of the omelet, with a knife make a cut from end to end of it, cutting to the bottom of the dish; put it back in the oven, cook eighteen minutes, shake sugar over the top, and bake five minutes longer; serve immediately. *Omelettes Soufflées* are also made with bread boiled in cream and passed through a sieve, with potato flour, coffee, chocolate, etc., or they are sometimes flavoured with vanilla, cinnamon, orange flower water, etc. Bread or potato flour is used in the same way as rice.

Omelette au Sucre.—Beat the yolks of six or eight eggs with one tablespoonful of cream, two tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar, and a little salt. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, add to the yolks with a few drops of lemon-juice. Make three ounces of good butter hot in an omelet pan, pour in the mixture, stir lightly with a fork until it begins to set, then move the pan a little, first to shake the omelet a little from the back, then

a little from the front of the pan, so as to give it a long shape; when done turn it on to a dish, sift pounded sugar over it, and glaze with a hot shovel, touching it here and there with the shovel to make a pattern on it.

Or break six eggs, add a little salt, nearly three tablespoonfuls of sugar; beat well for two minutes, and proceed as above.

Omelette aux Confitures (with preserve).—Take five yolks of eggs, work a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar with them for twelve minutes, put in a pinch of salt and a little grated lemon peel; then add the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, and sift in four ounces of fine flour; add last half a pint of whipped cream. Melt a quarter of a pound of butter, pour it into an omelet-pan, taking care not to put in any sediment there may be, make it hot, put in the omelet, after two minutes draw the pan a little back to let the omelet cook slowly; when it is firm slip it on to a sheet of paper without turning it, cover the top with any kind of preserve or marmalade. With the help of the paper roll the omelet, place it on a long dish, withdrawing the paper, sift pounded sugar over it, put it in the oven for ten minutes, then serve.

Omelette aux Pommes (with apples).—Put two tablespoonfuls of flour in a basin with a pinch of salt and a little sugar, moisten it with four yolks and two whites of eggs, four ounces of warmed butter, and one third of a pint of milk. Take four large cooking apples, peel, core, and chop them, put them in an omelet pan with some butter, cook over a quick fire; as soon as they are quite hot, put them into the mixture, then turn all into the omelet pan, and put over the fire; prick the mixture here and there with a fork to let the liquid part run through, pour a little melted butter round the edges, and shake the pan well to detach the omelet; as soon as it is loose, sift moist sugar over the top, and turn it on to a warm plate as large as the pan; butter the pan again, and slip the omelet into it, sugar side down, move the pan while over the fire sufficiently to prevent the sugar burning, but it should brown; when done, shake a little more brown sugar over it, turn on to a hot dish, and serve.

Pommes à l'Abriçot.—Peel and core six or eight apples, leaving them whole, put them in a stewpan with sufficient water to nearly cover them, the juice of a lemon, and a tablespoonful of white sugar, cover with buttered paper, let them boil once, then cook without boiling; when done arrange them on a dish, add some apricot marmalade to the syrup, and simmer a few minutes to thicken it, pour over the apples; put in the oven a few minutes, and baste the apples with the syrup. Serve hot or cold.

Pommes au Beurre.—Peel and core the apples, leaving them whole, arrange them in a buttered dish, pound some sugar with cinnamon or with vanilla pod, sift it, fill the centres of the apples with it, pour a little oiled butter over each, and bake in a slow oven; send to table in the dish in which they are cooked.

Pommes au Riz (apples with rice).—Prepare the apples by peeling and coring without dividing. Make a syrup with sugar, water, and the juice of a lemon, simmer the apples in it. Wash a quarter of a pound of rice, boil it in milk, with a little salt, the rind of a lemon, and a little sugar (it must not be too moist). When done arrange nearly all of it in a flat cake on a dish, put the apples on it, fill the spaces between them with the remainder of the rice, and pour a little of the syrup over, put into the oven to colour slightly. Serve with a few spoonfuls of currant, gooseberry, or other fruit jelly on the top.

Apples for stewing are generally trimmed so as to be uniform in size and shape.

Emincé de Pommes aux Croutons.—Peel, core, and cut eight apples in slices, put them

in a stewpan with a lump of butter, melted, sift sugar over them, and cook until they begin to dry, finish with a little cinnamon, sugar, and a tablespoonful of rum (the rum can be omitted; the writer thinks it spoils the apples), put on a dish, surround with pieces of bread, cut in triangles, fried in butter, covered with pounded sugar and stood up against the apples.

Emincé de Poires aux Croutons (pears).—The same as above; but more butter is required for pears than for apples.

Baked Apples.—Choose apples of even size, core, but do not peel them, make a slight cut in the skin round each apple, place them on a buttered dish, fill the centres where the core was with good brown sugar, and put a small lump of butter on the top, pour a tablespoonful of water into the dish, and bake.

Pommes en Croquettes.—Prepare apples as for an apple charlotte, but keep them as dry as possible, add a little well-beaten white of egg, form into balls, dip in fine breadcrumbs, then in beaten up egg, and again in breadcrumbs; fry in butter, sift pounded sugar over, and serve.

Poires au Riz.—Take six pears, peel and cut them in halves, boil them in water; when they are done, pour off nearly all the water, add two handfuls of sugar, and boil them for five minutes longer. Boil six ounces of rice in water for five minutes, drain it, then cook it in milk with a little sugar until done, keeping it as dry as possible; when tender, add three dessertspoonfuls of sugar on to which the rind of an orange has been grated, a lump of butter, and three or four tablespoonfuls of cream. Arrange the rice on a dish with the half pears round it.

Groseilles Vertes à la Crème (green gooseberries and cream).—Boil green gooseberries in water until they are tender, drain, and rub them through a sieve; mix a little sugar with them, then boil again to marmalade (it should not be too sweet, but should be moderately thick); let it get cold, heap it on a dish, cover with whipped cream, sweetened, and slightly flavoured with orange.

Croquettes de Pommes de Terre au Sucre.—Bake a dozen potatoes in their skins, empty them with a spoon, and put the pulp through a sieve, mix with it four ounces of powdered sugar, some grated lemon peel, three ounces of butter or three or four tablespoonfuls of cream, and four eggs; beat the whole well, form into balls, roll on a floured table, then egg and crumb, and fry. Serve with powdered sugar over.

Croquettes de Riz.—Take a quarter of a pound of rice, boil five minutes in water; drain, then boil it in milk, adding milk as required, so as to have the rice as dry as possible; when tender, flavour it with five or six crushed macaroons or some finely-chopped almonds; add a quarter of a pound of sugar on to which a little lemon rind has been grated, a little salt, an ounce of butter, and four yolks of eggs; stir over the fire one minute, but do not let it boil, turn the rice out, let it get cold, divide into pieces, make into the shape of corks or balls, dip in beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs, fry in moderately hot butter or fat; when a nice colour, drain, roll in pounded sugar, and serve.

Croquettes de Riz au Fruits.—Prepare in the same way as above, but instead of macaroons or almonds, use preserved fruits cut in dice.

Flan.—Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a tablespoonful of orange flower water, eight yolks of eggs, and a little salt; when quite smooth, add a quart of boiling milk, in which you have dissolved four ounces of white sugar; pour slowly to the eggs while stirring; put in a dish, and bake half an hour; just before serving, sift sugar over the top and put back in the oven for a few minutes to colour.

Flan à la Frangipane.—Line a tart tin with remains of puff or sweet pastry, fill it with frangipane, and bake in a moderate oven; when done, let it get cool, and cover it with white of egg, beaten to a stiff froth, and heaped on it; sift powdered sugar over as you put on the egg, and let the top have sugar sifted over it; put in the oven to colour slightly, and serve.

Flan de Cerises (cherries).—Line a tart tin with remains of puff or sweet pastry, prick it slightly over the bottom, sift sugar over it, then fill it with stoned uncooked cherries; bake thirty-five minutes in moderate oven; take it out, sift sugar over the top, and serve.

Flan aux Poires.—Peel and cut six pears in halves, cook them in sugar and water with some of their peel, and few drops of carmine; when they are tender put them in a tart tin lined with paste, and bake in a quick oven; boil the syrup the pears were cooked in until it is quite thick; when the paste is done take the tart from the oven, pour the syrup over the pears, and serve.

Beignets (fritters) are made with almost any kind of fruit; most cooks soak it in rum, brandy, or some liqueur, and sugar before using; as, for instance, with apples they use brandy and sugar; with bananas, rum and sugar; with peaches, maraschino, etc.

Beignets de Pommes (apple fritters).—Peel some apples, cut each in five or six slices, take out the pips; let the apples soak for a few minutes in lemon-juice and sugar, then dip in batter (see fritter batter, page 215), and fry.

Beignets de Bananes.—Peel and cut bananas in rather thick slices, and proceed as above.

Beignets d'Oranges.—Peel and remove the white skin from the oranges, cut them in slices or quarters; make a syrup of sugar and water, put the oranges in and boil to nearly caramel; let them get cold, then dip them in batter and fry.

Beignets de Fraises (of strawberries).—Pick the strawberries; add an extra white of egg beaten to a froth, and a little grated lemon peel to the fritter batter; dip the strawberries in, taking three or four for each fritter, unless they are very large, when one is sufficient; fry, sift sugar over, and serve.

Raspberry fritters are made in the same way.

Peaches, apricots, and nectarines are also used for fritters; they are divided in quarters, and covered with powdered sugar, and one may substitute lemon-juice for the rum or liqueur generally used to soak them in; then roll the quarters in pounded macaroons, dip in batter, and fry.

Beignets de Feuilles de Vigne (vine leaf fritters).—Take some tender young vine leaves, cut them in rounds all the same size; cover one side of half of them with "crème pâtissière," or with any similar preparation, or with fruit marmalade; cover with the remaining leaves, dip in frying batter, and fry in very hot fat; when done, drain, sift powdered sugar over, and serve.

Pets de Nonnes.—Put two ounces of butter in a stewpan, with a quarter of a pound of sugar, half a pint of water, a pinch of salt, and some grated lemon peel; boil all together, then take from the fire, and sift in flour enough to make it a rather stiff paste, stir all the time; put back on the fire, and cook (still stirring) until the paste leaves the sides of the saucepan, then take from the stove; two minutes after, add three eggs, one at a time, stirring them well in, turn the whole on to a plate, take up small pieces of the paste on the end of a spoon, drop them into moderately hot fat, and boil; when done, drain in a linen cloth, and serve hot.

Choux à la Crème.—Boil one-third of a pint of water with three ounces of sugar, three ounces of butter, a little salt, and lemon peel; take from the fire, and dredge in sufficient flour to make a moderately thick paste; cook

as above, then add four eggs, one at a time. With a spoon place small equal-sized pieces of the paste (round or long-shaped) on a buttered baking sheet, sift sugar over, and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven; when they are cold open and fill with whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured, or with crème frangipane. The choux may be sprinkled with chopped pistachio kernels or almonds before they are cooked. The lightness of these and of "pets de nonnes" depends on the flour being well cooked.

Pains à la Duchesse.—Same as "choux," but made oblong and filled with preserve.

Meringues.—Take the whites of six very fresh eggs, beat them to a froth, mix half a pound of sifted sugar with them, then with a spoon form half meringues, sift sugar on strips of paper, put the half meringues on them, as they are made, sift sugar over the outsides, a minute after turn the strips over to shake off the surplus sugar, put the papers on a damp board, and bake in rather a cool oven. When the meringues are set and begin to colour, take them off the papers, scoop out the soft from the insides, and let them dry on the stove for some hours. When cold fill with whipped cream or crème pâtissière.

The following is a simple way in which *strawberry, raspberry, apricot, peach*, or other fruit creams are made. To a pint of thick cream add nearly six ounces of sifted sugar, a good teaspoonful of finely-pounded gum arabic, and a tumblerful of fruit pulp that has been put through a sieve; whip the whole to a firm froth, then stand in ice.

Crème au Bain-Marie au Citron.—Boil a pint of milk, take it from the fire, and put in the thin rind of a lemon and half a pound of white sugar; let it get a little cool. Take ten yolks and five whites of eggs, add a little salt, beat them well, and pour in the sweetened milk by degrees; strain, and put in a buttered mould. Stand the mould in a saucepan containing sufficient water to half cover it, let the water boil, then leave at the side of the fire to poach gently for an hour without the water boiling or a lid on the saucepan; the cream should by that time be set. When cold, turn out to a dish.

Crème au Bain-Marie au Café.—Boil a pint of milk, take three ounces of whole, freshly-roasted coffee, bruise it slightly in a mortar, and throw it into the milk; let it infuse thirty-five minutes, then strain through a muslin, sweeten to taste, take eggs, and proceed as for "crème au citron." Steam, and turn out when cold.

Little Coffee Creams.—Take a pint of milk and a pint of cream, boil so as to reduce a little, then throw in three ounces of freshly roasted coffee berries, cover, and let them steep half an hour, then strain, add two whites of eggs beaten to a froth, and six yolks, put in cups or small moulds, and poach as above, when cold turn out and put a little caramel on each.

Small Chocolate, Tea, or Vanilla Creams are made in the same way; but chocolate creams are made with three-parts milk and one-part cream, instead of equal portions.

Crème aux Pistache.—Boil together a pint of milk and a pint of cream, in which you have put a lemon rind and some sugar, take from the fire, leave a minute, then add eight yolks of eggs and strain. Chop and pound a quarter of a pound of pistachio kernels, add them to the cream, steam, and serve cold.

Some cooks put less eggs in Bain-Marie creams, and use a little gelatine.

Crème Glacée aux Fraises (strawberry cream).—Mix six tablespoonfuls of syrup with nine sheets of clarified (or merely soaked) gelatine. Pass half a pound of strawberries through a sieve, mix half a pound of sifted sugar with them, and two tablespoonfuls of orange sugar, add by degrees the gelatine and

syrup, cold but liquid, stand the pan in ice, and stir until it begins to set, then take from the ice, add one pint of good whipped cream, put all in a mould, surround with ice. Should be ready to turn out in an hour.

Any kind of fruit passed through a sieve can be used in this way.

Mousse au Thé.—Take a third of a pint or good tea (a good kind of tea made strong but only allowed to infuse a few minutes); add an equal quantity of thick syrup, put eight yolks of eggs in a pan, stir the syrup slowly to them, put the pan over the fire in a saucepan of hot water, and whip the mixture until it is quite thick and frothy; take from the fire without ceasing to whip, which must be continued until it is cold, then (when cold) add a pint and a half of whipped cream. Place a covered mould in ice and salt for six minutes, then put the "mousse" in it, put the cover on, and put a paste of flour and water round where the cover joins, and leave with ice and salt round and on the top of the mould for an hour and a half, wash the outside of the mould in cold water, turn out on a very cold dish, and serve immediately.

Mousse au Chocolat.—Put three tablets of chocolate in a stewpan, let them soften; add half a pint of hot water, a piece of vanilla, and half a pound of sugar; boil, stirring all the time; it must be thick and smooth; let it get cold, and mix a pint and a half of whipped cream with it, put a mould in ice, and proceed as above.

Crème Fouettée aux Marrons (whipped cream with chestnuts).—Take three dozen raw chestnuts, remove all skin and shell from them, and boil slowly in a little milk and sugar; when done, pass through a sieve, put in a stewpan, add of sifted sugar half the weight of the purée; stir over the fire until dry, then let it get cold. When cold moisten with a little syrup, and mix with a pint of whipped cream that has been drained and is firm (two tablespoonfuls of maraschino are generally added with the cream, but some vanilla essence does very well); arrange on a dish in a pyramid, surround with half meringues, or small sponge biscuits, and serve.

Fruit Jellies are made by preparing a pint and a half of ordinary lemon jelly without wine in it, but with gelatine and sugar for a quart; then while it is liquid but cold, add half a pint of carefully-strained fruit juice, and put in the mould. The juice must be perfectly clear, so care must be taken in extracting it from the fruit. Red gooseberries, currants, or raspberries make nice jellies in this way.

Œufs Brouillés aux Confitures.—The best of butter and eggs are needed for this. Melt a lump of butter in a stewpan, beat up four or more eggs, add a tablespoonful of cream, with a few grains only of salt and sugar; put them into the butter, stir over the fire with a wire spoon or two forks; when they are just set add some apricot or plum marmalade, and serve.

Œufs Pochés à la Crème.—Instead of water, poach the eggs in sweetened milk; when they are done take them out and arrange on a dish. Mix with the milk two tablespoonfuls of flour moistened first with a little cold milk, boil it a minute, then add a tablespoonful of orange-flower water, a few drops of good salad oil, and two yolks of eggs; let it thicken, but not boil, pour over the poached eggs, and serve.

Œufs à la Neige.—Boil a pint of milk with two tablespoonfuls of orange-flower water and two ounces of sugar; beat up the whites of five or six eggs to a stiff froth, poach in the milk, turn with a skimmer, so that they are evenly cooked; when set take them out of the milk; stir the milk into the yolks of eggs, pour back into the stewpan, and stir until thick; then put in a dish with the whites on the top, and serve cold.

[THE END.]

PRELUDE.

H. A. J. CAMPBELL.

PIANO.

Andante con moto.

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dim. *rall.* *p a tempo.* *pp*

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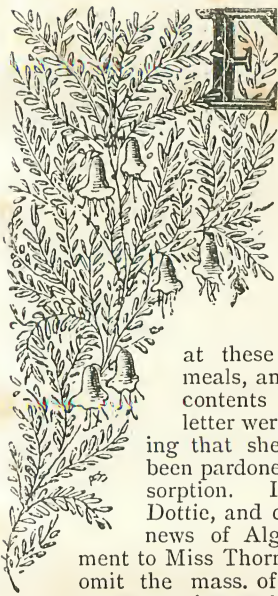
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THE HILL OF ANGELS

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," et

CHAPTER XIX.



At these *tête-à-tête* meals, and indeed the contents of Evelyn's letter were so engrossing that she might have been pardoned for her absorption. It was from Dottie, and contained the news of Algy's engagement to Miss Thorne. We may omit the mass of his sister's commentaries on this event, and

quote a few sentences that had especial bearing on Evelyn's life.

"Now, darling, there is no reason why you should not come back to your proper home with us. But mother thinks perhaps it will be better on all accounts for you to wait till Algy's marriage, which will be in the autumn. He is not going to live at The Elms with his wife, as we had proposed under other circumstances. I don't know if you will think it best to wait; I only know that I want you back as soon as possible. I have been wretched ever since you left us."

"Poor, true-hearted Dottie!" thought Evelyn, with a sigh, as she folded the letter. The tone gave evidence to very mingled feelings on the part of the writer; vexation at her brother's lack of constancy, grief for her own share of harshness (small as this had been) towards Evelyn, a little jealousy of the prospective sister-in-law; but, above all, great delight in the thought of Evelyn's return. And in this the girl could not help sharing. She felt an unspeakable relief in the thought that she would go back to her womankind; though her aunt especially had not treated her with consideration. But Evelyn's love was not destroyed by what had passed. Her path was wonderfully cleared by this turn of events. "All things come to him who can wait," she reflected.

"Mr. Muir is coming to dinner to-night, Evelyn." The words broke in upon her meditation.

"Oh, uncle!" cried Evelyn, with dismay. A vision of her parting with Mr. Muir in the gardens rose before her.

"But I don't think I shall be at home," she hastened to add, "I am going to see Miss Wentworth off at Euston for Liverpool."

"And at what time does her train start?"

"Four o'clock," owned Evelyn, reluctantly.

"Then," replied Mr. Hope, putting up his *pince-nez* and regarding his niece fixedly, "may I inquire what reason there will be for your non-appearance at dinner at half-past seven?"

A confused scheme that had arisen in Evelyn's mind of wandering about town and taking refuge in a confectioner's shop or some picture exhibition, was put to flight—and very properly so!

"Don't you like Mr. Muir?" continued Mr. Hope, observant of his niece's heightened colour.

"Not at all."

"I wonder at your taste. He is a very fine fellow indeed; he has a rising practice at the Bar, and has reviewing work on the staff of some of our best papers. By the way, perhaps he has reviewed something of yours, and that is why you don't like him!"

This shaft, sent entirely at random, struck home, and Mr. Hope saw that it had done so. He was highly entertained.

"It wasn't that poetry book, was it—'Day-dreams'—that you *would* publish against my advice?"

"Pray don't, uncle!" pleaded Evelyn. Mr. Hope refrained from pursuing the conversation, but kept on laughing to himself in a way that infuriated her more than tongue can tell. "I am thankful I shall not have to spend many more months with you," she undutifully thought, as she proceeded to turn the conversation by imparting to him the information in Dottie's letter. And it must be acknowledged that Mr. Hope was quite as much relieved as Evelyn by the proposed change in her prospects. He showered derision on the head of the unfortunate Algy.

"I thought that idle young scapegrace was going to the Bar," he said; "this doesn't look much like it."

"He has ample means to marry, without any profession."

"Well, no solicitor—unless he were an absolute maniac—would entrust a brief to such a feather-brained young fellow; so on the whole I daresay it's money saved," meditated Mr. Hope.

Discomfort at the thought of the evening dwelt in Evelyn's mind all day. Her interview with Miss Wentworth was something of a relief—and yet a sad one too. The little lady was shortly to sail for America, and bid Evelyn farewell with much affection. Evelyn thanked her warmly for all she had done.

"And now mind, my dear, I shall be disappointed in you if you do not write something worth reading," were her last words. "That first book was not worthy of you. I never said so before, but you must 'rise on stepping stones'

Of your dead self to higher things.' Don't be discouraged."

"I do write: it is my only resource;

but publishing is another matter," said Evelyn, despondently.

"Oh, that will come in time. Now I must say good-bye, my child; but mind that on the other side of the globe Aurelia Wentworth's heart will be always ready to beat with joy at your success."

The train steamed out of the station, and Evelyn was left to make her way back to Kensington, and fortify herself as best she might for the prospect of the evening's ordeal.

It did not seem as though it were to be much of an ordeal after all, when Mr. Muir came. Evelyn had arrayed herself outwardly in a pretty gown of cream Indian silk, and panoplied herself inwardly with pride and disdain, but he greeted her as though they had parted on the best of terms, and appeared determined quietly to ignore all cause of quarrel between them. Evelyn was obliged to accept his arm into the dining-room, and she could not help observing with what gentleness and courtesy he continually directed the conversation so as to include herself. Mr. Hope was rather apt to talk on and on to a congenial friend, in utter disregard of anyone else who did not come up to exactly the same standard of knowledge and intelligence, and this was dreadfully tantalising to Evelyn, who had assisted at many such dinners, in the exasperating conviction that if the speakers would only make themselves a little more intelligible, she would be able to enjoy what they said, and contribute her own mite to the discussion. Mr. Muir, without obviously stooping to her level, drew her into the talk at every point, and she found herself now and again making remarks that were listened to with attention and interest by one at least of the two men.

"Really, Evelyn has plenty of brains," thought Mr. Hope. "I wonder why she does not talk on these subjects with me." They were speaking of the influence of climate on character, a topic that greatly interested Mr. Hope just then, and Evelyn had made a very sensible observation about the general lack of poetic fire among the Swiss.

The dinner passed off most pleasantly. "Not," thought Evelyn, "that I forgive him in the least for that hateful review, but it would be discourteous to show it now."

"No, I will never forgive him," she thought again, when she had made her solitary exit, and had escaped to her own little study. A dreadful fascination made her take the hated number of the *Critic* from a drawer, and scan the contemptuous lines again.

"Mr. Hope wishes to know, Miss, if you will join him and Mr. Muir in the library," was the message brought by Stevens, and Evelyn had no resource but to comply. She was not often admitted into this delightful room, though her uncle was willing to lend her any

book she liked. She intensely enjoyed roaming from shelf to shelf, standing before the books, taking one and another down, and glancing over a page here and there; what someone has called "browsing" among books. In spite of her animosity, she could not help feeling it was especially pleasant on this evening, with a sympathetic companion, who was ready and anxious to exchange ideas and give information.

They were all three standing before the shelves that contained the priceless first editions of Ruskin, and Mr. Muir was waxing enthusiastic over certain passages of "Modern Painters," when Mr. Hope was called downstairs.

"Now for a return of hostilities," thought Evelyn, and she felt her cheeks flush; but Mr. Muir had taken down a book, and was looking through its pages.

"Here are some lines that would do as a motto for your story, 'The Hill of Angels,'" said he, offering "The Epic of Hades"; Evelyn took it, half against her will, and read where he pointed—

"Those who hear

Some fair faint echoes, though the crowd
be deaf,
And see the white gods' garments on
the hills,
Which the crowd sees not, though they
may not find
Fit music for their visions; they are
blest,
Not pitiable. . . More it is than
ease,
Palace and pomp, honours and luxu-
ries,
To have seen white Presences upon
the hills,
To have heard the voices of the Eternal
Gods."

The lines were from the story of "Marsyas," which shows the joy of artistic effort, even though it be a failure. "High failure overleaps the bound of low successes," says the poet, and the lesson is beautifully taught. Evelyn glanced with new interest through the poem.

"Have you finished the sketch of which you spoke?" he asked.

"I have," she replied, a little distantly.

"I have been thinking it over," continued Mr. Muir, "and I am sure your best plan will be to send it to the editor of the *International Magazine*. I happen to know he wants bright, fresh, short stories; and from what you told me of the plot of yours, I imagine it may suit him. If you once get on the staff, you will have plenty of occupation of the sort you like best."

"I wonder you should advise me to publish again." Evelyn felt the words were small and spiteful as soon as they were spoken.

"And I wonder you should be so unjust as to harp upon that string," rejoined Mr. Muir; "but let that pass; I don't ask you to forgive me for what is in reality the veriest trifle, but what I can see is an irreparable wrong in your eyes. You do not like being civil to me to-night, but as I am your uncle's guest you feel obliged to hide your feelings. Is it not so? Ah, you are too honest to contradict it."

Evelyn, who had imagined she was playing her part perfectly, felt greatly confused at this sudden home-thrust.

"I should not have supposed you capable of such childish resentment," he went on, speaking as if he were greatly moved. "Some women may be slight-natured and unreasonable, but not you; you were meant for better things. However, whether you are offended with me or not, I should advise you to do what I say about the magazine. If you were disposed to accept my help, I would glance at the sketch and bring it before the editor's notice; but as that, probably, would not fall in with your present mood, you had better send it to him. Everything sent is read, and it will have a fair chance. After all, introductions are of little value."

What to reply Evelyn did not know. She had a very distinct sense that she had been scolded, and she was at a loss how to make a suitable rejoinder. Should she refuse the proffered suggestion in scorn? She was conscious that she was

grateful for it. Should she throw away her weapons, and own that she was silly and petulant? No, certainly not! What right had he over her—this stranger whom she had scarcely seen half a dozen times? She was indignant at being transformed from an injured woman into a silly child in his estimation, and yet she could see there was a certain remorseful tenderness over her, which, in spite of herself, moved her greatly. She was glad, yet sorry, that her uncle came in at this moment, and the rest of the evening passed in general conversation, in which, after a little while, Evelyn recovered herself sufficiently to join. Mr. Muir would not have her sent away, and pleaded against the cigar proposed by Mr. Hope.

Was it some wild illusion which made her feel, when she fled upstairs, that the evening had been the most delightful she had ever spent? And yet, was she not very angry with him? That contemptuous review—it still made her utter an exclamation, and turn hot all over, whenever she peeped at her copy of the *Critic* for August 20! And he would not apologise for it either!

Was it really resentment for what she knew to be a just criticism, that was affecting the usually sensible Evelyn? It was not altogether so silly and childish a feeling as Mr. Muir supposed it to be, but something much more involved.

When a friendship has made some way, and you see your new friend is interested in you, cares for you, admires you, it is a terrible shock to find that, as it were in some previous stage of existence, all unknown the one to the other, his mind has been in contact with yours, condemning, despising, ridiculing! It was this shock that Evelyn felt so keenly. Had she liked Mr. Muir less, the shock would have been less. But she was unable to account for her own apparently contradictory feelings, and still less for the agitation that kept her tossing on her pillow for hours before she fell asleep.

(To be concluded.)

"JUDGE NOT ACCORDING TO THE APPEARANCE."

By THE REV. WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

SCOFF not, dear girl, at homely worth,
Thy praise let not mere tinsel win;
A rough exterior often hides
The brave heart of a heroine.

Ugly the form and coarse the stalk
Of many a plant that meets the eye,
Whose scent is sweet and flower more fair
Than rainbow painted on the sky.

She whom thy pride would scorn to place
In the charmed circle of thy friends,
May be an angel in her home,
Whom God for blessing thither sends.

Unightly, dull, and useless seems
The bulb we bury 'neath the clay;
But thence the lovely tulip flames,
Like Hope upon the pilgrim's way.

Wealth, beauty, charm of manner, dress,
Though much, yet these are not the whole;
Faith, goodness, honour, purity
(The nobler virtues of the soul)—

The vision clear, the simple trust,
The tender conscience, and the love
That haunts the scenes of wretchedness,
And points the dying eye above—

I know no better things than these;
Who has them is a friend to gain;
For God is nigh where'er they dwell,
And blessings follow in their train.



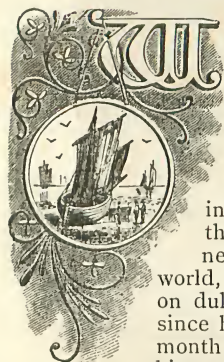
"SCOFF NOT, DEAR GIRL, AT HOMELY WORTH."

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT CAME TO PASS IN THE CASTLE YARD AT OXFORD
ON THE 3RD OF MAY, 1545.

WHEN Dr. Peter Dacre was apprised of the fate of Colonel Windebank—condemned to be shot, for betrayal of trust, in the Castle Yard on the 3rd of May—the news of the outer world, which had struck on dull, unreceptive ears since his son was slain a month before,* awoke in him something of his old regard for his kindred, the Waltons.

"Bring the unhappy girl here. Where ought she to find shelter in her misery save with her kindred? Besides, we owe her and hers a debt we never can repay; however they may have erred and led others to err in the past, they did not fail at the last. They did what we were not suffered to do. Be blamed for harbouring her, doth anybody say? What care I an I were? I am an old man now, Kitty; my day is over; it died, what was left of it, with my son. I will serve my King to the end of my days, it is true, and never own another authority in England; but as for scathe befalling me for so far taking the part of a condemned traitor as to house and help his plighted wife, what matter? The scathe will not touch a young maid like thee; my Lady Ottery will see to that. Not receive my own niece, my dear wife's sister's daughter! I say this is her place, and if I could do more for her to ward off the blow that is about to fall on her, i' faith I'd be tempted to do it. I know nought of this miserable fellow Windebank, except that he should have kept aloof from all who held pestilent opinions. These men and women were not his near kindred. There was no call for him to ally himself with them, howsoever they might be good and fair in all respects but one. The political heresy is so deadly and infectious, that it hath sapped the faith and suborned the service of nobler souls than his, I wot. But he hath met with a terrible punishment which might crave pity from justice itself."

"Oh, is it not so, father?" chimed in Kitty.

"Child," he answered, "let us be thankful that Jack died in battle with his face to the enemy, lamented alike by friend and foe, with no stain of cowardice or reproach of double-dealing upon him."

Kitty could depend on her father's not breathing such sentiments to Prissy, because the girl felt beforehand that Prissy's presence would be sufficient to shut every mouth and touch every heart.

Kitty saw her cousin Alice first. It had been arranged that the moment the sentence of the court-martial was known—if it was death—Alice Walton should come with her sister to Oxford and leave her there, while Alice returned to Islip Barnes to do her duty by their mother. But some relations of Colonel Windebank were bold enough to appear on the scene, and it was finally settled that two of them, who were old and infirm, should ride the whole way with Prissy; while Alice—who could not fail to see her poor sister settled in her temporary quarters—came on before with the younger members of the party by the aid of a horse and pillion, which they passed from one to the other, as the travellers had need.

Actually, Alice had walked the most part of the rough road, for her companions happened to be town-bred, and were overcome both in mind and body before they started.

"Oh, cousin Alice, how tired you must be!" cried Kitty, in dismay, bustling about the new arrival, seeking to comfort and refresh her. "And you have to go back to-night, dear heart. Oh, I hope you will be none the worse, you who are so easily upset and worn out!"

"Kitty, say not another word," said Alice, turning upon her cousin a face which had wept so much lately that it was habitually swollen and tear-stained, while Alice did not seem to mind her marred beauty. "Never hint that I am not as strong as a horse, for I am in essentials. All my little, miserable ailments, which I whimpered and whined over and made so much of, were but as many flea-bites. Methinks I'll never be sensible of their presence again. I have lived to see such calamity."

"You could hardly foresee it, dear," said Kitty, quietly. "We have all to learn by experience; though I pretend not that we ought not to be as brave as we can, and give as little trouble as we may from the beginning. But how doth cousin Prissy bear this cruel sentence? That is more to the purpose."

"Like one of God's saints, cousin Kitty. She thinks first of everybody else to this hour. Oh! to believe that she was remembering my trumpety cough and mother's drops this very morning."

"It is well that she is so good," said Kitty, wisely, from her late experience. "It will take her out of herself and him for so long as her spirit can get time to breathe; it will keep her mind from reeling and her heart from breaking. It is the next thing to lying still before the throne of God and saying, 'though

Thou shouldst slay me, yet will I trust in Thee.' I can understand a little, Alice, for, you know, I have lost Jackie."

"Ah, yes! Kitty," cried Alice, clasping and kissing her; "Master Jackie, too! our gallant, scholarly, fine gentleman of a cousin. For he was a true fine gentleman; not an unkind laugh, not a rude word from him, though he could deal a swinging blow like another, and fell in the thick of the fight, as Tony boasted. But Jack's death, though I cried till I was well-nigh blind, and thought I should never hold up my head again, was nought to this. And she has loved him all these years. Yes, and only last month they were to have had one of their rare meetings, which were getting more and more difficult, on which she counted so much, and I let her stay at home with me because mother had one of her bad turns, and I fancied I was too frightened to remain with her without Prissy. I persuaded myself I had such a buzzing and singing in my head that I was going to be seized with the falling sickness. And just so I have detained and plagued her many a time—my own dear, good Prissy. Oh! Kitty, is it not wonderful that she doth not hate me?"

"No, no, you did not mean it; she knows you did not; it will only hurt her worse if you go on reproaching yourself."

"Then I won't," vowed Alice, "but nobody is ever to breathe a word of my health again—dost take me, cousin Kitty?—not till the doctor giveth me up for fair dying."

It was true that when Prissy Walton came she was still full of concern for troubling her uncle. She could even consider such trifles as whether her presence at Oriel might not cause offence, whether she was not inconveniencing Kitty, and giving Mrs. Judy too much to do in the slender accommodation which was all the Dacres commanded in the college. By dint of this division in Prissy's mind, from her inveterate habit of thinking of others before herself, Kitty could not say at first that she saw much change in her, or realise that the iron had entered into the gentle soul. Alice looked far more changed than Prissy, whose naturally pale complexion, mild, thoughtful eyes, and quiet, unaffected manner suited themselves to any circumstances. Kitty was certain that for a whole half-hour after their reunion Prissy was nearly as much occupied with them—the Dacres and their recent loss, and with tender wiles to express her sympathy and impart to them consolation—as with herself or even with Colonel Windebank, who had grown part of herself, and their terrible position.

The first alteration which Kitty detected in her cousin was when she became conscious that Prissy's paleness was no longer the ordinary healthy paleness which belonged to her and her brother

* The battle of Islip Bridge took place at a slightly different date from that implied to suit the exigencies of the story. Colonel Windebank was executed within three days of the battle.

Anthony alike, but had increased to absolute wanness, while the poor bloodless lips had acquired a trick of quivering, even when they were essaying to smile piteously. Other signs were the long deep sighs which Prissy seemed to draw without being aware of what she was doing, and the constant watch which she kept on the timepiece, either because a poor prisoner's hours were numbered, or because she was at once longing for and dreading the hour appointed for their last meeting and parting.

Kitty did not think that it was Prissy who declined to speak on the subject which was engrossing them all, while it was so much her affair; she was calm and patient, like a little child in its final illness, or an honest old man and woman in their last pathetic extremity of poverty. She did not resent her neighbours' exemption from such a trial as that which she was passing through. She did not refuse their sympathy; she did not rave recklessly and fruitlessly against the authors of the trial. It was not Prissy who refused to speak, it was other people who, in their awkwardness and distress, their awe at being brought face to face with such a sufferer, shrank from all save the most hasty, clumsy allusions as to what had brought her to Oxford. Prissy looked at these bunglers with only the faintest surprise and pain at their reticence; she was ready to make allowance for them, to guess that they did not speak more definitely lest they should wound her, as if she were not wounded to the quick already beyond farther pang.

Colonel Windebank's old half-brother and sister and his young cousins were merely to see him for a few minutes on the following morning; only one pass was granted for an hour's interview on the eve of the execution, and that was to "Mrs. Priscilla Walton, of Islip Barnes, and a woman friend." The grace was vouchsafed from no favour to the Waltons, or even to their kinsman, Dr. Peter Dacre; but simply for the reason assigned in the paper—"the said Mrs. Priscilla Walton being the plighted wife of Francis Windebank, *ci-devant* Governor of Bletchington House, and Colonel in His Majesty's second troop of Light Horse."

Oxford Castle, built by the Norman knight, Robert d'Oilgi, to whom William the Conqueror had entrusted Oxford, stood on the great mound which had been the Saxon defence against the Dane. It was already largely shorn of its dignity, since the days when it figured as the huge fortress, with the massive keep and six towers, in which the Empress Maud was closely besieged by Stephen, then occupying Beaumont Palace. Provisions failing, Maud, as is well known, accomplished a daring escape. She fled, dressed in white, on a snowy night, attended only by three knights, crossed the frozen Thames, and succeeded in reaching Abingdon. The castle had suffered many vicissitudes, and been allowed to fall into disrepair as a castle, though used as one of the gaols of the town, till, at the commencement of the Civil War, Charles had its sole surviving tower, that of St.

George, restored, and the old fortifications put in working order. Of the two girls who came to it on this day in May, even Kitty felt heavily oppressed by the dismal nature of their errand, and had not much attention to spare to the bridge opening into Titmouse Lane, which crossed the moat, and led by a long entry, furnished with embattled walls, to the chief gate. She could but glance timidly at the "passages" above, from one side to the other, with open spaces between, through which, "in time of storm, when any enemy had broken through the first gates of the bridge, and was gotten into the entry, scalding water and stones might be thrown among them." But it was on gaining the castle yard, with its grim military aspect, pacing sentinels going to and fro on duty, glancing at the women curiously as they passed, that her heart sank very low, and she clung to Prissy's arm and tried to drag her forward, faster even than the footsteps of the warder warranted. For she knew, and poor Prissy must know also, what woeful scene would be enacted there within the next twenty-four hours.

The little party had to cross a guard-room, where their pass was examined afresh, and toil up a steep rough stair to that room, high in the tower, where the prisoners of war as well as the common criminals lay in the neglect and misery which Kitty had already heard of and wept and prayed over. But the ghastly reality exceeded the quaking expectation. Imagination, unassisted by experience, could not, happily for itself, call up the stench, the squalor, the horrid indifference, insolence, and bacchanalian shouting and singing which the true gaol-birds poured forth, in brutal bravado, to greet the entrance of strangers. For the first time Kitty's heart, following the example of other tried hearts, leapt up in thankfulness because of Jack lying at rest in Magdalen Chapel; better a thousand times there than here confronting the ordeal in the courtyard to-morrow. Anthony was right; Kitty's Jackie had been spared the full bitterness of death.

Kitty could almost be glad for Prissy that from the moment the prison door was opened she saw and heard nothing save the face and the voice of the man who was watching for her. Her eyes were shining when they met his, though they were dim with fast falling tears the next instant. It was something to fall on his breast once again, and to hear and speak such words of steadfast faith and undying love as would long survive the moment in which they were spoken, would last even through the endless ages of eternity.

Kitty had seen Colonel Windebank once or twice long before, and heard him often spoken of. She had no difficulty in recognising the pale, middle-sized man, considerably Prissy's senior, of whom his young bride had said, with modest maidenly pride, that he was just the proper age for inspiring reverence. His face had always been a little grave and set in expression, and it looked older and sterner from the sprinkling of grey in his fair hair. He was in his uniform, and though it had seen service and was

faded and even stained in places, he still looked strangely trim and smart in his soldier's guise in this abode of slovenliness, disorder, and dirt. He was like a being from another sphere. He had been seated in a window which commanded the courtyard, looking out for them, and beguiling the time of which so little was left to him by reading from a small MS. volume. He started forward on their approach, and the unfortunate pair forgot Kitty's very existence as they tenderly embraced, drew apart, and talked eagerly together.

Kitty stood sorrowfully and reverently watching them, answering mechanically the civil observations made to her at intervals by the warder. He was an honest old soldier, neither harsh nor inhuman. His drawing near to her was probably caused quite as much by the wish to be at hand to defend her from any rudeness on the part of the more riotous prisoners, as from any design of thrusting himself on her notice and extorting from her such a gratuity as the friends of prisoners were only too willing to pay, in order to secure for them some indulgence at the hands of their frequently greedy and tyrannical keepers.

When the interview drew to a close, and the couple advanced slowly towards her, Kitty heard Colonel Windebank say solemnly to Prissy, "You know I did it for the best, my life, to prevent useless carnage, to rescue human lives which are precious in the sight of their Maker. I was not playing into the hands of General Cromwell. He and I may hold certain opinions which are not very dissimilar, but I know not that we agree in much, unquestionably not in all. For I am told that he, like the rest, condemned the surrender of Bletchington, said it was due merely to a handful of dragons and a fierce countenance. I could not have held out with an insubordinate garrison for twelve hours, though we had barricaded ourselves with the bodies of the slain. But Cromwell's judgment, or the extent to which we differ, is nought, since we fought under different colours. To those who were entitled to judge me, I say again, as I have said already, that so far as I can see I did the best which was left to me to do, not only for humanity's sake, but in the honourable giving up of His Majesty's colours, when there was no way of retaining them except by spilling blood like water for no available end. I should have condemned the house—Bletchington House—which was to have been our happy home, and the adjacent hamlet, which represented the result of much patient industry and creditable rule, to be burnt and levelled to the ground. An earthly tribunal hath sentenced me, but I do not fear to carry my plea to a heavenly tribunal."

"I know, sir, I know," Prissy answered him earnestly, "and others will know in that day, your name and fame will be cleared to the whole universe. Oh, my love, what doth it signify though they should suffer a brief eclipse, and though you and I should be roughly parted for a little while, when we are to meet and be together with our dear Lord, in the long deathless life of heaven?"

It was not possible for Prissy to continue to forget others, even in her own nearest concerns and in the tribulation of him who was to have been her husband.

"See, Colonel Windebank," she said, leading him forward by the hand, which he still clasped, "this is my little cousin Kitty, of whom you have heard so much, with whom you were to have been better acquainted if God had so willed. She hath grown up a sweet maiden, as you can tell for yourself, and she hath had the goodness to come with me to-day to visit you."

"I am much beholden to you," madam," he answered, turning courteously to Kitty, the formality of his words being tempered by the pleasant smile which lit up his grave face as he spoke. Then his eye caught her mourning dress, and beamed upon her still more gently.

"I ask your pardon, Mrs. Dacre," he said, "for forgetting to speak my condolence on your recent loss; but in truth, they may be changed into congratulations. I knew thy brother, a good youth and a gracious, early called to receive his reward. Who would grudge it to him, or wish to detain him in a world of such misconception and misadventure, though God ruleth over all? Yet I grieve for thee, sweet mistress, who wert his only sister as he was thine only brother."

Kitty could not keep back her tears at hearing him grieving for her in his and Prissy's extremity.

"It irks me to think that I can furnish you with no better reception than this," he was saying, "in especial as I am to lose that boon of your friendship I was promised. But we will say it is deferred, not lost, and place it among those blessed friendships which my author is fain to think will ripen in heaven." He glanced at the manuscript book he had been reading which lay near. "I should like to keep him with me to the last. Master Baxter is—after his master and mine and yours too, my Prissy, God be praised, else this hour would be a mighty deal drearier than it is—a brave companion in adversity. I have directed that when I am gone thou shalt have his

account of the Rest, which I shall then have entered upon, dearest Prissy, that thou mayst know beforehand, by a good man's second-sight, what it is like."

Men had branded Colonel Windebank as a coward and traitor, but there was no sign either of cowardice or treachery in the manner in which he took leave of the person dearest to him on earth, or in his bearing in the castle yard when the muskets of his fellow-soldiers were pointed at his breast. In the end it was he who, when the time was up, hurried Prissy and Kitty away with one long kiss on Prissy's lips, and another on Kitty's hand. Kitty hardly knew how she got Prissy out of that loathsome room, or through that haunted castle yard, save that Prissy had always hated giving trouble and pain to others. She had been accustomed to save her neighbours from suffering, and to show her gratitude to them for every act of kindness towards herself. She had always striven to restrain her feelings, and to behave with meek submission and sweet reasonableness. Even as it was, Prissy fainted right away before they reached the end of the bridge, where their chairs were waiting for them. And Kitty was well-nigh glad because of the temporary unconsciousness which dulled both mind and senses for a space, and gave her some little distraction in fearing that she had been a great burden and annoyance to her cousin by her culpable weakness. Prissy had been so used to minister to others that it was a surprise, and for a time a distress to her, to find them ministering to her.

If it had been possible to veil the changes of light and darkness, and dull the striking of clocks and ringing of bells, Prissy's friends would fain have turned day into night, and hidden from her the hour when Colonel Windebank suffered the sentence of the court-martial. But such oblivion could not be; and perhaps it was better in the end that she knew all, and as it were entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death with her lover. It was plain that she saw the whole scene as she sat very still in the parlour at Oriel; while a great awe and silence suddenly fell on the friends who had been trying till that moment to

draw away her thoughts, and engross her attention—not with frivolous, unbecoming subjects, but with those cares for her mother and family, and that constant consideration of the poor and needy, which had hitherto formed so large a part of Prissy's life.

Prissy sat with closed eyes, hands clasped, lips moving in silent prayer. It was clear she was not there in spirit, she was in the castle yard, where a file of soldiers were drawn out, and a solitary man, their old comrade and leader in many a fight, was brought forth to be the aim of the marksmen. She saw the stern and angry faces all around, and his fixed abstracted look. She heard his sentence—every word of which was a grievous insult to a soldier and man of honour—read for the last time. She was aware that he tried to reply, and was indignantly stopped in the attempt. She listened to the chaplain's short prayer, she prayed with the man who knelt alone, and then rose and stood at his full height, a target for the bullets. She might have heard the report of the volley, for she flung up her arms with a sharp cry—

"He hath fallen! half a dozen balls are in his heart—there is blood, blood all around him! His dear lips will never speak word or draw breath more. He is beyond them and their reprisals; he hath crossed the river, he is safe in the Father's house at last!"

She did not faint again, she sank back in her chair, with such a look of relief and peace on her wan face that Kitty dared not speak lest she should break the spell.

There was no sound in the room except those unconscious heartrending sighs of Prissy's for an interval, and then it was she herself who spoke again, soft and low.

"We need not weep for him, but for ourselves. Yet why should we weep, when it is but a short parting, to be followed by a speedy meeting and an everlasting reunion? He was always distrustful of the happiness of earth, but the bliss of heaven cannot fade. In the meantime there is much for all of us to do, much he will like to hear of when I see him again."

(To be continued.)



A WONDERFUL PUMP.

MANY of my girl-readers will recollect that when I told them in "The Microscope and Ourselves" about the structure of blood-vessels and also that of the heart, I hinted that the function conjointly subserved by these structures was worthy a separate and, as far as possible, full consideration. What I am going to describe may be aptly likened to the water supply of a town or village. Most of you have seen, no doubt, in or near the town in which you reside the waterworks which supply that town with water, in many instances by means of large and powerful pumps. The

pump I shall describe is the heart which beats in our bodies. Our bodies represent the little towns or villages, and the supply is not water, but the nutrient fluid of the body, the blood.

Now, the heart, the minute structure of which you already know, is a muscular pump situated in the chest or thorax, whose function it is to propel blood throughout the body. The heart propels this blood through a series of tubes called arteries; these tubes are largest near the heart, and branching up freely like a tree, give off and split up into many smaller arteries;

you have already learnt the structure of these arteries. The smallest arteries are called "arterioles," and they lead to a perfect labyrinth or network of very thin-walled vessels, called "capillaries;" the capillaries join together and go to form larger vessels called "venules," which in their turn go to form "veins," gradually increasing in size and coalescing till they terminate again at the heart.

Now, to understand the mechanism of this pump, like that of any other machine, we must look at its construction. Let us do so.

Our hearts are double pumps, and you will

see the reason why presently. There are in our hearts four chambers which are concerned in the propulsion of blood—two upper ones and two lower ones. You know that the heart is

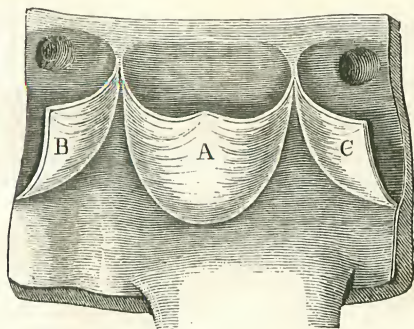


FIG. 1.

(A) } Aortic Valve-Segments.
(B) }
(C) }

somewhat conical in shape, with its base more or less upwards as we stand. The two cavities of the heart, situate at the base, are called "auricles," right and left respectively; the two cavities situate near the apex are called "ventricles," right and left. The right auricle and ventricle are frequently spoken of as the "right heart," and the left auricle and ventricle as the "left heart." These two "hearts" are separated from one another by a thick partition wall, and are like two one-storey houses set side by side. Let us look now more minutely at the left side. The ventricle is separated from the auricle by a valve which opens towards the ventricle and shuts towards the auricle, so that fluid can flow from auricle to ventricle but not from ventricle to auricle. This valve is made up of two segments or "cusps," as they have been called, and when stretched out these segments are said to resemble a bishop's mitre, and hence the valve is called the "bicuspid," or, more commonly, the "mitral valve." A similar arrangement to this is seen in the right side, with this difference, that the valve between the right auricle and ventricle, instead of being made up of two segments, is made up of three, and hence is called the "tricuspid" valve.

Now, in connection with these four cavities are certain main pipes or vessels, as they are termed, which serve to carry the blood to and from the heart. We will take notice of these main pipes as we follow the course of the blood in its circulation through the body. The general body receives the blood from the left heart, whilst the lungs depend on the right heart for their supply, and in the circulation the auricles are the receptive antechambers of the heart and the ventricles the expulsion chambers.

Let us now see where the heart pumps its blood to and how it does it, and in doing it we will start on a journey from the left ventricle. Now, the vessel into which the left ventricle pumps is called the "aorta;" it is the largest artery in the body. We will imagine the left ventricle to be full, and now it begins to pump by squeezing on the blood which it contains. You remember that I spoke of a valve between the left ventricle and the left auricle, called the bicuspid or mitral valve, and that this valve would permit of the flow of fluid from auricle to ventricle, but not from ventricle to auricle. Now, when the left ventricle squeezes on its blood, the mitral valve, which till now was open to permit of the filling of the ventricle, closes and so prevents exit by that path.

The only other opening out of the left ventricle is into that large artery, the aorta, and this being wide open the blood easily rushes through it. Here at this so-called "aortic orifice," or

opening of the aorta in the left ventricle, is a wonderful arrangement of valves. Round the orifice are three little semilunar flaps, which are in shape like old-fashioned tobacco pouches such as you may have seen. These semilunar flaps during the forcing of the blood from the ventricle into the aorta lie quite flat against the sides of the aorta, with their free edge pointing away from the heart. By the time the ventricle has finished contracting, the aorta, which of course was not empty from the first, is over-distended, and if there were no provision against it, all the blood would come back into the left ventricle again. Fortunately, the tendency to return is counteracted by the flapping-out and junction of these three little tobacco-pouch valve-segments, and the blood, foiled in its intention to return to the left ventricle, must go on. Let us follow it. It passes down this large artery and through its various branches, and so to the various parts of the body. The channels through which it must flow grow narrower and narrower, till at last it arrives at the "capillaries," those fine, thin vessels formed only of epithelium which go to make so wonderful a meshwork. After wandering through this meshwork, it returns by the venous radials to the veins, and now is on its way to the heart. Having done its work, it comes back leisurely, so leisurely that valves are necessary to prevent it lagging back, and so veins, unlike arteries, are provided with valves. And now the blood has got into the two last veins before it must enter the heart; these are called the "superior vena cava" and the "inferior vena cava"; from these it will enter the heart on the opposite side from whence it started and into the receptive chamber or auricle, so that it enters the right auricle. When sufficiently full, it will be the duty of the right auricle to empty itself. Where will the blood go? You remember that not only is there a valve between the left auricle and ventricle called the mitral valve, but also there is one between the right auricle and ventricle called the tricuspid valve.

I told you that the mitral valve admitted only of blood passing from the auricle to the ventricle, and not the reverse way; well, so it is with the tricuspid. Thus when the right auricle begins to contract the blood is forced on into the right ventricle through the open tricuspid valve. By this means the right ventricle is filled; it in turn must force the blood onwards; the tricuspid valve closes to the minute that ventricle begins to contract, so blood cannot pass by that way; the only way out is by a large artery which has its opening in the right ventricle, like that of the aorta into the left ventricle. This artery which leads to the lungs is called the "pulmonary artery." The right ventricle in contracting sends its contained fluid into this pulmonary artery, just as the left ventricle did into the aorta. A similar mechanism of three pocket-like valve-segments prevents the blood from returning from the artery into the right ventricle. The blood then flows along a series of vessels known as pulmonary vessels, arranged on the same plan as the aorta and its many branches, and having capillaries and veins. There is this difference, however, that the pulmonary veins have no valves. The pulmonary veins lead to large terminal vessels which open into the recipient chamber of the left heart, the left auricle. The left auricle when full enough contracts on its contents and forces them through the ventricle, through the orifice left by the open mitral valve. Thus

the blood arrives at the place whence it started, *i.e.*, the left ventricle, and the cycle is completed.

Now, when we had a talk about the minute construction of arteries, capillaries, and veins, I told you that, roughly speaking, the large arteries had more elastic tissue in their coats, whereas the smaller ones had more muscle fibres. You will now see the wants which these provisions meet. The aorta is the artery which must bear the greatest sudden strain; it is pre-eminently elastic; this allows it to be over-filled, and then by its elastic recoil to help force on the blood through the circulation. The muscle element in the smaller arteries will, of course, exercise by contraction an important influence in the amount of blood reaching the capillaries. In the capillaries the interchanges between blood and tissues take place; the tissues taking their nourishment from the blood and returning to it such matters as they no longer require. It follows, then, that the blood returning from the tissues by the veins is much less pure than that arriving at the tissues by the arteries, and the means of purifying it is arrived at by the right heart pumping it through the lungs before it again arrives at the left ventricle. Which of you, then, will deny that this is the most wonderful pump, this heart of ours, in the world, and the work it does? Your heart does as much work in twenty-four hours as would be necessary to raise your body in the air ten times as high as the top of St. Paul's Cathedral!

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.



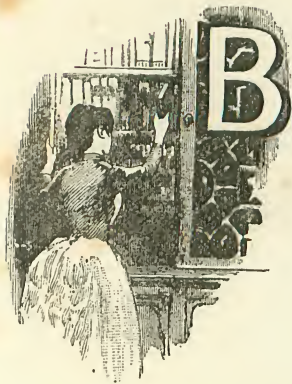
FIG. 2.—SMALL PORTION OF FROG'S WEB, VERY HIGHLY MAGNIFIED. (Huxley.)

- (A) Wall of capillary vessels.
- (B) Tissue lying between the capillaries.
- (C) Epithelial cells of skin, only shown in part of specimen where the surface is in focus.
- (D) Nuclei of epithelial cells.
- (E) Pigment cells contracted.
- (F) Red corpuscles (oval in the frog).
- (G H) Red corpuscles squeezing their way through a narrow capillary, showing their elasticity.
- (I) White blood cells.

FORBIDDEN LETTERS.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Celia and Her Legacy," "No," etc.

CHAPTER III.



account as much as she could, was obliged to own to Mr. and Mrs. Ravensdale that their cousin's education had been woefully neglected. She was quick and clever, but she had never been accustomed to diligent study. She could play dance music charmingly; she could read French, and write a good hand; and here the list of her acquirements came to an abrupt termination. In grammar, geography, arithmetic, she was far below the standard, while many a girl of twelve had a much better knowledge of history and languages.

Patience and careful teaching, these were the only remedies, said Miss Williams, and Mr. Ravensdale cordially agreed with her.

Consequently, Bessie was put through a stiff course of learning, and there is no denying the fact that she proved a very idle pupil. She was secretly rebelling against her superiors, and though by fits and starts she exerted herself, on the whole she only learnt as much (or as little) as she was absolutely obliged.

Towards the end of July Mrs. Ravensdale fell ill and was confined to her room. Just at that time Miss Williams went away to the seaside, and Bessie found herself free to occupy her holiday as she chose. It is true that Mr. Ravensdale required her to read with him in the morning, but that ordeal once over, she could retire to her room or the garden, or sometimes to the riverside, and think out the details of her forthcoming book. Yes, the MS. volume was fast filling up; in addition to the shorter poems, there was now a longer work, entitled "Lucille, a Love Lay," the composition of which had frequently interfered with the young author's progress in more ordinary subjects. Day by day she spent hours poring over the closely-written pages; she waited till the house was still at night, then she lighted a candle, and flung herself headlong into the troubles and adventures of Lucille. This gifted young person had already gone through trials enough to have shattered the nerves of any ordinary female, but still she remained the same—

"Ever beauteous, though with dishevelled locks—
Untamed, undaunted by the tempest's shocks,
Tossed and buffeted on life's grim rocks."

Alack! Just as the final stanzas were on the high-road to completion, Miss Williams returned invigorated by the change, and more bent than heretofore on the necessity of being systematic and thorough. Bessie was forced to tear herself away from "Lucille," and waste

precious time on French and German irregular verbs.

So the weeks went on. One evening, soon after Miss Williams's return, Mr. Ravensdale had gone out to dinner at Templebury, and Bessie wandered restlessly from room to room. It was pouring with rain, and she could not go out; she could not practise for fear of disturbing the invalid. She did not wish to prepare her translation; she did not care to go on with her knitting, and the MS. book failed to attract her to-night.

"How I wish I had an exciting story-book!" she sighed; "that would pass away the time beautifully."

She strolled round the drawing-room, but did not succeed in finding anything to her taste.

"The best books are in the study; I will go there and look," was the conclusion to which she arrived.

The forbidden shelf was in the corner book-case, as Bessie well knew; nevertheless she went straight up to it, and took down a yellow-backed novel. There was a picture of a girl on a runaway horse: it looked exciting.

"If cousin Edith were well enough, I'm sure she would say that I might read it," thought Bessie; "but I don't mean to, of course not!"

Yet she hurried over the opening pages; she read a little bit of the middle; she forgot where she was. The hours passed by, a servant brought lights; she took no notice of her; she read on, all absorbed, until the sound of wheels on the drive startled her.

She dropped the novel, horrified. Cousin Alfred had returned; what would he say if he found her there, in direct disobedience to his commands?

There was no time to replace the book; she heard his voice in the hall; she hid it under her arm, and slipped out of the study unperceived. Once in her own room, she locked the novel safely into a drawer, congratulating herself on her escape. To-morrow would be time enough to return it, and now that she had read so much she might as well finish it.

From that time forward Bessie watched her opportunity, and helped herself as she chose from the forbidden shelf. Luckily for her, there was no such thing as a bad book in the house, but some of the novels which she devoured in secret were totally unsuited for a girl of her age and excitable disposition. She threw herself vehemently into the pleasures of story reading; she neglected all the little duties that she had hitherto performed in the house; the flower vases were unfilled, the china cabinet was white with dust, the newspapers lay about in untidy heaps. Every moment that she could spare from "Lucille" was devoted to reading.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the lessons suffered. Even Miss Williams began to lose patience, and after a while serious complaints reached the ears of Mr. Ravensdale. In a few short words he gave Bessie to understand that if he did not receive better accounts of her progress in future he should send her to school.

This would indeed be a calamity! Bessie had been accustomed to hear strange stories of boarding-schools, the strict hours and bad food. She had always deeply sympathised with the girls at the ladies' establishment where her father occasionally gave lessons, and now it was to be her lot to walk two and two down a dreary street. In despair she betook herself to her old haunt by the river. She must not confide in cousin Edith, and even

the thought of the last page of the "Love Lay" did not tend to comfort her.

There was but one course open to her: she must take or send her MS. to London, and when an eager publisher sent a cheque by return of post, she would hand it over to cousin Alfred, meekly (she would scorn to reproach him in her hour of triumph), and say, "Accept the earnings of the poor girl in whose genius you did not believe, and be happy."

But how to set about it? She did not even know the names of the great London publishers. Should she consult Edmund? No, somehow or other the thought of Edmund made her feel uncomfortable. Perhaps he would not quite understand the circumstances, and it would be much pleasanter to take him by surprise when the volume, bound in scarlet morocco, with gilt edges, was published.

Would the Bridges help her? Mr. Bridges was a hard-working musician, who played in second-rate orchestras; Mrs. Bridges was immersed in household occupations; they neither of them had leisure to undertake so precious a commission as this. Was there no other friend to whom she could apply?

Suddenly she recollected that her father long ago had done some work (the editing of a collection of songs) for a London publisher. He had been well paid, and had invariably spoken of Mr. Tatlock with respect. Bessie had once been taken to the wholesale house in King William Street, and had faint recollections of being made to play the piano to a kind old gentleman who had patted her on the head and said that she was very talented. Mr. Francis Tatlock—that was his name; to him she would appeal in this emergency. No time was to be lost; with the dread of a boarding-school hanging over her, she would write to him immediately.

To tell the honest truth, the composition of this epistle cost our heroine infinite pains. The first draft was written off without hesitation, but when she came to read it over, she shrank from sending such a description of her life at Yew Lodge to an utter stranger. For, spite of her many affectations, Bessie had a warm, loving heart; how could she lead Mr. Tatlock to imagine that cousin Edith, for instance, was a cruel tyrant?

Dear cousin Edith! How pleased she had been that morning when Bessie had brought a few flowers into her room.

That letter must be sacrificed. She began again, and this time the pen slipped from her fingers, and behold! there was an unsightly blot. Before she had finished the next attempt she was called downstairs to see a visitor, and it was not until the following day that she finally succeeded in writing a letter to her mind.

"My dear Sir" (ran the letter),—"You were once very kind to my dear father, and I remember coming to see you when I was a little girl. I am residing far away in the country with distant relations. I have written a book of poems which I should like to have published at once; a second volume will be ready very soon. I do not know how to dispose of it, and I hoped that you would perhaps assist me for my father's sake, as I particularly desire to be an author."

"Awaiting your reply most anxiously, I beg leave to remain, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

"ELIZABETH STANHOPE.

"P.S.—Shall I send you the poems? Please let me know."

It was not quite as dignified as she could

wish; the postscript spoilt the ending, but she could not write it again.

The letters at Yew Lodge were put in a box with a glass lid, which was cleared every afternoon. As Bessie approached the post-box with the precious document, she could not refrain from looking round. No one was in sight. It would have been rather awkward if cousin Alfred had happened to come by and ask her who Mr. Tatlock was. She pushed the letter through the slit with a jerk, so that it lay direction downwards. Quite safe; no one could touch the box until the postman came.

For the next few days Bessie went about almost as if she were in a dream; she began to look pale and ill. Every afternoon she was in a perfect fever of anxiety. Had the postman come? Was there a letter from Mr. Tatlock? No; and she had been so confident that he would write to her by return of post.

Towards the end of the week she came in from her walk to find Mr. Ravensdale standing at the hall door with an envelope in his hand.

"My dear Elizabeth," he said, "here is a letter for you. It appears to have travelled half over England; but better late than never. It has reached its destination at last."

"Oh, cousin Alfred! Give it to me: please give it to me."

Her cheeks were scarlet with expectation.

"Certainly; here it is."

Bessie took the letter and put it hurriedly into her pocket; she would have turned away, but he detained her.

"Elizabeth," he said quietly, "do you know who your correspondent is?"

"Yes. At least, I think so," stammered Bessie; "there is no harm."

"I do not ask to see the letter unless you wish to show it to me, but—"

"I cannot show it to you!" she exclaimed aghast; "it is a matter of business, cousin Alfred. It is a secret."

"My dear," said Mr. Ravensdale, "you are too young and inexperienced to receive business letters which are to be kept secret from your best friends. I do not approve of it. You had better inform your correspondent that your guardian has forbidden you to continue the correspondence, or if you should prefer me to do so, I will write for you."

"No. No, thank you; please don't. I will write whatever you like."

"Very good. Do not distress yourself. I quite trust you to respect my wishes in the matter. Do you understand?"

"Yes, cousin Alfred," said Bessie, hanging her head, conscious that "Lucille" under similar circumstances would have made an affecting speech.

As soon as she could get away, she retreated to the farther end of the garden under the shadow of the hedge. She took her precious letter from her pocket. The envelope was covered with postmarks; she had evidently omitted to put the name of the post town. If it had not been for that stupid mistake her cousin would not have noticed it.

"He never inquired about my correspondence before," thought Bessie; "how unfortunate I am!"

With eager hands she tore open the envelope and read the letter which she supposed would decide her future fate.

"Dear Madam,—In the absence of Mr. Francis Tatlock, who is travelling abroad, I beg to inform you that your letter of 28th inst. has been forwarded to him."

That was all; a mere business acknowledgment from a clerk.

For a moment Bessie sat hopelessly miserable, with the letter on her lap. She had promised to put an end to the correspondence. Why, it had only just began; the thing was impossible. Mr. Tatlock would surely answer her letter directly he received it—how could she deliver her guardian's message?

And yet she had promised to do so. Her own words came back to her: "I will write whatever you like." And cousin Alfred had said that he quite trusted her. Bessie felt very uncomfortable; if only he had not used that expression, she would have gone her own way with a peaceful conscience. Yet she knew that she had disobeyed him before in the matter of the novel-reading; he had never found her out. Day by day, when she had finished one volume she had replaced it and taken another, and he had never been a whit the wiser. It was very easy to deceive him, and having once begun to do so, why not go on in the same fashion? It was not her fault, she was sure that it was not her fault; why did he treat her like a child? Little by little she persuaded herself into thinking that wrong was right. Little by little she made her plans.

The note before her did not require a reply; she would not write again; she would wait until she heard from Mr. Tatlock himself, and then it would be time enough to decide what she would do next. Some manœuvring would be necessary to get the letter from Mr. Tatlock without her cousin's knowledge.

"I will manage it," said Bessie to herself, "and afterwards cousin Alfred will say that I have acted very rightly. He will be sorry that he made himself so disagreeable, and apologise."

In her secret heart she was not quite sure of this, but she had made up her mind to be disobedient; she would have the letter at any price. For so many weeks she had lived in constant fear of being found out, that now she was beginning to get accustomed to it. She leant back against the towering hedge, and looked up into the bright blue sky. Then it occurred to her to wonder what Edmund would say if he knew what she proposed doing. For the first time since his departure she felt glad that he was far away in London.

(To be continued.)

HOW THOUGHTLESS MEN ARE!

AT eleven o'clock precisely a note from my husband saying he was bringing two friends back to lunch. This under ordinary circumstances would be no trouble, but on this particular day my cook was absent, and a charwoman taking her place.

For a moment I was in despair; then seeing no help for it, I determined to be cook myself. I inspected the larder, and found there some cold salmon and some cold mutton. I decided to warm the mutton and mayonnaise the salmon.

MAYONNAISE RECIPE.

Place the cold salmon on a dish, removing the black skin; throw over it the following mixture:—

Place in a basin the yolk of an egg, add to it one teaspoonful of flour of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, and some pepper; mix all this smoothly with half a pint of cream, then add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and mix well; finally with a whisk beat this till it is stiff, then throw it over the salmon. Have ready three hard-boiled eggs, cut each into four pieces, and place round the dish, with a sprig of parsley to each piece.

This dish is very easy to make, and is so pretty when finished. I was not quite satisfied when mine was done, as I fancied it wanted some red colour to improve it, and, of course, pieces of lobster would have been the correct thing; however, a few blossoms of scarlet geranium had almost the same effect, and I was quite content.

Now for the mutton—

I found there was some nice soup left from

last evening's dinner, so I put two teacupfuls into a saucepan, adding two small onions finely minced, and a little good gravy; when this got hot I shook in some flour till it was nicely thickened. I cut some slices of mutton, which I also floured, and then put into the saucepan with the gravy; the whole I put on the fire long enough to make thoroughly hot before serving.

Next I made a tart, but as nearly everyone knows how to make pastry, I need not say how I did it; but I think some girls may care to know the way I make a pretty dish, which I call—

BISCUITS GLACÉS.

Place half a pint of cream in a basin, and whisk it till thick, then add a third of an ordinary sized pot of apricot jam, and (if required) a tablespoonful of sifted sugar, but this depends entirely on taste. Whisk this together till it is thoroughly mixed and stiff, then fill some ramakin papers, and on the top of each put one preserved cherry, and some strips of angelica. I was also to get all this ready some time before my husband and his friends arrived, so I had plenty of time to see to my floral decorations.

There is the bunch of flowers, and with plenty of good material it is not difficult to realise a good result. An old china bowl filled with syringa and guelder roses looked well in the centre of the table.

How I love syringa, beautiful flower! with its cream-coloured petals, its golden stamens, and exquisite perfume. It reminds me—but ah! I must not stray from cooking to senti-

ment. In six small white glass vases I placed pansies. Unless one has seen it, it is difficult to believe how well pansies look when arranged without any green, and with only one colour in each vase; thus dark purple in one, white in another, yellow, pale mauve, and so on. Whilst I am speaking of flowers, has anyone noticed what beautiful vases and bowls can be arranged in the early spring with buttercups, and the flower of the wild parsley! I had no other flowers on the dinner-table for one month. Before I finish I will give the recipe for a savoury omelette, which is very easy to make.

SAVOURY OMELETTE.

One large, heaped-up tablespoonful of flour, a little salt and pepper to taste; mix this with half a pint of milk; add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, also two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley, and two spring onions, also finely chopped; then stir in the whites of the three eggs, which must be beaten to a stiff froth, and to do this, place them on a plate, add a pinch of salt, and beat with a knife. Now the omelette is ready to fry; place some butter in an omelette pan and let it boil, then pour in the mixture, and let it brown; more butter must be added if it seems likely to stick. When it is nicely brown (and to ascertain this a corner must be turned up with a knife to see), hold the pan in the oven for two or three minutes, and then turn it out into a dish; the dish must not be covered when taken into the dining-room.

HOUSEKEEPER.



EDUCATIONAL.

STAR OF THE SEA.—The "Great Marquis" is in Scotland James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, 1612-1650.

"I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsay's pride;
But never have I told thee yet
How the Great Marquis died."

Aytoun.

In Portugal, the "Great Marquis" is Don Sebastião José de Carvalho, Marquis de Pombal, greatest of all Portuguese statesmen, 1699-1782.

MINETTE.—Virgil, the greatest of Roman poets, was born 15th October, 70 B.C.; died 21st September, 19 B.C. Although Virgil never saw the Star of Bethlehem, his writings have appealed to Christians of every age, from St. Augustine to Keble. His influence has been immense on education in every age.

MARGUERITE.—1. The estimated population of England and Wales in 1483 was 4,689,000; in 1377, 2,092,978. 2. The quotation—

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

is from Campbell's "Hallowed Ground."

ELEINE.—The ordinary speed of a carrier pigeon was put down in July, 1872, at one mile in ninety seconds. Thirty-two pigeons were liberated in London on November 22, 1819, at 7 A.M.; one of them arrived at Antwerp at noon, another a quarter of an hour after. During the siege of Paris there was a pigeon post between London and Tours, 48 day mails being sent, and 1,186 night mails.

GWENDOLIN.—We could not say how long you would take to prepare for the examination, for we do not know how far you are advanced nor what are your capabilities.

INEXPERIENCE.—We should think a situation as visiting or daily governess would be better than a nursing governess-ship.

I. F. SNOWDROP can have no better guide for books to read for improvement than to follow the "Girls' Year," which came out month by month in vol. ix. "G.O.P.," written by James Mason.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER must go herself and inquire for all such things, or answer advertisements.

POWYS will find the "Home Naturalist," published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., a useful book. 2. The leaves enclosed appear to be those of the beech-tree.

L. S. P.—The Maria Grey Kindergarten Training College, Miss Ward, 5, Fitzroy Street, W. Miss James, Northfield House, Stamford Hill, N., seems the nearest to you.

MARIE.—The globular form of the earth, the opacity of the moon, and the true causes of lunar eclipses were all taught by Thales of Miletus about 640 B.C.

CORONA.—We could not give the value of the coins unless they are better described than in your brief note.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MELLEN.—The "Great Moralist of Fleet Street" was Dr. Johnson, 1709-1784.

ONE EAGER TO LEARN.—Horseshoes were at one time nailed up over doors as a protection against witches. The idea of luck connected with picking up a horseshoe is derived from the notion of its being a protection from witches. For the same reason our forefathers nailed a horseshoe on the masts of their ships, one being nailed on the mast of the *Victory* by Lord Nelson, which was there during the Battle of Trafalgar. This old superstition appears to be dying out.

NITA.—The correspondence rules are always the same. 2. We are always glad to hear from our girls, and we think your drawings are very spirited.

M. J. (Hungary). The subscription to the *Child's Companion* is 1d. monthly; yearly volume 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., according to binding.

ELIZABETH B.—As a general rule it is found that by fixing the thoughts at night on the hour you wish to rise, you will awake at or near the hour. By leaving the window blinds partly up the morning light will generally awaken most people.

RED DRAGON was the ensign of Cadwallader, the last of the British kings from whom the Tudors were descended. It was adopted as a device by Henry VII., and used on his standard on Bosworth Field. The word "dragon" in Celtic means a "chief," hence "Pen-dragon" was a sort of dictator created in times of danger. The origin of many legends of knights slaying "dragons" is found in the Celtic use of the word for "chief."

ONTARIO.—There is a paper published in London called the *Nursing Record*, by Sampson Low & Co., Limited. The term "Classic" is of Latin origin, and is derived from the social economy of Rome. One man was said to be of the second class, another was in the third; but he who was in the highest class was said emphatically to be of the class, *classicus*; and as we say, "Men of rank," meaning men of the highest rank, so by an obvious analogy the best writers are termed classic, the best music classical. The term classical is also applied to the works of Greek and Latin authors, which would be called classical studies.

ARS LONGA VITA BREVIS will find exercises given on page 516, vol. v., "Physical Education of Girls."

M. D. must send the dish covers to have them re-plated; she could not do them herself.

HAT-PIN had better write to the paper which published the poem in 1887.

BERTHA EVELYN.—April 28th, 1871, was a Friday. To clean a straw hat, if black, paint it with Berlin black, or any such gloss; but if white, send it to a cleaner and get it re-blocked.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—What we understand by the term "Protestantism" dates back some seven hundred years; for in France the "Albigenses" protested about the year 1177, and under Farel, before 1512, the Huguenots also, in 1529. In Italy, Savonarola protested, and was martyred for disseminating the Holy Scriptures amongst the people (or advocating the principle) about the year 1498. In Bohemia, Huss protested A.D. 1405; in Germany, as you know, Luther did the same, 1517; Zwingli in Switzerland, 1519; in Denmark, Andreas Bodenstein followed suit in 1521; Petri, in Sweden, A.D. 1539; Knox, in Scotland, 1560; and in the Netherlands, 1562. Most of these protests took place in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but that of the Albigenses led the van in the twelfth.

POLLIE (Harrow Hill).—The 13th October, 1854, was a Friday; 25th March, 1864, was a Friday; the 27th October, 1865, was a Friday; and 3rd May, 1866, was a Thursday.

LITHUANIAN MAID (Cracow).—We are pleased to hear that you like our magazine, and we congratulate you on your good progress in writing our difficult language. To take spots out of ordinary marble:—A strong ley of soap and quicklime mixed together to the consistency of milk, laid on the stone for twenty-four hours and then washed off, and a rubbing with fine putty-powder mixed with olive-oil afterwards, is a good recipe. Whether it would be effectual in taking ink out of alabaster we could scarcely say, not having tried it; and yours appears to be a delicate fancy article. We hope we may hear from you again. 2. The light upward strokes in your writing are rather too delicate, which makes it difficult to read by those who have not strong, clear sight.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Watering plants with soapsuds is useful in many cases of insect pests. For woodlice, water flower beds or boxes with a mixture of one part of vinegar and nine parts of water. For a worm in the pot, take the plant from the pot, knock the soil from the ball, and extract the worm.

NEMMIE'S DARLING has our best thanks for her picture and account of Roche Rocks. We do not think the leaves would be of any service.

GRANNY.—One of the great secrets in rearing turkeys as well as chickens seems to be to keep them off the wet grass. See "Poultry Keeping," in present volume, page 252, for feeding.

TWENTY-ONE.—1. Liberty silks are much used for draperies, and also the various art muslins. A brass pole would be best for the curtains of a folding door, as they would require to be used. Many people take the fenders away in summer and draw the hearthrug up to the fireplace, placing a large jar in front, with a growing plant or a bouquet of grasses in it. 2. Put your name below your mother's on the visiting card. It is not at all needful to make any distinction of the kind, as young girls are not supposed to pay visits without their mothers.

SOMEBODY'S JESS (Australia).—1. We fear all the numbers you mention are out of print, and we should not know how to get them for you. 2. Change of climate is often a cure for asthma.

MINNIE P.—You should consult a good dentist as well as a doctor; your general health and digestion must be affected.

E. M. W., ADA B.—Both show some poetic feeling, but the so-called poems are incorrect in many ways.



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SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

WORK HEARTILY.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

Is your life-work mean and humble,
All its outlook cramped and grey?
Do not stoop to fret and grumble;
Discontented pilgrims stumble
When no hindrance bars the way!

Though your task may seem a fetter
That would hands and heart control,
To your own lot you are debtor,
Day by day to make it better,
In undaunted strength of soul.

Though the humble "now" may prove you,
Higher service waits afar;
Courage! angels watch above you,
And the Father bends to love you,
And to bless you where you are.

Let that love your aims embolden,
With a smile your duties meet,
And the joy from none withholden
Soon shall make the dull life golden,
And the bitter task-work sweet!



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A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.
CHANGES.

PRISSY would have risen up and returned to Islip Barnes next day to do her share of the work; to begin again, with the faltering step and the far-away look in her eyes, to wait on her mother and Alice, help Anthony, take heed for the household, and solace the bereaved and indigent whom the war had left stranded, if the others would have let her, exactly as heretofore.

But the power failed her. When she rose to her feet she could not stand; when she lifted her hand it fell again by her side. It seemed as if her bodily forces were smitten and withered at their source by the trial she had undergone and by the very faith and courage with which she had gone forth to meet it, refusing to flinch or do anything save stand by a doomed man in the hour of need.

The doctor who was called in spoke gravely of a tremendous shock to the system, and did not deny that there were heavy obstacles to her rallying from it. But Prissy herself had no faithless, self-indulgent wish to slip out of the world and leave her friends in the lurch. Life might have lost its zest for her. The burden and heat of the day might be harder to contemplate in prospect and to endure in fact without the friend who was to have shared them with her, and in sharing deprived them of half their crushing weight. Still, her constant, feeble cry was how much there was to do in the world, and the part in it she was to take before she could rejoin her lover. Prissy would make an effort, and a gallant one, to recall her sinking powers and fight a brave fight against the enemy.

As for Kitty, there was nothing she would not have done, by God's permission, to keep Prissy with them, to give her back to Anthony, who had looked so harassed and heart-broken when Kitty saw him last.

Prissy did recover, but her recovery was a matter of time and patience, and was so long protracted, that much had happened before she was restored even to an approach to her former health and strength.

Anthony Walton had joined the Parliamentary army; his presence at home, under the suspicion which had fallen upon him in consequence of Colonel Windebank's surrender of Bletchington, having grown to be rather a detriment than a benefit to his family. He fought in the battle of Naseby on the 14th of June while Prissy was still hovering between life and death, and came out of it unhurt, after having earned much credit among his fellows for his coolness and resolution.

Cromwell's greatest victory was the death-blow to King Charles' fortunes; nevertheless, he lingered at Oxford till the spring of 1646.

Kitty in her mourning, waiting assiduously on Prissy, who was so bent on not being a trouble to her friends, and yet could make so small progress in ridding them of the burden, heard and saw little of what was going on abroad. In truth, when her mind went beyond the household at Oriel she was principally concerned with the news from Islip Barnes.

It was reported that Madam Walton was better than might have been expected after the misfortunes in her family, and that Mrs. Alice, with the help of a good steward, was managing the home-farm famously for her absent brother. The idea of Alice's managing—not to say a house but a farm, and that so as to awaken the respectful admiration of her country neighbours—was a marvel, which drew from Prissy her first happy laugh and eager explanation that she always knew it was in Alice to make a good and useful woman in spite of her girlish freaks and fancies. In corroboration of Prissy's words, Alice found time to write cheerful accounts of her doings in the middle of her many serious engagements. Her letters were full of field husbandry as well as domestic economy; she was taking the greatest interest in the operations of sowing and weeding and mowing and reaping, in the transactions at the mill, and the fattening and selling of cattle and sheep, so that what was left of Anthony's impoverished estate might not come to ruin; she was so busy that she had no time to feel out of sorts—indeed, much work must agree with her, and be the very thing she had wanted, for she was perfectly well and strong. Her mother, too, was better than usual, so that Prissy must not fret about them. They would give

a great deal to have her back among them. Of course she knew that, but it was good for her to stay where she was; she might be easy in her mind about those at home, and about Anthony, who was doing finely, and greatly interested in his new trade of war, while he sent them news of his welfare whenever he could manage it.

After Alice's earlier letters there was no more allusion to the improvement in her health, as if its satisfactory condition was a mere matter of course, while there was much of the yield from the thirty acre field, the chances of the pasture, and the repairing of the cottages on Islip Barnes, of which her brother had written. Clearly Alice had turned over a new leaf, and the capacity to do it must have been in her, as Prissy said, all the time.

But though Kitty had heard of chronic invalids rising from their beds of sickness and becoming the stays of their families at certain crises, the idea of cousin Alice's developing into a Lady Ottery always made her cousin smile at this date. She wondered if Alice would grow skilled in the drawing out of leases, the detection of flaws in farming accounts. Would she wax lean and gaunt with much exercise? Would her fine colour deepen into a permanent crimson from exposure to the weather, and her voice strengthen and deepen like a man's with speaking words of authority? But what did it matter if Alice took up the task imposed upon her when her turn came, and discharged it to the satisfaction of her friends—ay, and of the Master who might yet say, "Well done, good and faithful servant," to the idle girl with her foolish airs and graces?

Alas! a faithful servant and a helper of many was on the eve of her departure. Lady Ottery's strength suddenly gave way, and with scarcely an interval between her active exertions for the benefit of her neighbours, unremitted under her weight of years, she went quietly and calmly to receive her wages. While she was still alive, and Kitty was keenly reproaching herself for not having sooner seen what she might have known was inevitable, grudging, as it were, that she had not been permitted to repay to her godmother a tithe of her kindness and care, by lavishing on her such long cherishing and nursing as Kitty had been bestowing on Prissy, the old independent-minded, hardy nature of the woman spoke up once more.

"No, no, my dear, better as it is, though I thank you for your goodwill; I always prayed my Lord that I might die in harness; and He hath granted my prayer."

Her only utterances of regret were for Kitty herself.

"I could have liked to have lived to see thee committed to younger hands than those of thy father and thy woman

Pettit, little Kitty, but He knoweth best. I could have wished just to have had thee safely settled—not a great ambitious settlement, what is far better, something modestly bountiful befitting thy birth and breeding among thine own people. I had a dream, and I would I could have seen whether it were to come true. But what matters the idle satisfaction here of a silly old body like me, when I may know yonder? and whether I know or not, all is in good hands."

The bulk of Lady Ottery's savings had gone with many another goodly store to relieve the King's wants, and she would not have wished to recall the money. But by dint of continuous effort and rigorous self-denial she had still managed to secure a small provision for her godchild—over which Kitty's loving tears fell, as at the last mark of her dear Lady Ottery's goodness to her.

Under these circumstances Kitty had little attention to spare to public events, but she did hear how Basing House, surnamed "Loyalty," had been taken, and its owner, the gallant old Marquis of Winchester, had not left it till it was blazing behind him, when he stoutly asserted that if the King had no more ground in England than Basing House, its master would adventure it as he did, and so maintain it to the uttermost. She knew, too, as all Oxford knew, how, when Fairfax was ready to descend on the town, Charles and his escort rode out of it for the last time on a bleak February day. After various journeys to and fro he gave himself up to the Scotch army at Newark. His mien was as dignified, his handsome high-bred face little sadder in its abstraction than it had been during all these ten years since the child Kitty Dacre had been bidden gaze on her sovereign. The brief, passionate despair with which on Naseby field, after the battle was lost, he had called in vain for "one charge more" had passed away, and he was again planning and hoping from treaties and stratagems, from playing the Presbyterians against the Independents, the Scotch against the English, that he should yet win the day. Even the Queen Henrietta Maria, writing from across the seas, from her rooms in the Louvre, with all the councillors who had been most daring and reckless of old, urged him to make terms with his Parliament to no purpose.

Bristol, under Prince Rupert, had surrendered. The white dog, which had walked so constantly at the Prince's heels when he was at Oxford that the Puritans said it was his familiar spirit, had played him false. The King's house at Woodstock, the town of Abingdon—all was in the hands of the Parliamentary army.

At last, by Charles's command, his loyal city of Oxford surrendered on the 24th of June, Midsummer day, 1646, to Sir Thomas Fairfax, the garrison quitting the castle with flags flying and all the honours of voluntary submission. If town rejoiced over gown at the triumph of the Parliament and people, it was still in a subdued and modified manner, for when Parliament sent down a commission for the reform of the University, together with a deputation of eminent

Presbyterian preachers to bring the whole inhabitants to a right frame of mind, though some who had been in opposition submitted and listened, there were as many Royalist caricatures and pasquinades issued, and as much contumaciousness and opposition shown to the work of the commission, as if gown had been in full enjoyment of its old aristocratic privileges.

It was clear, however, that greater obedience would be exacted, and that as Dr. Dacre put it, Oxford was no longer a University for the King's honest servants. Dr. Peter therefore made up his mind to anticipate the second visitation from the Parliamentary commissioners, with the question put plainly to every member of the defiant colleges—head or servant, rector or student. The challenge was whether he acknowledged the authority of the Parliament in the visitation; and though the greater part of the members gave an extorted "yes," four hundred resisted, and answered "no," when they were forthwith ejected from their respective offices.

Dr. Peter Dacre preferred to resign, quit Oriel and Oxford, and repair to the Dutch University of Leyden, where he had correspondents, and believed he could get work.

Lady Ottery's small provision for Kitty helped him in making this decision, for her modest income, shared as it would be by the whole household, would go some way in enabling them to live very quietly and cheaply in a foreign town.

Kitty was now a gracious, sensible maiden, in her twentieth year; and Mrs. Judy was not too old to make the move; indeed, she was loudly proclaiming the excellent chance which had come to her in being enabled to see the world at her years. Besides Kitty and Mrs. Judy, Prissy was to accompany her uncle; she had stayed so long an invalid with the Dacres that she had become like one of themselves.

Anthony Walton had strongly enjoined on his sister to accept her uncle and cousin's pressing invitation, for he had two motives working in his mind.

Both Dr. Dacre and Mrs. Judy were well up in years, and Kitty, with all her sweet wisdom, was hardly able to cope alone with what might be in store for them. In fact, she was considerably dazzled and mystified already with the difficulties of foreign travel and a foreign residence under the circumstances.

In addition, Prissy, in spite of reverent meekness and readiness to take up the dropped threads of her life's work, shrank from returning now to Islip Barnes in the face of its association with Bletchington House, of which in happier days she had looked forward to being the Governor's lady. So soon as she was convinced that her mother and Alice could still do without her, and were happy in each other's company, Prissy was well content to go abroad with Dr. Dacre, Kitty, and Mrs. Judy, and give them all the support and assistance she owed to them.

Before the party could start, a new and excellent reason why there was no necessity for Prissy's returning to Islip Barnes was unexpectedly supplied.

Alice's timely blossoming into an energetic house-mistress and deputy-manageress of her brother's estate, together with her comely person, had made so lively an impression on the judgment and affections of a neighbouring squire, one Master William Dorset, of Wood Dorset, a modest, worthy, God-fearing young man, that he besought her to take his manor-house also under her safe keeping, and to help him to accomplish a judicious control and disposal of his belongings. Alice did not say him nay, so that as the war was ended for the present, and nobody was quite sure when it might not be resumed, there was a speedily quiet, pretty wedding in Oxford for the convenience of all concerned. The chief difference it made was that young Madam Dorset and her mother removed to Wood Dorset instead of continuing at Islip Barnes, while Master William Dorset was ready and willing to play the part of a son to Madam Walton, and jointly with Alice to take care of Anthony's house and property in his absence.

For Anthony did not return to reign alone at Islip Barnes; he had not even been spared from his work to be present at his sister Alice's wedding, and to give her away, though she had his hearty consent to the deed. There were great doings up in London, great interests at stake, great struggles between General Cromwell and his army, representing the Independents on the one hand, and the Parliament and the Presbyterians on the other. No good patriot who believed that his voice and example could be of any avail would be absent. Peace was granted to the war-worn country, but civil and religious liberty was yet hanging in the balance.

The night before the Dacres started for London and Flushing, Kitty was summoned by her father to help him in the discharge of an obligation to his college, to which he desired as few witnesses as possible. Oriel, like the other colleges, was a house divided against itself at present, with what strength remained to it shattered by the Parliamentary visitation. It was feared, in spite of solemn pledges, that darker days were coming, when the colleges would be despoiled of what treasures were left to them.

It was bad enough to have for a chancellor my Lord Pembroke (had my Lady filled his shoes she might have daunted and posed the most intrepid and learned doctor among them), but as it was, the authority was vested in the man of horses and hounds and strange oaths, in which he was said to be proficient beyond all the men of his time. He had railed at the Vice-Chancellor, and sworn that he should be "whipped, nay hanged," because he threw obstacles in the way of the commissioners. But at least Lord Pembroke, though a Puritan in politics, was a great nobleman. What would be the condition of the University, and what might it not be required to give up, if, as was currently reported, General Cromwell were the next Chancellor?*

* Oliver Cromwell during his Chancellorship was, like William Laud, a liberal friend to the University.

Oriel's chief treasure in old plate was its founder's cup in silver gilt, nine feet in height, with six lips and the letter E, for King Edward II. (by whom the cup was presented in the fourteenth century), engraved in different compartments. Here would be a fine prize for the Philistines, with Hall Royal stripped of its crowning distinction. Perhaps Master Oliver, though he was said to have some regard for books, might confiscate it to serve for his own beaker.

Neither the provost nor the college

butler could venture to act in the matter; but they could connive at the desperate deed of Dr. Peter Dacre, who was going forth from England across the high seas, and would be beyond the reach of general or Parliament to call him to account for this night's proceeding.

When the college, with two exceptions, was sound asleep, as the depredators trusted, Kitty, trembling a little at the long shadows which all but swallowed up the little light of the lamp she held, stood by while her father, with

the butler's key, unlocked the college plate chest, abstracted what he wanted, and bore it to the Dacres' parlour. There behind a panel, loosened for the purpose, was hid the beautiful cup which was found after many days.

Kitty and Dr. Peter were not the only treasure-hiders in Oxford in those troublous times. Many a valued heirloom which had survived the King's requisitions, and a good deal of college property, were thus disposed of.

(To be concluded.)

OUR LITTLE CHILDREN.



we were asked to state the most impossible thing to happen in a civilised country, we should probably, without hesitation, say, cruelty to little children.

Cruelty to the little ones, who are of all creatures the most utterly helpless, who have no voice to complain, no strength to yield in their own defence, whose only refuge is in the parents' love and devotion—cruelty to these surely would be quite impossible.

Evidently this has been the firm belief of legislators in all parts of the world, for there is no law in existence for the punishment of such a crime. No one would believe that any members of the human family, however savage or uncontrolled, would be found wantonly to inflict torture upon their own babes.

It is for this favoured land, this highly civilised age, to prove the fallacy of such a belief, and to show, moreover, that a woman can forget her sucking child and be wanting in compassion to the son of her womb; and even beyond this, that parents exist who have cast out their fatherhood and motherhood, and supplied the place with fiendish ferocity.

The intense cruelty which some of our babes and little children have suffered of late years at the hands of the parents would have disgraced savages and even wild beasts; and but for the efforts of a small band of philanthropists, headed and directed by one who has an enthusiastic love and reverence for little children, this cruelty might have continued till it had stained England's escutcheon, and lowered her in the eyes of all civilised countries.

If some of these acts of cruelty could be related here, the first impulse of the tender-hearted reader would be to utterly disbelieve them, and the next, on being convinced, to hide the face and sob like a child that such things could be done in our midst.

When once our eyes are opened to the existence of these most sorrowful scenes, we dare not shut them again, for knowledge has made us responsible. If we take no step to prevent the maiming and torturing of these little ones, we tacitly give our sanction to it.

We dare not for a day be negligent, in the hope that things will right themselves; we would not if we could, for God has implanted in our hearts a tender love for the little ones among us, and we are rightly stern and indignant with those who wrong them.

Is it not past belief that a father would take an infant of fifteen months and twice in one night cane it because it cried with the pain of teething; or that he would in a fit of temper strike his little boy to the earth with a fist that would fell an ox, and because the child cried

with pain, thrust three of his huge fingers down its throat to stop it? Would any wild beast be so cruel to its young? Yet these are deeds done in the midst of Christian London, and by a civilised and educated people.

This is not the place to recapitulate the horrors brought to light by "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." Everything can be learned by going to the shelter in Harpur Street, not only of the evil existing, but also of the beneficent work going on to counteract it.

There are certain people connected with this institution who guarantee its genuineness and philanthropy—viz., the Princess Christian, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Cardinal Manning, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Pym, and the Rev. B. Waugh, who is the life and mainspring of the whole.

It would take a volume to speak in detail of all this institution has done and is doing; indeed, this can only be realised when people's sympathies and interest are thoroughly roused. To those who would gladly learn about the shelter, yet have not the time to see it for themselves, let me tell what we saw at our visit there last week.

As we drove up to the building there was no mistaking its character, for a double row of gold letters across the front and a red lamp hanging over the door, also lettered, left no doubt possible as to its aim and object.

We were received in a set of bright, clean offices, painted light green, picked out with dark, and red blinds to the windows, which cast a cheerful light over all.

Here we were introduced to Mrs. Brooke, the matron, a kind, motherly woman, who has been at the work from its commencement, who prepared to pilot us over the building.

To start with, she told us that both this and the small adjoining house belonged to the society, one being devoted to ill-treated children only, and the other to bailed-out children, or the Queen's little prisoners, as they are called here.

The previous week forty-three children of both classes were in the building, this week only thirty, fourteen of whom are ill-treated, and are babes from a month old to children of sixteen. At present they have seven little creatures from a baby farm near Swindon, where the woman in charge had had large sums paid her for their maintenance, but which she appropriated to her own use, and systematically starved and ill-treated the poor little things.

First we entered the girls' dormitory, bright and cheerful with red and white quilts on the beds, pleasant pictures on the walls, and the windows all open, letting in fresh air, light and warmth without stint. The playroom came next under our notice, supplied with toys and covered with pretty picture wall-paper, besides other pictures.

In this room were sights to make one's heart ache; a child of six years old hardly able to crawl; another wee thing with black bruises on her face and body, and her little finger nails torn off! A child, too, of a London physician was here, a handsome intelligent girl, who had taken refuge from the brutality of her father, incited thereto by his new young wife. There were half a dozen more in this room, each with its own painful history, each with a look of suffering on its face which seemed habitual to it. A nursing gate before the door of this room locked automatically, thus preventing the possibility of any accident.

We now passed into the babies' room, which is next door to the matron's. She is always at hand, therefore, during the night in case of need.

Miss Brooke, a bright, pretty girl, is the baby superintendent, or, in other words, the "angel of the house." One must be there to see her tending the sick and spreading happiness about, before one can understand what she is to the baby inhabitants, who put out their tiny arms to her, calling "Nannie, Nannie."

When the babies are first brought in they frequently have to be fed with half a teaspoonful of arrowroot and brandy twice in the hour, so faint and emaciated are they.

What a paradise it must seem when they open their eyes in this sunny room, with pretty curtained cots or white beds, and with cheerful pictures and kind faces about them.

They have not so many babies just now, for one little French girl, with wrists no bigger than thumbs, has been taken to Broadstairs, another has gone to Norwich, and a third to Bath.

The boys' bedroom came next, with blue-and-white quilts, good blankets, unbleached sheets, and mattresses. The Lord's Prayer, in large type, hung on the wall, which was adorned with many pictures. Fresh air, cleanliness and cheerfulness pervaded this room, as all other parts of the house.

The babies' playroom next door was in possession of three little mites, and a girl in charge; they were plump, rosy, happy creatures, though when they entered, the matron said, they were perfect skeletons.

We were now admitted by a double door into the "bail-out-house," as it is called, where poor children sent out to beg, or children accused of any violation of the law, may be brought by the police instead of being taken to a lock-up.

These children are called the Queen's little prisoners. They are bailed out at £2 a head, and taken care of here, while the cause and circumstances of their offence are being inquired into.

These poor children often try to escape, therefore the windows have iron bars. One boy really did get away, but was brought

back, and when the matron asked him why he had done so, he answered, "If I'd seen you fust, mum, I wouldn't have cut and run; but I seed fust a bobby (the matron's husband in semi-official uniform), and then a parson (Mr. Waugh), and they was too much for me, so I says I'm off."

The boys' dormitory in this house also had blue-and-white quilts on the beds, pictures, and bright, flowery paper on the walls, and wire guards to the gas-jets. Mr. Waugh told us that the most remarkable thing about the children who come in here is their intense love of flowers; that if one offered them cowslips with one hand and buns with the other, the buns would have no chance.

Most of the cruelty seems to be incited by the hope of killing the children and getting the money for which they are insured. One boy, insured for £20, had forty or fifty wounds on his back inflicted by his mother, which gave rise to the remark from Mr. Waugh, that when an angel loses its nature it goes down to the utmost depths, and when a woman loses her womanhood she is utterly degraded.

Two isolated rooms are provided in case of ophthalmia or skin disease; but, wonderful to relate, although in the five years they have been working they have received upwards of four hundred children, they have never had an epidemic. This is a great cause of thankfulness to all who are engaged in the work; it seems as though the loving Father specially cared for these little ones whose lives have been so intensely sad.

The remarks of some of the boys are very touching. A lad of eight or nine climbed out of the window one morning, and, by means of the water-pipe, swung himself on to the roof. The matron, frightened at the danger he was in, called out, "Surely it is not Johnnie up there?" To which he sent answer back, "I shan't hurt, don't you cry." When at last he was safe, she said, "You have grieved me very much, and you have set a bad example to the other boys. I did not think you would have done it, and now, as a lesson to the others, you must go to bed." At this he exclaimed, "Well, I'm sorry I did it, for your face looks just like my mother's before she died, and I never felt so funny in my life." He was a bright, restless little fellow, and often came up to her with the request, "Please, matron, give me something to do, for if you don't I shall be doing something bad." He is in Canada now, getting on well.

Over each boy's bed is a picture of Christ

the Healer, and the usual question on first seeing it is, "What's up? Has the little 'un got measles or whooping cough?"

Many of these children are taught here for the first time to say their prayers. There is a spirit of love and gentleness and peace in these two houses which cannot fail to touch the hearts of those who have had no such experience in their lives before.

In an underground room, clean, light, and airy, we saw the bailed-out boys; two of them were sons of a man who used to preach on Islington Green, while his sons, in all sorts of weather, were out selling tracts and pencils. Should they return with any on their hands they were cruelly beaten and starved by this preaching father, who was at length taken in the act and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

All the boys seemed impressionable, intelligent little fellows, and were eager to express what they would like to be in the future. One holding up a maimed hand said, "They won't take me for a soldier, mum, will they? 'cause father knocked off two of my fingers."

The sanitary arrangements are good throughout both houses, which perhaps accounts for the absence of sickness among the children. We were glad to hear that what has been done in London for these little ones by this institution will probably be extended throughout the country, making it a national rather than a London institution.

There are already branch institutions in Glasgow, Hull, and Liverpool, each of which acts simply for the children of its own city, leaving untouched the outlying lonely farm-houses, where deeds of cruelty may go on without let or hindrance, and this is one reason why Mr. Waugh wishes the work to be a national one, a work which will penetrate into the furthest corners of the kingdom—indeed, wherever there are little children to be cared for.

An instance of brutal cruelty has just been unearthed in a farm in Lancashire, two miles from any other house.

To carry out the plan of a national institution a good deal of help will be required. It takes £80 a year to maintain committee and officers, and as the city populations number 200,000, and the rural 120,000, it would be necessary to have a great many centres.

If the people in various parts of England will find money to maintain the officers, the society in London will find the money to carry on the prosecutions.

The world is gradually coming to an under-

standing of the work of this society and what it is doing to shield the children of our land from cruelty, which makes the heart bleed only to listen to.

A short time since two children were sent out to Canada by the creatures in charge of them as utterly destitute, while in reality they had £2,000 belonging to them. Such acts will soon be impossible, for Mr. Waugh intends making such children wards of the State.

Peaceful as this shelter seemed to us, and as it certainly must be to the dear little ones within its walls, it is yet a formidable weapon against the cruel parents and baby-farmers, whom it ceases not to harass with its far-seeing and effective working.

Until one actually goes to the shelter and sees with one's own eyes these victims of savagery, it is difficult to realise that the deeds done are possible in such a city as this. If we cannot put our own hands to the plough, we may strengthen the hands of those who do, in any way that presents itself to us. The workers want sympathy, money, clothing, one or the other of which it may be our privilege to supply.

There is no more Christ-like work in the world than that undertaken by this little band of workers; and no matter what our condition in life, what our sex, what our religious principles, if we have but hearts we can join in it, and give a helping hand. It is the one work in which Jews, Protestants, and Catholics have worked together without a shadow of discord; its chief aim and object is to put down and extirpate cruelty to children, and to redress the wrongs done to babes of only a few days old.

Go, if you can, to the shelter, 7, Harpur Street, Theobald's Road, W.C., and see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears the pathetic stories.

As many as forty children in six weeks are frequently fitted out from head to foot, so that clothing is greatly needed, most of all shoes, boots, and stockings.

Would it be out of place here to mention that many girls have leisure during the summer, and that those servants left behind in town with little or nothing to do during July, August, and September, might send stockings and socks, and make under-garments for the children of the shelter during this leisure time. I am sure it will make them happy to do this, and be an immense boon to the dear children of the shelter.

EMMA BREWER.

THE ROMANCE OF NATURE;

OR,

THE FOLKLORE OF ANIMALS, PLANTS, EARTH, AIR, SEA, AND SKY.

By JAMES MASON.

VI.—SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SEA.

THE sea is a fertile field for all who take an interest in old superstitions, and no wonder. There is an air of mystery about its limitless expanse, its wild winds, its rolling billows, and its unseen depths; whilst the finny race to which it affords a home look as if almost anything told of them might be true.

First of all, why is the sea salt? Of this there is an original explanation in a legend told by the Norse Skalds. The "bountiful Frodi," whose mythical reign was a golden age, possessed a quern, or handmill, which ground anything the persons chose in whose hands it happened to be. For a long time it ground nothing but gold and peace.

But in an evil day a sea rover came, slew Frodi, and carried off the quern and two giant maidens who had been kept in occupation

grinding it. When he got to the high seas he bade the maidens grind salt. They did as they were told, and at midnight asked if he had salt enough.

"No," said he; and ordered them to stick to their work.

So they ground and ground till the ship was full and went to the bottom—sea rover, maidens, quern, and all, and "that's why the sea is salt."

The evil spirit who of old was supposed to preside over the demons of the deep was known to seamen under the familiar name of Davy Jones. Jones is a corruption of Jonah, the prophet who was thrown into the sea, and Davy, it has been suggested, is a form of Duffy, a ghost or spirit among the West Indian negroes.

Davy Jones was often seen in various shapes

perching among the rigging on the eve of hurricanes, shipwrecks, and other disasters, to which a seafaring life is exposed, warning the devoted wretch of death and woe. His form was sometimes of gigantic height, he showed three rows of sharp teeth in his enormous mouth, he had eyes as big as saucers, and from his nostrils streamed blue flames.

A Davy Jones of a milder type was the stormy petrel, known to sailors as the Mother Carey's chicken, "and hated by them," says the Rev. J. G. Wood, "after a most illogical manner, because it foretells an approaching storm, and therefore by a curious process of reasoning is taken for its cause. A sailor once told me very frankly, after I had held a short argument with him, that 'they mostly takes things wrong side forrards,' and so it is with the stormy petrel."

When sailors indulge in uncomplimentary language towards this bird, and blame it for raising tempests, they are very unfair. As well, it has been remarked, might they curse the midnight lighthouse that starlike guides them on their watery way, or the buoy that warns them of the sunken rocks below. Mother Carey's chickens are to be relied on as heralds of boisterous weather, and their low, monotonous cry, as they face the blast and breast the billows, conveys a useful warning if interpreted the right way.

Nobody seems to know who Mother Carey was. When it is snowing, sailors say that Mother Carey is plucking her geese, and this is supposed to be a comical variation of a German myth, which represents the snow as feathers falling from the bed of the goddess Holda when she shakes up the pillows after having had a nap.

The best known of all storm legends is that of the *Flying Dutchman*. This is a spectral ship seen in stormy weather off the Cape of Good Hope, and considered ominous of ill luck. How there came to be a *Flying Dutchman* was in this way: About three hundred years ago a large Dutch Indianman, commanded by Mynheer Vanderdecken, attempted to double, in the teeth of a strong headwind what is now called the Cape of Good Hope, but was then known as the Cape of Storms. The obstinacy of Dutchmen is proverbial; and although the adverse wind long continued, Vanderdecken doggedly contended against it, and at length impudently declared that he would double the Cape, even if he sailed till the day of doom.

He was taken at his word. As a punishment for his daring impiety, says the legend, the wicked skipper in his doomed ship, manned by his toiling crew, is continually sailing in the latitude of the stormy cape, but never can double it. At midnight, when the wind blows high, the phantom ship is still often seen, with her antique build and rig, and the figure of Mynheer Vanderdecken on the poop giving orders to his men. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, from stress of weather, to show an inch of canvas.

There are other versions of the story. One given by Sir Walter Scott is to the effect that the *Flying Dutchman* was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which a fearful act of murder and piracy had been committed. The plague broke out among the wicked crew who had perpetrated the crime, and they sailed in vain from port to port, offering as the price of shelter the whole of their ill-gotten wealth. They were excluded, however, from every harbour for fear of the malady which was devouring them, and as a punishment of their crimes the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe occurred.

In Iceland it is held that a sure way to promote disasters at sea is to stand on the shore and count ships or beckon to those on board. They are certain then to be lost.

Spilling salt is an unlucky proceeding anywhere. At sea special care must be taken not to overturn the salt cellar. According to a Dutch notion an overturned salt cellar means a ship gone to the bottom. Another bad omen for a ship is to lose a water bucket or let a mop slip overboard. An old superstition mentioned by Petronius Arbitrator is to the effect that no person in a ship should pare his nails or cut his hair except in a storm.

Children are said to bring good luck to ships, the same blessing apparently following them on the water that accompanies them on land. Cats, too, are always welcome on board, for puss is held to be influential in bringing about pleasant weather and successful voyages. To throw a cat overboard or to drown one at sea is very unlucky.

When there is a dead calm a universal

practice among sailors of all nations is to invite the wind to come by whistling. Whistling, however, is objectionable at sea when there is no need for it; it may make the breeze then blowing to become much stronger than is either safe or agreeable. A Hamburg belief gives a more original way of raising the wind: it consists in scratching with a nail on the foremast, when the irritation of the wood produces the desired effect.

Witches and warlocks in more believing times than ours have pretended to raise tempests at pleasure. An Ayrshire legend tells that one of the ships of the Spanish Armada was destroyed by the power of a noted witch. It had been driven northwards, and was passing the coast of Ayrshire, when the sorceress took her station on Portincross and began to spin. As the thread lengthened a storm arose, and the ill-fated vessel went down.

The magicians of the Fins and Laps were held to possess in the highest perfection the power of raising storms, and they used to give winds in bags for a consideration to believing mariners. Mr. Thorpe, in his "Northern Mythology," tells of a Fin-Lap who once brought a bag to a captain lying at Drontheim, and placed it outside the cabin, saying that he need only take that with him, and he could make any wind blow that he pleased.

When a contrary wind blows, say the Hamburg sailors, throw an old broom before the first ship you meet. The wind will then change; you will get a favourable breeze, and the other vessel just the reverse.

In these days, when there is so much anxiety to discover a remedy for sea-sickness, and when voyagers are divided as to the relative merits of a countless number of cures, it may be worth mentioning that there is a simple means of prevention largely believed in in Iceland. It consists in cutting a piece of green sward in a churchyard and putting it in one's shoes.

Many interesting superstitions are connected with fishing. A lucky day on which to start for fishing-grounds is said in some districts to be Sunday. Inferences as to their success are drawn by fishermen from what they meet when on the way to their boats. A writer in an early volume of *Notes and Queries* mentioned, speaking of the little village of Prestonpans, that if the fishermen of that place met a pig, they would at once turn back and delay their embarkation. At Flamborough, as late as nine years ago, the fishermen would not put to sea if anyone even mentioned a pig whilst they were baiting their lines.

It was at one time believed by the people of Macleod's country in Skye that an unusually large take of herrings in the numerous lochs which indent the west coast of the island, was sure to follow the return of their chief after a prolonged absence in another part of the kingdom. Another curious belief is mentioned by Pennant. "It is a general observation," he says, "all Scotland over, that if a quarrel happen on the coast where herring is caught, and that blood be drawn violently, then the herring goes away from the coast without returning during that season. This, they say, has been observed in all past ages as well as at present; but this I relate only as a common observation, and submit it to the judgment of the learned."

In Sweden it used to be the custom, with a view to securing good fortune for the fishing, to burn the teeth of large fish. Stolen fishing tackle was also thought lucky; the person robbed, however, lost his luck. Before putting out to sea it was held in the same country that one ought not to communicate his intentions to his neighbours—a piece of policy which might with advantage be imitated in other walks of life.

An Icelandic superstition forbids taking dogs on a fishing expedition; if they are kept

in the boats, or even allowed to go near the tackle, they spoil the catch. According to another Icelandic notion, fishermen should not sing at their lines or nets, or when they are dredging up a landing-place for boats; it brings misfortune.

In returning from fishing, they say in Sweden, it is unlucky to tell whether one has caught many or few fish. A stranger also should on no account be permitted to see the number caught.

The influence of women over fishing is peculiar. "In the Isle of Skye," Mr. Phil Robinson mentions, "if a woman crosses the water during the fishing the luck is doomed. At Flamborough, if a woman happens to enter a cottage when the men are preparing their lines, she is not allowed to depart until she has knelt down and repeated the Lord's Prayer. In Lapland the fishermen avoid spreading their captured fish on that part of the shore frequented by women, as the next expedition, if they did so, would be a failure. In many parts of our coast it is most unlucky for a woman to walk over the nets or any of the fishing tackle, although they take a very active part in collecting bait."

Is it due, asks Mr. Robinson, to the grudge, dating back to Paradise, and the day when, as the negro said, "dat woman robbed de orchard," that fishermen consider feminine influence so sinister?

Not many years ago a herring-fisher was brought before the bench on the charge of repeatedly ill-using his wife. He without hesitation pleaded guilty, but said it was no offence at all, because he had done it, not because he hated his wife, but simply to attract the herrings!

The king of the sea is the herring, who seems to have obtained that rank by popular election. When this event came off the flounder was a rival candidate, and naturally felt great disappointment and disgust at the result. The story is given in a Manx legend, quoted by Mr. J. F. Campbell in his "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." "The fish," it records, "all gathered once to choose a king, and the fluke, he who has the red spots on him, stayed at home to make himself pretty, putting on his red spots, to see if he would be king; and he was too late, for when he came the herring was king of the sea. So the fluke curled his mouth on one side, and said—

"A simple fish like the herring king of the sea!"

And his mouth has been on one side ever since."

The haddock has a legendary history of which there are several versions. According to one it is the fish which the Apostle Peter hooked out of the Lake of Tiberias in order to take the tribute money which lay in its mouth. Those who tell this story point out how the haddock still bears the marks of Peter's finger and thumb.

Another version has it that the devil once went fishing, and managed to catch a haddock. The poor fish made a spring for its life and escaped, but not before it had received the marks of Satan's claws, which it has transmitted to its posterity.

Some say that the john dory, and not the haddock, is the fish from whose mouth St. Peter took the tribute money, and point to the dark and conspicuous spots on its sides as the print of the Apostle's finger and thumb. Others, however, contend that the marks on the dory are due not to St. Peter, but to St. Christopher. The odd thing is that both the dory and the haddock are salt-water fish, so they must have been some distance from home if the saint caught either of them in a fresh-water lake.

The ruddy colour of the flesh of the salmon is explained in Scandinavia by the fact that

the gods, when heaven was on fire, threw the flames into the sea, when the salmon swallowed them. The slowness of the tail of the salmon is said, in Northern Europe, to date from the time when Loki was pursued by the angry gods, and turned himself into this fish in order to escape. He would have escaped too, had not Thor caught him by the tail, "and this is the reason why salmon have had their tails so fine and thin ever since."

The sucking fish was long a popular character in sea stories. Wild and fabulous stories they were. This little fish was said to adhere to the bottoms of ships and to arrest their progress as suddenly as if they had struck on a rock. The winds might do their best, the sails might fill, and the masts creak, but—"The sucking fish with secret chains

Clung to the keel, the swiftest ship detains."

It could hold the ship against everything, and confine her to the same spot just as if she were at anchor.

The dolphin was the sacred fish of the ancient Greeks, and was by them credited with many fabulous attributes. It was supposed to be peculiarly friendly to the human race, and in many old stories appears as saving the lives of favoured heroes.

One of those tales of singular beauty is told in connection with Arion, the celebrated poet and cithara player. According to Herodotus, Arion had made a tour through foreign countries, gaining great fame and amassing a large sum of money by the exhibition of his skill. He embarked at Tarentum for his homeward voyage in a ship hailing from Corinth.

When the sailors saw his wealth they planned to possess themselves of it by putting him to death. In answer to his entreaties that they would spare his life, they gave him the alternative of either dying by his own hand on shipboard, or of casting himself into the sea.

His choice was to jump overboard, but he begged permission to sing a parting song. Leave was given, for the sailors were naturally desirous of hearing such a famous performer. The poet clothed himself in the rich garments in which he ordinarily appeared before the public, and sang a dirge accompanied by his lyre.

He then threw himself overboard, but instead of being drowned, as the sailors intended, he was miraculously borne up by a dolphin which had been attracted by his music. The dolphin conveyed him in safety to Tænarus, whence he proceeded to Corinth, arriving there before the ship from Tarentum.

When he arrived there Arion told his story to Periander, the tyrant of Corinth. Periander summoned the sailors before him, and asked what had become of the poet. To this they replied that he had remained behind at Tarentum; upon which they were suddenly confronted by Arion himself, clad in the robes in which he had leaped into the sea. The sailors then confessed their guilt, and met with well-deserved punishment.

The crab in legends of the sea is conspicuous for shrewdness and ingenuity, in proof of which the following fable may be told. It agreed one day to compete with the fox as to which could run fastest. The fox started, and the crab caught hold of its tail, and held fast till they reached the goal. On getting there the fox turned round to see how far he had outdistanced his opponent and to make fun of him. As he did so the crab slipped quietly down, crossed the winning-line, and surprised the fox with—

"What! come at last, are you? I have been here some time."

Another crab's tale—the "Cruel Crane Outwitted"—is retold by Mr. Robinson in his "Fishes of Fancy." "The crane, finding some fish likely to die in a fast-shrinking puddle, offers to carry them across to a large

and pleasant lake of which he knows. After much suspicious demurring, the fishes go with the crane one by one, and are of course eaten up in succession.

"Left last of all, however, is an old crab, and the bird proposes to take it over too, to join its comrades."

"'Very good,' says the crafty crustacean, 'but as you cannot very well hold me in your beak as you did the fishes, suppose I hold you with my pincers.'

"The crane agrees to this, and having arrived at the shambles, announces to the crab that he is now about to be eaten."

"'Not a bit of it,' is the reply. 'On the contrary, if you do not take me to the lake at once, I shall nip your head off your thin neck.'

"So the crane in great alarm takes cancer straight to the lake, but before getting off the bird's back the crab bites its head off."

When on the ocean one should beware of seals. Witches, it is said, have often been known to change themselves into seals, and to follow mariners and fishermen. A singular superstition regarding the seal used to be current in the Farøe islands. It was believed to cast its skin every ninth night, assume a human form, and dance and amuse itself like a human being, until it resumed its skin and became once more a seal. Many tales were told of skins being captured, and the seals being obliged to retain their human shape till they could become repossessed of them. There is an Icelandic superstition too about the seal, that if a man eats of its liver and gives it to his friend, the two will become enemies for life.

Amongst the myths of the sea few are more widespread, or are alluded to more frequently in literature than those which deal with mermaids and mermen, especially those connected with mermaids. They have been stoutly believed in, but upon unsatisfactory evidence, from very early ages. The typical mermaid has the head and body of a woman, usually of surpassing beauty, but below the waist she is fashioned like a fish with scales and fins—the fishy half is sometimes depicted as doubly-tailed. She has long and lovely hair, and is fond of sitting in the moonlight combing it with one hand whilst with the other she holds a looking-glass. To these features she adds a sweet melodious voice.

Notices of mermaids are to be found in abundance in books of bygone times: some rather vague, but others almost photographic in their details. The legends in which these young women of the sea play a part represent them as possessed of considerable powers. Now and then they reveal the future, and enrich people of the human race with supernatural gifts. Often they marry mortals, but afterwards leave them and return to their true home. At other times they fall in love with mortals, and entice them to go and live below the water. Mermen, too, sometimes win the affection and capture the person of earthly maidens.

"In relation to man," says one writer, "the mermaid is usually of evil issue if not of evil intent. She has generally to be bribed or compelled to utter her prophecy or bestow her gifts, and as wife she brings disaster in her train. In itself her sea-life is often represented as one of endless delights, but at other times a mournful mystery and sadness broods over it."

Alluding to mermaids, a Cornish vicar writes: "Uncle Tony, one of my parishioners, said to me, 'Sir, there is one thing I want to ask you if I may be so free, and it is this: why should a mermaid, that will ride about upon the waters in such terrible storms, and toss from sea to sea in such ruckles as there be upon the coast, why should she never lose her looking-glass and comb?'"

"'Well, I suppose,' said I, 'that if there are such creatures, Tony, they must wear their

looking-glass and comb fastened on somehow, like fins to a fish.'

"'See,' said Tony, chuckling with delight, 'what a thing it is to know the Scriptures, like your reverence; I should never have found it out. But there's another point, sir, I should like to know, if you please; I've been bothered about it in my mind hundreds of times. Here be I that have gone up and down Holacombe cliffs and streams fifty years come next Christmas, and I've gone and watched the water by moonlight and sunlight, days and nights, on purpose, in rough weather and smooth (even Sundays, too, saving your presence), and my sight as good as most men's, and yet I never could come to see a mermaid in all my life; how's that, sir?'"

"'Are you sure, Tony,' I rejoined, 'that there are such things in existence at all?'"

"'Oh, sir, my old father seen her twice!'" And then he gave particulars of the two: one a mermaid singing away 'so sweet that it was as much as he could do to hold back from plunging into the tide after her;' and the other, 'the bootifullest mermaid that eye could behold, and she was twisting about her long hair, and dressing it, just like one of our girls getting ready for her sweetheart on the Sabbath Day.'

In his interesting "Sea Fables Explained," Mr. Henry Lee gives a reasonable explanation of the belief which has so long prevailed in mermaids and mermen, showing that they are really only aquatic animals, such as seals and the manatee, dugong, and rytna of foreign waters, on which credulity and inaccurate observation have bestowed a false character.

The simplicity of the public has been often imposed on by the exhibition in shows of artificial mermaids. The Japanese are said to be very skilful in their manufacture. One was exhibited early in this century in a glass case, "in a leading street at the West-end of London." It was constructed of "the skin of the head and shoulders of a monkey, which was attached to the dried skin of a fish of the salmon kind with the head cut off, and the whole was stuffed and highly varnished, the better to deceive the eye." It was said to have been "taken by the crew of a Dutch vessel from on board a native Malacca boat, and from the reverence shown to it, it was supposed to be a representation of one of their idol gods."

The sea serpent is a mythical monster that often figures in nautical yarns. The most sensational accounts of its doings are to be found in the early Norse writers, one of whom—after giving its dimensions as two hundred feet long and twenty feet round—describes it as not only eating calves, sheep, and swine, but "disturbing ships, rising up like a mast, and sometimes snapping some of the men from the deck," the narrative being illustrated with a vivid representation of the animal in the very act.

Many tales of the sea serpent are to be reckoned as nothing but articles of folklore, but at the same time there is a natural history side to the subject. Highly respectable witnesses assert that they have seen such monsters of the deep, and ask if they cannot trust their own eyes. "In these cases, however," says Mr. Henry Lee, "it is not the eye which deceives, nor the tongue which is untruthful; but the imagination which is led astray by the association of the thing seen with an erroneous idea. With very few exceptions all the so-called 'sea serpents' can be explained by reference to some well-known animal or other natural object." "At the same time," remarks another observer, "there are still unexplained sea serpents sufficient to prevent modern zoologists from denying the possibility that some such creature may after all exist."



"SURELY THERE WERE FOOTSTEPS COMING THIS WAY."

FORBIDDEN LETTERS.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Celia and Her Legacy," "No," etc.

CHAPTER IV.



HE following morning, early, Bessie put the final touches to the fair copy of her MS., and tied the pages together with blue riband

bows. She had intended embellishing the poem with an original frontispiece, "Lucille bidding farewell to her native isle;" but the waves of the raging ocean had proved so unmanageable in a pen-and-ink drawing that she had given it up in despair. How tidy the MS. looked! They were all there—the minor poems as well as the love lay; she contemplated her handiwork with unclouded pride.

Miss Williams had greater need than ever of patience this morning; it really seemed as if her pupil were not even trying to fix her attention on her studies. At length twelve o'clock struck, and the wearied teacher closed the book with a sigh of relief.

"Does your head ache?" asked Bessie, compassionately.

"It does rather, my dear."

"Oh! I am so sorry. Perhaps it is partly my fault, but I have had so much to do and to think about lately."

"I suppose you have now that Mrs. Ravensdale is so much in her room."

Bessie reddened; it was not waiting on cousin Edith, but her literary labours that had occupied her time and thoughts.

The postman usually came to Yew Lodge about four o'clock in the afternoon, but he was not very punctual. It would never do to miss him. Soon after luncheon Bessie established herself on her favourite seat near the yew hedge, and began to watch. She brought a book and some sewing, but she could not read or work. What a tedious afternoon it was! Every now and then she ran out through the garden gate, and looked down the road to see if Roger the postman was coming; she intended to walk some little way to meet him, as she did not wish the gardener or any passer-by to hear what she had to say.

At last, weary of waiting, she determined to saunter slowly round the kitchen garden, and then go back to the gate. On her way she encountered the cook, who had come out for a handful of parsley, and seemed inclined for a chat. She left Bessie at length, under the impression that the poor young lady seemed sadly out of spirits, though she did look much heartier than when she had come to Hazelton.

Once free, Bessie walked her fastest, past the cabbages, along the path by the hedge, and looked over the gate. She was only just in time. There he was, with a quantity of parcels on his back and the letter-bag hanging round his neck.

"Good afternoon," began Bessie, breathlessly. A second glance showed her that the old man was a total stranger to her. "Where is Roger?" she inquired, tremulously. (Suppose cook should have returned to the garden! Suppose cousin Alfred should be in the neighbourhood!)

"He be ill," was the brief answer.

This was indeed a calamity, but Bessie determined to make the best of it.

"I belong to Yew Lodge," she explained, hastily; "have you any letters for me?"

The postman (how slow he was!) took a letter from the bag and examined it with the deliberation of old age.

"That's mine!" cried Bessie; "that's for me."

"Who be you?" asked the deputy-postman, cautiously.

Bessie drew herself up to her full height (how did he come to doubt her word?)—

"I live at Yew Lodge."

"The housemaid mayhap, come for news of your sweetheart!"

"Ah! why did Roger fall ill to-day of all days?" thought Bessie.

"I am Mr. Ravensdale's cousin," she began, indignantly, but stopped short in a hurry. That is the worst of it, if you begin to play an underhand game you do not always dare to speak the truth—perhaps it might be more convenient for him to think that she *was* the housemaid.

He still stood there with an immovable countenance, awaiting her explanation. All at once Bessie bethought herself that she had the clerk's letter still in her pocket; she took it out and thrust it into the man's hand.

"That is my name and address. You can see that it is all right, and if you have no other letters you need not trouble to go up to the house to-day. Housemaids must have letters, I suppose, as well as other people."

The postman was hot and tired; it would be a relief certainly to be spared an extra walk. He compared the two envelopes carefully; the name and address were the same.

During this process Bessie waited with a beating heart. Surely there were footsteps coming this way! She held out her hand and glanced down the path—the footsteps were coming nearer.

At last, satisfied that he had done his duty, the postman surrendered the letter. She hardly stopped to thank him, but ran back to the garden with a strange feeling of triumph that she had been successful in getting her own way, mingled with anger that the old man should have mistaken her for one of the servants. Before she reached a safe hiding-place she almost ran into the arms of Mr. Williams, the vicar, who was taking a short cut to the house across the kitchen garden. He it was whose footsteps she had heard on the path.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Williams," she panted.

"Good afternoon. Why, Miss Bessie, what a hurry you are in!"

"Yes, I am—I mean, not at all, Mr. Williams; I beg your pardon. Is cousin Alfred here? have you seen him?"

"No, I hope to find him in the house; is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing; what made you think so? Ah! there is someone at the study window."

"It is Mr. Ravensdale. I am glad to have caught him."

Mr. Williams wished Bessie a kindly goodbye and went up to the house, thinking no more about her flushed face and startled eyes.

And she, eager to be alone, sought the quietest corner of the garden and sat down to meditate on what she had done. Now that she had the coveted treasure in her possession, she dreaded opening it. The envelope was exactly the same as the last one; it bore a London postmark, but the handwriting was different.

Trembling, she opened it. In a few polite words Mr. Tatlock informed his *correspondent* that he remembered her father perfectly well. If she would be so kind as to forward the MS. he would himself place it in the hands of a publisher of great reputation with whom he was personally acquainted. But he thought it right to tell the young author that the chances of success for a volume of poems were very slight; he also warned her not to expect an immediate reply.

In her joy and her pride the poetess paid but little attention to the last few lines. Mr. Tatlock had promised to take her book to a publisher; she had put her foot on the first step of the ladder of fame; in the future she had nothing to do but to post her MSS. and to hear her praise sounded on all sides. The newspapers would speak highly of the rising poet, and money would come pouring in. "I will send Willie a new suit of clothes next week," thought Bessie, descending from the clouds to more mundane affairs; "and he will see that I have not forgotten him, though I am such a grand lady." There were tears in her eyes as she pictured to herself how pleased Mrs. Bridges would be when she helped Willie to open the parcel which contained the new suit: it should be black velvet, the very best that could be got.

By this time she had left off thinking of her disobedience and deceit. Alas, poor Bessie!

On her way to the Vicarage the following morning, Elizabeth Stanhope posted "Lucille" to Mr. Tatlock, with a note saying how grateful she was to her kind patron. She felt rather uneasy; it would be awkward if anyone noticed her at the post office, and happened to mention the fact at Yew Lodge. However, no one did notice her; she stamped her packet, and the postmistress slipped it into the letter-box as unconcerned as if the departure of "Lucille" had been an everyday occurrence, instead of the turning-point in the life of a talented authoress.

The next fortnight passed, and at the expiration of that time Bessie began to look forward to an answer. Day by day she loitered by the garden gate, on the watch for the postman. He knew her perfectly well by this time, and was very civil, but the reply was always the same: "Nothing for you to-day, miss."

Under these circumstances she began to feel ill and restless, and there were moments when she bitterly regretted having opposed her cousin's orders. Try as she would, she could not always persuade herself that she was acting uprightly, and conscience made her very miserable at times. She began to hate the mystery, and to weary of the constant dread of being found out. By way of making some amends, she applied herself industriously to her lessons, and Miss Williams could hardly believe her senses, so great was the improvement in her idle pupil's preparations.

"We are so pleased with you, dear Bessie,"

said Mrs. Ravensdale one day, when she was at last able to sit up and talk; "you don't know how happy it makes us both to hear such good reports of our child." Bessie reddened to the roots of her hair. She made no answer; if she had spoken a word, the whole truth must have come out, and gladly as she would have confessed to Mrs. Ravensdale, she dared not face the consequences. She must go on as she had begun; it was too late to draw back.

It was rainy and cold that afternoon; nevertheless she was at her post by the gate as usual. The postman was very wet and very cross, but he had a bundle for Yew Lodge, and after much fumbling and grumbling, he produced a letter directed to Miss Elizabeth Stanhope. An hour later she sat in her own room,—both arms resting on the table—with pale lips and an aching head. The letter, to obtain which she had so dishonourably schemed and plotted, was *there before her*.

"Dear Miss Stanhope" (so it ran), "My friend, Mr. Chatwood, has now given his most mature consideration to the MS. entitled 'Lucille, a Love Lay,' which you were so kind as to forward me. I regret to say that he does not find himself in a position to undertake its publication, except at your own expense, the sale of volumes of poems being extremely uncertain. I now quote from Mr. Chatwood's letter:—The reader's report is decidedly unsatisfactory; there are here and there graceful passages, but the style is unformed, the grammar occasionally defective, and the meaning of many lines very obscure. Our advice to the young author in whom you are interested is to read more, especially the works of the greater poets, and to write less for some time to come.' If at any future period I can be of any service to you, pray rely upon my assisting you to the best of my power. I return the MS., and remain, dear Miss Stanhope, yours very faithfully,—FRANCIS TATLOCK."

Never was there such a downfall! All her hopes were destroyed at one blow; she would never be able to write another line. Her precious poems, that had cost so many hours' labour, were rejected, and rejected after this humiliating and unceremonious fashion! She could not bear it; the disappointment was too much; and as for the reader's advice, it was simply a fresh insult. If she had known that old Tatlock was connected with such people she would never have written to him or sent him the poems. How fervently she wished that she had never done so!

After a restless night, Elizabeth woke with a bad headache; only too glad to put off encountering the master of the house for the present, she begged Ellen, the housemaid, to bring her a cup of tea upstairs. She did not want any other breakfast. She was too ill to go to the Vicarage as usual, and she spent the morning in her room, brooding over her disappointment. When the luncheon bell rang she was obliged to go down, trembling at the thought of meeting Mr. Ravensdale. "I will never deceive him again as long as I live," she said to herself. "I will never take another book without leave. I don't believe that I shall ever care to read again. It does not matter now what becomes of me or what I do."

She imagined, as she opened the dining-room door, that she had reached the very depth of misery; but one glance at Mr. Ravensdale's face showed her that there was more trouble to come.

"Elizabeth," he said, briefly, "I have a few questions to ask you. Did you or did you not keep the promise that you made me a few weeks ago?"

"I don't know. What promise?"

Mr. Ravensdale eyed her sternly; he was in no mood to be put off with shallow excuses.

"I forbade your receiving letters without my knowledge. You must know perfectly well

what I mean. Did you write to your correspondent and say so?"

Bessie clasped her hands together in an agony of fright; there was no help for her now—her courage failed her in this dire extremity.

"Yes, I wrote," she faltered.

Mr. Ravensdale's set face relapsed. "Don't be alarmed," he said, in a gentler voice, "I was sure that I could trust you, but circumstances have come to my knowledge which oblige me to put these questions. I am told that a young lady has been in the habit of receiving letters from Barnes, the postman, secretly, just outside my gate. Did you do this?"

Retreat was impossible now. Bessie looked straight in front of her and answered "No!"

"You have not seen or spoken to the deputy postman?"

"I have met him in the road sometimes," said Bessie, grasping at a mere shred of truth, yet shuddering as she spoke: for "a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies."

"But you did not ask him for letters?" Every moment Mr. Ravensdale's stern manner grew softer. "I beg your pardon, Elizabeth, for appearing to doubt your word, but your evidence is of the utmost importance."

"No, my letters are always brought up to the house; I did not speak to Barnes."

"Just as I thought. I am sorry to have disturbed you, my dear; and do not mention what I have said to your cousin Edith when you go to her room; she would be distressed. Do not wait luncheon for me; I must go and consult Mr. Williams."

He turned to leave the room with a nod of farewell. She could not let him go like that. What had happened? He was a magistrate, she knew; what did he mean by talking of evidence? "What is it, cousin Alfred?" she gasped.

He placed a hand on her shoulder. "You will hear about it sooner or later, Elizabeth. There has been a robbery at the post office at Templebury, and the man who is taking Roger's place is suspected of having a hand in it. I hope that it is a mistake, although letters have been missing in the village, it seems; amongst others one of mine which contained a cheque. Barnes' own account is that a young lady, he says the housemaid, came and fetched the only letters that he did not deliver; they were directed to Miss Elizabeth Stanhope, Yew Lodge. But do not distress yourself, we shall get to the truth in time. You see now why I was obliged to question you."

She did see, indeed, and she understood the postman's defence far, far better than did the magistrate. She could not eat her luncheon, but she had to sit still and pretend that she had as good an appetite as usual, in case cousin Alfred should return and question her. If she had only confessed the truth, it would have been easy enough at first (she thought); but now, what had she done? Would cousin Alfred and Mr. Williams put the postman into prison for stealing the letters which she had insisted upon having? It was a horrible idea. Would she have to appear in court as a witness against him? Half distracted, she rose from the table and went towards the drawing-room. If she only might speak to cousin Edith, or if Edmund were but here to help her! In the passage she met Ellen with her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes. Full as she was of her own trouble, Bessie would have passed her unobservant, but the girl, sure of sympathy, burst out with, "Oh, Miss Bessie! what is to become of us? Have you heard?"

"What is it, Ellen?"

"Cook says," continued Ellen, in a scared whisper, "that the master has lost upwards of £50 by it, and Barnes is accused of stealing; and they say down in the village, they say that I waited about at the garden gate of an

afternoon, and took the master's letters from him. And I didn't. I never did; no, never!"

Ellen burst into tears. The floor seemed to sink away under Bessie's feet, who clutched Ellen's arm nervously. "It is not true. I do not believe it!"

"No, miss, I never told a lie in my life. I knew that you would believe me; and cook she does too."

Ellen dried her eyes and went her way comforted, but there was no comfort for our heroine; on every side she saw misery and despair; through her own disobedience, through her cowardice, she was dragging two innocent people into disgrace. For the first time she perceived clearly the full effect of her misdoings. What would she have given if she could have said, like Ellen, "I never told a lie in my life"? "It is too late," she reflected, "cousin Alfred would never forgive me. I cannot stay and meet him again. I must go!"

She retraced her steps and went into the study; with a thrill of pain she recollected how kindly he had invited her to come there whenever she chose; she turned from the corner bookcase with a feeling of horror. On the writing table was a sheet of notepaper. She took up a pen, and wrote with a shaking hand—"Do not send Barnes to prison; he is innocent, and Ellen too. I disobeyed you about the letters; it was all my fault. I read the books that you told me not to touch. I am going away, and you will never see me again. You will never forgive me, I know.—ELIZABETH." Then there was a smudge and another scrawl. "Tell cousin Edith that I do love her—I always shall."

She left the sheet of paper where she had found it, directed to Mr. Ravensdale. He could not fail to see it directly he came into the room. Now she would go at once. She snatched her hat off the peg in the hall, fancying that she heard voices outside. She would run out at the back door, and no one would notice her, or ask where she was going. As she passed the hall-table she saw a brown paper parcel, directed to Miss Elizabeth Stanhope; that was her returned poem; she had forgotten all about it in the unhappiness that had come upon her; she did not care. She went on all the quicker, and ran into the flower garden.

It had been a wet morning, but now a ray of sunlight fell on to the house, straight on to the window of Mrs. Ravensdale's sick room. Bessie paused a moment—would cousin Edith miss her? Would she be sorry? She crept a little closer to the house, she leant her aching head against the wall; the leaves of the Virginian creeperrustled in the wind. "Good-bye, dear," she whispered; "good-bye, my dear cousin Edith; God bless you!"

At the end of the yew hedge was a gate leading into a wood. This was the quickest way of getting into the open country. Bessie had no very definite plans as to where she meant to go; even if she had possessed sufficient money to pay her fare, she shrank from throwing herself upon the hospitality of the Bridges; she could not endure the humiliation of having to tell the whole story of her life at Yew Lodge; she had intended to return to London as a generous benefactress, heaping favours in all directions. Now that she was homeless and friendless it was a very different matter.

She took her way towards the river, and following its course she would eventually come to the sea; perhaps she might be able to find some work to do amongst the fisher people of whom she had often heard, and at any rate it would be better to walk away from the railway station, where there was a likelihood of meeting someone who would recognise her. By-and-by, when she was a couple of miles from

home, she stopped to count her money—half a sovereign (it had been a present from cousin Alfred), six shillings, and some pence. She knew better than most girls in her position and of her age the value of money. Many a time, when her father lived, she had managed to keep house for a week on a smaller sum than this. Supposing that it lasted for a fortnight, what was she to do at the end of that time?

"I shall go from place to place till I find some work," she said to herself; "perhaps I could teach very little children, or do plain sewing." In the old days Bessie would have entertained much higher notions of her own capabilities, but her pride had been sorely humbled during the last few hours. She went on walking as fast as she could, heedless of fatigue; but by degrees her highly-strung nerves began to give way; she felt very tired and faint for want of food. She looked at her watch—this too had been a present from the

Ravensdales—it was not yet four o'clock, and it seemed to her as if she had been wandering about for a whole long day. About this time she generally went into the invalid's room and poured out the tea; they would miss her soon, and then they would find the letter, and all blame would be taken off Ellen, and they would know that the postman had spoken the truth.

She had now reached a point in the river which went by the name of Ash Ford. A man who lived in the cottage on the farther bank ferried passengers across for a penny a head. Bessie came close to the water's edge and looked across; there was the punt just pushing off; and who was that? Not Joseph, the ferryman—no, with a gasp of surprise she recognised Edmund Ravensdale.

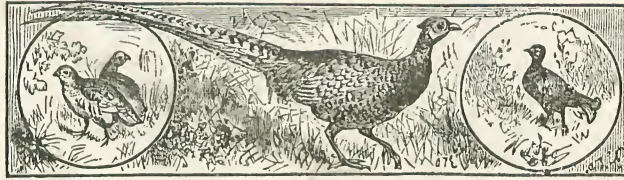
He had told her once that occasionally he got out of the train at the junction, and walked home by way of Ash Ford, instead of waiting for the branch line train. Without stopping

to consider how great the distance was from Hazelton to London, she jumped at the conclusion that Mr. Ravensdale had telegraphed to his son, and that he knew already what was happening at home. "He will be very angry with me too," said Bessie, half aloud. "Ah!" as she watched him coming nearer, "I don't care how he reproaches me, I deserve it all; I wish he would come to me—Edmund, Edmund!"

It was a very weak cry for help, but no sooner had she uttered it than, scared at the sound of her own voice, she hid herself behind a group of willow trees. He had heard her though; she saw him turn round and look in her direction. The river was not very wide; in a few minutes he would land a few yards below the willows.

"I daren't meet him," said poor Bessie, and for the second time that day she turned and fled.

(To be concluded.)



BIRD LIFE IN OCTOBER.

By A NATURALIST.

"'Mid the blossoming trees, there

We builded our nest;

By the wing of the breeze, there

Were rocked into rest;

Now, now we must follow an unknown
behest."



THE swallow tribe are still on the wing; the common martin, and, later still, the least of swallows, the sand-martins, take flight, as the wind comes in fitful gusts over the hills and dales, causing the leaves

to fly in showers from the trees. Stares begin to congregate in hosts in the salt marshlands and fen countries, which the wild geese quit to go up to the ryelands, where they feed on the young corn.

On waste grounds covered with stones and thistles the goldfinches flit; now and again settling on the thistle-heads, busily climbing and feeding on the seeds, flitting and pecking restlessly; whilst the down flies in all directions from those giant thistles which only thrive in rough ground. Beautiful creatures they are in their livery of scarlet, black, brown, yellow, and white; but they are becoming scarce; bird catchers find a ready sale for them, as they, with other members of the finch family, are highly prized as pets. A greater love for wild creatures has sprung up of late, and many a man will make companions of even such little things as these. Whether it is selfish to deprive a wild creature of its liberty, and to change the natural conditions of its life and happiness for one's personal gratification, is a question for each one to settle with his or

her own conscience. I have learned what I know about birds, indoors as well as out, from personal acquaintance with them in friendly companionship.

As the month draws to a close, more migrants may be seen making their way through the thick morning mists to their winter quarters. That chattering chuck-chuck! proceeds from a flock of fieldfares passing overhead. Another sound follows, a feeble clicking chack! hardly to be noticed by any but a lover and close observer of bird life. It comes from the redwings, that have come once more to their southern winter homes.

As evening draws near, if your path leads you by the woodside bordering low-lying meadows, you may see the large-eyed, long-billed woodcock flit with owl-like flight, his bill pointing downwards to his feeding grounds. His flight is very different when he is put up by the sportsman. Then he darts, twists, and doubles like some hawk through the twigs and branches. There is one peculiarity about the woodcock: if he feeds, as a rule, in moist places and swamp ground, he has a dry place to shelter and rest in. They breed with us in a dry spot, and they carry their young, one at a time, from their dry nesting-place to the moist grounds where they feed them, and then carry them back again. One hen bird was shot by a keeper, who, thinking that it was a hawk with a bird in its talons, fired on it and killed mother and chick, to his great regret.*

Plovers move here and there, the green as well as the golden. You may hear them call in the night as they fly from one low-lying

district to another. Sure foretellers of changes in the weather are the plovers.

October brings in pheasant shooting. A splendid fellow—good to look at and also to eat—is the pheasant. The day is well on for afternoon, and the shooters draw near to the larchwood, where most of the old, full-plumaged cocks have taken sanctuary. The wood is intersected here and there by narrow green lanes, a few feet in width; these are called drives. Here at certain points the shooters are stationed. The spaniels are told to "go," and go it they do with a will. You can hear the tap, tap, tap of the beaters' sticks striking the trunks of the trees as they pass through the cover. A rattling cry sounds, and up gets the first bird with outspread tail and rushing wings, his breast and head flashing like jewels in the light. High up he springs, clear of the tree-tops; on he comes at top speed, well meriting his title of "Rocketeer," for like a rocket he comes swishing on. One shooter, a young one, fires and misses him, as he flies over the small opening in the trees, above that part of the drive where this man is stationed. Yon other grey-headed fellow, with eye as keen as a hawk's, and nerves like iron, is not so easily flustered; and he swings his gun up and fires, when the rocketeer comes swishing over his open space in the trees. Down crashes the bird, falling many yards behind him, on the green turf of the drive.

If the locality is at all favourable, hardly a day passes, when pheasant shooting is going on, without the ringing cry of "Mark, cock!" being heard. It is the warning that a woodcock has been put up. Grand in all his glorious plumage as the pheasant is, he may fly by the shooter unheeded if he thinks there is the least possible chance of pulling at the sober-plumaged, large-eyed, long-billed woodcock.

* I have a picture of this bird carrying her chick, painted by our naturalist. The alert watchful solicitude in the mother's eye, and the perfectly restful expression in the eye and the posture of the young bird, is given most faithfully.—J. A. OWEN.

MY WORK BASKET.



FIG. 1.

FIG. 1.—COVER FOR SMALL TABLE IN IVORY NEEDLEWORK.

THIS work, which is very elegant, is not difficult to execute, and needs only simple materials. Medium fine linen, Spanish silk, and linen thread are required.

After drawing the design on a piece of linen the size chosen, it must be stretched in a frame. The ornament itself is the ground material, only relieved here and there by stitches or fillings. A greenish-yellow Spanish silk is used for the entire grounding, and worked over a thread a third of the thickness. The under stitches are worked loosely; the over ones drawn tight. The lattice work, circles, and inside stitches of the pattern are worked with a finer silk, and the edges are overcast with fine linen thread. The straight borders round the outer band are worked in the same style.

When taken out of the frame, it is interlined with flannel or swansdown, and lined with green gold surah or merveilleuse. A gold silk cord is sewn round the edge, from which massive *passementerie* tassels are suspended, or the corners are ornamented with full silk *pompons*.

FIG. 2.—CROCHET ROSETTE.

The larger rosette is worked in 7 rows, and is begun with a ring of 5 chain stitches.

1st Row.—9 chain stitches, the first 4 to serve as a double treble; 5 chain 1 double treble, 7 times; 5 chain; join with a single crochet in the 4th of the 9 chain stitches.

2nd Row.—7 long stitches in each space.

3rd Row.—1 long in the 2nd and 3rd stitches; 5 long in the 4th; 1 long in the 5th and 6th; repeat.

4th Row.—3 single in the first 3 long of the preceding row; 1 double crochet in the 4th, 3 chain; 1 double in the 5th; 3 chain; 1 double in the 6th; 17 chain; 1 single in the 10th, 11th, 12th stitches of the 17 chain, counting back; then work into the ring thus made, holding it between the thread and the needle; 2 long; 4 chain;

1 single into the 2nd long stitch; 3 long; 4 chain; 1 single in the last long, as before; repeat from * 5 times; 2 long; 1 single in the 1st of the 3 single which united the ring; 5 chain; repeat from first *.

5th Row.—11 chain, commencing between the 2 picots which were worked on the long stitches of the 3rd row; 1 double treble in the centre long of the 3 after the 2 picots of the ring; 7 chain; 1 double treble in the 2nd of the next 3 long stitches; 7 chain; 1 double treble in the centre of the next 3 long; 7 chain; 1 treble in the centre of the 3 after the 5th picot; 3 chain; 1 treble long stitch (thread 6 times round the needle, drawn through 2 loops at a time) in the double crochet between the 2 picots; 3 chain; repeat from *; finish with a single stitch in the 8th of the commencing chain, which serves as a treble long.

6th Row.—2 double crochet in the space formed by the 3 chain; 9 long stitches in each 7 chain; 2 double crochet in each 3 chain; repeat from *.

7th Row.—1 double crochet in the 2nd, another in the 4th double crochet; 5 chain; 1 long in the 5th long stitch; 1 picot formed of 3 chain; 1 long and 1 picot alternately in each 2nd stitch; for 3 times; 1 long; 1 picot in each of the 2 next long stitches; 1 long; 1 picot in every 2nd stitch 3 times; 5 chain; repeat from commencement of row.

SMALL ROSETTE.

Make 2 chain stitches, and work 8 double crochet in the 2nd chain stitch, joining them into a ring.

2nd Row.—3 long stitches in every chain stitch.

3rd Row.—Entirely double crochet, making 2 stitches in every 3rd one of preceding row.

4th Row.—1 double crochet; 5 chain in every other stitch.

5th Row.—1 double in first space formed by the 5 chain; 3 chain; 1 long in next space; 3 picots, each made with 5 chain; 1 long in the same space; 3 chain; 1 double crochet in the following 5 chain; repeat from *.

The rosettes are joined by picots, as indicated in illustration.

FIG. 3.—SKATING CAP FOR YOUNG GIRL.

This warm and comfortable cap is made in crochet, with double Berlin wool of two colours.

The model before us is in soft grey and white, the crown being worked in both colours alternately. The broad flap or brim is in white, edged with grey wool.

Commence with 2 chain stitches, and work 8 double crochet stitches in the second of these, joining them into a foundation ring by a single stitch.

1st Row.—1 chain; 1 knotted stitch in next double crochet. (The knotted stitch is worked in the following manner: pass the wool round the needle, draw a loop through the next double crochet; repeat this 3 times, so that there will be 6 loops and the chain stitch on the needle; draw the wool through all these, make a chain stitch, fastening them together at the top.) 1 single in the same double crochet with the knotted stitch; repeat 7 times, making in all 8 knotted stitches, 1 in each double.

2nd Row.—Fasten on the grey wool with 1 single in knotted stitch; 1 chain; 1 knotted stitch in the single stitch between 2 knotted stitches of previous row; 1 chain; 1 single in next knotted stitch; repeat from * 7 times.

3rd Row.—White wool; 1 single in 1 knotted stitch; 1 chain; 1 knotted stitch, 1 chain, 1 single, 1 chain, 1 knotted stitch, and in the next single stitch; 1 chain and 1 single in the following knotted stitch; repeat from * 7 times.

In this row there will be 16 knotted stitches.

4th Row.—Grey wool.

5th.—White wool. Both these rows are worked like the 2nd row, so that there will still be 16 knotted stitches.

6th Row.—Grey wool, worked in the same manner, excepting that in every fourth single stitch there are 2 knotted stitches as in the 3rd row. This increases the number to 20.

7th to 14th Rows.—Alternately white and grey wool, but not

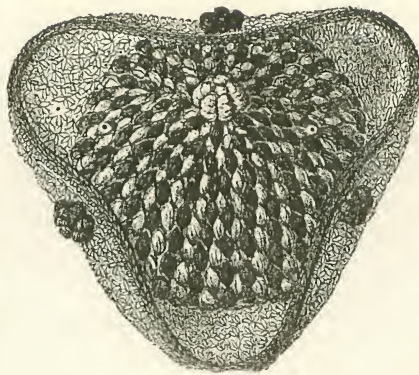


FIG. 3.

increased, still keeping to 20 knotted stitches. A row of double crochet in white wool completes the crown.

To render the edge firmer, a cord may be laid round and worked over by a long stitch in each knotted stitch, and double crochet into each chain and single stitch.

To commence the brim, turn the crown wrong side outwards, and work a row of double crochet in white wool. The stitch now used differs from the knotted stitch of the crown.

1st Row.—4 chain; draw the wool through each of the first 2 of these, 3 through the double crochet stitch from which they start, and 1 through each of the 2 following double crochet, making thus 5 loops and a chain stitch on the needle; draw the wool through 3 of these, and fasten at the top by a chain stitch; then in a similar manner through the remaining 3; 1 chain; draw a loop through the last made stitch; then 1 through the previous stitch, taking this time the back of the fastening chain stitch; a third loop

through the double crochet in which the last of the 5 loops was made, and a fourth through the following double crochet; draw the wool through these last 2 loops as before; then through the remaining 3 loops, fastening each as before with a chain stitch at the top; again draw a loop through the last stitch, a second through the next, a third through the double crochet, through which the last 4 loops were drawn, and a fifth and sixth through the 2 following double crochet stitches; work these off as before in two groups of 3 stitches; repeat from * to end of row.

Two more rows are worked in this way, additional loops being made in alternate double crochet stitches to allow for the increase of width necessary. The illustration gives a clear idea of the detail of this stitch. When the 3rd row is finished, one of double crochet is worked round, taking the back of the stitches of the former row, and working 2 into each of the clusters of loops, and 1 into each chain stitch.

For the edge, in grey wool, a row of double crochet, taking the front of the stitch in the usual manner; then turn the work, and make another row of double crochet in the back of the stitches, so that the two rows face outward, and form a groove in which a cord can be placed; then join them together by simple stitch taken through the back of each stitch. The brim is turned up and fastened in three places to the crown by rosettes. These are made in grey wool.

Make a chain stitch; twist the wool loosely 12 times round the needle, and draw the wool evenly through the loops just made, and fasten off with a chain stitch. Work 5 small leaves in this way.

A larger rosette in white of the same make is placed in the centre of the crown.

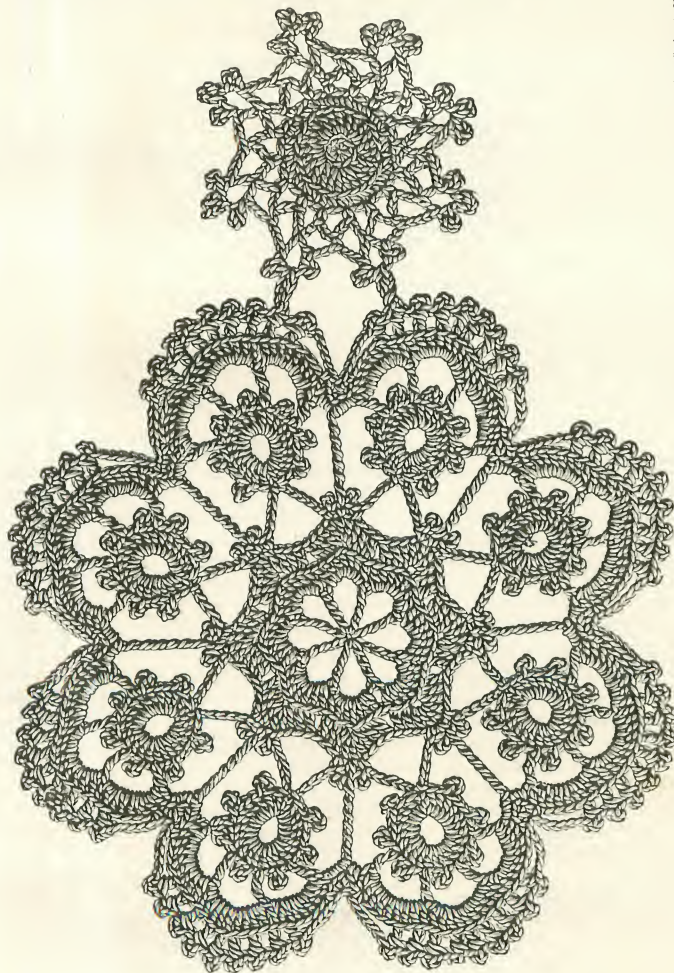


FIG. 2.

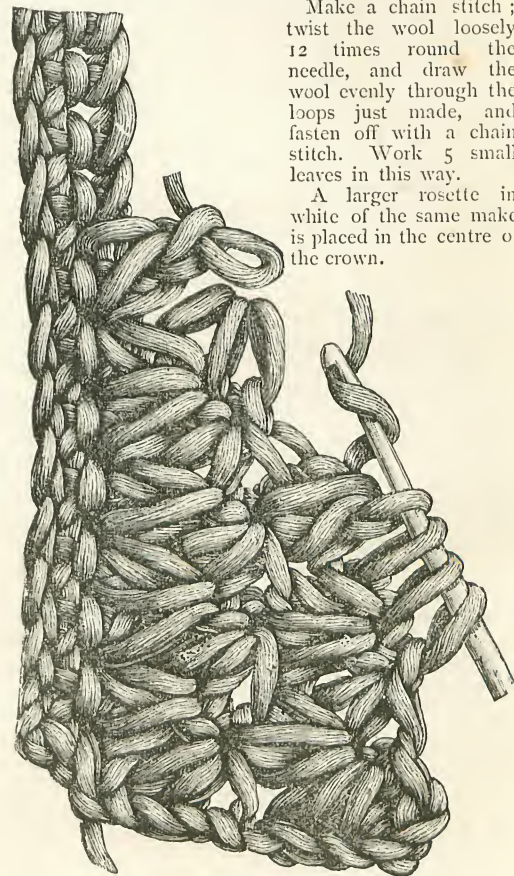
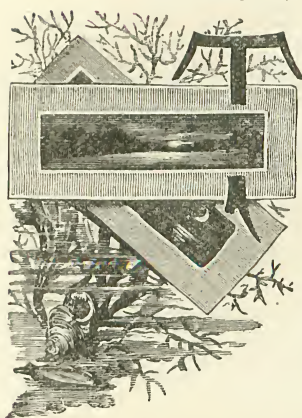


FIG. 3.

THE HILL OF ANGELS.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XX.



IS a far cry," as Mr. Muir might have said, from Kensington to Engelberg. And yet the reader is privileged to flit in thought with instantaneous rapidity

from the one to the other. The journey, too, in these days is swiftly accomplished. Mr. Hope was not accustomed to discuss and deliberate long before he made up his mind as to his movements.

One July evening he said to Evelyn, struck, perhaps, by the additional paleness of her face, and the weariness with which she vainly tried to toil through course after course at dinner—

"You're not looking well, child. There's no doubt Kensington is hot in the summer. What do you say to trying your favourite Engelberg again?"

"Oh, uncle!" was all Evelyn could ejaculate, as a sudden vision of the Titlis snows and the breezy upland pastures came before her.

"Pack up your things then, and we'll be off on Tuesday."

At "The Elms" Mrs. Lancaster and Dottie would have deliberated for weeks or months before they made up their minds where to go for a summer holiday, and several more weeks would have been necessary to accustom themselves to the prospect of so complete a change of scene. But the ways of man and woman are different in this respect. Evelyn could scarcely believe her good fortune.

Mr. Hope, however, had already ascertained that Engelberg was a spot likely to agree with him, that it offered whey, milk, and air-cures, if he had required any of them, which he did not; that the cooking in the hotels was good, and that there was sure to be plenty of pleasant society. No wooden chalets on a mountain top for him! He was curious, also, to see the monastery and the church. So it came to pass that in less than a week from the date of this conversation he and his niece were driving into the Alpine valley and up the road that led to the Abergölüh hotel.

There was the familiar scene once more, and there were many familiar faces, too; for Engelberg is a spot that people revisit year after year. Evelyn found with delight that the beauty and glory of the place came upon her with fresh intensity. She had feared lest the impression should outrun the reality, and lest the dreams that had haunted her

should be found too lovely for fact. But the mountains with their varying outline, the pure brilliance of the Titlis snows, the mystic spell cast by the huge monastery brooding over the valley of which in ancient times it was the sovereign lord—all these renewed their empire over the heart of the girl.

There was another link that bound her to the place, but this was a secret as yet.

Mr. Hope deigned to express himself as pleased with the scenery, contented with the hotel. He was only much chagrined that he was not allowed to inspect the manuscripts in the library of the abbey, but he hoped by perseverance to win his point.

Evelyn roamed about, day after day, not attempting long excursions, such as the walk to the Engstlen Alp, or to the Surenen Pass, for she had no young companion to join her; but exploring the pine woods anew and rambling along the terrace walks opposite the snow world. She visited the Arnitobel, and thought, with a mixture of compassion and amusement, of poor Algy and his bold simile of the torrents uniting in one. Only a short year! and it was not her life, but another's, that was to flow in the same channel as his own.

"Have you seen the *International Magazine* for August?" asked Mr. Hope of his niece, one day. "There is a story about this place with an illustration—and an uncommonly pretty story too. It is called 'The Hill of Angels.'"

"I thought you never read magazine stories, uncle," replied Evelyn, her eyes dancing with delight.

"No more I do, as a rule," replied her unsuspecting relative; "but the local interest made me begin this, and the freshness of the whole thing drew me on. It's very pretty indeed."

Evelyn said nothing. By-and-by one and another began to talk about "The Hill of Angels." The magazine lay in the reading-room, and soon was in general request. There was a charming picture of Engelberg; and this of course, together with the fact that the readers could verify the descriptions for themselves, proved the attraction in the first place.

"Have you read the 'Hill of Angels?'" came to be a frequent question addressed to a new arrival by those who wished to be friendly and sociable. People wrote home for fresh copies of the magazine, as the original one quickly became worn out. It even divided popular attention with the arrival of Mrs. Allingham West. Evelyn knew that her brilliant friend would probably come here for a second visit, which might, so Mrs. West had told her, become an annual thing.

That first visit to Mrs. Allingham West's house at Chelsea had been followed by two or three, and on each occasion Evelyn had met Mr. Muir. She had talked with him for hours,

avoiding, as though by a tacit consent, the topic of the review, and guarding herself in a sort of armed reserve; yet they always seemed attracted together, and she had also ceased to feel that the authoress was far, far aloof from her. It took time to win Mrs. West's regard, but the girl's adoration, her intelligence, her growing modesty as to her own powers, her loveliness, had achieved the possession of that friendship. It was, therefore, with intense delight that Evelyn anticipated her arrival. Mr. Hope, too, in spite of his cynicism, was gratified that his niece should receive an early invitation to Mrs. Allingham West's private sitting-room.

"You naughty child!" cried the lady, shaking her head at Evelyn, with a merry laugh as they sat together. "So you are keeping the secret. No one in the hotel knows the story is yours. What a success it is!"

"Do you really think so?" Evelyn's heart gave a great bound of delight.

"Decidedly I do. It is fresh, it is interesting; above all, it is true. Of course you will do far better work than this in time to come. But for a beginning it is admirable. I don't live much in public here, as you know; still I have made it my business to ascertain something about it, and everyone is talking of the story. I have heard enough to turn your little head with vanity."

"People have not much to read or talk about, in holiday life like this," said Evelyn, modestly.

"True; but even discounting that, a considerable amount of real, genuine popularity remains. I congratulate you, my child. And now, tell me—how long are you going to keep up a grudge against Gerard Muir?"

A tide of colour rushed to Evelyn's cheeks, and ebbed again, leaving them deadly pale.

"A grudge against him!" she faltered.

"Yes, for that review. I feel an interest in the matter, for I first told him who you were. I could see how troubled he was to see he had given you pain. My dear, he has the noblest and truest heart that ever was. In my bitter trouble, in my husband's death, in all my struggles, he was like a younger brother, helping, advising, comforting. I cannot tell you what I think of him. Surely you will not let this absurd trifle prejudice you. Why, you agree yourself with what he said! You had outlived 'Day-dreams' a month after you published it!"

"I am not prejudiced against him," was all Evelyn could say.

"Well, he thinks you are, at any rate, and I told him I was quite sure you were too sensible to keep up any annoyance for such a cause. It would show a very silly vanity, which I am quite sure you do not possess," concluded Mrs. West, a little severely. "Was it not he who advised you about this story?"

"Yes; I sent it to the *International Magazine* on his advice."

"Ah, he had a hand, if not in its acceptance, at least in its being published so quickly," thought Mrs. West.

Much conversation followed about the girl's literary aims: but through it all Evelyn felt a strange impatience. Did Mr. Muir really think she was still angry about that review? No; she had never been really angry with him—it was mortification, wounded pride, annoyance at being lowered in his sight, vexation with herself—she could not tell what. She felt she must see him and explain. From what Mrs. West said he evidently still thought her harbouring a ridiculous resentment.

"Isn't there a torrent that springs out of the hill side in full volume somewhere here?" inquired her uncle at breakfast next morning.

"Yes, uncle; don't you remember I describe it in 'The Hill'?"—She stopped, covered with confusion.

"You describe it in what?" demanded Mr. Hope, putting up his *pince-nez*.

But Evelyn had no answer ready.

"It is described in 'The Hill of Angels,' I know. Why have you such a colour, child? Good gracious! you don't mean to say that's *your* production!"

Mr. Hope, quickly adding two and two together, had no doubt he was right, even before Evelyn acknowledged her authorship.

"Good gracious!" was all he could ejaculate, staring at his niece as if she had suddenly developed a pair of wings. "So that was what you were so busy about at home upstairs! I do believe the child has her father's literary gift in her after all."

It was October, and Mr. Hope and Evelyn were back at Kensington. On the morrow she was to return to her old life at The Elms. Her uncle had purposely prolonged their wanderings on the Continent until after the date of Algy's wedding, at which festivity he thought Evelyn's presence was not deserved by her relatives; and now they had come back just in time for her to pack up and depart. With mingled feelings Evelyn looked forward to this change. Her stay under her uncle's roof had not been

altogether happy; she could never forget her desolate chilliness of heart as she first entered the bedroom where she was now busied in collecting her possessions. And yet there was something she should miss in the distant suburban home. After all, she was nearer here to the heart of the world, and felt its pulsations more strongly. A tap at the door interrupted her reverie.

"Mr. Hope wishes you to go down to the library, Miss, please," observed Stevens, with the patronising severity she had never relaxed since Evelyn's arrival.

"I wonder why he sends for me at such an inconvenient time," thought Evelyn, just pausing to arrange her toilet from the disorder incident to packing. As she entered the library she started, for instead of Mr. Hope, there stood Mr. Muir. He had a troubled look in his face, and she instinctively felt that something of importance was to follow. Yet his first words were ordinary enough.

"I have come to say good-bye to you, Miss Hope," he said, advancing to take her offered hand. "I hear you leave Kensington to-morrow."

"Yes; I am returning to live with my aunt."

"I hope you will be happier for the change."

"Thank you very much."

A pause followed.

"Life has been rather hard for you sometimes, I know, of late," began Mr. Muir; "but you will not be the worse of it in the end. And you have made a success. I want to congratulate you on your story."

Evelyn expressed her thanks, with eyes cast down.

"You would perhaps not have written so well if everything had gone quite smoothly with you," continued her friend. "The discipline of life has many uses, and one can write with more sympathy even in the brighter aspects of experience, if one has known disappointment and sorrow. Mrs. Allingham West could tell you that—"

"Ah, do not mention her name near mine!" broke out Evelyn.

"And why not? You must go on. You will not rest on this one story.

You will have fresh efforts, fresh successes, in time to come."

"I don't know," sighed Evelyn. "Sometimes I feel so weak and powerless to do what I would, I grow despairing."

"You must let the title of your first story be an allegory to you," said Mr. Muir. "Remember it is the 'Hill of Angels' you want to climb. The heights of literary success are difficult to win; but they are near the skies. Keep your ideal high, work steadily, and you will achieve success. You do not know how glad I will always be to hear of it."

Why did he speak so mournfully, as if they were on the brink of an eternal separation?

"I would have liked," he continued, "if we could have been friends and have met now and then—but it cannot be."

"And why not?" Evelyn found breath to utter.

"Because I would not be able to be satisfied with that," he replied, steadily, and as if trying to master his voice. "And I see that anything beyond is hopeless. I offended you almost before I knew you—and—and—I have come to bid you good-bye."

Oh Reviewer, wise in book-lore, but ignorant of the human heart!

"Mr. Muir," cried Evelyn, "you do not—you cannot—think I am so vain and silly as still to resent what you wrote long ago. Every word was true. How badly I must have behaved to make you think so poorly of me!"

She turned upon him in generous warmth, and their eyes met.

The promised good-bye had not been said when, an hour later, Mr. Hope came in to ascertain the result of the private interview with Evelyn for which his friend had begged. Nor will it ever be said until the hour of the last parting.

"Heaven lies about us," not only in our infancy, but in all the supreme hours of earthly happiness. And to those among the favoured of this life who have the heart to enjoy celestial gifts, the insight to perceive celestial visitants, the "Hill of Angels" is never very far away.

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DONOVAN.—You take an extreme view of the word and its application. You were not made an automaton, but a reasoning, free, and responsible being. You were elected to enjoy greater church privileges than thousands of your fellow creatures; and you are free and perfectly able to pray for Divine grace and help for a "new heart and a right spirit;" and "they that seek find;" and "to them that knock" the gate of eternal life is "opened" through the merits and death of their Divine Redeemer. Do not seek to unravel difficulties and mysteries. Much is not revealed. Enough for you that "the Spirit and the bride say, Come!" Obey the Divine call at once, and take on faith what you believe to be revealed, yet cannot understand. So you will "enter into the kingdom of heaven as a little child," and realise the full significance of your Saviour's promise, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

GITANA.—There are many homes for inebriates. One for ladies is at 37, Berwick Street, Pimlico; address Miss Dring; terms from two guineas weekly. Also at Buxton House, Earl's Colne, Essex, Miss Pudney; and Colman Hill House Retreat; address H. R. Ker, Esq., M.R.C.S. For women of the middle class write to Mrs. Law, 9, Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, W. We believe her home is inexpensive, only 10s. 6d. a week. At The Tor, Silverdale, Sydenham, S.E., ladies can be received from one guinea a week; address Mrs. Bonsfield, Alpha Villa, Bedford; and at West Holme, Hounslow, Middlesex, ladies (of the upper rank) are received for £1 10s. per week and upwards; hon. sec., Miss H. S. Pollock, Woodlawn, Hanworth, Feltham.

A VERY ANXIOUS ONE.—We should think it quite needless to tell anyone at that early age you were quite ignorant and unconscious of wrong-doing. Your sorrow and repentance are apparently very sincere. Try to forget about it now.

CONNERY.—No; orange-blossoms are not universally worn for bridal wreaths. The Germans wear myrtle, as did the ancient Romans, and so do the Jews; that is, if the Jewess be neither a widow nor a divorced woman. The Tuscans wear jasmine, the ancient Athenians wore hawthorn gathered by themselves; that is to say, when in blossom at the time of their nuptials. You will see some mention of bridal wreaths in our series of "Flowers in History."

VIOLET A.—You might inquire for your friends at the local police station and the post office. Send the dates of your numbers of the "G.O.P." to Mr. Tarn, our publisher.

QUEEN DIDD.—Perhaps if you sprinkled your gloves inside with violet-powder, as they often do in shops, to make them go on easily in hot weather, your hands, when you remove the gloves for playing, would not "stick to the keys of the piano." Leave your music with your mantle in the cloak-room; your hostess will send for it if required.



ANXIOUS.—There may be reasons for the morbid melancholy of which you complain, with which we are unacquainted; and in giving advice in such a case this should not be, as the difficulties are insuperable. You should consult a doctor, who can inquire fully into your circumstances and surroundings, and the sooner the better. But we see no ground for apprehending insanity. Put such an idea quite away from your mind, and seek help and peace in prayer and faith.

MANNINGHAM.—There is a Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis in Portland Terrace, Regent's Park (near St. John's Wood Road Station), London, N.W. Free patients, as well as those who can pay, more or less, according to their means, are received in this institution. Apply to Mr. H. Howgrave Graham, secretary.

LANCASHIRE WITCH.—We never heard of "green teeth," though we have of teeth dyed black. Use powdered chalk in the morning and Castile soap at night. Do not walk far alone when you have no grown person with you; take air and exercise in the garden.

UNA.—Judging from your writing, we suppose you to be a little schoolgirl, and much too young to find your recreation in reading novels, however correct in their teaching and unobjectionable for older people.



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SEPTEMBER 28, 1889.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

WHAT is called the "divided skirt" has met with a further improvement in America, and it is pointed out that this improvement would be particularly useful to working women, or to those who have to be much on their feet. The divided skirt, as most of my readers know, is simply a narrow skirt for each leg, instead of one skirt for two, and it is nearly shapeless, being cut straight and long, and only formed so that there may not be too much fulness at the waist, where it is put into a yoked band in front and a straight band at the back. Nothing could be more simple in its construction,

and nothing more comfortable to wear; so say its many advocates. It seems to be far warmer, as well as lighter, than several petticoats, and this of itself is a very great recommendation. The American improvement is an addition, not an alteration, in the shape, and consists in making it the upper and over skirt, instead of the under, by means of flounces put on so as to look like a full dress skirt. The divided skirt proper, and as we know it, is made wide and full, and reaches to the ankles, where it ends with a deep hem. Then a full kilted flounce is put on round each leg, reaching to

the knee, from the edge of the hem. At the hips another deep flounce is added, which falls about two inches over the lower one; and at the waist a wide scarf-like drapery is put on, falling over the top of the flounce; the effect of which is said to be that of an ordinary skirt only. If put on for out of doors, they are worn with one of the long and large cloaks of the present fashion, so that they are not visible. I have chronicled this new idea, but I do not know how far any of my readers will find it of value. One thing is quite evident, that working women are beginning to think out the subject of a



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BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.



NEW TRIMMINGS OF NARROW RIBBON.

suitable working dress for themselves, which seems a good sign. A rainy day, with muddy streets, makes one quite low-spirited, in London especially, for the number of draggletailed, dirty skirts, fully four or five inches longer than need be, is a dreadful exhibition; the only excuse for wearing them at such length being that they are perhaps designed to hide worn-out boots and undarned, untidy stockings. The effect is so bad one wonders that so many women cannot see it.

The fashion of wearing watches on the wrist has spread gradually from bracelets to walking-sticks, till at last the French ladies have watches in their hairpins, and in the rosettes on their evening shoes. Surely folly could no further go!

The "Four-in-hand capes," which made their appearance late in the season, have certainly had a great success, for they are so light and useful; just, in short, the very ideal wrap needed for the summer weather. The lower cape reaches to the waist, and there are sometimes as many as six capes above it; but the general number is three. They are plainly cut round the edge, and are generally lined with silk. They are, in fact, a copy of the capes on the cloaks worn by the Horse Guards. They are made in red, drab, peach, and white and black. The light hues are, of course, intended to be worn with light coloured costumes, and have turned-over collars of velvet or embroidery, tied with bows and long ribbon ends of a colour to match. These form a pleasant change from the too constantly seen fur cape, which has been clung to for so long; and still better, will give us rest from the everlasting fur and feather boas, which have been worn to weariness; this last

fashion also being one likely to induce sore throat and colds, by its tendency to overheat the neck.

The new pointed guipure trimming has been so popular that the dressmakers have begun to extend it from the cotton and foulard dress to those of serge and tweed. It is put on round the skirt, the ends turned upwards; and also a band of it is arranged round the waist, with the points also turned up. The same on the wrists as cuffs. Another method is to put it on at the throat and waist, with the points turned downwards; and at the waist they reach to the hips. It is also used on bodices, with the points turned towards the front, so as to form a kind of jacket.

In navy blue serge some very pretty dresses for autumn wear are being got ready, with full plain or folded vests of white delaine, having white panels and white cuffs. Others have white delaine skirts, over which the blue serge skirts open at the sides or in front, and at the back as well. The bodice may be a blouse of white delaine, or one of blue serge, tucked or stitched with white to match. Blue serge has had quite a return to fashion this autumn, and a more useful gown never was devised.

Under-petticoats of coloured alpaca and cotton rep have been much trimmed with coarse washing lace to wear under light gowns. Alpaca makes a very good under-petticoat; it is light to carry, does not harbour dust, and does not tumble; so it makes an excellent travelling petticoat in grey, dust-colour, or black. Time would quite fail me to describe the exquisitely beautiful silk petticoats that have been worn, trimmed with the most delicate and costly laces, and flounced up half their length.

It will be seen by the illustrations that bonnets are becoming smaller and smaller each month. Now there are some bonnets that consist of nothing but one flower, or a bunch or spray of flowers, lightly resting on the top of the head. The foundations of many of them are made of twigs entwined, and for the autumn, red and white currants, honeysuckle, and poppies are being prepared. Few bonnets have any strings at all; indeed, there seems to be no place to attach them. Veils are more of plain tulle in black or white than in anything else, and they do not appear to cover the face any more than they did in the winter.

While bonnets are so small, hats are certainly growing larger, and prettier too, as the year grows apace. I saw a very pretty one the other day, prepared for a serge costume. It was of blue straw, wide, trimmed in front and turned up at the back, lined with velvet, with a large bow of blue velvet in front, and over that one of embroidered lisse in white. This was a very elegant mixture, and looked simple and easy to copy.

The various styles of trimming and making-up dresses are seen in "By the sad sea waves." Each and all are exactly as worn at present. The first figure on the right wears a flannel costume turned over with dark blue silk and a dark blue sash. The next figure wears a tailor-made gown of summer grey tweed; the next figure has a grey alpaca with "accordion pleating" to the skirt, the bodice with a white guipure trimming, and a frill of white muslin. The next figure wears a dress of soft silk, with an embroidered yoked bodice; and the figure on the extreme left a dress of nun's veiling with a narrow stripe, and a trimming of gold braid put on in imitation of a Greek costume of the days of Homer.

In the Picture Gallery we have first, on the right, a tailor-made dress with a white waistcoat. Next a "Directoire" of velvet or plush, and an under-dress of soft white silk. In the centre in front a dress of *voile de nonne*, with a wide collar of lace, and trimmings of deep red. The hat is of white lace, with bows of red. The two girls in the left-hand corner wear a dress of white embroidery over a coloured skirt and bodice, and a white flannel with a silk front and sash.

I have mentioned the use of "baby ribbon" in millinery, and now it has spread to the dressmaker; and the way in which she uses



NEW WAY OF USING DRAPERY.

it is shown in the illustration, "New trimmings of narrow ribbon." The sleeves are very pretty and new, and are composed of a full puff put into the arm, and gathered together under a bow. The other dress is of an embroidered silk with full sleeves, and front sashes put on in a new way, *i.e.*, from the waist-belt, each of them being tied at the end with a bow of ribbon.

The "New way of using drapery" shows the way of putting on silk trimming, or any other that will answer on a plain bodice. This new method is very becoming, and will answer for the doing-up and brightening of an old bodice.

The hair just now is worn much on top of the head, as no doubt my readers will have seen on looking at the pictures of the Princess Louise of Wales.

The small "Sultana jackets," now so much seen in the Park, and worn over an ordinary bodice, are really the old "Zouave jacket" cut much smaller. They are very short, and reach hardly below the shoulder-blades, and are rounded in front, and just meet. They are made in velvet or in cloth, in embroidered silk or muslin, and are sometimes richly spangled in gold or silver. They will be found useful in adding a little warmth on a cold day.

I have illustrated one of the most useful little jackets of the day, and have selected it for the paper pattern of the month, price one shilling. It may be made in any material, and can be worn over one of the cotton skirts so much liked, or over a blouse-bodice. It is usually lined with a colour, and has *revers* of velvet to contrast with the material. It is in eight pieces—two sleeve-pieces, cuff, collar, *revers*, back, back side-piece, front side-piece, and front. The under-bodice represented in our sketch is not part of it, but we have already included it in our pattern list, as the "Garibaldi with loose front," price one shilling.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*,



JACKET FOR IN OR OUT DOOR USE.

thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be clearly given, with the county,

and stamps should not be sent, as so many losses have occurred. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns, for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (nightdress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, and a plain gored princess chemise.



THE PICTURE GALLERY, PARIS EXHIBITION.

A YOUNG OXFORD MAID.

(IN THE DAYS OF THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.)

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LEYDEN—OLD ACQUAINTANCES—RECONCILIATION.



IN the country of greenness and cleanliness, with its sleepy canals and its bright painted houses, its stirring history, quaint costumes, wealthy burghers and learned professors, the Dacres pitched their tent, and abode long enough in the friendly shelter to learn to look upon it as a second home. To Dr. Dacre, to whom Greek and Latin were as familiar as his native tongue, and afforded a shibboleth common to all universities, there was soon nothing strange in Leyden's dykes and Dutch elms, gardens and summer-houses, long glasses for the drinkers, and long pipes for the smokers. He found work, he met cronies, his wound was healed, and he was content.

To the women, who knew neither Greek nor Latin, nor could speak a word of Dutch to begin with, life was very quiet and circumscribed in these first years. Had not Mrs. Judy been a

cheery soul, comical in her attempts to invent a language of signs and to master a little broken Dutch, in which to accomplish an instalment of comfortable gossip with the most affable of the Dutch housewives around her; had not Prissy been fain to rest, and in the new atmosphere regain the use of the pinions which the whirlwind of adversity had broken; and had not Kitty been young, brave, and kind, devoted to the others, with a bright intelligence for a new landscape, and for the fresh habits and customs of a foreign people, the women might have drooped and sickened of home sickness. That would have been in their early experience of the banishment, before the roots of their hearts had struck downwards, and the tendrils spread abroad till they took Holland for another England.

Naturally, news from England, and occasional encounters with political exiles like themselves, were the welcome springs which watered and refreshed the spirit in the social desert. One day Kitty had the great delight of a visit from Mrs. Margaret Lucas, of Colchester—Mrs. Margaret Lucas no longer!

In the middle of the troubles which had submerged many families, Mrs. Margaret had risen to great honour, dignity, and happiness. Her fortunes were as exalted as her deserts, and as her friends in their fondest dreams could have anticipated for her. In faithfully following the fortunes of her Queen, even at the heavy cost of parting from her beloved family, Mrs. Margaret had gone to Paris, and there, the year after she left England, she met her fate in the person of one of the noblest and most accomplished Englishmen of the century—William Cavendish, the princely Marquis of Newcastle. He overcame her distaste to men and matrimony; she became his second wife, and they took up their residence in Antwerp.

"My lord loved me because I was bashful and timid," she told Kitty, "and I could not refuse him because he was my only love, and I gloried in my lover. I joy at the fame of his worth, am pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respect he useth to me, and I triumph in the affection he professeth for me. Though my lord hath lost his estate and is banished out of his country for his loyalty, yet neither despised poverty nor pinching necessity can make him break the bonds of friendship or weaken his loyal duty."

It was a small matter to her that his vast estates were for the present forfeited, and that though the combined influence of his virtues, accomplishments, and rank, caused even the thrifty Flemish traders to grant him credit, the husband and wife were sometimes in straits. The pair were occasionally so destitute of necessities that they had been compelled to pawn their clothes, his rich suits and those fantastically devised garments of hers, in

which she took so much pleasure, on which there was no longer the restriction of a maid-of-honour standard of costume.

To tell the truth, while she was as fair and nobly comely in person and mind as ever, she was at this moment so eccentrically clad, in flying furbelows and towering headgear, that all the phlegm of a Dutch street populace was wanted to keep my lady from being mobbed in Leyden, as she was many a time in days to come in London. Yet Kitty could not doubt of Mrs. Margaret's worth and splendid happiness with her splendid cavalier, even if what was said of him was correct, that he was better of mounting Pegasus than of climbing Parnassus, since while he was reckoned the finest equestrian in Europe, he was not more than a halting poet in his verses. Nevertheless, the pair who held each other in such high esteem that he could afford to say jestingly, "A very wise woman is a very foolish thing," read and wrote together, she to the extent of "thirteen printed tomes, and much happily not printed," kept high state when they could, and when they could not, lived on the memory and in the hope of it, and were known and respected far and wide by all the most honourable and excellent of their contemporaries. The Newcastle's whims and oddities were put out of sight for the sake of their piety, charity, and generosity, and what was their peculiar possession—a most excellent courtesy. Let the common criers of the future proclaim her "the mad Duchess of Newcastle," when his marquissate had been raised to a dukedom, and he had recovered his vast possessions, it was simply because, as Kitty frequently took pains to explain to those who did not understand, that she yielded to that unfortunate passion "for singularity even in accoutrements." Her chronicler could still record of her, that in the guidance of her great household—an exercise which ordinarily strains the powers of wisdom, in place of being easily accomplished by the tricks of folly—she was renowned for her discreet and kind management.

Lady Newcastle, when she saw Kitty, had just returned from an errand to London, where she had gone, after the example of so many ladies similarly situated, to try to procure for Lord Newcastle's wife, who had committed no offence against Parliament, such an allowance as would supplement the ninety pounds, which was all that remained to him out of his once great income. Her right to a maintenance had been denied, because when she had married my lord, he was already under sentence of outlawry. She was less fortunate than Madam Fanshawe, who had crossed from Jersey on the same errand, and had succeeded in raising three hundred pounds on her husband's claims. Kitty learnt news of the Fanshawes from Lady Newcastle; what extremes of exposure and privation Ann

Fanshawe had endured when she fled with Dick Fanshawe and the Prince of Wales to the extremity of Cornwall, and then to the Scilly Isles; how, after losing her first child in Oxford, she had been forced to leave her second behind in Jersey; for both husband and wife had ventured back to England. They had an interview with the poor King at Hampton Court, when his majesty, though detained prisoner, was still able to send Fanshawe on a mission to Madrid to crave the intervention of the Spanish Government on the King's behalf. It was then that, in answer to Ann Fanshawe's impetuous burst of weeping for his sad plight, and her passionate prayer that Charles might yet see long life and happy days, he said, gently stroking her cheek as her father might have done, "Child, if God pleaseth, it shall be so; but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am."

Of the King, whose daughter Mary was Princess of Orange at the head of the Stadtholder's Court in this kingdom of Holland, the Dacres and the other English in Holland heard without much difficulty, with breathless interest and anxiety, and at last with a very anguish of wrath and pity. As he could not be taken into Scotland by the Scotch army, on account of his refusal to sign the Solemn League and Covenant, he was at his own request handed over to the representatives of the English Parliament. These forthwith paid to the Scotch generals the arrears of pay due from the Parliament to their men, a proceeding which originated the mocking couplet—

"Traitor Scot,
Sold thy King for a groat."

The King was first brought to Holmby House, in Northamptonshire, and then carried to London and lodged in his palace of Hampton Court, where the Fanshawes saw him. Then, as always, he refused to come to any terms with the Parliament, which did not include the acknowledgment of his supreme authority by Divine right. He continued to trust to delay and to secret plots and treaties. He escaped so far as to flee to the Isle of Wight, where the governor detained him a prisoner at Carisbrooke Castle. He was brought a second time to London, to be impeached and tried before a high court of justice, consisting of the chief officers of the army and the leaders of the extreme republican party, presided over by the lawyer Bradshaw. On the first day of the sitting of the commissioners in Westminster Hall for the trial of the King, among the crowd of spectators one box in the hall was filled with ladies wearing masks. When the names of the commissioners were read out and the crier called "Thomas, Lord Fairfax," a voice from the group of ladies made answer, "He has more wit than to be here." When the arraignment of the King was made, at the words "by the authority of the Parliament and of all the good people of England," the same voice protested loudly, "No, nor the hundredth part of them."

In the confusion which followed it was said the command was given by the Captain of the Guard to fire upon the

box, when one lady detached herself from the others, quitted their company, and walked slowly out of the hall. No one ventured to oppose her departure, for she was believed to be the wife—by birth a Vere—of the Parliamentary General Fairfax, and the divisions of the time had driven her mad.

The King was brought up on three occasions from St. James's to Westminster Hall, and was grossly insulted by the rabble and the soldiers on the way, without the abatement of one jot of his self-respect and dignity. Never had he looked more kingly than when he sat in the crimson velvet chair provided for him, the halberdiers at his back, confronting his self-constituted judges, to whom he did not raise his hat on his entrance into the court, while they on their part retained their hats and cloaks. He declined to plead or defend himself, simply repeating his statement that he did not acknowledge the authority of those who professed to judge him, now and then smiling sternly at their proceedings. His tongue had lost all its hesitation and his eyes their drooping introversion. He spoke boldly and readily. He looked on the strange scene steadfastly and fearlessly.

After the King's condemnation he said farewell to his two young children, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Henry, the only members of his family left in England, and spent the last hours of his last night on earth in prayer with Bishop Juxon. On the bitterly cold morning of the 31st January, 1649, the King went forth to die, walking the short distance from St. James' to Whitehall in the centre of a group of gentlemen surrounded by musketeers. Before the banquetting hall of his palace, the street, lined with soldiers, was filled with one dense mass of human beings; not only the windows, but the roofs of the houses were set with faces.

Charles came out still king-like on the scaffold, where his faithful bishop stood by his side, and two masked headsmen waited by the block. His rich doublet and the diamond star on his breast were not wanted to show this was no mean man. He spoke once more to his people, but finding that his voice could not reach them, he turned and addressed those around him, asserting his innocence, save in permitting Lord Strafford's death, and in not seeking to punish those who had impeached and condemned him. He spoke a few words to the bishop and to the principal headsmen.

With his own hands Charles put his long locks beneath the satin cap which was provided for him, removed his cloak and his diamond George, giving the last to the bishop, bidding him "remember," laid his head on the block, and putting out his hand as the sign agreed upon, the executioner struck, and the soul returned to God who gave it. When the second headsmen held up the head with the usual words, "This is the head of a traitor," the multitude received the announcement with a deep groan, which echoed through England and through Europe.

The Parliament at once granted the request made by the remnant of the

King's suite for his body. It was removed without farther indignity, like that of any private gentleman, in one hearse, attended by four mourning coaches, to Windsor. As the coffin was borne to the vault where it was laid a heavy snowstorm began to fall, changing the black of the velvet pall to a spotless white.

Of the group of loyal gentlemen who gathered around, there were several who had not basked in the royal favour in the happier days of the monarchy, or supported the King in the measures which had proved fatal to him, but who had rallied round him in Oxford, willing to cast in their lots with his failing fortunes.

When Henrietta Maria was told of her husband's fate, she stood as if turned to stone, till her attendants feared for her reason or her life. They were thankful at last when she broke out into the weeping and wailing which resounded for many days through the palace rooms of the Louvre.

The winter had given place to the spring; the ice on the Dutch canals bore no more milkmaids skating with their pails to market; the ice itself was gone; the storks were beginning to build, there was a rustling as of a summer wind among the reeds and rushes; in the house gardens at Leyden there was a gay show of tulips and lilies.

"Dost remember, cousin," said Kitty, softly, as she and Prissy walked out beneath the trees by the canal, "gathering fritillaries on a day like this in the Merton Meadows, and pointing out to me, ignorant child that I was, the doleful signs of the times? Shall we ever gather snakesheads again, think you, and fling them away before they show their fangs and shoot out their forked tongues at us?"

While she spoke she looked up and saw a stranger coming towards them. He was a traveller, who had but lately alighted at a hostelry in Leyden, and after repairing to Dr. Dacre's house on the outskirts, had set forth in search of the young women. As he drew nearer they could see that his air and bearing were English, not Dutch. He had a soldier's step, he wore his dark hair cut short, the face with its irregular features was not old, but already so lined with thought and care, that the glad smile with which it was irradiated at this minute, lit up while it could not conceal the lines.

"Anthony!" cried his sister and cousin, running to him, and hanging upon him.

"Yes, I am come out of England," he said, when they gave him time to speak; "it is less than ever the place for a man who must speak his mind and take the consequences, whether he is on a parade ground or in a Parliament House. No, Alice is not with me; she must bide with the mother; besides, she hath her babies and Will Dorset to look after. Ay, Will, though I'll back him for an honest fellow, can hold his tongue as neither I nor poor Jack could do, cousin Kitty. *You two are not* sorry to have me, but the question is will uncle Dacre suffer me to remain here?"

It hardly seemed likely when Dr. Peter,

coming in from college, hailed the new comer before he had touched his hand with the grim challenge—

"Art content with what thou hast made of it, nephew Anthony?"

"So little, sir," answered Anthony, sadly, "that I would give my right hand, and so would many another Parliamentary soldier, as well as such Royalists as are left in England, to undo that savage blow which was dealt before Whitehall on yonder freezing morning in January. That blow took a princely life without warrant; yea, I say without warrant, even though King Charles had held the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings twice as stoutly as he did, and reckoned himself justifiable in deceiving his enemies on all hands. The deed hath undone our work for many a day. It will all have to be done over again in another generation. As for me, I could bide in England under King Charles if he would suffer it, though we were not agreed on all points, but I cannot strike hands with his slayers, I cannot consent to a new tyrannous order of things—the arresting of members of the House, the removal of the mace, the closing the door, and carrying off the key. The violence may be well meant and in the name of right, but the offence against liberty out-reacheth the offences of the old rule. I will not deceive you, Dr. Dacre; I have served under General Cromwell, and am bound to tell you that I count him not only a noble fighter, but an honest man so far as he seeth, ay, and a God-fearing man like his cousin, John Hampden, whom I did call my friend with pride."

"Go on, sir," said Dr. Peter, ironically.

"Nay, I have little more to say. All Cromwell's merits do not prevent him from being self-deceived—wretched, fallible mortals that we are—and I for one cannot stomach a King Oliver in all save the title."

Dr. Peter let himself be propitiated by the confession, yearning as his heart was in his exile over one who was in a sort his own flesh and blood, who had been his son's dearest friend. To the immense relief and gratitude of the young people, Kitty's father not only consented to admit Anthony Walton into his household, the old man exerted himself to procure for the young scholar work as he could undertake, and to establish him as his, Dr. Dacre's, assistant in his functions in the Dutch University.

In good time, the love which had long ago sprung up between Anthony and Kitty blossomed into beautiful maturity, was owned and crowned by her father's blessing, and the pair were wedded, to the great increase of the little household's confidence, strength, and cheerfulness.

Two years later the defeat of Charles II. in the Battle of Worcester once more crushed the hopes of the Royalists. In the rout, Mr. Richard Fanshawe and the Earl of Derby were both taken

prisoners. Dick Fanshawe was removed to London, where his faithful wife went each morning to his prison, from which he was eventually liberated. He lived in retirement till the Restoration, when he went again to Madrid as English ambassador with the title of Sir Richard Fanshawe, accompanied by Lady Fanshawe, an accomplished and charming ambassador. Sir Richard died after a time in Spain. His widow brought back his body, and buried it in England, where she settled among her numerous sons and daughters.

James Stanley, Earl of Derby, was taken to Bolton-le-Moors, near his own house of Latham, which his brave wife had held for a year and a day for the King, and there on the very spot where Lord Derby had defeated the Parliamentary general, and forced him to raise the siege, he was beheaded as a traitor. The Lady of Latham was far away.

Dr. Dacre and the Waltons tarried eight years longer in Holland, so long that Kitty's children spoke Dutch like the children around them, and one valued member of the family was laid in Dutch earth. Mrs. Judy had ended her long and loyal service, content to die as she had been content to live, pleased that she had been spared to see her little Mrs. Kitty with a good husband and fine children of her own, and never tired of acknowledging the kindness and care which had solaced the weakness of the aged woman's last days. It was a pang to Kitty to think of leaving that dust behind her; besides her father was so old, bent, and withered with age that it seemed a mockery to speak of transplanting him once more. Was he not well with his books wherever he was? Had he not learnt to love the plain living and high thinking, the quiet and the thrift of the homely Dutch town, with the friendly bluff faces and portly persons of his learned colleagues? Was it not well with all the little group in this haven, where they had been at peace and happy? What did they ask more?

But Anthony, Kitty, and Prissy—not to speak of the children—had still much of their lives before them, and there were English home duties calling on them to recross the German Ocean.

Indeed, when in 1659 the Restoration was in everybody's mouth, and there was a great reflux of Englishmen and their families from Holland, France, and Germany to the land of their birth, Dr. Peter Dacre began to bestir himself. He talked with glistening eyes and a red spot on each ashen cheek of Isis and the Cherwell, of the city of many towers, where he had wedded his young wife, and his boy and girl had been born, of the great Bodleian Library, of who occupied his rooms in Oriel, and whether the choristers' songs did not rise sweet as angels' voices in Magdalen Chapel.

Happily for Anthony Walton the fact that he had stood aloof from all the acts in connection with the late King's death, and had even laid down his commission in protest against it, enabled him to

return with the multitude without any risk of suffering from his opinions. As he said ruefully, they were even less in fashion then than before, when the second Charles came back to outrage all principles of honour and morality, and to reign ultimately without the ceremony of summoning a Parliament.

Oxford had escaped wonderfully, and was found mirroring itself in its girdle of waters as if nothing had happened to disturb its serenity. The bells of St. Mary's and St. Martin's were ringing in concord. The very butterwomen sat on the Penniless Bench as of old, only the dismantled Castle bore testimony to its surrender. Prissy could look upon it, as Kitty looked on Islip Bridge with tender pensiveness, but no longer with a storm of anguish.

Madam Walton was still alive to embrace her children, and Alice and her husband were right well pleased to resign their suzerainship of Islip Barnes to its master and mistress, Anthony and Kitty. Alice was so stout, rosy, and active a matron, with her big sons and daughters taking after her in her later development, that if anybody had whispered a word of the days when she was a fanciful, delicate damsel, nobody would have believed it; everybody would have laughed it to scorn.

Prissy had become like another daughter to Dr. Dacre, and was quite content to take up her abode with him in rooms as near as they could find to Oriel, and to represent Kitty in ministering to him and his infirmities, till such time as his earthly course should be finished. Then she would join her brother and sister as their cherished lifelong guest at Islip Barnes, when Alice did not eagerly claim a share of her sister's company at Wood Dorset.

Out at Islip Barnes were the healthful bustle and pleasant seasonable occupations of country life. And there was the young life, that was so ardent and joyous, to keep, by God's grace, mature and aging hearts fresh and sound to the last. When Anthony and Kitty came into Oxford, as they often did, to pay loving duty to the old man, their father, they would snatch spare moments to pay sundry pilgrimages. They would stroll into Holywell Churchyard, stand by Lady Ottery's grave, and speak of her virtues and her kindness to Kitty. They would walk as far as the gardens of St. John's, and recall that good Bishop Juxon's body had been brought to lie in the chapel of his old college, where the Bible out of which he had read the last words of consolation and hope to him whom men were beginning to call "King Charles the Martyr" was thenceforth to be treasured. They would turn into the gate at Magdalen, and pause in the cloisters where Anthony Walton and John Dacre had sauntered and dreamt of old. A quiet gravity would steal into the husband and wife's conversation at such times, but there was no gloom either in their faces or their hearts.

[THE END.]



HOW WORKING GIRLS LIVE IN LONDON.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART IV.



WE all crave for companionship, and a working girl must have friends and acquaintances. What is the use of a woman's tongue unless she have someone to talk to? This craving, being common to everybody, is easily satisfied; indeed, the only difficulty is to have the companionship of the right sort.

Girls often club together in lodgings, finding that not only an aid to economy, but a more cheerful arrangement than solitude. The proverb is not always right which says that two women together make cold weather, though it may be hard for girls of a certain temperament to avoid petty jealousies and get on with each other like philosophers. We have met some beautiful examples of working girl friendships, in which, without any claims other than those of kindly feeling and womanly sympathy, girls have gone for many years like Rosalind and Celia in the play, "coupled and inseparable," aiding each other in trouble, and loyal to each other in all the ups and downs of London life.

As a rule, however—explain it in what way you please—girls hang loosely together, and their most lasting intimacies are with those of the opposite sex. Into such intimacies working girls plunge with careless ease. Emily going to business every morning frequently passes a young man also bound for business. Looks of recognition quickly grow to words; then he says, "If you are disengaged such an evening, and will meet me at the lions in Trafalgar Square, I shall take you to a concert, or to anything else you please." She agrees, and they meet, though she knows no more about him, his position, or his family than what he has chosen to tell her himself, which is probably nothing.

No doubt this often comes of pure thoughtlessness and ignorance of the pitfalls of life. A girl does not know that for one good-natured and well-meaning man she may encounter, she has a chance of meeting with a hundred designing characters from whose companionship she can get nothing but harm. London is no worse than other great cities, but unfortunately it does not seem to be any better.

If a girl wants to find a husband, he is not to be picked up in the street. We have, it is true, known several instances in which men have married girls whose acquaintance they made in this way, but without exception the matches have proved unfortunate. Either something was afterwards discovered that had been carefully concealed, or there was a screw loose somewhere, and the result was lifelong unhappiness.

We remember the case of a girl who ultimately married a young man who lodged on the opposite side of the street, and whose only introduction was that they both happened to look out of the window at the same time. The young man deceived her as to his expectations as much as Claude Melnotte did Pauline, about his palace by the Lake of Como, and when that deception was seen through the music of their married life came to an end.

Chance and dangerous acquaintances would not be so readily made if working girls were not often deficient in self-respect. They make themselves too cheap, and forget that as things go the world usually takes people at their own

valuation. Nobody sets a high value on a girl who acts as if she did not estimate herself as worth much.

"Ah, wasteful woman! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught her precious gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men Divine!"

What leads girls astray is not their good qualities run wild, as Goethe suggests when he says—

"Poor things! poor things! the best and kindest
Fall soonest, for their heart is blindest,
And feels, and loves, and does not reason,
And they are lost—poor things! poor things!"

Now and then it may be so, but the real cause is their insatiable vanity. It does not need very close watching to see that there are grounds for the reproach of another poet who said that woman would be satisfied if one only gave her a looking glass and a few sugar plums.

Working girls have, as a rule, two or three hours every evening to themselves in which to seek for relaxation. From morning till evening they are human machines, but when turned at closing time into the street they take up again the part of human beings. What, then, becomes of them, and how many make a profitable and praiseworthy use of these leisure hours?

The need for amusement everyone acknowledges, and to none is it more necessary than to the thousands of girls who make their living in the great metropolis. Their spirits must find vent somehow, and into their lives some variety must be introduced or, with to-day like yesterday and to-morrow like to-day, existence would be unbearable. The trouble is how to provide excitement without its being unwholesome and pleasure without its unfitting for subsequent labour.

The amusements, even the pranks, of girls are of a more colourless nature than those of young men. However great their vivacity, you never hear, for example, of working girls who have been out to tea climbing up the lamp-posts and putting out all the lamps for half a mile. But for all that they abhor anything slow, and you must take them as you find them. They may not want their entertainment boisterous, but it must be at least lively, for London life, in their way of thinking, is dreary enough without introducing the funereal into hours of leisure.

For want of training, girls are, as a rule, without resources in themselves. Those, therefore, who are under no sort of supervision, and can do just as they please, are gad-about at night and find distraction in ways of which people with no temptation to leave their comfortable firesides little dream. Some of them frequent theatres, with their "young men," if they have them; if not, with girl-companions, or maybe alone; but alone is not common; fortunately, for it is a bad sign. Others go to music-halls, to feast there on comic vocalists, conjurers, ventriloquists, performing dogs, and clog dancers.

Dancing-rooms present a great attraction to the more light-headed, and many a girl has gone astray through the associates found in them, and to the sound of their music has entered on a reckless and dissipated life. A girl may think that after she has had her fling

at this kind of evening amusement, she will settle down to be a good and quiet house-keeper if any young man gives her the chance; but it is extremely unlikely that she will ever do anything of the kind.

Of late years the rational recreation of the toiling population of London has received a great deal of attention; the well-to-do have wakened up to their duty, and are giving both money and time to brighten the lives of those who work as hard but are less fortunate than themselves. It is an age of people's palaces, polytechnic institutes, public libraries, and concerts for the million, and it is not too much to say that the means of passing her spare time in a pleasant and profitable way will soon be, if it is not already, at the command of every working girl.

Amongst these praiseworthy agencies, one which may be quoted, by way of illustration, is the Young Women's Help Society. This society has over eighty branches scattered throughout England, including some of the largest towns—Devonport, Manchester, Newcastle, North Shields, etc.—and over two dozen branches in London alone, where it works among the poorest women and girls engaged in all kinds of employment.

The greater part of the work in towns is carried on by means of evening clubs. These offer an evening enlivened with music, singing, and sewing-classes, sometimes with a dance, always with a pleasant chat, besides supplying coffee, lemonade, and such-like beverages. There is also a lavatory. Last, but not least, the girls are treated to an occasional day in the country.

These clubs are superintended by a matron and by ladies, who take so many evenings a week. They have in some cases an average attendance of between thirty and forty, and the hold thus obtained over the rough girls is invaluable.

In appealing to the public for subscriptions, about a year ago, the Duke of Newcastle, speaking of the benefit of these evening meetings to working girls during the summer season—let alone the dreary winter—put it in a way which it is to be hoped secured a ready response from all who could afford to give. "Let anyone," he said, "try and realise what it must be to return home after a day's work in a jam factory, with the thermometer between 70 deg. and 80 deg., to a room 9 ft. by 12 ft., with no fresh air attainable except through the tiny window from the narrow, stifling street, shared probably with two other girls, each wearing an old gown rendered loathsome by the heat and work of the day, unrelieved too often by any underclothing. Is it to be wondered at if the girls prefer the streets with their attendant temptations—the public-houses, and others still worse?"

Some girls of course fill up their leisure with reading, but the literature that finds acceptance with a large class is nothing to be proud of. The penny dreadful, with its sensational incidents, has a fascination for the half-educated, who know nothing of the world, and are unable to detect the monstrous improbabilities of this class of fiction. Working girls everywhere are great supporters of the press that issues its highly-spiced stories in pennyworths. By means of these they are able to transport themselves from their poor abodes and the companionship of Tom and Sally, to West-end mansions and the society of dukes, not to speak of sometimes princes. It is so nice, too, to think that there may be some streak of resemblance between themselves and the poor but lovely girl who comes to London from a

thatched cottage in the country, and who is called by her friends Blanche Somebody, but who is really Lady Charlotte Somebody else, and the heiress of three million sterling, though she does not know it. There is all the excitement of following her fortunes as she dodges the villain, who is in the secret of her wealth and station, but who in the end is utterly discomfited, and welcomes the advances of the titled admirer, whom she ultimately weds at Hanover Square, and who is all good looks, honesty, and devotion.

It would be well if their reading stopped short at sensationalism of this romantic type, but to a good deal of the printed matter that falls into the hands of these young people the objections are serious; it is nothing short of demoralising. Great efforts, however, have been made to supply healthy, innocent, and attractive reading, by means of which girls engaged in providing for their bread and butter might brighten their monotonous lives. *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, if we may be permitted to allude to ourselves, has by general acknowledgment taken the foremost place in this useful work, and many interesting and encouraging instances, we are informed, have come to the knowledge of those concerned in its management, showing that it has been a real boon to the class under consideration.

Before dismissing the subject of the recreations of working girls, it may be remarked that employers often err in thinking that they have nothing to do with how the girls under them pass their time when the day's work is over. True enough, it is their own affair, and the instinct of girls is to reject supervision, but kindly feeling dictates that employers should frequently step in to save girls from the effects of their own ignorance.

"It is the duty," says Cobbett, in words which should be taken to heart by all who have to do with the young—"it is the duty, and ought to be the pleasure of age and experience, to warn and instruct youth, and to come to the aid of inexperience. When sailors have discovered rocks or breakers, and have had the good luck to escape with life from amidst them, they, unless they be pirates or barbarians as well as sailors, point out the spots for the placing of buoys and of lights, in order that others may not be exposed to the danger which they have so narrowly escaped. What man of common humanity, having by good luck missed being engulfed in a quagmire or quicksand, will withhold from his

neighbours a knowledge of the peril without which the dangerous spots are not to be approached?"

People may think that working girls should spend the evenings in improving their minds by attending classes of which there are many now open in the metropolis for their benefit. Some do, but the majority—without taking taste into account—have little energy left for study after their work is done. Watching them going home of an evening, one would think that nineteen out of every twenty would be the better of having an Act of Parliament passed compelling them to turn into bed and sleep for a month, they look so listless and jaded. The culture of the mind is hardly possible when the body is exhausted.

Those who have the necessary vitality left pursue mental culture in such institutions as the College for Working Women, which was founded to enable those who are at work during the day to spend the evening in the development of their minds by careful intellectual training and also by friendly social intercourse, an important point in the development of the mind being human fellowship. The only darkness, as Shakespeare says, is ignorance, and it is well for a girl, so long as she does not overtask herself, to be a seeker after knowledge, especially in things which she can make available in the line of her work. Information pays, if it is of the right sort, and London, together with shorter hours of labour, wants educational centres for working girls, not by the half dozen, but by the hundred, so that they may be brought within easy reach of those who have little time for going to and fro. If working girls were better educated they would be in less danger than now of spending their time foolishly.

It is the want of culture of any kind that makes the girls attending shops and factories all as like each other as peas. One only need overhear the conversation of two of them to see that they have a very limited intellectual horizon, bounded generally on the one side by a new ribbon and on the other by a young man.

Many measures for the improvement of working girls suggest themselves, which it would be impossible to carry out. Kindly feelings towards a class and the interest of the community at large do not always recommend the same things in this topsy-turvy world. But wise efforts, within the bounds of possibility, are being made, and in this direction

the well-to-do have an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, both by giving generously of their means, and by making a liberal sacrifice of their time.

The great difficulty is the difficulty of wages. Miss Edith Simcox, writing on this subject in a contemporary about two years ago, mentions that there are perhaps a million of respectable, self-supporting, self-respecting, fairly-skilled female operatives whose clear average earnings with a long day's labour are more often under than over ten shillings a week.

"We believe," adds Miss Simcox, "that there are still well-to-do people who say and think that ten shillings a week are very good wages for a single woman; but that opinion is seldom supported by a detailed budget.

"Let us see for ourselves how much spending there is in such a sum. The rations allowed to the old people in Whitechapel Workhouse cost, according to Mrs. Barnett, 3s. 11d. a head per week. In quantity they are scarcely equal to the amount physiologists consider necessary for the healthy maintenance of an able-bodied adult, and a lone woman can hardly buy as cheaply as contractors. Still we will suppose our working woman to be content with the same diet as the aged paupers, and to spend only 4s. a week in food, 3s. is an ordinary rent to pay in London for such a small back room as she will occupy; light, firing, and washing can hardly cost her less than another shilling, and if she belongs, as we will hope, to a trade union, her necessary weekly expenses are brought up to 8s. 2d. without any provision for clothes, holidays, amusements, or saving; for all these and other purposes she has a balance available varying, let us say, from 4d. to 1s. 10d. a week, or from 17s. 4d. to £4 15s. 9d. a year.

"And yet there are ladies whose cheapest dress costs as much as the whole year's pocket-money of an industrious book-finder, who have the audacity to talk about *thrift* to these passed mistresses in the art of 'going without!'"

Were wages raised many good results would follow. We cannot certainly have everything—wages, education, leisure, and recreation—put straight at once; but the present progress of things is in the right direction, and we are confident that a better day than was ever seen before has, in our time, dawned, though it may not yet shine brightly, on our sisters, the working girls of this country.

[THE END.]

FORBIDDEN LETTERS.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Celia and Her Legacy," "No," etc.

CHAPTER V.

EDMUND RAVENSDALE knew nothing whatever of the events that were taking place at Yew Lodge; business was slack, and he had come down to Hazelton for a day or so to see his mother and enjoy a breath of country air. He did not recognise the voice calling for help, though he happened just at that moment to be thinking of Bessie, and wondering whether she would be pleased with the copy of Tennyson's poems which he had brought for her from London.

On arriving at the farther side of the river he shouted two or three times, but there was no answer, and he landed thinking that some child must have been calling "Edmund, Edmund." Yet it had sounded very much as if the child had been in great trouble; he got into the punt again, and pushed off a little

way along the bank, in order to convince himself that no accident had occurred; the river was deep in some places.

"Anything wrong?" called Edmund, in ringing tones; the echoes brought back his own words dimly; he waited a little while, and then, satisfied that all was well, he went his way homewards slowly. It was past six o'clock when he arrived at Yew Lodge. Anything wrong? Surely much that was wrong. Edmund Ravensdale had never had such a home-coming as this. At the study door he met his father, and there was that in his face which caused the young man to ask breathlessly, "Is my mother worse?"

"No, no, thank God! I have not told her yet, we must keep it from her as long as we can. Come in, my boy; here is sad news—look" (he put Bessie's ill-written confession

into Edmund's hand); "she has run away, the child I said I would cherish and guard as my own daughter. She has been missing since luncheon. I have sent to Templebury station and to the Junction; I have telegraphed to the Bridges—no one has seen her."

"What is it all about? I don't understand why she went!" exclaimed Edmund.

A very few moments more and he was in full possession of all the facts, as far as Mr. Ravensdale knew them. He drew a long breath. "I hope it is not so bad as you think, father," he said kindly; "she cannot have gone very far in this time, and I will go at once and look for her; she has acted very foolishly, and I expect that she is frightened, and hiding somewhere close by. I will bring her back."

He spoke with calm decision, thinking to

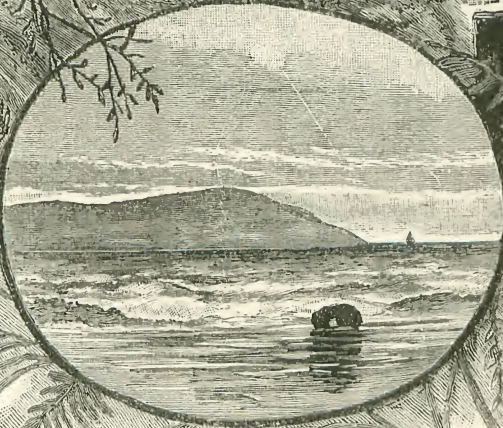
comfort and cheer his father, but his heart was sore within him. The little cousin whom he dearly loved had lied and deceived his old father; this was bad enough; but what she might do in her despair he shuddered to think. He guessed how she must have suffered before she made up her mind to run away; he grew wrathful as he wondered who the correspondent might be, for whose sake Bessie had dared to fly in the face of his father's commands; perhaps the stranger had persuaded her to leave Yew Lodge.

Then he recollected the voice that he had heard calling "Edmund, Edmund!" by the ferry, and he turned pale at the thought.

"I will go at once," he said, "and order the dog-cart to come round as soon as possible; but there cannot be any cause for real anxiety, not yet. Don't distress yourself, father; she may come back when she has got over her fright."

"Owen Stanhope was not to be trusted. I ought perhaps to have made more allowances for her defective education. May God forgive me if I have been harsh to his orphan child!"

"Father," said Edmund, "poor Bessie has been sadly to blame, as



you know. You have nothing to reproach yourself with."

The touch of his hand was almost a caress, and the old man was comforted.

"Mr. Williams has driven into Templebury," he said, after a pause, quite in his usual manner, "to communicate with the police authorities; we will not leave a stone unturned to find her before dark. Discoveries have been made, you will be glad to hear, which appear likely to exonerate the deputy-postman from participation in the robbery. As for his account of meeting a young lady by our gate, it will be time enough to sift that matter when Elizabeth returns."

Edmund went round to the stables to hasten the putting in of the horse; he had very little doubt as to who the young lady was.

"Ah!" he thought bitterly, "why didn't she write and tell me her trouble if she is afraid of my father. Bessie, you might have trusted me."

* * * *

A fine, sleeting rain had begun to fall. Elizabeth was very cold; she had no jacket or wrap with her, and her dress was thin. She had run and walked a great many miles since she had heard Edmund calling by the ferry. In her hurry she had left the river far behind her, and so missed the easiest way to the sea-coast; she did not know where to turn or what to do next.

She had left off feeling hungry, but the pain in her head was getting steadily worse. She longed to find some quiet place where she could lie down and rest. It was growing very dark; she had passed several cottages, and the children had stared at her so oddly that she had not ventured to tap at a door and ask for a night's lodging; earning her own living and being alone in the world was much, much harder than she had thought when she sat writing in her pretty little room at Yew Lodge. There was nothing to be done now but to press onwards, and try again for shelter at the next village, where perhaps the children would not be so curious. How high the hedges were in this part of the country! These deep lanes had been made by smugglers, Edmund had told her; and how black the trees looked in the waning light! Bessie trembled as she wondered whether there were any smugglers or robbers left; the darkness and the silence were rapidly becoming terrible to her. If she could only meet a friend now, how gladly would she return to Yew Lodge. But would they receive her again? She did not think that they would; she had proved herself to be unworthy of her cousin's kindness. Why should they wish to take her back again?

Just then a troop of young men and boys came shouting and laughing down the lane. One of them saw Bessie and called out to her. She could not distinguish the words, but a great dread seized her; she sprang through a gap in the hedge, tearing her dress as she went, and ran across a field in her fright, never stopping until she was well out of sight and hearing of her pursuers.

Some few yards further on she saw lights; if that were a village, she would go on boldly and ask for assistance. She smoothed her rumpled hair and pushed her hat straight. Experience had taught her that she must try and look like other people, and now that it was getting so dark she hoped that no one would notice that her dress was torn and her boots were muddy. At any rate she could pay for her supper and lodging. She put her hand into her pocket to find her purse. Alas! it was not there. In vain she searched. She must have dropped it; perhaps by the riverside, and it would be vain to return and look for it. Even if there had been the remotest chance of finding it, she did not dare to run the risk of encountering those laughing, yelling boys again. All at once her last shred of courage

failed her, and she sank down on a big stone by the side of a stile and began to cry.

"Are you in trouble, my girl?"

Bessie looked up and discerned a woman in a shawl, of homely appearance, who carried a bag and a heavily-laden basket, while a little child was clinging to the skirt of her dress.

"I—I have lost my purse. I have no where to go."

The woman came a little nearer; her speech was very friendly.

"Don't fret! Did they turn you off at a moment's notice? Won't they give you a character?"

"I beg your pardon," faltered Bessie, failing to understand that the woman had mistaken her for a farm servant dismissed by her cross-grained mistress in a fit of temper.

"The maid's daft with trouble," said the woman, as she stood with one foot a little in advance, patting her sleeping baby; the little girl meanwhile at her mother's side pointed towards the stranger, and said, in reproachful tones, "Her's a bad girl!"

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed the mother; and she turned again to Bessie, and this time she looked at her more narrowly. "Maybe you have run away?"

Bessie gave a sign of assent.

"Go back, my maid; there's them at home you've grieved sorely. Where do you come from?"

Bessie got up from the stone. "From Hazelton," she said wearily.

"'Tis a matter of nine miles," replied the woman, "and my man is expecting me." "Look 'ee here," she put a firm hand on the girl's, "do you see the light yonder? That's the 'Green Man.' Go down the hill, and tell the master I have sent you—Mrs. Simpson, of Barrows Farm. He'll give you a lift in his cart, maybe, and the mistress 'll take care of you. Go straight home to Hazelton, my maid, and the Lord be with you!"

Bessie turned her face in the direction of the twinkling lights. "I will go," she gasped, "and thank you so much!"

"You're heartily welcome," was the courteous answer. "Good-night to you."

So Mrs. Simpson trudged on through the mud, wondering over the ways of girls, and soon disappeared in the gloaming.

Bessie needed all her strength of mind to face the coming ordeal; she was horribly afraid of the master of the "Green Man," in spite of Mrs. Simpson's recommendation. However, the road before her was not quite so dark and dreary as the one that she had just left. She had only walked a little way down the hill, when she heard the rumbling of wheels. Was that the cart? If so, should she dare to stop it, and ask to be taken to Hazelton?

She came out of the shadow of the hedge and gazed eagerly towards the approaching vehicle; it was a light dog-cart; the horse was advancing at a fast trot; the driver sat well forward; his cap was pushed off his forehead; his lips were set as if he was in pain, his eyes glanced anxiously ahead. In her anxiety not to miss this last chance, Bessie ran forward and held up her hand, half bewildered by the noise of the dog-cart and the flashing lamps. In a second the horse was pulled up with a jerk; the driver had thrown the reins over a rail and jumped to her side.

"Bessie!" he cried, "I have found you at last; I have traced you all the way from Ford's Ferry. We have been searching for you for hours; thank God I have found you!"

To the end of her life Elizabeth Stanhope never forgot the tone of Edmund's voice and the expression on his face of thankfulness and relief as he put both hands on hers and said again, "Thank God!"

It dawned upon her dimly how he must have suffered through her disobedience and untruth-

fulness; she stood there in bitter humiliation, hanging her head.

"I was coming home, Edmund."

"You are wet and cold," he answered quickly; "get into the cart at once. I have brought you a warm shawl. We must make haste. We are trying to keep your absence from my mother, but she has asked for you several times, and father is very unhappy about you."

That was all. He spoke no farther word of reproach. Very tenderly he helped her into the front seat of the dog-cart, and folded the shawl round her. She was shivering with fatigue and cold. It seemed to her as if the whole scene—yea, even Edmund's kind care—were part of a dream, from which she would awake presently to find herself lost in those dark, weird lanes. With a violent effort she sat upright and began to relate her experiences, forcing herself into telling every detail, but Edmund stopped her.

"You are not fit to talk, Bessie; try to go to sleep or rest if you can, and we will get home as fast as possible. I have got you safely, and that is the great point."

She roused herself from a fitful slumber, as the dog-cart turned in at the white garden gate. She had lost all count of time, and the dreamy sensation grew stronger and stronger. When the horse stopped at the familiar door, she hardly recognised Ellen, who was waiting with a scared face. She could not stand upright, and Edmund lifted her from her seat and carried her into the house. Here she looked round. "Did you say that your father was unhappy about me?" she asked, vaguely conscious that Ellen was gazing at her torn, untidy dress and gloveless hands with eyes of disapproval.

Edmund glanced towards the study door. "There he is!"

For the second time in those few months the master of Yew Lodge came forward to meet his cousin's orphan child. His heart was full of tenderness now, as it had been then, but his reserved nature would not allow him to speak; he stood there apparently stern and unrelenting.

Dazed by the light and warmth, trembling with excitement and illness, Bessie moved slowly towards him. She had thrown off her hat; she gazed at him with wistful longing as she had never done before.

"Cousin Alfred," she murmured, "forgive me—only try and forgive me!"

For all answer the old man held out his arms, and she fell sobbing on his neck.

* * * *

The fact of her young kinswoman's flight had been successfully kept from Mrs. Ravensdale's knowledge; for her no evil effects were to be feared. It was Bessie herself who was the sufferer; the exposure to damp and cold had brought on a sharp attack of congestion of the lungs. The morning after her return to Yew Lodge she became seriously ill, and for many weeks she was confined to a sick room, where she was most devotedly tended and nursed by Ellen, who had suffered so much on "Miss Bessie's" account.

Our heroine's first thought, when she was able to get about again, was to entreat Mr. Ravensdale to tell the whole truth and clear Ellen's character in the eyes of all the neighbours; this at least was one step in the right direction, and showed that her repentance was sincere. However, by this time every inhabitant of the village knew of Miss Ravensdale's running away, and was perfectly well aware that it was the young lady herself who, in direct defiance of her guardian's orders, had received letters secretly, and helped to get Barnes into such grievous trouble, although in the long run the deputy-postman was proved to be entirely innocent of any implication in the Templebury robbery.

So when Bessie, having recovered slowly from her illness, was able to go about again, she had to endure the consequences of her wrong-doing, inasmuch as every child in Hazelton had heard the story from beginning to end.

Gradually, however, the talk and slander died away, and she strove earnestly to be straightforward and trustworthy. Month by month her life at Yew Lodge became happier and happier, and there was no talk now of her being sent to school.

Later on, Bessie discovered, to her great amazement, that Mr. Ravensdale was willing to take a deep interest in her writing, and to sympathise cordially with her wish to assist the Bridges. In the course of time her literary work grew to be a fresh bond of union between them. Under cousin Alfred's wise direction, she learnt slowly but surely to study to good purpose, and to train her talents and her love for all things high and beautiful until her gift

of fancy and her vivid imagination became a blessing instead of a curse.

Six years later. It was a fair spring morning, and Elizabeth Stanhope was sitting under the shelter of the yew hedge. Spring flowers were blooming at her feet, and the kitchen garden was gay with flowering fruit trees. Lovely as it all was, her thoughts and her eyes were turned in another direction, for Edmund was coming rapidly towards her.

"Father wants you, Bessie, dear; will you go into the house?"

She rose from her seat, and greeted him with a happy smile.

"You have grown to be father's right hand," said the young man, earnestly, as he walked by her side. "I don't know how he will get on when I come to take you away for good, or mother either. Well, I have promised that we will run down to the old place as often as we can. I have just been telling them that

even if I could give up work, a rising authoress ought to be in London."

Bessie blushed, looking at him and touching his hand with the little gesture of confidence that so clearly reminded him of her schoolgirl days. She had grown tall and stately; the roses bloomed in her cheeks, and her hair was arranged in smooth plaits, but in her soft brown eyes he still saw the little Bessie of old.

"Do you remember 'Lucille,' Edmund?"

"Yes, to be sure I do; I came upon your early MS. the other day. Some of it is very funny. We didn't think in those days that you would have got on so fast; father is simply delighted with your success."

"I am very glad," said Bessie, humbly; "so many good things have happened to me lately."

"To me too," replied Edmund, "and the best of them all is, my darling, that you have promised to be my wife."

[THE END.]

CORRESPONDENCE.



MISCELLANEOUS.

A PERPLEXED DAUGHTER OF EVE seems to have been a very foolish one too, and to have forgotten the express command of our Saviour—Matt. v. 31. An oath should not be taken, save in matters of importance, not rashly and unwisely, and about puerile things. We hope you will leave off the practice, as you seem to have entangled yourself in a perfect labyrinth of promises and vows, and to be anything but a comfort to your mother. Turn to your daily duties, obey and love your father and mother, and avoid excitement on all religious subjects. Do not think of yourself, and avoid all pride and self-conceit.

A. M. C. has evidently been dwelling too much on religious subjects, until her mind has become quite upset. Endeavour to get change of air and scene, with some interesting books to read; be much in the open air, and with the trees and flowers, and strive to realise that God is your Father, and loves you. "Consider the lilies," said our Lord; and we must strive to live as peacefully as they, knowing "He careth for us." We have answered the question about the "unpardonable sin" many times; you will find it in our correspondence columns. The very sorrow you are suffering proves that God and His Son Jesus Christ are calling you to salvation.

B. R. P.—We think so long as such things are not abused, we must allow others liberty to follow their inclinations in matters of small importance. You are young, and seem extreme in your opinions; you would have greater influence if you tried to see a little more with the eyes of others. Everyone must learn for themselves to use and not abuse God's gifts, and good habits can be formed as easily as bad ones, when we are young.

A MUSIC TEACHER.—You had better inquire at T. C. L. what letters would be right.

ALPHA.—Why do you wish to give a present? If it be really needful, a book would be as good as anything.

JOAN had better go and look her class up, and find out what has become of them; she will get no good by sitting still and doing nothing.

B. E. C.—A correspondent sends us the information that the name of the new secretary of the Christian Blind Relief Society is the Rev. J. Pullen, Thompson Street, St. Stephen's Vicarage, North Bow, E. We are much obliged for the information.

A NEW SOUTH WALES WELSH GIRL.—We thank you for your kind letter and your exertions on our behalf.

A RUSSIAN BLONDINE.—Miss Charlotte Yonge is alive, and still writes and edits the "Monthly Packet." Elizabeth Wetherell is the pseudonym of Miss Susan Warner, an American authoress. She has written many books since "The Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy," and is still alive, we believe. Many thanks for your kind words about the G.O.P. We are glad to welcome our Russian girls' letters at all times.

B. F. (Dulwich).—Why not try Bath or Buxton? Inquire of the doctor which would be best for your mother.

M. B., CONSTANCE.—1. The lines are rhymed prose only. 2. Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I., called Henrietta of England, born June 16, 1644, married to Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, March 31, 1661, quarrelled with her husband, died June 30, 1670; poison being suspected. She was very pretty, peculiarly lively in disposition, and brilliant in her manner and conversation.

SNOWDROP's aphorisms are excellent, and we hope she keeps a book in which to inscribe them.

SUMMERS has sent us a very good schoolgirl's "Essay on the Mind," which we decline with thanks. Articles intended for the press should only be written on one side of the paper, and should be occasionally broken up into paragraphs.

PERPLEXED.—We do not understand your letter, nor the sad state of things it portrays in your home. We see no harm in your telling your minister of your troubles, as he may be able to give you advice how to improve what seems to be a very miserable state of affairs.

TOPSY.—We should not think the accident had anything to do with your hair falling out. Try the old-fashioned rosemary tea, well rubbed into the roots.

CHILDREN'S NURSE.—1. Louisa is the feminine of Louis or Lewis, an old German name meaning "bold warrior." 2. The new idea is that too much washing is very bad for the hair and is the cause of baldness in men. This may not be true, but careful brushing, long continued, is the best thing to render it healthy, glossy, and clean.

TRITONITE.—1. The 12th December, 1871, was a Tuesday. 2. You should be well rubbed with hot bath sheet and hot towels if there is any trouble of the kind; do not bathe in cold water, but tepid.

PILOX.—The 18th of May, 1872, was a Saturday. **THANKFUL.**—We regret your trouble, but the subject is one on which we should never dream of giving advice, for we think you would do more harm than good. Try to make up your mind to bear the affliction, and give your mind less to your own worries and more to those of others.

PEACOCK.—The Bachelor of Arts hood is black, trimmed with white fur, the London University having instead an edging inside of russet brown silk. The B.A. of Oxford is black corded silk, with white fur border. The B.A. of Cambridge is a more ample hood of black stuff, with a wider border of fur. Purple is generally the sign of a Durham degree.

J. BROW.—The date, 1575, fixes it as a silver coin of Elizabeth. We suppose it is a shilling; you do not mention whether milled or hammered.

INCOME TAX.—We suppose the only way would be to pay, and then recover it. You can go to the office nearest you and see the commissioners. The address will be given on your paper.

K. T. means the order of the Thistle or of St. Andrew, an ancient Scottish order of knighthood, instituted by James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, May 29, 1687. It fell into abeyance in the Reigns of William and Mary, but was revived by Queen Anne 31st December, 1703. The ribbon is green. Many historians believe the order was first instituted by Acharus I. of Scotland, 809, when that monarch made an alliance with Charlemagne, and then took for his device the thistle. James V. was probably the real founder in 1540, and when he died in 1542, the order was discontinued about the time of the Reformation. It then consisted of the king and twelve knights, in imitation of Christ and His apostles; it now consists of sixteen knights.

ADELIN E.—You could make inquiries at the War Office. Every soldier can be traced there, of course.

G.O.P. IN CO. CORK.—1. "Joaquin" Miller is right; he was born in 1841, and is still living. 2. We fear we cannot help you to obtain originality of thought.

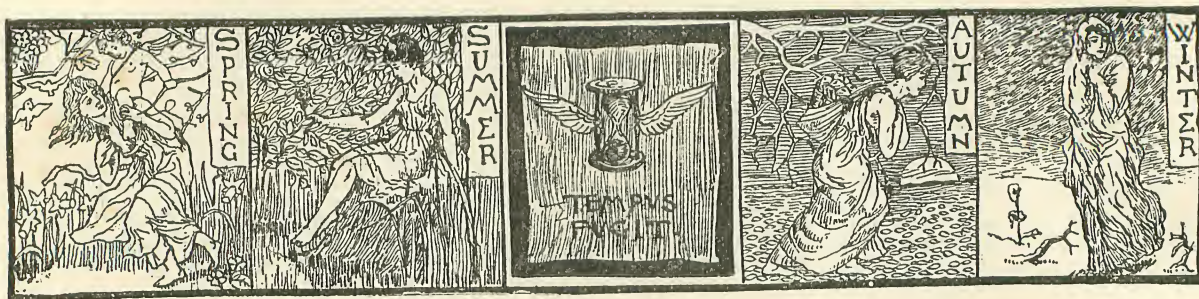
H. A. P.—Decoration Day, May 30th, in the United States, means that on that day the graves of those who fell in the Civil War are decorated, whether known or unknown graves, and of both parties.

OCTAVIA.—We see no reason why your friend should not go with you and stay in the same lodgings; you are the chaperone in that case, of course.

AUTUMN IVY.—Your writing is good enough for any such employment. You would have to advertise or answer an advertisement in some daily paper.

OLIVE.—If they give you pleasure to write, let that be enough. Poetry, like all other things worth doing, needs study, and also genius.

TUNBRIDGE.—The subject of age does not seem to need consideration. At thirty you certainly know your own mind, and your own temper also, and if your lover be a good-tempered, kind and religious man, we do not see why you should decline.



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SWEET VIOLET.

A SISTER'S TRIBUTE TO A SISTER.

SHE was so shy! No stranger saw
Her baby fun, her witching gaze;
In mother's gown she hid her eyes
When she detailed her "pretty ways."

A quiet child in company,
Not swift to talk, nor laugh, nor sing;
She shrank from notice or display,
And fonder still to home did cling.

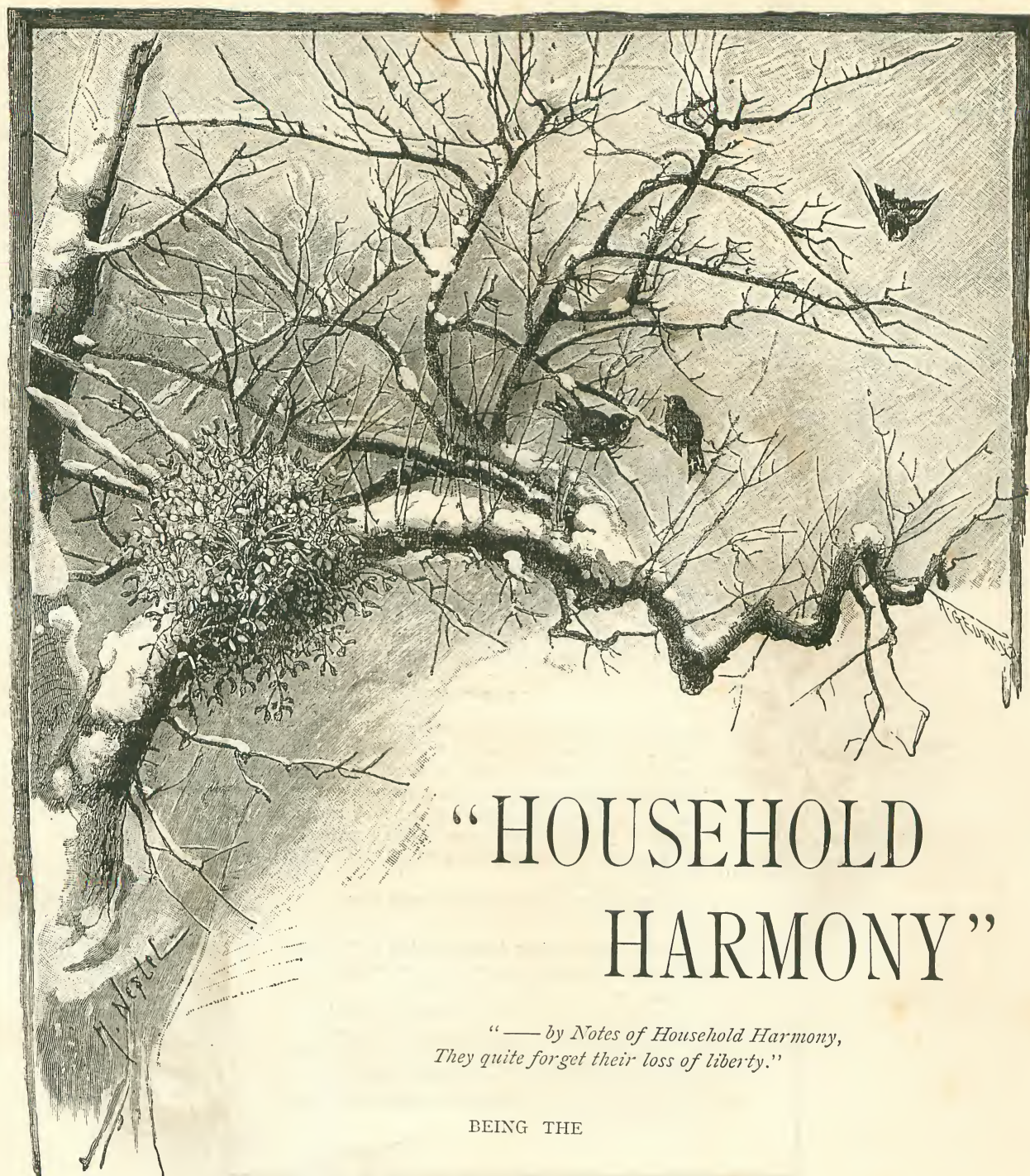
So modest she that none has guessed
The treasure of this maiden's mind—
That she is sunshine of the house,
Glad, gentle, thoughtful, constant, kind.

Her influence sweet is rich perfume,
As that her lowly name-flowers give;
It calms, delights old age and youth,
That in her presence daily live.

Her smile, how bright! We think one morn,
While she looked up in trustful prayer,
A loving seraph kissed her face,
And left a heavenly radiance there.

She shines at home, a heroine,
In duty always to the fore;
Leading us to our home in heaven,
Where love increases evermore.

Emily Jane Moore.



“HOUSEHOLD HARMONY”

*“— by Notes of Household Harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.”*

BEING THE

Extra Christmas Part

OF

→ “THE GIRL’S OWN PAPER.” ←

1888.



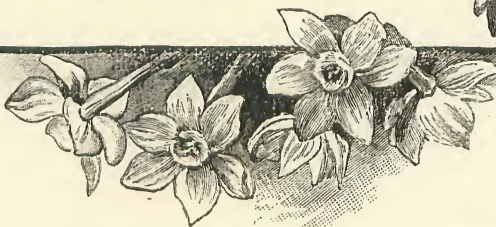
HOUSEHOLD HARMONY.

*"— by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty."*



Come then, December, blustering and defiant,
Let thy north-easter sweep o'er hill and plain,
Crashing the limbs of many a woodland giant,
Or driving sleet against the window pane.
We do not heed thy ravings when they reach us
Safe in the shelter kindred hearts provide:
Dear home, where HOUSEHOLD HARMONY
shall teach us
To find contentment by the ingle side.

Wondrous the charm when love hath full dominion,
True keynote whence the melody is wrought,
Whether we rise on fancy's airy pinion,
Or rest upon some good and bracing thought.
Stir up the fire! these sunless hours of leisure
May leave most sweet remembrance on their way;
No need to pine for summer's vagrant pleasure
While HOUSEHOLD HARMONY makes winter gay.





HOUSEHOLD HARMONY.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.



HOWEVER much people may dispute about some things, we can hardly imagine anybody calling in question the beauty of a happy home. It does not matter about its being wealthy or aristocratic, so long as it is a sunny spot where one hears for music what Shakespeare calls the "notes of household harmony."

For those who live with that pleasant music in their ears, "East or west, home is best," and there is no smoke like that which goes curling out of their own chimneys. They find by the fireside a haven of refuge against the storms and worries of the world; and when they go out to fight in the battle of life it is with a brave heart, knowing they have such a peaceful nook to which to return. In such a home, too, what a pleasure it is to visit.

"Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome."

Such is home as it should be; but it frequently falls out that it is something quite different. To sing "Home, sweet home" in some chimney corners would be nothing but mockery, and in as bad taste as speaking of a rope in the house of a man whose father was hanged. Some homes are simply unbearable. Immediately on entering them you feel you have entered an atmosphere of all that is sulky and sour, discontented and ill-humoured, and that every note struck is a note of discord. The children delight in taking each other down a peg, and as for the father and mother, they are all day long at sixes and sevens, the former perhaps in his own person illustrating the proverb that "He fasts enough whose wife scolds all dinner time."

Of course in many cases an attempt is made to conceal the real state of affairs, just as in "Happy Arcadia," when the cry was raised "Here's a stranger coming!" they used to pick up their pipes and hug their sheep, and pretend to be very contented, when they were all the time yawning their heads off with weariness and vexation. But such make-believe can only impose on the unobserving. Love and a cough, they say, won't hide, and neither will domestic disagreement. A thousand little signs betray it and show that love is absent, and without love, girls, home is little better than a wild beast's den—a place to sleep and eat in.

A home of discord may be visited by acquaintances, but its doors are never likely to be knocked at by friends. Sensible people will give it a wide berth, and prefer friendship and intimacy with those who live at peace. Nobody finds a wise young man courting a girl in a family who get on ill among them-

selves. He wants a bird out of a good nest, and has no wish to be drawn in by marriage to take one side or other of a lifelong fireside feud. It is hard on a girl, you say. Sometimes. But about the young man's sagacity there can be no question whatever.

If all homes were happy what a pleasant world it would be; and there is no reason why happiness should not reign everywhere, if people would only make wisdom, and not stupidity, the guide of their lives. When people are miserable it is in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred nobody's fault but their own.

An Emperor of China was once travelling through his realm, and he came upon a family in which the grandfather, with his wives—he had several of them—his children, grandchildren, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, and servants, all lived under the same roof in perfect peace and harmony. The Emperor was so struck with this, that he asked the old man by what means he contrived to avoid quarrels and disputes, and to have his large family live together so pleasantly. Taking out a pencil he wrote in reply these words—"Patience and Common Sense." That was the whole secret. An easy one to remember, but hard, especially with some natures, to put in practice.

What strikes one as an odd thing is that many are able to exercise patience and common sense abroad, but find it a next to impossible task at home. With them everything is done for the benefit of society at large, and at the expense of their own little circle. In other people's houses they have a face like a benediction, whilst in their own it is disfigured with frowns. Of all follies, this is one of the greatest. As if it were not their interest, let alone their duty, to do exactly the reverse. If anyone has a mind to be cross, snappish, and disagreeable, let her choose a field for giving vent to ill-humour as far removed from home as possible. Our best side should be turned not to strangers but to those with whom we dwell, and whilst it is right to wish for the good opinion of everybody, we should be anxious most of all about the favourable impression we make on our own folks at home. Of the whole tribe of girls give us her whose brothers and sisters call, and with good reason, an angel.

We have duties to perform abroad, but we can never do these rightly if we start by neglecting what we owe to our own relations, and acting as if we believed that good works, kindness, gentleness, and good humour ought to begin at any place rather than at home. This is inverting the natural order of things, and is a proceeding to be looked for only from foolish people.

If there is to be household harmony, an important point is to cultivate a sweet temper. We cannot do without that. Some tempers are like violin strings out of tune; with them,

who can expect either melody or harmony from the family orchestra? This is specially a young woman's subject; indeed, if our girls are not amiable, nobody else can be expected to be. It is to their kind and gentle words that we must look for an antidote to fretting and ill-humour. At home the keynote of the day's music is often struck by the first word we hear in the morning, and happy is that house where it is always uttered by the smiling lips of good-tempered girls.

Amiable daughters make estimable wives. Speaking of married women, a well-known author says, "No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than sweet temper. Home can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten."

Even the worst of husbands are to be won over by proper management to promote harmony at home. In fact, one might almost go so far as to say, that when discord reigns in any house, the blame of it is to be traced in most instances to the conduct of the spindle side of the family. The art of managing a husband was neatly put by an English divine many years ago. A woman came one day and told him, with an air of secrecy, that her husband was unkind to her, and she added, "I know you to be a wise man, and am sure you can tell me what will cure him." "The remedy is simple," said the divine. "Always treat your husband with a smile."

The woman thanked him, dropped a curtsy, and went away. A few months after she came again, bringing a couple of fine fowls, which she asked the minister to accept, "because," said she, "the recipe you gave me has completely cured my husband."

Another hint for wives is contained in an answer made by a lady to one who asked her by what secret she had always had such a happy home, and preserved the attention and affection of her husband. "It is," she answered, "in doing everything that pleases him, and by bearing patiently everything that does not please me." Like the other, hers was the smiling system.

It always takes two to make a quarrel, and this plain truth should be kept in mind by those who wish to promote household harmony. Resist the temptation to speak back and there will be no quarrelling. "The good wife," says Fuller, "never crosseth her husband in the spring tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water." And what Fuller says of wives and their husbands is equally applicable to sisters and brothers.

Nothing comes easier than quarrelling. Only utter a few proud, domineering, un-

reasonable, or angry words, and the thing is done. What is really difficult is the reconciliation. Even when both parties are willing to be friends again, pride makes it a hard matter, and unthought-of accidents will sometimes occur to convert one misunderstanding into a thousand. A wise father when on his deathbed made his children promise that if ever they quarrelled among themselves they would always do so in a whisper, and ever after no one could quarrel in that family for laughing. A whisper is the proper tone in which to make disputes ridiculous.

Besides cultivating sweet tempers, if people are to get on well together in one house, they must be loyal to each other. Looking too much after number one is the cause of countless disagreements. Relations have many interests in common, and they can by no possibility get on together unless they recognise that fact, and in all their dealings treat each other's affairs as their own. There must be mutual confidence or a family very soon falls to pieces; indeed, without it, strangers are to be preferred to relations. When people are selfish, jealous, and grasping, the smaller the household the better; but when they are the reverse, then the more the merrier and the better every way.

Household harmony is often marred by members of the family having a fling at each other's trifling faults and peculiarities. When people are imperfect themselves this is a common way of airing their ill-nature. Now we ought to make kindly allowance for others, and especially for those with whom we live. There is no getting on pleasantly without that, and even in presence of very aggravating ways it is best to shut our eyes and be struck with convenient blindness.

One of the worst foes to household harmony is a mania for arguing. Where this is present farewell to concord. Take the subject of politics for example, and would that that were

the only one. How often even have discussions on religious dogma by those who gladly profess themselves the servants of the Prince of Peace disturbed the peace of the fireside! The more bitter the controversy the more the parties should be ashamed of themselves. In many instances they will be found squabbling merely for the support of a set of opinions they have adopted from whim or accident, and not from conviction following inquiry. They utter, perhaps, the most extravagant reproaches on each other's want of fairness and common sense in words hard to forgive and impossible to forget, as if sound judgment were the monopoly of any set of persons whatever. It is a sensible maxim that disputes which are likely never to end, had better have no beginning, and another saying we may well carry with us if we have any inclination for argument is, that hearts may well agree though heads differ.

Idleness is as objectionable as argument. Relations, however near and however nice, may be too much together, and it is a wise plan for promoting harmony to have everyone so fully occupied that no time is left for worrying others under the same roof. As an example of a busy, happy, domestic circle, no one we ever read of is more charming than that of Sir Thomas More, the famous Chancellor. He lived at Chelsea, surrounded by a numerous family, including his wife, his son, and his son's wife, his three daughters and their husbands with eleven grandchildren. In his house, says Erasmus, "there is none, man or woman, but readeth or studieth the liberal arts, yet is their chief care of piety. There is never any seen idle; the head of the house governs it not by a lofty carriage, and oft rebukes, but by gentleness and amiable manners. Every member is busy in his place performing his duty with alacrity; nor is sober mirth wanting."

Pounds, shillings, and pence enter into most

questions, so it is not surprising to find that there is a financial aspect to household harmony. Life that is a continual fight with poverty is often wanting in fireside enjoyment, for few people have a fancy for dancing to the tune of little in the cupboard and nothing in the savings bank. This is as good as a hint to be provident and live within our income, whatever that may be, so that we may never have any reasonable cause for anxiety about making both ends meet. Wise economy produces fine social music everywhere, and girls may well think of this when tempted to be extravagant and squeeze money out of their father's purse when times are bad and profits small.

A number of other points might be mentioned, but there is no need for making a short story long, and expanding to weariness the old Chinaman's rule of patience and common sense. One more point, however, ought to be mentioned. There can be no household harmony without good domestic management. Home must be made comfortable, and the fireside bright and attractive, or people cannot enjoy themselves there. In fact, if wives and daughters do not bestir themselves to make their woman's empire all it should be, husbands and brothers will be found to promote household silence by staying away as much as possible.

Of all branches of domestic management nothing assists harmony like cookery. To promote cheerfulness and a festival spirit, just try the music of the tea-kettle and frying-pan. An old woman once told a married lady that to manage her husband she had but to feed him well, and that home happiness would be only found to rest securely on the solid basis of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. This is a material view of things, but we must not overlook it, even whilst doing our best to promote household harmony by nobler means.

ONLY A SERVANT.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I. COLD COMFORT.



ON'T fret so, Miss Joyce. It grieves me to see you, and crying never yet cured heart-ache. When things are at the worst they mend; and if so, better days must be at hand for you."

The speaker, Sarah Keene, was a homely-

looking, rather hard-featured woman of fifty, evidently a servant, for she was busily engaged in ironing some dainty laces and muslin. But while her features were rugged, they were expressive of good sense and full of affectionate sympathy.

The Miss Joyce to whom she spoke had just entered the laundry and thrown herself on an old chair, where she was weeping bitterly. She was a girl of nearly twenty-one years of age, above the middle height, slender and graceful, and with one of those faces which

attract even amongst many with far greater pretensions to beauty.

Joyce's features were not faultless, or her complexion of alabaster fairness, which last would be very unpleasant were it possible in a healthy girl. But her large, dark eyes were richly fringed with long lashes, whilst her broad, clear brow was framed by chestnut hair, which lay in soft, wavy masses on her shapely head. The expression of her face, though sad, was singularly sweet and winsome.

That Joyce Mirlees was a thorough lady could be told by a glance, though her gown was of coarse, common, black stuff, and its scanty crape trimmings were of the poorest description. It was unrelieved even by a simple linen collar. Only a band of the crape edged the throat, and ornaments she had none.

Yet the house in which the girl lived was the dwelling of wealthy people. The great rooms teemed with costly furniture and all the exquisite accessories which money could supply. The grounds were extensive and tastefully laid out, the stables were well filled, and luxurious vehicles of many kinds were at the command of the master and mistress of The Chase, as the place was named.

In the drawing-room three ladies were seated. They wore mourning dresses, but these differed widely from the poor garment which was thought good enough for Joyce Mirlees. Everything that could make mourning rich, tasteful, and handsome had been done to set off the portly person of Mrs.

Walter Evans and the slenderer figures of her two handsome daughters. A few moments later, however, have shown to any stranger that only the semblance of refinement existed in Mrs. Evans. Wealth she had in abundance. She was the daughter of a successful speculator, and for her wealth alone had Walter Evans sought her as his wife. He gained this, but paid dearly for it.

Though he was a man of birth and education, he had bound himself to a woman who possessed neither, and who was equally deficient in the amiability and goodness of disposition which might have done much to make amends for a lack of the rest.

Mrs. Evans was equally vulgar and purse-proud. She did not hesitate to put her husband in mind of his indebtedness to her wealth, or even to hint that she might have bestowed it and herself better than upon him.

Brought up under such a mother, it was scarcely likely that the girls, Adelaide and Augusta, would be noted for refinement or delicacy of feeling. Taught to pride themselves on wealth, they owned no excellence if unaccompanied by it. Consequently they only bestowed a contemptuous pity on their cousin, Joyce Mirlees, who, through adverse circumstances, had been driven to accept the temporary shelter of The Chase.

It had been grudgingly granted by Mrs. Evans "until something could be done with the girl," because there was absolutely nowhere else for her to go.

Joyce, though the only daughter of Mr. Evans' only sister, was not likely to be welcomed by a lady who owned that there was "nothing she detested like poor relations."

True the girl came from a comparatively poor home, a little country vicarage, of which and of her father she had been the light and joy, until death called him and left her alone.

Mrs. Evans said bitter things on the occasion.

"It is monstrous for people of small means to marry when there is no prospect of their providing for a family. I call it wicked, and one sees the most of this improvidence where we ought to look for a better example, amongst the poor clergy. But I suppose your brother-in-law reckoned on his daughter being provided for here."

Mrs. Evans said this to her husband, and his reply did not improve her temper.

"You are mistaken, my dear. Poor Mirlees had saved a few hundreds, and having noted how rapidly some people managed to turn hundreds into thousands, he unfortunately invested them in a bubble company and lost every penny. Some of the shareholders were more fortunate. You will remember the company," and Mr. Evans named one of which his wife's father had been a director and by which he had netted a large sum.

Mrs. Evans' face flushed, but she answered—

"It requires business men to deal with business matters, and clergymen ought to content themselves with what they understand."

"True; poor Mirlees paid with his life for his meddling. But after all, it is by these poor, foolish, unbusiness-like men that the clever ones make their money."

"At any rate we shall be expected to do something for this girl, though why prudent people should pay for the folly and rashness of others is more than I can understand. My children shall not be impoverished for such a purpose. It would not be scriptural to encourage improvidence, and in a clergyman, too. I thought that sermon last Sunday on the text, 'If any provide not for his own house he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel,' was thoroughly to the pur-

pose. I never heard one that touched me more. It was so appropriate to present circumstances."

Mrs. Evans was like many others who, when wishing to justify what conscience tells them is wrong, fly to the Bible to see if they can find a text to justify the course they are taking.

She wanted to cheat conscience into expressing approval, and thought she had succeeded when she shook her head in pious horror over Mr. Mirlees' misdoings. She would not see, or at any rate own, that in the man's very anxiety to do what she blamed him for not having done, he had lost the poor pittance hoarded by years of close economy, and his life as well.

When Mr. Evans named these facts, his wife interrupted him by asking—

"Where was the use of saving and pinching if the man must throw it all away at last?"

"His was an error of judgment," replied Mr. Evans.

"An error of judgment! If my poor papa had committed such errors, I wonder where I should be now."

Mrs. Evans said "I," but the look at her husband meant "you," and was intended to remind him of his indebtedness.

Mr. Evans' face flushed. Often as he had heard similar words, he could never become indifferent to such, and winced at each repetition. Sometimes there would be a scene,



"LOOKING AS GLAD AND HAPPY AS POSSIBLE."

or he occasionally retorted sharply, but Mrs. Evans conquered by her persistent ill temper, and after days of discomfort, sullenness, and either taunts or silence, peace would be made and last for a little while.

On this occasion, Mr. Evans felt the need for diplomacy. Joyce Mirlees must come to The Chase with the consent of its mistress; so he was fain to assent to his wife's praise of her father's business qualities, to pass over her taunts without notice, and thus he gained his end—after a fashion. Joyce was to come until work of some kind could be found for her under another roof.

The Misses Evans expressed their opinion that Joyce would be fit for nothing.

"She will not suit for a governess," said Augusta, who was a brilliant pianist. "Music is an essential, and Joyce can neither play nor sing fit to be heard."

Adelaide enumerated a number of other accomplishments which her cousin did not possess, and concluded with, "I suspect if she once gets a footing here we shall have her on our hands altogether."

Mrs. Evans only looked a reply, but it expressed a very emphatic dissent to this last remark.

"Must we wear mourning? Mr. Mirlees, as papa's brother-in-law, could hardly be called a relation."

"I fear we must, Augusta. It is very provoking, but society will demand this of us," said the mother.

"And we have chosen all our spring things."

"This year's fashions are too lovely," sighed Adelaide.

These girls had shed no tears for Mr. Mirlees, none in sympathy with the young creature whom death had left desolate. But their tears flowed freely at the thought of the cruel exigencies of society which demanded the sacrifice of becoming gowns and bonnets, since their shapes and styles would be too old-fashioned for such devotees of the latest modes to wear again when they would be able to put off "that odious mourning."

Such were the people and the home to whom and which Joyce Mirlees came after her father's death.

The girl knew enough of her aunt and cousins to prevent her from expecting much tenderness or sympathy; but she was pained, and her uncle annoyed, to find that they were all out when she arrived at The Chase, though Mrs. Evans knew well at what time to expect the travellers.

There was, however, one warm heart ready to welcome Joyce. This was Sarah Keene, once her nurse. This woman had gone, widowed and childless, having lost her own husband and babe within a few days of each other, to be foster-mother to the child of Mrs. Mirlees, she being delicate and unable to rear her little one without such help.

All through Joyce's baby days Sarah used to say: "Nobody knows the blessing this child is to me. When I hold her in my arms I almost forget that I have lost my own, or look on her as having been given me for a while instead of my own little Katie, who was only a month older."

Some years later, Mr. Mirlees insisted on obtaining a situation for Sarah at The Chase, Mrs. Evans being willing to give high wages to one so trustworthy.

Sarah always protested that she was turned out of her old home. "I'd rather have served Mr. Mirlees and my darling for nothing. But they turned me out, 'for my good,' they said."

When Joyce arrived at The Chase, Sarah rushed to meet her foster-child, and whispered, as well as her tears would allow her—

"I see now what I could never understand before. I could not believe I was sent here

for my good; but I believe it now, darling. I was sent before, in a little way like Joseph was to do good to them that sold him for a slave. And I can be of use to you, though I'm only a servant."

To Joyce the clasp of those loving arms was indescribably comforting, and she found that Sarah was the only person on whom she could rely for open, hearty sympathy.

Her uncle wished to show it, but a mark of affection on his part was sure to call for the opposite on the side of his wife, who seemed resolved that a bare shelter should be all that Joyce should have under her roof.

The orphan girl was soon weary of her position, and, writhing under the slights she had received, would have been thankful to earn her bread by any honest means rather than continue to receive what was so grudgingly bestowed. She wished to please Mrs. Evans and to gain the affection of her cousins, but every effort seemed vain. Had there been young children in the house her time would have been occupied, but there were none. Her cousins desired no such companion as herself, and, as Mr. Evans' niece, she could not very well be entirely ignored. But there was a tacit understanding between mother and daughters that Joyce should be "kept in her place," whilst Joyce herself, with a sore heart and memories of a happy, if comparatively humble, home, vainly wished that she had any definite place to fill and work to do.

CHAPTER II.

MEMORIES AND PLANS.



HAVE not a friend here but you, Sarah. I must leave this miserable place," said Joyce, between her sobs.

"The master is your friend, darling. He loves you."

"What can he do? He is worse off

than I am. How can he bear my aunt's taunts about money and all she has brought him? If I were a man I would—"

"If you were a married man with a wife and daughters, you would not find it easy to run away from your home ties, though they may feel a little tight sometimes. And what could you do, dearie, if you left The Chase?"

"That is my trouble, Sarah. I would go as a governess, but they all make game, and sneer at the idea of such a thing. I am not accomplished, and people seem to advertise only for ladies who know everything. Servants with clever fingers like yours are much better off than the half-taught children of gentlemen. They get good wages and are so independent. They generally spend a great deal on clothes, but they are not obliged to do. Do you think anyone would take me as a nursemaid? Not to tiny babies. I could not attend to them, though I should dearly love it, for I have never been amongst them. But I could look after older children, and I can sew well."

"What! go as a servant. Only a servant! Oh, Miss Joyce, if the master could know!"

Sarah lifted her hands in horror, but Joyce said—

"If he could tell me what course to take, knowing all, he would say I was doing right; right to take any honest work whereby I might earn my bread. Right to undertake only what I am qualified to do."

"Well then, darling, say nursery governess."

"Sarah, I have looked the papers through for weeks, and I have read plenty of advertisements of ladies offering to take such places for nothing but a home. They do not always get them, for the advertisements are repeated again and again. Now I cannot go for nothing, for I need clothes and I have not much money. But plenty of people offer good wages for nurses, so I will go as a nurse, if anyone will have me. My clothes will do for a servant, though they are not nearly so good as yours, Sarah."

The girl glanced down at her poor, coarse, black gown and burst into tears. It had been bought only as a makeshift, in the small country town near her old home, and her uncle had said, "Your aunt will see that you are properly provided as soon as we reach The Chase. She would not care for Welton dressmaking or materials."

But this first purchase proved the only one. When Mr. Evans said that Joyce would need other and better dresses, he was answered promptly enough.

"Joyce will not be expected to dress like my daughters. Remember, I have already had double expenses, owing to Mr. Mirlees' death having taken place just after I had bought everything in coloured dresses for the season. So if your niece wants finery, it will not come out of my pocket."

As to Adelaide and Augusta, they were far too eager for admiration to be sorry that their young cousin should appear at a disadvantage even in the matter of dress material. In appearance, accomplishments—in fact, in all that could attract attention—they considered her immeasurably below them.

Thus Joyce was shut out of society by lack of suitable clothing when she had little inclination for it, and when during her first days of sorrow she cared only for quiet and sympathy. Of the former she had enough as the months went by, and for the latter she had to go to Sarah Keene, as on the present occasion.

"Your uncle would never agree to your taking such a place, Miss Joyce."

"I shall be twenty-one in a month, Sarah, and my own mistress. I have money enough to take me to a good distance from The Chase, for I have not spent a penny that I could help. My uncle would have given me more, but I could not take it, since it would have really been out of Mrs. Evans' pocket. I have already advertised, and I have four answers. One seems likely to suit, but I shall need a character."

The girl uttered the last word somewhat scornfully, but Sarah, with her usual good sense, replied—

"Of course you will. What mother would trust her most precious jewels to a stranger without knowing anything about her? The nurse comes next to the mother herself with young children, and she cannot be too particular about the character of one."

"My pride spoke, Sarah. We were so respected at Welton, though we were really poor people," replied Joyce, softly.

"Aye, darling. As Mrs. Evans will not be if she live to a hundred. I can just think I see you, as you went through the snow to church only last Christmas morning. You were looking as glad and happy as possible, for you knew that many a home would be bright that day, and many a table spread with plenty through what you had done."

"I had given very little, Sarah. I had not much to give."

"Not in money, dearie. But gold and silver

are not everything. You had put in your little in that way, and a great deal that was more precious still—time and work. You had walked many a mile and pleaded for the poor with the rich, and induced them to give what you could not. And who could withstand you? Not those who had spent your life amongst."

"Sarah, they were all as willing to give as possible."

"Aye. Their giving was pretty easy work in most cases; they went without nothing, and would never miss their guineas because they cost them no self-denial. There are lots of people who put their hands into their pockets and think they do a great deal, when they give a gold piece out of a full purse. But if they had to go without something in order to spare the guinea it would not be given. Catch your aunt or the young ladies going with a pair of gloves the less, to save a poor creature from starvation. Well, the mistress did me a kindness in letting me have my holidays at Welton last Christmas, but then it was because there was no work for me at The Chase, seeing they were wintering abroad."

"She gave you a whole month, Sarah, and it was delightful to have you at our house."

"Yes, and it saved the mistress four weeks' board wages she must have paid me if I had been at The Chase. I can see round a corner, dearie, though you cannot always. Never mind, it was a happy, blessed Christmas, and worth more than a year's wages to be with my own precious nursing."

The tears were streaming down Joyce's cheeks as she thought of that last Christmas in the one true home of her life.

"I little thought," she said; then stopped, unable to continue.

"No more did any of us. Well, your father acted for the best, and you have happy years to look back on—years when you made poor homes brighter, and cheered downcast souls with words of love and hope. Now you must think of this. You are not forgotten at Welton. Everyone loves you there; but they don't know how you are fixed. Depend on it they say, 'What a good thing it was that Miss Joyce had a grand rich uncle to take care of her when her father died.' They pray for you, and look to see you again some day. Better still, God never forgets. Think of this, my darling, you who cared for God's poor to the very outside of your power. He will care for you and repay you. As surely as the harvest follows seed-time, so surely will you in His good time receive full measure back for what you have meted out to others."

"I know, Sarah, I know. I am wrong to doubt; but everything is so different here. There is no love for me."

"Yes, darling, there is God's love, and there is your uncle's, I know, to say nothing of mine. I am only your old nurse, but you have all the best love of my heart, for who have I beside?"

"I am wickedly, horribly unthankful, both to God and the one friend to whom I can open my heart. I might speak to my uncle, but I do not care to make him feel more troubled on my account. About my character there will be no difficulty. Mrs. Caruth of Fernslough will answer all inquiries."

"Is she home, dearie? She was abroad somewhere when your father was taken."

"Yes; but she returned. I heard from her ten days ago. I have told her just enough to show her that The Chase will never be a home for me. She urges me to go to her for a long visit, and says that, being alone, my presence would cheer her greatly."

"Then why not go, darling?"

"Because this invitation is really an offer of a home, very delicately made; but I could not again eat the bread of dependence, Sarah. Beside, fancy my meeting the guests at Fernslough in such attire as this."

"But you can have anything if you will let me get you thirty or fifty pounds of my savings. You may take all I have for that matter, only you would not need that, I know."

Joyce threw her arms round Sarah's neck and kissed her passionately.

"Bless you and thank you a thousand times," she cried. "But I would not rob you of your hard earnings for the world. Do you think when the relations on whom I have a claim care nothing about my clothes, I could bear to spend on myself what you have earned by years of toil?"

Sarah warmly returned the embrace, saying as she did so—

"You can have no such claim on anyone as on the woman who nourished you as a baby. I would give my life for you, and what are a few pounds compared to that?"

"I need no money, Sarah, or I would owe the help to you sooner than to anyone in the world. I have plenty of clothes, neat and simple, and such as I wore at Welton. They will last for a couple of years."

"They are not black, dearie."

"No matter. The one mourning suit will do for Sundays, and light printed gowns will befit a nurse-girl. I have turned one white muslin into aprons, which will do beautifully over my two plain cashmere frocks. As to the outside mourning, what does it mean in many cases? My aunt and cousins are wearing what they call mourning for my father, gowns of costly material laden with crape and jet. Did they put it on because they cared for my father? No, Sarah; and they long to throw it off as soon as they think society would see them do it without remark. One day when my aunt was specially kind, she said: 'These gowns will come in for you, Joyce, when my girls have done with them.' I should not have minded wearing them, if only my aunt had offered them in real kindness. But my mourning is no matter of outside show. Why should I care about externals? My Father in heaven knows."

"But stay a while at Fernslough, darling. Mrs. Caruth was always fond of you."

"Always most kind. But I cannot go there of all places in the world."

These last words were uttered with an emphasis which Sarah could not help noticing. She looked up from her ironing with an inquiring expression, but Joyce had turned away her head. She noted, however, that a crimson flush had spread even over the fair neck of her nursing, and she wondered, but said nothing. Joyce, too, remained silently gazing out of the window; but when she at length turned Sarah noted traces of tears on her cheeks, though she began to speak cheerfully enough and to unfold her plans more fully.

"I have settled about clothes. I have enough money for my journey, and a little to spare. On the strength of Mrs. Caruth's recommendation, Mrs. Ross of Springfield Park is willing to engage me as the personal attendant of her two little girls, aged four and six years. I shall have no menial work, and the mother regards her children's nurse as of a rank above her kitchen maid, and does not insist on caps."

"Oh, Miss Joyce. That I should live to hear you speak like that!" said Sarah, in a tone of deep distress.

"Be comforted, dear old nurse and kindest of friends. Honest labour has with it far more of dignity than dependence with idleness. Earned bread will taste sweet. The dainties here are always bitter, no matter how delicately flavoured. And now I shall tell you no more, and when the time comes for questioning, you can answer truly that you do not know where I am. This much you shall know. Mrs. Caruth's own maid, whom you have seen many a time, will meet me when I leave this house, and accompany me to the station nearest to my place of service. I will not tell you the

name of it, or of the town next to Springfield Park, but it will comfort you to feel that the old friend of my parents insists on sending this good woman to travel with me. When I am at my journey's end she will return. Now you know all that I can tell you, and you may trust me that my uncle shall not be long kept in suspense as to my safety and whereabouts. Mrs. Caruth has undertaken to enlighten him. She does blame me for my pride in refusing to go to her, not for finding dependence unbearable or for wishing to earn my own bread. But she cares for me because I am my father's daughter, and is resolved to shield me from the possibility of harsh judgments, by providing me with a temporary attendant."

"I can only say, may God bless and guard you, my darling. And mind, if you want me, I will come to you at any time, night or day, for only a word."

CHAPTER III:

HER OWN MISTRESS.

JOYCE had always plenty of time to herself, for when aunt and cousins were out driving or visiting she had to choose between solitary walks in the grounds or the society of Sarah Keene and a seat beside her ironing-table, her uncle being often from home.

"The carriage is not comfortable with more than three in it," Mrs. Evans would say, when her daughters accompanied her. If only one of these went, and Mr. Evans suggested that Joyce should make a third, he was told, "Your niece has not been used to a carriage. Why spoil her by accustoming her to luxuries she is not likely to possess in future?"

"How do you know? Joyce may marry well. She is sweet-looking and a good girl, who would be a treasure worth the winning to a man who had sense enough to prefer worth to money."

Mr. Evans made this remark without the slightest intention of paining his wife, but it called forth derisive words from his younger daughter in reference to Joyce and an angry response from Mrs. Evans.

"Of course your penniless niece is more charming than my daughters. But Joyce Mirlees shall be taught to know her place, and find something better to do than to idle her time in gossiping with a servant."

"Your niece, my house, my daughters."

Mr. Evans did not say these words, but as he repeated them to himself, a picture came to mind, and words from the most touching of all parables spoke to his heart.

"The forgiving father spoke of the penitent prodigal on his home-coming as, 'my son who was dead and is alive again,' and to the elder who had never strayed as, 'thy brother.' But this last had no thought of tenderness for him who lost all and had returned hungry, penniless, destitute. It was not 'my brother' with him, but 'thy son.' Poor Joyce! Homeless, orphaned, hungering just for love, is nothing to my wife but 'your niece,' when she speaks of her to me. Three days hence will be her twenty-first birthday, too; she came here in March, and this is nearly the end of June. I thought that a girl so sweet in herself must win the goodwill of my wife and girls, but all she has received is a bare shelter, grudgingly permitted rather than given during three weary months."

When Joyce's birthday morning came there were no costly gifts for her such as her cousins were accustomed to receive. Mrs. Evans remarked coldly—

"So it is your birthday, Joyce. Of course, we all wish you many happy returns of it."

Her cousins echoed "Of course" as they seated themselves at the breakfast table, and Joyce replied, "Thank you."

"And you are actually twenty-one," said Mrs. Evans. "I suppose you would expect a

present of an ornamental kind, but under the circumstances something useful will be better. The girls are going to leave off mourning entirely now. Three months is quite long enough for a mere connection by marriage, and many people would not wear it more than half the time."

"Many would not wear it at all, unless——" Joyce began a sentence but could not finish it, for her heart was too full to permit her to continue without breaking down utterly.

"Unless the connection had lived quite near them and everyone knew of it. Was that what you were going to say?" asked Mrs. Evans.

"No; I meant something very different, but I will not trouble you with it now. Only please do not think I expected any present. I neither looked nor wished for any."

"But you are going to have one," replied Mrs. Evans, in an unusually gracious tone. "As I said, my girls are leaving off their mourning, and I intend you to have their simpler dresses. Black silks and satins they

will not part with. Those are useful always, but their worst are of beautiful material and——"

"Quite too good for me," said Joyce.

"No, no. They will look very nice, but not too handsome. Russell will show you how to alter them and you can sit in her room so as to be near whilst you are at work. Afterwards, I have no doubt you will be glad to render a little assistance in remodelling some of your cousins' gowns which had to be put aside, in a manner, on your account."

Mrs. Evans thought she had managed a somewhat delicate matter with great tact and success. She had planned to turn Joyce's time and good taste to account on behalf of herself and her daughters, from the first day that the girl, pale and worn with watching and weeping, arrived at The Chase.

There was a red spot on each of Joyce's cheeks which told of inward excitement; but she was outwardly calm as she replied—

"Thank you for offering me these dresses, but I cannot take, and I shall not need them.

Beside, however willing my cousins might be to spare them, Russell will expect to have them when done with. When my one black gown is too bad to wear I shall use those I had before me—I mean what I brought with me from Welton."

"But those are coloured. Respect for your relatives and for society demands that you wear black during, at least, a year, for your father. As to your cousins' dresses, they would not go to Russell whilst nearly as good as new; but I presume your pride will not let you be seen in them, though you have never been used to anything so handsome before."

"The dresses are very good," said Joyce; "but you will not see, and society does not know me. Has not my uncle told you that I am going to leave The Chase?"

"Going to leave! And pray where are you going? It is just like your uncle to know of your plans and say nothing, but I consider it disgraceful of you to act in such an under-hand way, especially after having had such a home as this." And Mrs. Evans waved her hand, as if to indicate that all around her had been as much for Joyce's use and comfort as for her own.

"I do not want to seem ungrateful," replied the girl. "I have been sheltered here, and I have had far more dainty food than I needed, and been surrounded with so many more beautiful things than my eye was ever accustomed to before. Yet, forgive me for saying it, I have not been happy. Nobody loves me, nobody wants me here, and I am very lonely. Perhaps if my cousins and I had seen a good deal of each other when we were children, it would have been different; but I was really almost a stranger when I came. I hoped they would have liked me, but being relations, always at a distance from each other, is not like growing up as play-fellows and friends. I suppose people cannot like each other just because they wish to do, and Adelaide and Augusta have so many friends of their own without me. So I thought it would be better for me to try and obtain a situation—and work for my bread. I should like to feel that I have a place to fill and something to do, to know that I am wanted, if only by little children. I have obtained a situation to which I shall go in two days. My uncle knows about it, but he only heard the particulars just before he was called from home so suddenly yesterday, and I suppose he had not time to tell you. He does not blame me for wishing to be independent of help, and owe my livelihood to my own exertion. He has always been very good to me."

The girl's voice trembled a little at this allusion to her uncle, but Mrs. Evans showed no sign of sympathy. She sat and listened with the frigid manner which she deemed dignified and becoming, and Joyce continued—

"I once thought of leaving The Chase unknown even to him, but afterwards I felt sorry and ashamed that I could have entertained such an idea for a moment. I am sure I should never have carried it out, though I was going to ask a friend to tell him at once."

"And pray may I ask how you obtained this situation?"

"By advertising. I had several answers. I needed a recommendation, and the old true friend of my father and mother, Mrs. Caruth, of Fernslough, gave me one, after having urged me to accept a home with her for an indefinite period. No one else has had a finger in my arrangements."



"MRS. ROSS SENT A NOTE A LITTLE LATER."

For the first time Mrs. Evans manifested something like interest in Joyce's explanation, and at the mention of Mrs. Caruth's name, significant glances were exchanged between her and her second daughter, the one who most resembled her in appearance and disposition.

"I should have thought the fact of your being Mr. Evans' niece would have been recommendation enough. Pray what kind of situation have you engaged to fill? I must say, however, that had you wished to be useful to those who have the first claim upon you, I have just indicated a way in which you could be so, and without leaving The Chase."

"I am afraid I should make a poor assistant to your maid, as I have not learned dress-making," replied Joyce, with quivering lips. "I did not mention my uncle's name or yours in applying for the situation I am engaged to fill. I am going to attend on two little children."

"Teach them I presume, you mean?"

"Not exactly. I shall try to teach them, but I shall really be their maid. You always told me that I was not fit for a governess, because I was so different from my cousins. A nursery governess's duties would take in too much, so I resolved to be 'only a servant.'"

Mr. Evans' voice rose to a positive shriek as she replied—

"I am thankful, very thankful, you are no relation of mine, and that though you are my husband's niece you do not bear the same surname. I wash my hands of you." And with a look of combined anger and contempt, Mrs. Evans swept from the room.

She was not wholly sorry in thinking of the decisive step Joyce had taken. It would give her a good excuse for severing all connection with so undesirable a relative. But there was one drawback to her self-gratulation. If any of her fashionable neighbours were to hear that Mr. Evans' niece had taken such a situation, it would be too dreadful. They would not perhaps draw so nice a distinction as she had done, and despite the fact that the connection was only by marriage, Joyce might be regarded as her relative also. There was no getting over the fact that she was first cousin to Adelaide and Augusta.

"If that girl's surname had been the same as ours, I would have taken steps to assume a different one at whatever cost."

"Would you have had us called by your maiden name of Smittles?" asked Augusta, who had followed her mother from the morning room. "I like Evans much better."

Mrs. Evans blushed, for that name was doubly objectionable, and she was most anxious that the fact of her having been Miss Smittles, the daughter of a notoriously unscrupulous speculator, should be forgotten. She said no more about giving up her present surname.

"Do you think," asked Augusta, "that the Mrs. Caruth my cousin spoke of could be the lady whom we met with her son at Mentone last winter? They were delightful people—so refined, and knew everybody that was worth knowing there, and numbers of people we should like to meet here. You remember he had come back invalided from the Soudan, and though he was quite young, about thirty, he had gained great distinction. He was Major Caruth, I think, and his name must have been Alexander, for his mother called him 'Alec.' Everyone liked them both, but we used to think him just a little reserved."

"I thought him extremely polite—quite a model of courtesy, in fact."

"Well, yes, he was, and especially to the elder ladies. But he never showed any marked attention to any of the younger ones. He was the most devoted son possible, and it was quite beautiful to see the manner in which

he looked up in his mother's face when she came to his side with that inquiring glance on hers."

"He had nearly died, and he was all she had," replied Mrs. Evans. "Heir to a fine property, I believe. I scarcely think that Mrs. Caruth could be the one Joyce mentioned. Was it likely there would be any intimacy between the daughter of a poor country clergyman and people of position like those Caruths?"

"I do not know. You see clergymen go everywhere."

"But not always their wives and daughters," said Mrs. Evans. "Did you notice the name of the place Joyce's friend lived at? I have the address of those we met at Mentone."

"It was Ferns—something—crag, probably."

"Was it Fernsclough?" said Augusta, eagerly.

"I really believe it was."

"Then the lady is the same. Her place is Fernsclough, Salop."

"Well what of that? Her giving Joyce a character to go out as children's maid puts away the suggestion of intimacy at once. She might do that and never speak to or communicate again with one who was disgracing herself by taking a sort of servant's place."

"Joyce said that Mrs. Caruth wanted her to go to Fernsclough for an indefinite time."

"Perhaps that was an invention, in order to raise herself in our eyes, my dear child. I have seen more of life and character than you have, Augusta."

"I can hardly think that," replied the girl. "I could not imagine Joyce saying an untrue word. She is not that sort of girl. And, mamma, she is my cousin and a lady, though she is not rich. I cannot help feeling sorry for her. If these friends of hers should turn out to be the Caruths we met and at some future time we should see them again, what will they think of us for letting Joyce go?"

"Think, you foolish girl! What can they think? Just that as she was too proud to go to Fernsclough, she was too headstrong to be guided by us, and went her own wilful way. You need not trouble your head about that."

But Augusta was not quite happy in spite of her mother's assurances, and Adelaide was still less so.

CHAPTER IV.

THOUGH ABSENT, NOT FORGOTTEN.



HOUGH Joyce Mirlees' twenty-first birthday brought some clouds and storms, it was not wholly without peace and brightness. More than a dozen letters reached her from various quarters. Her uncle did not forget Joyce; but wrote warmly and lovingly, and promised to be at The Chase before she left it.

Other letters were from old friends at Welton, who did not fail to send birthday greetings and simple gifts to their former pastor's daughter. One packet, containing some beautiful fancy articles, came to her from her Sunday scholars, who had worked them for the dear teacher whose absence they regretted more and more, they said. Yet it was plain that one and all pictured Joyce amongst loving kinsfolk, and amid luxuries of every kind, for they seemed half afraid that their simple tokens of love would look very poor and mean amongst her birthday gifts in her new and splendid home. If those who

had bestowed such patient labour on the dainty articles could have seen how Joyce looked at them through gathering tears, but with a glad face, and heard her soft whisper, "Not alone in the world. Not forgotten, though absent, thank God!" they would have been more than repaid.

The very answering of these gave Joyce happy employment during the afternoon. Besides, she had not been without personal greetings. The very servants at The Chase had learned to love their master's orphan niece, who spoke gently and thought of and for them, as they went about their daily duties. They ventured to offer good wishes, and one little country girl begged her to accept a pin-cushion which she had risen earlier to make for Miss Joyce.

There were loving words, too, from Sarah Keene, who alternately rejoiced and wept over her nursing, bewailing her coming departure with one breath, and expressing her firm conviction in the next that it would be overruled for good, and that her darling would be above all of them yet.

There was one more letter not named hitherto, which, though full of kindness, brought some disappointment. The writer, Mrs. Caruth, said all that could be expected from an old and true friend. But there was no other message, though she mentioned casually that her son, being quite well, had rejoined his regiment instead of availing himself of the longer leave at his disposal.

It was still early evening, and Joyce was in her own room, when she heard a light tap at the door, and the words, "May I come in, Cousin Joyce?"

The voice was Adelaide's, but the tone of it was so different from her ordinary one that Joyce could hardly believe her ears. She, however, opened the door and convinced herself that her visitor was indeed Adelaide, the elder and much more beautiful of her two handsome cousins. She also somewhat resembled Mr. Evans in disposition; but, like him, had rarely courage to express her sentiments when they differed from those of her mother and sister.

"May I come in?" she repeated, as she hesitated on the threshold of Joyce's room.

"Certainly. I am glad, very glad, to have you."

"That is kind, cousin Joyce; kinder than I deserve. I am come to make a confession. Joyce, I have been very unkind to you. Will you forgive me?"

"I do not understand. You have done nothing," said Joyce, amazed at the visit, words, and look of her cousin, who had taken her hand, and was holding it between both her own.

"Perhaps I have not done much, after all," she said; "but one has often as much cause to grieve for the not doing what is right and kind as for active unkindness. Cousin Joyce, I have had a revelation to-day. I have had a peep at my own heart and life, and I am dissatisfied with both, especially in connection with yourself. When you spoke to my mother this morning and told her what you were going to do, how you had made up your mind to leave the only relations you have in the world, because under their roof you had a shelter, not a home, I felt so sorry for you, so ashamed for ourselves. It was your birthday morning. You are twenty-one to-day. I was the same four months ago, and then my mother did not know how to lavish enough of costly things upon me. I had cards—works of art that had cost pounds; flowers in profusion, letters, messages, callers, jewellery, finery of all kinds, and a grand evening party given in my honour. And you, cousin Joyce, had nothing but the coldest greeting, and an offer of our second hand and third best clothes. Please let me finish"—for Joyce would have stopped the

confession half-way. "I do not know how it was brought about, but I seemed to see everything you had endured under this roof from the day of your coming. No welcome, no sympathy, no home, no friends."

"Yes, my uncle has always been kind, and I have had Sarah Keene. Besides, I was but a stranger who had to win the affection of strangers though they might be relations; and I really believe you care for me after all," cried Joyce, looking up into Adelaide's face and smiling through the tears which her cousin's words had brought to her eyes. "Forgive me, Adelaide. I want forgiveness, too, for I have judged you rather hardly, I am afraid."

"No, you have not. I have never been kind, but I want to be now." And two pairs of arms went out and two girls' lips met for the first time in mutual affection and forgiveness. Then they sat down side by side, each encircling the other with one embracing arm.

"We shall be friends as well as cousins for the future. Until now we have been neither," said Adelaide. "I wish you were not going away, Joyce. If you will stay I will try to make The Chase more of a home to you than it has been. But how can you after what mamma said this morning? I think that proposal about the dresses and your helping to alter ours was too dreadful." And the girl blushed with shame at the recollection.

"I should not have minded about working early and late if you had wanted help and we had worked together," said Joyce. "If anyone here had been ill, I should have thought nothing too much to do for them, night or day. Supposing that my uncle had been poor, and had given me a home with his children, I would have slaved for him and them most cheerfully, and taken care that his kindness should have cost him nothing in the end. But you are all rich and every wish can be gratified; and the thought of being sent to sew under the orders of Russell was—"

"Hush, dear Joyce! I cannot bear it," interposed Adelaide, as she laid her white hand on her cousin's lips. "That alone would have driven you from us, and after what mamma said you cannot stay. Now you must show you have forgiven me by taking this little birthday gift," and drawing a ring case from her pocket, Adelaide tried to place a beautiful ring on Joyce's finger.

"Do not ask me, dear; I cannot take it," said Joyce.

"I bought it myself, and I have so large an allowance that it cost me nothing. I wish it had. The having too much money takes from us the joy of self-sacrifice."

"I cannot take it," repeated Joyce. "How would that diamond look on the hand of a maid to little children? Besides, I have rings that belonged to my mother, if I wished to wear any."

"You have not forgiven me," sighed Adelaide.

"Yes, and I will take a gift, too, and prize it. Spend ten shillings on a little brooch in cut steel, and I will wear it, and never part with it while I live. And give me your likeness; I should like to have it, though I shall always picture your face as it looks to-night."

"You shall have these trifles, Joyce, and I will keep this, no matter how long, until you are willing to wear it." And restoring the ring to its case she put it into her pocket. "Now what else can I do for you?" she asked.

"My uncle breakfasts earlier than you and the rest do. I have been used to pour out his coffee and join him at table. I think he will miss me at first. Will you sometimes breakfast with him?"

"How selfish I have been not to notice this, or care for his loneliness! Rely on me, I will breakfast with him always; unless by some special chance I have been very late up the night before."

"I shall neither be missed nor wanted," said Joyce. "Indeed, I begin to fear I shall soon be forgotten." But she smiled as she said it, for she was glad to think that the father and daughter would be brought together by her own departure.

Then these two girls became more confidential, and Joyce gave her cousin every particular respecting the work she had undertaken, the manner in which she had obtained the situation, and of the fact that Mrs. Caruth was sending her own maid to accompany her on her journey to Springfield Park.

"It seems quite amusing to think that one who is travelling with such an object should be so attended, does it not?" asked Joyce.

Adelaide looked thoughtful, then replied, "Mrs. Caruth must think a great deal about you. Does she understand what you are going to do?"

"I am not sure, but I do know she is my friend. She was almost like a mother to me until I was about seventeen and when I had none of my own. Then—"

"Then what?"

"Her son came home for a time, and she had him, and I became more of a companion to my father."

"I believe I have seen both Mrs. Caruth and her son. Does she call him Alec?"

"Always. He is about thirty-two now. You see I was only nine when he was twenty, and as the child of his old tutor, he made a pet and playfellow of me. It seems strange that we should both be grown up people after a few years."

"He is very fond of his mother, and she of him," said Adelaide. "Indeed, he seems a good, noble-minded man altogether. Augusta thought there was no one like him during the eight weeks we spent at Mentone." A statement which did not appear to give unqualified satisfaction to Joyce, for she paused a moment, then in a constrained voice, though with an attempt at archness, she asked—

"Did Major Caruth think there was no one like Augusta?"

"He neither troubled himself about her nor any other girl. I mean so far as paying special attention went. He was everything that was kind and courteous, but the elder ladies and the children absorbed the larger share of his time, somewhat, I think, to the disgust of the grown-up girls. If I hazarded a guess it would be that he had no heart left to give, and that he was far too noble and true a man to pay unmeaning attentions, which could lead to nothing but regrets and pain for another. I suppose he has no sister, or he would be a model 'brother of girls.'"

"No, but he is a brother of girls for all that. He would be to all such, if circumstances called for his help, what the son of a pure-minded, virtuous Christian mother should be. I know him so well."

Joyce's face was lighted up by a bright, glad look, born of precious memories, but it faded as she said, "I am not likely to meet Major Caruth again. I was Miss Mirlees, and a power at Welton, as the parson's daughter in a country parish always is, you know. Three days hence I shall be 'only a servant.'"

"Joyce, you must give up this plan of yours; I cannot bear to think of it. My father cares for you; I want you at The Chase. Augusta will come over to my side, for she is not nearly so hard as she seems. We have both been carefully educated in selfishness, and even a first step in the right direction costs a great effort. But I can stir her to it, and we will make a combined attack on my mother, who must give in. Say you will stay."

"Not now, dear. But if ever the time should come when I can be sure you all wish for me, or if I am needed by any, I will return."

Adelaide was obliged to be satisfied with this. The girls parted with expressions of affection and pledges of future friendship, and Joyce laid her head on her pillow with a lighter heart than she had done for months past.

Mr. Evans was expected home the evening before his niece was to leave The Chase, but in place of him came a telegram:

"Accident on line. Train delayed, but none injured. Expect me at noon to-morrow."

Joyce was to leave the station at nine, so her uncle would not arrive till after she was gone. Mrs. Evans declined to see her, but sent word that when Joyce came to her senses and was prepared to submit and acknowledge she had done wrong, she might write and say so.

Augusta, doubtless urged thereto by her sister, rose early enough to say farewell to her cousin. Sarah Keene watched her out of sight as well as she could through falling tears, and prayed for a blessing on her head, and Adelaide, bravely mounted beside Joyce in the shabby conveyance which took her and her luggage to the station, whispered cheery words to the very last moment, when, in company with Dobson, Mrs. Caruth's staid waiting woman, she started on her journey.

Moved still further by the new and better feelings just born in her heart, Adelaide declined to drive with Mrs. Evans and Augusta, and went instead to meet her father on his return at noon.

It was a great surprise to Mr. Evans when he saw Adelaide's beautiful face glowing with eager expectation, in search of some traveller whose arrival she anticipated. He did not for a moment associate her presence with his own home coming, until her eyes met his as the train stopped, and stepping forward she exclaimed—

"Papa, I am so glad you are here safe and sound," and lifting her face to his she kissed him lovingly again and again, then slipping her arm through his went with him to the carriage which awaited them.

"That first kiss was poor cousin Joyce's," she said. "She left it for you, and I promised to deliver it."

"Joyce's! She is surely not gone? I thought you would all have joined to keep her until my return. My only sister's only child to leave The Chase in such haste!"

"She could not stay. I tried hard to persuade her, for, papa, I am sorry I have not been kinder to Joyce. We are friends now, dear friends, and I hope we shall always be so. I cannot blame Joyce for going. How could she stay? But you do not know all yet. I trust things will turn out better than they seem to promise. I think I ought to tell you all about Joyce's birthday and what was said, only you must promise to say nothing to mamma: I cannot help thinking she is a little sorry now, and she is more likely to feel regret about Joyce's going if no one speaks of it."

Then Adelaide told her father all that had passed, and Mr. Evans listened, not altogether sadly, for his daughter made the most of all that had been bright for Joyce on her birthday—the loving letters and souvenirs from Welton, Mrs. Caruth's consideration for her cousin's safe convoy, the opening of hearts between themselves, and the new-born friendship, which was to bind them more closely than the ties of relationship had done.

"And," continued Adelaide, "Joyce will never disgrace the name she bears. I only wish I were more like her."

There was much to cheer Mr. Evans in what he heard from his daughter, and acting upon her suggestion, he made no allusion to Joyce's departure. His silence was both a relief and a reproach to his wife, who expected a scene, and was conscious that, in spite of her desire

to free herself from a sense of responsibility, she could not even excuse herself for her treatment of Joyce.

On the following morning, when Mr. Evans went down expecting to take his breakfast in solitude, and feeling how much he should miss Joyce's gentle ministry, he found Adelaide already seated at the table. She rose as he entered and lifted her face for a kiss.

"Now another, papa," she said. "That is for Joyce. You must give me one every morning for her, as I am her deputy."

It was such a new thing for Mr. Evans to be greeted thus by his own children, that he could hardly realise that he was awake, but he showered many kisses on the fair, bright face that waited for them.

"I did not expect to see you, my dear," he said.

"No, dear papa, but I must try to be a better daughter. I told you yesterday that I was beginning to learn new lessons. If I become what I wish to be, remember, Joyce was my first teacher. When I asked what I could do for her, she told me what I might do in a little way for you. But for her I should not be here; however, I will not leave you to a lonely meal again."

And Adelaide kept her promise.

CHAPTER V.

THREE MONTHS LATER.

JOYCE reached the station nearest to Springfield Park at three o'clock, having had a change of trains, and a stoppage of an hour and a half on the road. Mrs. Caruth's maid, returning direct to Fernslough, would rejoin her mistress before six.

Her train would not, however, start for twenty minutes, so she was able to tell her mistress that she had seen Miss Mirlees in charge of a grey-haired coachman, who, with two little girls, awaited her arrival.

"Are you the young person for Springfield Park?" asked the man.

Joyce replied in the affirmative.

"I am the coachman. The groom would have brought only a trap, but the little ladies were wild to see their new maid, and Mrs. Ross would only trust the children with me."

The man intended Joyce to understand that to drive any but members of the family and their friends would be beneath the dignity of so old a servant, and that the presence of the little girls explained his own.

"No doubt Mrs. Ross feels that the children are safest with you," said Joyce.

"Just so. She has had time to know what I am, for I drove her when she was no bigger than the least of them, and I was in her father's service. Now you step in next the eldest one, Miss Mary. She should have been a boy by rights, but nobody would like to change her for one now. Your things will be brought by that lad who has a trap close at hand. They are all together I suppose?"

Joyce pointed to her belongings on the platform, said farewell to her escort, and sent messages of thanks and love to Mrs. Caruth. Then she followed the coachman to a little carriage, in which were seated two lovely children in the present charge of the station-master's daughter.

"Come in," cried the elder child. "We wanted to see you, so mamma let Price bring us. I am Mary, 'papa's Molly,' they call me, and that is Alice. She turns her face away because she is shy, but she will be friends soon. Mamma said we must be very good and not make you sorry, because you have no father and mother."

Tears sprang into Joyce's eyes, which the child noted instantly, and her own face grew sorrowful.

"Why do you cry?" she said. "Let me

kiss the tears away as mamma does mine, if I am only sorry, not naughty."

The winsome creature pulled Joyce's head down to her own and smiled, until her new attendant was fain to smile in response.

"There, that is right. Now look how pretty the park is, and see the deer under the trees. They feed out of our hands, and they will know you very soon, because you will be with us."

Joyce saw that her new surroundings would be even more beautiful than her uncle's home, and she drank in with delight the loveliness which met her eyes on every side, whilst Mary prattled unceasingly till they reached the house. There she was met by a pleasant, motherly person, who introduced herself as Mrs. Powell, the housekeeper, and led her upstairs to a good-sized cheerful room, very comfortably furnished and opening into a still larger one in which were two little beds. Both rooms again opened into the day nursery, a delightful apartment, in which everything suggested the personal superintendence of a thoughtful, loving mother.

The little girls had been taken charge of by Mrs. Ross's maid, Paterson, and the housekeeper told Joyce that when she was ready she was to come to her own room for refreshment.

"Here are your boxes in good time," said Mrs. Powell; and thus Joyce was able to make the needed change in her dress. She was about to go down, when recollecting her new position, she turned back for one of the aprons, ironed so carefully by Sarah Keene's hands, and over which, as badges of coming servitude for her darling, she had shed many a tear.

"Never mind," thought Joyce. "They are honourable badges, so long as they accompany faithful performance of duty, work done as in God's sight, and depending for its success on His blessing."

So with a bright face, the reflection of a brave heart, she went down, after having occupied a few moments in thanking God for a safe journey and a kind reception.

"I always have an early cup of tea," said Mrs. Powell, "and I thought it would be the best for you along with something more substantial after a journey. Your future meals will be taken upstairs with the children. Mrs. Ross will see you in the morning, but she and the master are away; only for the day. They will be back to-night. My mistress trusted you to me, and I promised to make you comfortable," said Mrs. Powell, with a look of great kindness in her motherly face.

"It was very good of her to leave me in such hands," said Joyce, with an answering smile.

Then Mrs. Powell dropped her voice to a whisper—

"Let me say a word about yourself, my dear. My mistress trusts me, and she said—only to me, mind—that the friend who wrote in answer to her inquiries had told her a little of your history. How that you were a lady, used to be served instead of serving others, and that if you chose to accept a home with her, there was one open to you; but that you preferred service to a life of dependence."

"What did Mrs. Ross say? I hope she did not think I wished to deceive her in any way," said Joyce.

"No, indeed. She honours you for preferring work to dependence, and says that if she finds you what she has been led to expect, you in turn shall find a real home and true friends at Springfield Park. There, my dear, I hope you will sleep the sounder for knowing this; and if it will comfort you to hear it, my heart warms to you, and you have one friend already."

To Joyce this was like having her old friend Sarah Keene by her side, and she

thanked the kindly housekeeper most heartily and gratefully for her encouraging words.

But the tea was being neglected, and Mrs. Powell turned Joyce's attention in that direction; so, impelled by a healthy girlish appetite, she made a hearty meal, much to her new friend's satisfaction.

One hour after she spent with the children, of whom, however, she was not to take formal charge until the morning. Then the housekeeper, being at leisure, showed her through the house and a portion of the gardens, and finally left her to indulge in happier thoughts than she could have imagined would be possible to her under her new circumstances.

Joyce rose early and dressed the children, the little one having overcome her shyness and being now willing to make friends. She was sitting telling them a baby story when Mrs. Ross entered the nursery after breakfast, and greeted her with the utmost kindness.

At the sight of their mother the children rushed to her side, and, clasped in her arms, forgot for the time their anxiety to know the end of Joyce's fairy story.

How she sped at Springfield Park may be gathered from a letter written after three months' experience to Sarah Keene. Many shorter letters had been exchanged between Mr. Evans, Adelaide, the old nurse, and Joyce; but she purposely refrained from saying much about her position until a sufficient time had elapsed to allow her to form a fair judgment as to the wisdom of the step she had taken.

"Springfield Park, Sept. 6th.

"After three months, dear old nurse and friend, I can say that I am glad I came here. Every one is good to me; the children are so sweet that it is delightful to work for them; and I do work, Sarah. I try to earn every penny, and I have proof that Mrs. Ross is satisfied. Yesterday she told me how glad she was that the children had learned to love me, and that she was much pleased with my mode of managing them. Then she gave me my quarter's wages, and I found considerable sweetness in receiving my first earnings. I was to have seventeen pounds a year and all found, but Mrs. Ross placed a five-pound note in my hand and would not receive any change.

"You must know I cannot occupy my time in only dressing and attending to the children and their clothes; the former are so docile, the latter so handsome and abundant that they receive little damage, and when at all shabby they are given away; so I began to teach, and turned everything to account in order to benefit my darling charges.

"Mrs. Ross found out what we were doing, and said, 'You are teaching my children to love information by leading them gently and making it attractive. How have you acquired such an excellent method?'

"I taught in our Welton Sunday-schools," I said. "My little scholars were the children of the very poor; but I took more pains with them because their learning time is short and their opportunities are few. If my method has any merit it is owing to my dear father's example which I tried to copy." My eyes filled. I could not keep back my tears when I thought of him and of all I owed to his loving training.

"Mrs. Ross laid a gentle hand on my shoulder and said, 'Do not cry, Joyce. I feel deeply for you. It must be hard to look back and think how things were whilst he lived. I have heard so much of your father's excellences, and how you were both loved by rich and poor.'

"I am not unhappy," I replied. "Service here is not servitude, and I am much better satisfied to earn my bread than to owe it to the charity of another."

"You are right, but I should be wrong to



"THE MARKET CROWDED TO OVERFLOWING WITH EVERYTHING SUGGESTIVE OF GOOD CHEER."

accept the faithful labours of a governess in return for a nursemaid's salary. Henceforth you will receive forty pounds a year, and, Miss Mirlees, I shall look for you with the children in the drawing-room daily, when we have no formal company, and are alone or have only a few friends.'

"I began to wonder if my old Welton frocks would be good enough, but that evening a parcel came to me containing a dress length of good mourning silk with all requisites for making it up. Mrs. Ross sent a note a little later to say that it was a mark of the satisfaction felt by her husband and herself at the improvement in their children.

"I can now wear my dear mother's watch and ornaments without their seeming unsuitable. And I shall once again find myself amongst people of the class I used to mix with as the parson's daughter at Welton. How can I thank God enough for all His goodness?

"I have so long been used to my Christian name only that it seemed quite strange when Mrs. Ross with marked emphasis called me 'Miss Mirlees,' and I subsequently found that the servants were instructed to address me in the same way. They obeyed quite willingly, and the little maid who waits at nursery meals seemed so charmed to apply it that she repeated the 'Miss' as often as possible.

"I wonder the servants are not jealous, but I presume they catch the spirit of their employers. As to dear old Mrs. Powell, she is almost as pleased as you will be, dear Sarah, when you read my good news.

"I know that my uncle, cousins, and Mrs. Evans are away. When they return give Adelaide this letter to read, and she will show it to her father, at any rate.

"In a day or two this house will be full of visitors for the shooting. I have been beset by a cowardly dread that anyone who knew me at Welton should be amongst them. You

see I have the old pride to conquer yet, but as the governess, Mrs. Ross will treat me with consideration, I know, and I did not really feel ashamed of being only a servant.

"With more love than I can express,

"Your ever affectionate foster-child,

"JOYCE MIRLEES."

How often Sarah had to wipe her eyes whilst reading the letter, and how she exulted that her darling was working her way upward again and would yet lift her head amongst the best, may be left to the imagination.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

WHEN Mrs. Caruth invited Joyce Mirlees to stay at Fernslough she was quite in earnest, and yet, whilst anxious to serve the daughter of her old friend, she was hardly sorry that the girl did not accept the invitation. Her only son was absent, but time would bring him back. Joyce had been his pet, and he had made himself her playfellow as a child. But she was a woman now, and the best of mothers are ambitious for their sons. It was perhaps as well that Alec should find a partner for life before he and Joyce met again.

She was a dear girl, undoubtedly. Good, true, and with a sturdy independence of character which Mrs. Caruth respected. But Alec was master of Fernslough, and Joyce the penniless daughter of his old tutor. She had been a little afraid that something might come of that old companionship between the child and the youth, but Alec was every inch a soldier, and duty with him always came first. He had been less at home than he might well have been, but the mother was proud to see her son's name in the honour lists from time to time. He had rejoined his regiment after his recovery, but now it was ordered home,

and she was looking forward to having him near or with her for, perhaps, years to come. They would spend next Christmas together, and the mother was planning what friends should be gathered at Fernslough to make the happy season still brighter for her son.

It was November before he arrived, brown, bearded, more erect and strong-looking than before his illness.

Mrs. Caruth must have stood on tiptoe if her son had not bent his tall head to receive her kiss of welcome and return it with interest.

"It is delightful to have just you alone to receive me, mother," he said. "I was half afraid you might have visitors, seeing you could not know quite when to expect me. I might have brought one myself, Captain Tyson, whom I have named in my letters as such a fine fellow and reliable friend. But he would not come straight here with me—I think on your account, that we might be together for a few days first. He is leaving the army for good."

"He will be welcome, Alec, for your sake. But there will be plenty to talk over. Butler, too, is longing to go into business matters with you as soon as possible."

"Dear mother, do not compel me to assume the responsibilities of a landowner until twenty-four hours have been given to inquiries and reminiscences. I have shaken hands with Butler, and promised to talk to him the day after to-morrow. Till then my time is my mother's."

Mrs. Caruth's face showed her pleasure, and after dinner her son said—

"Let us go into your boudoir, cosiest of rooms, and question each other about everything and everybody."

The mother agreed, and the mutual questioning went on for some time.

"Now," said Major Caruth, "I want to know all about my dear old tutor's death.

You told me very little beyond the bare fact when you wrote to me."

Mrs. Caruth gave all the particulars, adding, "I believe the loss of everything broke Mr. Mirlees' heart. But I was not at home when he died. I preferred remaining abroad for some time after you left me to facing home without you."

"But there was his little girl—Joyce. What became of her?"

"You forget, Alec, Joyce is now twenty-one. Her uncle, Mr. Walter Evans, took her to his home."

"Evans! Surely you mean a subdued-looking man with a rich, vulgar wife, and two very handsome daughters, whom we first saw when we were staying with the Clives at The Warren. Mr. Evans had a beautiful place near theirs. We afterwards met the family at Mentone."

"The same people. Mr. Evans was poor before his marriage, but a man of good birth, refined manners, and excellent education. Everyone liked him, but the wife was tolerated for his sake, or by some, perhaps, on account of a full purse."

"So my little Joyce went to live with that vulgar, purse-proud woman; my playmate, whom I petted and protected when she was a child and I a man. Have you heard from her lately? I should like to know how she gets on with Mrs. Evans, seeing that she had a wonderfully tender nature, combined with a fine spirit of her own, which would ill brook a position of dependence on such a woman."

Mrs. Caruth could only answer truly, and she said—

"I fear Joyce was unhappy at The Chase. Mr. Evans was fond of his niece, but he yielded to his wife, and was hardly master in his own house. Joyce grew tired of her position, and wrote to me for a character to enable her to obtain a situation."

"A what? Joyce Mirlees used that word in connection with herself! What could she mean?"

"I use her own word, Alec."

"Then I presume she was falling back on the only resource of a friendless young gentleman, a governess's post."

"No, dear. Joyce did not consider herself sufficiently accomplished to take a situation as governess. People want so much nowadays, and Joyce, though to my mind unusually well educated in all that is most valuable, had none of the more showy qualifications."

"She had those which, showy or not, are most valuable in every-day life, and really show the most too, because they are in hourly exercise for the good of others. Tell me now what were the duties she undertook?"

"She went as attendant to two little children."

"Do you mean as a nursemaid?"

"The children were too old to need nursing. Joyce wrote of them that they were the most winning little creatures imaginable, and quite a comfort to her."

"She needed some comfort, poor child!" said Major Caruth, with a sigh. "And you, mother. What did you do for the daughter of an old friend?"

He spoke quietly, but his face and words expressed deep feeling.

"I wrote to Joyce and offered her a home and a welcome here, Alec. I have a copy of my letter and of Joyce's answer. You will see from these that she had a choice in the matter. I can scarcely be blamed if, in spite of my offer, she yet preferred her own independent course, even to a home at Fernslough. I was grieved to think of Joyce in the position of a mere serving-maid, but I own I did not respect her the less for declining to eat the bread of dependence."

Major Caruth took the letters, read them through, and then returned them without a

word of comment to his mother. His face did not express entire satisfaction, and of this she was sensible.

"Do you not think I wrote kindly and did what I could under the circumstances?" she asked, in a somewhat aggrieved tone and after a rather prolonged silence.

"You did well, so far, mother. But do not be hurt at my saying I think you should not have stopped where you did. Joyce was not the girl to accept home and maintenance from anyone on whom she had no claim but that of life-long acquaintance, without doing something in return. She had already tried that sort of existence with relatives and knew what it meant."

"Joyce could never suppose that she would receive anything but the greatest kindness and consideration here, and as my friend. She would never make a mental comparison between me and Mrs. Walter Evans."

"Certainly not, but you must remember Joyce was bound to earn something. Where would her clothes and mere pocket and travelling expenses come from? She had no income from any source. What could the girl do? Come to Fernslough as your guest and friend, without a pound in her pocket? I presume you made no allusion to money matters."

"I assure you, Alec, I did not think of doing so. Had Joyce come here she would have wanted for nothing."

"I believe you meant all that was kind. What you might have done is this: represented to Joyce that, being alone, you wished for a lady companion, and that your old friend's daughter would be so much more agreeable to you than anyone else could be. But that, for her sake and your own, the arrangement must be made on a business basis, the same as with a stranger, and so as to leave you both perfectly free to end it, should either wish to do so."

"I see, dear, and I wish I had done this, but it is too late now."

"Quite too late, mother," said Alec, thoughtfully.

"After all, Joyce has not done so badly. The lady she is with, who must be exceptionally nice, treated Joyce from the first with great consideration, and, finding out how well qualified she was to teach the children, made her their governess at three months' end. She now fills a position that would disgrace no lady."

"I am certain she never did fill one that the idea of disgrace could be associated with. Perhaps her employer thought it would be more economical to promote the capable maid than to engage a governess proper. One has heard of such things before."

"You do not know of whom you speak, my dear Alec, or you would not say so."

"Then tell me the lady's name. If she is on my visiting list I shall be better able to judge."

"Joyce particularly requested that I would tell no one the name of her employer, or communicate her present address. I do not suppose she would mind now, because her position is so entirely satisfactory. Still, I am bound to respect her wishes until I have asked permission to do otherwise. If you like I will write at once."

"You shall violate no confidence for me, mother; and to-night you must talk to me instead of wasting these precious first hours in writing to anyone."

Then, as if wishing to hear no more of Joyce, Major Caruth began to ask after old acquaintances, and the rest of the evening passed without further allusion to her.

When bed time came he remarked—

"According to Tyson's plans when we parted, he will probably be with us on Friday night. This is Tuesday, so before he

comes I shall have time to satisfy old Butler, have a run round the place, make myself acquainted with all that has been done during my absence, and be ready for Tyson when he arrives. He will have to settle down now, though he is four years my junior, for he has just succeeded to a fine estate."

"I wish you would settle down, Alec."

"So I shall, mother—for a while at any rate."

"But I mean get married."

"That even is within the verge of possibility. I will look for someone who is worthy to be your daughter, and when I find her—"

He did not say what would follow, but kissed his mother, and disappeared into his own room.

CHAPTER VII. HEART SEARCHINGS.



JOYCE had kept her friends and kinsfolk at The Chase fully acquainted with her improved position and the consideration with which she was treated at Springfield Park.

"You will hardly believe it," she wrote, "but I have the most perfect home here. Mr. and Mrs. Ross treat me as a friend, and it is delightful to feel that I have their confidence and the love of my darling pupils. If I am absent from the children for awhile, they are no sooner within reach of me than little clinging arms are clasping my neck, kisses rain on my face, each child contending which shall love me best; whilst Mrs. Ross, instead of discouraging these marks of affection, smiles with pleasure, and says, 'This is as it should be. No power can compare with the influence of love in training children.' But in this house love reigns supreme. I never thought I could be so happy again as I am now. How sweet it is to be wanted and to have a place to fill and work to do for others."

Joyce had three correspondents at The Chase—Sarah Keene, Mr. Evans, and Adelaide. It was the latter who persisted in making her mother acquainted with Joyce's present happiness and the consideration with which she was treated. "And," continued the daring girl, "I think Joyce ought to spend the Christmas holidays here, if she will. Shall I invite her, and say that we will try to make her happier than she was before?"

"You will do nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Evans. "She has chosen to leave us, and if she wants to come back she will have to ask, not me."

"We were not kind to her before, mamma. I think we all feel that now," said Adelaide, glancing at her sister, who assented. "If we might have the time over again, I think we should act differently. However, if you will not ask Joyce, I should think her friend Mrs. Caruth will invite her to Fernslough. You know how anxious she was about cousin Joyce, and how wishful for her to stay with her altogether. No fear but Joyce will have friends to think of her at Christmas." And with this parting remark the girl left Mrs. Evans to meditate on her suggestion.

"Really, I think everyone has gone mad about Joyce since she left, though no one cared much for her when she was here. It was no fault of ours that her father died and left her a mere beggar."

"But it was our fault that she was miserable here," said Augusta. "It told against ourselves, I know, for she is our cousin, and her parents were well-born and respected by people who care little enough about us."

This was Augusta's remark, and a certain amount of worldly wisdom which pervaded it had more effect on Mrs. Evans than all Adelaide's regrets for the past neglect and unkindness experienced by Joyce when at The Chase. She began to think that for her own sake it might be politic to extend the shelter of its roof to her husband's niece during the holiday season.

A few days later Mrs. Evans told Adelaide that she might invite "that girl" for Christmas, if she chose. "But send no message from me," she added.

"Too late, mamma. Joyce has already declined an invitation from Mrs. Caruth, and has decided to spend Christmas in what is a true home—Springfield Park. There will be a large gathering of friends, and I hope Joyce will have as happy a season as she deserves. I wish I could look forward to one such as hers promises to be."

It was quite true that Mrs. Caruth had written to invite Joyce to spend Christmas at Fernslough. She did this unknown to her son, and immediately after that first conversation with him on the night of his return home. She was a generous-hearted woman, and his words about Joyce had touched her deeply. She looked back over the years during which the girl's parents had been her own most trusted friends. She recalled the wise advice Mr. Mirlees had given her during her early widowhood, and to the excellent influence he had exercised over her own son.

"But for him Alec would never have been the noble man he is to-day," she owned to herself, and she was anxious to make prompt amends for anything that had been lacking in her own conduct to Joyce. "Mine has been but a poor, half-hearted friendship," she said to herself. "I fear I thought more of consequences than of doing what my better feelings prompted for that dear orphan girl. I may be mistaken in fancying that Alec cares more for her than for other girls, but if he does, what then? He has enough, and can afford to be indifferent about fortune in a wife."

"As his father was before him."

Mrs. Caruth almost thought she heard these last words spoken, but they were only the final echo of her own thoughts. Yet they were true words, for she had been a portionless bride five and thirty years before, and had known the happiness of being loved only for what she was in herself. So her heart went with the invitation to Joyce, and she told the girl of her son's happy return to Fernslough, and his wish to meet again his old pet and playmate.

When Joyce received the letter she had already promised to remain at The Park, for Mrs. Ross had told her how glad they would all be to keep her with them, and to make the season a real bright holiday to her. The prospect of having their darling governess had made the children almost wild with delight. So, when Mrs. Caruth's letter came, Joyce could only send grateful thanks, and tell her what had been already decided upon.

The thought that Major Caruth might probably leave England again without her seeing him was the one cloud in what was otherwise all bright and hopeful. He had been so much to her in those old days, when she owed her chief childish pleasures to his kind thought, and was accustomed to appeal to him in every difficulty and trouble.

Yet Joyce had other memories of nearer date. She recalled that time when Alec Caruth came to Fernslough after a long absence, during which she had changed from the merry, romping schoolgirl into the tall, slender maiden of seventeen, and she could picture his look of surprise and admiration mingled with regret, as he said in his frank fashion—

"I was coming to meet my child friend, and,

alas! I have lost her, and find that I have to make acquaintance with a new Joyce Mirlees, who has grown up to young ladyhood in a most objectionable manner, during my absence."

She had laughed at his rueful face, and taken his arm to be led in to dinner, instead of dancing into the room holding by his hand as in former days. She had noticed a little change in Mrs. Caruth's manner from that day—a sort of reserve towards herself and watchfulness over her son, as if she were a little jealous of his attentions to her. And her father had seemed to want her more, and kept her by his side at times, when formerly she had been accustomed to run over to Fernslough and spend hours together with Mrs. Caruth, always receiving from her a motherly welcome.

"She has her son now, Joyce," he would say. "She will not want my little girl from me so much, and I shall be so glad to have more of your company."

Joyce could recall how, at length, the conviction dawned upon her that the old, free intercourse between her and Alec Caruth must be deemed a thing of the past—dead and buried with her childhood. Also that Mrs. Caruth, whilst still as kind and motherly as ever, did not express regret at her absence when she had stayed away longer than usual, or urge her to come more frequently until she was once more left alone by the departure of her son.

Then Joyce's pride took alarm, and she did not respond quite readily to the renewed invitations of Mrs. Caruth, though she was most careful not to allow her feelings to be suspected. On the contrary, her manner was perfectly frank and natural as she replied—

"Thank you so much, dear Mrs. Caruth, but my father really requires my help more than he did. He finds that I can now be of some use to him, and I am quite proud to feel that he misses me when I leave him. I fear I used to leave him too much alone, for Fernslough had so many charms for me, thanks to your great kindness. But there is something else. I am supposed to have finished my education and to be a grown up girl, but really I am only just finding out how ignorant I am, so my father is going to let me read with him, that I may gain more information instead of losing the little already acquired."

Joyce remembered that conversation with Mrs. Caruth, and how, after it, she had gone less to Fernslough until the time of her great trouble came. There her old friend had been constant in her attentions to the dear father, and full of sympathy with herself. Her uncle's arrival had taken her out of Mrs. Caruth's hands, and they had drifted widely apart from each other during the last nine months.

This unexpected invitation to spend Christmas at Fernslough, and with it the direct news of Major Caruth's presence there, seemed to say, "Forget that I raised a barrier between you and ourselves. Come back to Fernslough and take again your old place. Rejoice with me in having my son here once more, and be to us both what you were during those happy years long ago."

Joyce had answered the letter with a somewhat heavy heart, whilst feeling angry with herself that she could be anything but glad at the prospect of staying at Springfield Park for Christmas.

"Before your kind letter came I had promised to remain here," she wrote. "Indeed, I felt only too happy at the thought of being allowed to stay, and did not dream of receiving any other invitation. You will know, dear Mrs. Caruth, that I would rather spend Christmas at Fernslough than in any other place in the world, for, though Welton and its neighbourhood are associated with the greatest sorrows of my life, all its joyful memories are

bound up with them also. Thank God these are so many. I should dearly love to go in and out of the cottages and see my old friends there, but it cannot be. I have promised Mrs. Ross; the children count on my staying, I am pledged to help here in everything that I used to have a finger in at Welton. I can only thank you again and again, and wish you every joy that the word Christmas can suggest. The presence of Major Caruth will make amends for the absence of all others. I do rejoice that he will be at Fernslough for Christmas, especially as he has so often been away at that season. Nevertheless, I hope you will both miss me a little, as I have never before been absent from Welton at Christmas. Please give him my kind remembrances and all imaginable good wishes. I think you will be pleased to know that my cousin, Adelaide Evans, has also written to ask me to The Chase, and this, too, with her mother's knowledge and, to some extent, approbation. I am glad of this, and the letter has set me thinking and wondering whether I was as kind and as considerate as I might have been when under my uncle's roof. I went to The Chase almost a stranger, and I fear I was more ready to look for slights than to expect kindness. The very fact that my cousin Adelaide sought me out as she did, met me more than half-way in sympathy and friendship, and has continued ever since my affectionate relative, correspondent, and friend, proves that I was harsh in my judgment and unnecessarily proud. My aunt was not kind and I was very desolate; nevertheless, if I had to live over again those months at The Chase, I believe I should act very differently, and try more to merit and to win the love of those around me. All recent circumstances have been made to work together for my good in a manner that I neither hoped for nor deserved. I trust the memory of mercies received will make me more thankful, trustful, and humble in the future."

The letter contained allusions to old Welton friends and other matters which need not be repeated.

Mrs. Caruth closed it with mingled feelings of pleasure and disappointment. She was glad of all the good that had come to Joyce and of the glimpse of the girl's heart which it gave her. But she was honestly sorry that she could not come to Fernslough, for having made up her mind to ask Joyce, she really wanted her.

Mrs. Caruth told her son what she had done, and had her reward in seeing the lighting up of his face, and in feeling herself drawn to his side by an embracing arm.

"Thanks, little mother," said he, then bent down and kissed her. "You have carried out the thought that came into my own mind after we were talking of Joyce the other evening. It would have brought back old times most delightfully if she could have come to us, but seeing she is obliged to refuse, we must make all the more of each other. One thing, however, I should like to do. You know how Joyce thought of all the poor folk at Christmas-time, and stirred up the richer ones to give of their abundance so that there might be a cheery fireside and a well-spread table in every cottage. You can tell me just how she managed this, and whom she helped. We will do it this year, and tell the people that we act for their old friend and pastor, Mr. Mirlees, and for Joyce. They will miss her face as we shall, little mother, but they shall miss nothing else, and still, as in old times, many a voice will pray, 'May God bless Miss Joyce and give her a happy Christmas and many more to follow it.'"

"It is a happy thought, Alec, and we will carry it out together. I will write and tell Joyce, and that it was your suggestion. Or would you like to write yourself?"

"Thanks, no. You shall write and put in

all the kind wishes you can think of on my behalf," which decision perplexed Mrs. Caruth not a little. She had quite expected an eager affirmative response when she proposed that Alec should write to Joyce, and was somewhat disappointed at his matter-of-fact refusal.

Could it be that after all Joyce was only thought of as the child-friend of her son's youthful days? Contradictory as this may seem, Mrs. Caruth was quite prepared to be indignant should this prove to be the case, and to ask what he could want in a wife which he would not find in Joyce? Also, where should she meet one whom she would so gladly welcome as a daughter?

This second letter from Mrs. Caruth delighted Joyce, as may well be imagined. One of her troubles in connection with the coming season had been caused by the thought of her poor friends at Welton. The new clergyman had a delicate wife and a family of young children. He could not take up Joyce's old work, and there was no one else to step into the gap and do it.

Joyce one day accompanied Mrs. Ross in a drive to town, and while she was buying Christmas gifts for her friends and household, the girl strolled through the market, crowded to overflowing with everything suggestive of good cheer. She asked prices, and began to calculate how many dinners the utmost amount she could spare would purchase for some of her poorest friends at Welton. She had already occupied her spare moments in making a number of pretty and useful articles for them.

Joyce sighed as she said to herself—

"The most I can do is so little when compared with their need and my desire to help them; but I must do my best and leave the rest."

Now she knew that all would be remembered, and was thankful on their behalf, whilst again and again the memory of one sentence in Mrs. Caruth's letter brought a bright flush to her cheek.

"Alec bade me tell you that none for whom you cared shall be forgotten, and all will know that they owe their Christmas dinners this year to your loving thought and labour in former seasons. I am sure the good cheer will taste twice as good when it is known that you, dear Joyce, though absent have your full share in its distribution."

"I should be wicked and ungrateful indeed if I could cherish a single discontented thought," she said to herself, and she worked cheerfully on, completing her little presents. To each article she attached a short note and a card painted by her own hand, for Joyce was no mean artist, and could use pencil and brush with considerable skill.

There was something for each friend at Welton, Mrs. Caruth included; something for all at Springfield Park, for though Joyce had not found time to do so much during her residence there, she had brought with her many pretty articles on which she had occupied what would otherwise have been weary days at The Chase.

There was only one friend to whom no Christmas gift was addressed, and that was Major Caruth.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROUND THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

MAJOR CARUTH was mistaken in supposing that his friend, Captain Tyson, had no visit to pay before joining him at Fernsclough, and the latter did not arrive until a day later than the one originally fixed when they parted.

"I was obliged to run over to my sister's and have a look at her and her belongings, though I did not stay longer than I could help. They will see enough of me when I settle down, as our homes will be near together,"

said the Captain, in explanation of his tardy arrival.

Mrs. Caruth was charmed with her son's friend, and as the days passed felt how pleasant it would be if Alec could induce him to extend his visit until after the New Year.

"I wish I could stay; many thanks to you for asking me," he replied; "but Kate, my sister, made me promise to go back for the Christmas doings at her house. If only—"

Here Captain Tyson paused and fell into a species of brown study, the purport of which he did not reveal. This was at breakfast, and an hour later he said to his friend—

"Caruth, I wish you would go with me to my sister's for a single night. I have a special reason for asking this, and I think Mrs. Caruth will spare you to me for so long."

"Do you mean to go to-day?" asked the Major.

"Well, yes. It only wants a week to Christmas, and things must be arranged soon, you understand."

Major Caruth did not understand, but was quite willing to take everything for granted, and Captain Tyson, having announced that no one ever came at a wrong time whom he invited to Kate's house, and that he would in any case "wire" from the station, so that she might not be taken by surprise, went off with his friend by the 2.30 train.

It was only after they were gone past recall that Mrs. Caruth remembered that she was quite ignorant as to her son's destination. Captain Tyson had neither mentioned his sister's surname nor the place of her abode; but she said to herself: "It is only for a night. Alec will be home to-morrow." And made herself contented in the meanwhile.

It was growing dusk as Major Caruth and his friend alighted at the door of a beautiful country house. It stood hospitably open, having been flung wide at the sound of approaching wheels. There was a rosy glow from within, which came from a blazing fire in the wide hall, where space, warmth, and comfort were well combined. A tall, graceful woman stood near the doorway, extending welcoming hands to the newly arrived guests.

"Kate," said Captain Tyson, "this is my good friend and wise mentor, Major Caruth, of whom you have heard before. Caruth, this is my sister Kate, otherwise Mrs. Ross; and here come the children to welcome Uncle Jack."

Turning aside from the elders after this introduction, Captain Tyson seized the smaller girl of the two and lifted her for a kiss, then exchanged her for the other, whom he mounted on his shoulder amid a burst of merry laughter from the pair of little people. There was another female figure visible, but in shadow and with the head turned from the door, as the gentlemen entered.

"I am sorry my husband will not be in yet," said Mrs. Ross. "He made an appointment before my brother's telegram came, and was obliged to keep it; but he will be here in good time for dinner. I have, however, a friend and guest whom you, I think, will be glad to see."

Mrs. Ross advanced, the figure turned towards her and her companion, and Major Caruth clasped the extended hand of Joyce Mirlees.

"Joyce!" he exclaimed. "Can it be you? This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. Did Tyson know?"

Joyce's face was radiant, as she looked with frank gladness at her old friend, who still retained her hand in his.

"Yes, it is I, Alec," she said, "and Captain Tyson planned this surprise for you. When he was here lately he talked of you and of his intended visit to Fernsclough. Then naturally it came out that his friend Major Caruth and the friend of my whole life were

one and the same person. He had a great deal to say about you, and I—you may imagine how glad I was to tell him that for years you had been my dear father's pupil and my own true friend always."

Joyce looked bravely up as she spoke. Her manner was frank and unrestrained, like that of a sister meeting a dear brother after years of absence.

Perhaps Major Caruth would have liked to see more of self-consciousness about the girl and signs of still deeper feeling.

Outwardly the strong man and brave soldier showed more emotion than Joyce did, for he kept her hand in his, and his voice trembled as he said—

"I little guessed what was before me when I left home to-day, or how much I should owe to my friend Tyson before the close of it."

"I dragged him off here at a moment's notice, Miss Mirlees," said Captain Tyson, pausing from a frantic race round the hall, in which he was already indulging with his small nieces. "You and my sister must explain to him one special object I had in bringing him here."

Major Caruth heard the explanation in due time, but not at that moment, for Mrs. Ross, on hospitable thoughts intent, was offering tea, and afterwards the gentlemen went to their rooms to dress for dinner.

Major Caruth remembered Mrs. Ross's allusion to Joyce as her "friend and guest." "The holidays have begun," he thought, "and the governess is gone for awhile. The friend remains. How few women would have drawn such a distinction as Mrs. Ross did by the use of those words!"

Before bedtime Major Caruth understood his friend's object in bringing him to Springfield Park in such haste. Mrs. Ross explained it on his behalf.

"My brother has told me of your kind wish that he should spend Christmas at Fernsclough. Mrs. Caruth had previously invited Joyce, who was pledged to remain here. Yet I hope and believe we should all be happier if under one roof than we could be if divided. My brother thinks that he and you might persuade Mrs. Caruth to come to us; but if you think it necessary, I will go to Fernsclough and unite my solicitations to yours—that is always supposing you are willing to join our Christmas gathering here."

Major Caruth looked for one instant inquiringly at Joyce. Her answering glance was eloquent enough to satisfy him, and he at once said to Mrs. Ross, "It will give me the greatest possible pleasure, and I do not think you will need to travel to Fernsclough to persuade my mother also to accept your kind invitation."

So Major Caruth returned home on the following day, carrying a pleasant surprise to his mother. He also conveyed a considerable addition to his luggage in the shape of Joyce's Christmas gifts for Welton friends.

One packet she retained.

"This is for Mrs. Caruth; I shall put it on the Christmas tree for her, instead of sending it now."

"And mine, Joyce. Where is it? I see nothing for me."

"People are not supposed to ask beforehand, or to be told what they may expect when the tree is lighted," she answered, with a laugh and a blush.

"I know what I expect, and I shall certainly ask for it," he said; "but I will not be more selfish than others. I will wait till Christmas Day for my present, Joyce. Good-bye for so long, dear Joyce."

"We shall lose Miss Mirlees," said Mr. Ross, oracularly. "Katie, Katie, who would have dreamed that you would develop a taste for match-making?"

This to his wife.

"Nor have I, dear. If a match should come about such as you suggest, it was virtually made before you and I ever heard the names of Alec Caruth and Joyce Mirlees."

Of course Mrs. Caruth accepted the invitation to Springfield Park, and equally of course the gathering there was a most delightful one.

If Alec Caruth did not find a present from his former child-friend beneath the spreading boughs of the lighted Christmas tree, he was not wholly discontented. Whilst others were admiring their gifts he managed to whisper a demand for one which was more precious in his eyes than all beside.

"You know what I want, dear Joyce," he pleaded. "Not a gift, only a fair exchange. One true heart in return for another. You have mine. You have had it for years, and you—" He looked inquiringly.

"I am afraid I have none to give you in return," she whispered.

A great fear filled his heart for a moment, but once more Alec Caruth looked at Joyce's blushing face and read the true answer to his petition.

"I believe you say this because, dear Joyce, it was mine already. Tell me, darling, am I right?"

But Joyce did not speak. Nevertheless, Alec was content, and a little later he told his mother that Joyce had given him the best of Christmas presents, her own sweet self.

So the little Rosses lost their former maid and present governess, but kept always their friend in her who soon became Joyce Caruth.

On the Christmas tree at Springfield that year Joyce found the ring that Adelaide had offered her on her twenty-first birthday. The girl sent it to be placed there, and Joyce gladly accepted what she felt to be a token of true cousinly love, and told her so.

In after days, when the once penniless niece was a happy wife, Mrs. Walter Evans was heard to declare that Joyce had improved wonderfully. But then in her eyes wealth and position were the greatest of all claims to respect. Without these all other excellences were as nothing. No need to tell the names of the many who rejoiced to see the

happiness of her who, as Joyce Mirlees, had tried to make others happy, or to say that none of these were forgotten by Joyce Caruth.

Beneath her roof Captain Tyson met his fate in the person of Adelaide Evans, and there, too, Mr. Evans is a frequent guest.

"To think that you should choose one who for awhile was 'only a servant,'" said Joyce to her husband, some time after their marriage.

"Dearest," he answered, "that word servant always brings pleasant thoughts to my mind. As a soldier, I was ever proud to call myself the servant of Queen and country; but I rejoice more when I think of Him who took upon Himself the form of a servant, and came on earth, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Faithful service to an earthly master is right honourable, but to be the faithful, humble servant of God is far better than to be a king amongst men. May it be your lot and mine, dear Joyce, thus to serve."

And with Christmas bells bringing to mind thoughts of the first Christmas morning, Joyce whispered "Amen."

SOMETHING NEW.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

Now, girls, a word or two with you respecting Christmas entertainments; for though no doubt papa and mamma are the real givers of the party, yet you probably consider yourselves in a great measure responsible for its success, and this is quite as it should be. Papa finds the needful, mamma sees after the culinary arrangements, and you superintend the preparation of the house and the amusements—a fair division of labour. I have no doubt that many times during this joyous season, when the giving of a party is being discussed, the wish for something new and out of the common in your department will be expressed, something that will provide your guests with pleasant recollections to carry away with them, and that will stamp your party as the party of the season. Now I want to give you a few hints how this wish may be made to end in a triumph at the cost of very little beyond slight trouble and the exercise of good taste. But in order to prevent disappointment, let me inform you at once that I am not going to tell you of any new form of entertainment in one sense of the word. The old ones that have served for so many years have still plenty of life in them, and will serve for many more yet. The standing dish may be the same you have served on many previous occasions. I am going to speak about the trimmings, and you who interest yourselves in these matters will know what value attaches to these. A daintily-arranged lobster salad is much more appetizing than one carelessly thrown together, without any attempt at a picturesque appearance, though the ingredients be just the same in each—and so it is with a party. There are parties and parties. Coming back from one you say, "Oh, it was very nice and pleasant—the usual thing, you know." Coming back from another you exclaim, "It was charming; everything was so pretty and well arranged." And this is what I should wish may be said of yours, and what will be said if you carry out my instructions.

Let me imagine, by way of illustration, that you live in a house that has a small outer hall opening into a more commodious one, and that the drawing-room where the party proper is to be held opens out of this, as also the dining-room, where the supper is laid, while the tea-room and ladies'-room are upstairs. The evening has arrived, and with it your

guests. They enter the hall, and are startled and delighted to find they have stepped into the midst of the realms of the Frost Queen, from which, for comfort's sake, the personal presence of Jack Frost has been excluded, although his handiwork is everywhere apparent. They discover the floor is thickly coated with snow. The walls, which they believed to have been covered with some dark wall paper, are now white, with ivy creeping up them, whose leaves glisten and sparkle in the light. Snow lies piled up against the foot of the stairs, as if swept out of the way. The stairs themselves are white and snow-covered, while the balustrades have patches of snow in all their crannies. Fir trees have suddenly sprung up in corners where they certainly gave no promise of growing a few days ago. Robin Redbreasts are perched here and there, as if about to sing, and the whole fairy-like scene is flooded by a crimson glow which does away with any idea of coldness. On going upstairs to the tea-room, you find the snow-storm has raged as violently there as down below, and has produced an equally picturesque effect. And now let me explain how this has been managed, and, remember, I am speaking of what has been done, not what might be done. This is no wild impracticable theory, but an accomplished fact, in which I had a hand, or rather both hands; so do not have any doubt about the result, but follow the directions, and the outcome will be success.

To begin with the floor. The snow we managed with large white dust sheets—very white. It did not matter about them fitting the shape of the hall, because where they were too big we turned them under, and the unevenness gave the idea of the snow lying thicker against the walls. The stairs were treated in the same way, the whole of the steps being covered, and also the landing on which the tea-room opened. For the walls, which were discoloured by a dark colour, we got several rolls of common white paper and fastened these with paste just below the ceiling, and again on the skirting-board against the floor. In this manner we covered the whole of the walls, and when it came to taking the paper down, a little warm water and a sponge removed all marks of the paste in a few moments, and the walls were not damaged in the slightest. Against this paper,

which of course hung somewhat loosely, we pinned long creepers of ivy, having previously drawn them through water and dipped them in flour. We carried these creepers up about five or six feet, and, when fixed, ornamented them further with Epsom salts and tufts of cotton wool. The handrail on the stairs had a thick covering of the same, bound on with thin white string, and some was also placed in the corners and angles of the balustrades. In most of the angles of the walls we placed small fir trees in pots, the pots of course being hidden beneath cotton wool, and the trees themselves sprinkled with flour and salts. The doorways, from which the doors had been removed, had looped-up curtains of crimson muslin, and above them were large bunches of ivy and evergreens, in which were seated stuffed birds, as if singing. The gas lamps were not turned up too high, and each of them had a crimson cover, so that all the light that was shed on the scene was of a warm red colour. The gas stove in the hall was treated in the same way, and the gleam of red light lying athwart the mimic snow was most picturesque.

Every one of the guests was loud in his admiration, and declared the experiment a complete success. It was something so new and at the same time so pretty. There was one drawback, and the gentlemen were quick to discover it. If they happened to brush up against or even touch any of the numerous patches of cotton wool with their coats, they carried away some of it on their backs, and it was no easy matter to get rid of it, it adhered so closely to the cloth. But this after all was a minor matter. Finally, when the party was over, and it came to setting the house in order the following day, other advantages of our scheme made themselves apparent. We first of all unpinned and took down the ivy, then the cotton wool was collected, and the white paper from the walls, which was carefully rolled up to serve for another occasion; and lastly, instead of the carpets having to undergo a thorough sweeping, the white dust sheets were gathered together with all the litter in them and carried outside, leaving the floors as neat and tidy as if nothing extraordinary had taken place. That, girls, was our plan, and I would advise you to try it if during this party-giving season you are on the look out for something new.

DUTY.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.



THERE speaks to every human heart,
 In tones of beauty,
 A still small voice,
 Saying, when we have played our part
 Of right and duty,
 "Rejoice! rejoice!"

Bidding each restless heart be calm,
 In sure conviction
 God's peace is there;
 It falleth, like the heavenly balm
 Of benediction
 That follows prayer!

Bringing that blessed comfort down,
 With peace, confessing
 His presence near;

The cross of duty is the crown
 Of every blessing
 God sends us here.

Duty is heaven's stair, whereon
 Who walks is gladder
 Than earth can deem!
 A stair where angels tread, as on
 The golden ladder
 Of Jacob's dream.

And that small voice, that sweetly through
 The spirit strayeth—
 Oh, it is none
 But the Great Master's voice, that to
 His servant sayeth,
 "Well done! well done!"

AN OLD HACKNEY GHOST STORY.

A SCRAP OF FORGOTTEN HISTORY.

By MRS. G. L. BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.



It happened nearly a century ago.

At that time the long, low, unattractive old parish church of St. John yet cumbered the earth, or the parishioners thought so, for they were all agog to sweep it out of existence and set a bright, brand-new temple in its place, where they might worship more at ease if not more devoutly.

It mattered not that their ancestors for countless generations had been baptised, married, buried in or around the old pile, or that it had been built in the days when Christianity was a truth to live and die for; there was a rage for Italian architecture in the land, and the venerable church, because it was wrinkled with age, was denounced as "cramped," "crazy," "dilapidated," "ruinous," "tottering to decay," "utterly unfit to represent the devotion of the parish."

How true were these assertions the stout old buttressed tower remains to show after a century of wear and weather, though ruthless hands were laid on nave and chancel, rending arch and masonry, flinging away the hallowed stones for meaner uses, and hiding away its monumental glories in a darksome tombhouse like a Mahomedan mausoleum; and would have done away with the grey, weather-beaten tower likewise, but for a sapient architectural oversight.

Yet just a century ago the church was still standing, serenely unconscious of the conspiracy on foot against its very existence.

And, overlooking the ancient graveyard—a long, narrow slip, trending towards Homerton, and flanked by field and marsh—stood also a goodly red-brick house, with an embayed front, sobering down into the mellow tint befitting its forty years of age, and the artistic proclivities of its owner's family.

Those proclivities could not then be very strongly developed, for Mr. Varey's eldest son, John, was but a boy of eleven, drawing pictures with ruddle on doors and walls, and on the slabs that lay around so temptingly. His brother, Aurelius, was only just breeched, and the great artist Ready-mul's future wife merely a little girl in white frock and red shoes, who skipped about the familiar churchyard in strange contrast and indifference to the grey stones under her feet or the story they told. But this five year old child had an elder sister of nine, and it is of this Miss Varey I have a historic somewhat to relate.

We must, however, suffer eight years to slip by, and convert the schoolgirl into a sentimental miss of seventeen, whilst the plot against the old church is drawing to a crisis.

Changes have come in the interim. Mr. Varey lies under the shade of a high brick wall in the churchyard. His son Aurelius has gone to live with a scientific uncle; John, brush in hand, is boldly painting landscapes with experimental water-colours; and Elsie, the widowed mother's eldest girl, is going listlessly about her household business, or sitting at her tambour-frame, or her harpsichord, dreaming and shaping her dreams into verse, to the perplexity and anxiety of her domestic mother.

To seek the immediate inspiration of this poetic languor, we must follow the young lady, as slim and genteel as a plain, narrow-skirted, muslin frock, with an apology for a bodice, could make her, on a bright summer day, along the path north of the long-bodied church, and between the iron posts that guarded the entrance into Church Street,* and along the raised footpath, past the lych-gate and the rectory, on an errand to one of the quaint old shops beyond the brook.

This brook, now covered up and lost to sight—and topography—made the circuit of Hackney proper in a sort of horseshoe curve from Clapton to Homerton, crossing Church Street at the depression at the foot of the hill (now overshadowed by a railway arch), where it lay in a broad pool fordable by horsemen and vehicles. For the accommodation of pedestrians there had been provided on the western side a narrow bridge of brick with two absurdly small arches, and on the eastern a wooden footbridge with a handrail supplemented by posts and chains for a distance beyond.

These bridges were long, narrow, and low, merely level with the raised side-walks.

The traffic in the streets was not great, people then were seldom in a hurry, and as Miss Varey reached the rather ricketty wooden footbridge, her eye was attracted to a fine bay horse and a finer rider coming leisurely on towards the ford, then swollen by a thunder-storm the previous day.

The attraction was mutual.

Either the flutter of her thin azure scarf, or the ribbons in her flat straw hat, or the dark locks floating over her shoulders, caught his attention, he could never tell which; but their eyes met as the horse began to splash through the water.

For a moment he lost his self-command, and nearly lost his seat, for the horse stumbled where the stream was deepest, and whilst he was off his guard almost pitched him over its head. Instinctively he drew the animal up with a jerk, settling himself more firmly in his saddle, nowise disconcerted by the involuntary exclamation of alarm that broke from the fair damsel on the footbridge.

In her sudden fright she had changed colour and stood stock-still for the moment, watching horse and rider.

A few paces carried the stranger across the ford. He turned in his saddle, took off his tall, dandified beaver, and bowed low in acknowledgment, then rode up the hill at a canter towards Clapton.

She knew not whether she was more vexed or pleased. She was annoyed to think she had made herself conspicuous by a cry. But

again she argued, how could she avoid it when he was so nearly pitched head foremost into the stream? And how could she help wondering who the graceful stranger could be?

At all events she had seen just so much of him as served to impress his form and features on her memory; certainly whenever she trod the old wooden footbridge.

And it was not allowed to pass away from her memory. It so chanced that whether she went shopping for her mother in Church Street, or with her sister by her side for a summer ramble under the trees along the Clapton road, so sure was she to see the mounted stranger at intervals of three or four weeks; and whether he passed or they met, or he stood talking to mine host of the Old King's Head, so surely he took off his hat and bowed in recognition.

It became embarrassing, and ere long her colour rose when thus saluted.

"Who is that gentleman?" asked her sister.

"I don't know, my dear."

"Not know, when he always bows to you?"

This elicited an explanation, and the ejaculation—"Oh, how romantic!" from the younger.

Romantic it had become. Not only did the handsome horseman cross her path, but he haunted her dreams, and filled her poetic mind with vague imaginings and causeless melancholy.

He stole into her verses as "the stranger;" and in her poetic reveries she indulged at once her newly born desire for solitude and moonlight, strolling at eventide on the path before their own bay windows, her feet on the gravel keeping pace with the measured feet of "ode" or "lyric."

At that time an ancient spring of soft water, never frozen in the severest weather, adjoined the churchyard and Morning Lane. It was enclosed within four walls with a doorway entrance, and was in great repute for tea-making and culinary purposes. This caused considerable traffic along the footpath, which ran south of the graveyard between Hackney and Homerton, and was entered from Church Street by three broad, flat steps and the lych-gate.

It so happened that about this time a rumour gained ground that the churchyard was haunted. A spectre all in white was seen to glide to and fro under the very windows of Mr. Varey's abode, and various speculations were afloat concerning the portent.

No maid was found hardy enough to carry her water-can to the church-well after dusk, after one girl had dropped her pail in affright and run shrieking home without it.

Even men, having occasion to take the short cut, would linger at the lych-gate, or the posts at the other end, until they were joined by others, and gained courage to cross by companionship.

At times the spectral figure appeared seated on a low tomb, close to the grave of a woman who had been smitten down as by a judgment whilst adorning God to strike her dead if she told a lie.

Then it was said the perjured woman's soul could not rest, but was condemned to walk the earth in testimony of her great sin.

Some incredulous persons betook themselves to the long walk to satisfy themselves. But the ghost was erratic, and seldom visible except when the moon was shining. And they

* Mare Street.

maintained that the ghost was nothing but moonshine.

The Vareys heard of it, and laughed. They saw nothing but themselves, and were not to be scared by numskulls.

The autumn leaves yellowed and fell in golden showers; winter came with its wind and rain and driving showers of sleet and snow.

And then the stranger was seen by Miss Varey in long drab overcoat and top boots, and still he raised his hat with graceful courtesy.

The ground was white with snow one February day, when the young lady, equipped in a small scarlet cloak with the hood drawn over her head, and with pattens on her feet, left the "London House," opposite to the church gates, carrying a small parcel of drapery she had purchased there.

In order to gain the opposite side, she was compelled to walk down the hill to the steps near the ford, and after crossing the cartway ascend the corresponding steps to the side walk. It was rather risky for pattered feet, especially in snowy or frosty weather, but she went and returned without a slip. She had passed the rectory, and was about to plant her foot on the first step at the lych-gate, when who should come riding noiselessly down hill but the unknown, and put her all in a flutter with the mere wave of his hat.

The slightest step awry was apt to twist pattens, and the feet within them. Elsie, surprised out of her composure, must have set down her foot incautiously. The patten slipped and she with it.

Before she could recover herself, the stranger was off his horse and by her side.

"I trust, madam, you have sustained no injury," he cried in some concern, as he raised her from the slippery ground.

"I—I—fear I have twisted my ankle," she stammered out; adding, "Oh dear, how shall I manage to get home?" as she found that but for his support she would again have fallen.

By this time a lad from the "London House," by dint of jumping into the roadway and scrambling out of it, had reached the spot, and answered the gentleman's solicitous inquiry respecting the young lady's abode.

"Miss Varey only lives at the red house overlooking the churchyard, Mr. Anderson," said he, giving more information than was asked for.

"Well, my lad, just loosen the pattens

that have done the mischief, and hold my horse whilst I help Miss Varey home."

The lad knelt down in the snow, and released the girl's small feet, but her supporter felt her wince as the twisted ankle was freed from the hard patten straps.

She tried to be brave, but could not use her foot.

"Pray do not attempt too much, Miss Varey. You must suffer me to bear you up," said Mr. Anderson, using her name as if he had not then learnt it for the first time; and as if only half sorry for the mishap which privileged him to put his strange arm around her as a genuine support, and at the same time gave a long desired introduction.

Mrs. Varey was overwhelmed alike with distress for her daughter's accident (though sprained ankles were almost common as pattens), and with gratitude to the gentleman who had left his horse to bring her home; and who did not leave until he had placed her on a sofa and obtained permission to call again, "for an assurance that the injury was not serious."

He might not have preferred this request so comportedly had not John Varey entered the room, shaken hands with the stranger, and introduced him as a Mr. Anderson whose business brought him into the neighbourhood, and whose acquaintance he had made long before, when sketching the Angler's Rest and other picturesque spots on the River Lea.

But—not serious! The young lady, who had written sentimental verses over the slipping of a stranger's horse at the ford, grew more and more sentimental as weeks went by, now that he was no more a stranger, but a frequent visitor under their roof, bringing books to relieve the monotony of the hours spent on a couch; more especially when he told how from the time they first met at Hackney ford he had carried her image about with him, and had in fact cultivated her brother's acquaintance in hopes to bring about an introduction—a painless one—to her.

It may be she thought their introduction, as it was, a sufficient panacea for its pain. At all events she bore it very patiently, and when later, in the fine spring weather, she was strong enough to resume her moonlight walks in the churchyard, taking her old seat on the elevated slab when tired of strolling, her poetic reveries had a fuller meaning, her verses a warmer tone. Of anything "serious" to others she did not dream.

Once more the slumbering story of the ghost was revived, and silly nursemaids fright-

ened their young charges with tales of its appearance, thus fostering foolish fears and superstitions.

It chanced one evening when the sweet May moon silvered the fresh foliage and shed a weird light on the grey tablets of the dead that Mr. Anderson encountered by the lych-gate a group of shuddering and terrified people, who warned him not to proceed lest he should lose his senses, for the ghost of the perjured woman was sitting there all in white by her grave, and it was not safe to venture.

He listened, asked when and where the dreaded spirit had been seen, laughed, said it was fancy, or that the ghost was warm flesh and blood.

He might as well have argued with the stones. It was in vain he invited any of the crowd to go forward to the haunted spot.

He went on, laughing as he went. The terrific ghost, arrayed in spotless white, advanced to meet him, and in a minute more was clasped in his strong arms, a loving, living woman.

How merrily she laughed at the mystery she had created by her passion for moonlight musings! How readily she accompanied him to the gate to prove her own identity! And how, on her approach, the people fled, all but one or two of the bravest, who themselves were loth to believe the evidence of their eyes and ears.

The scare had become general. The ghost had been seen at intervals by numbers. The contradiction of one or two could not reach the many.

It was not until Miss Varey went away as the wife of Mr. Anderson, and the house of the Vareys was pulled down to make way for the new church, and busy masons destroyed old associations, that confidence was gradually restored and the path to Church-well frequented as of yore.

But the roadway had been levelled, the brook and ford covered up, the wonderful church, for which no steeple had been planned, stood fair to view, the ancient place of worship had been demolished, leaving its time-worn belfry to ring out the old, ring in the new, long years before the Ghost of Hackney Churchyard vanished from the memory of the living.

To me the story was told on the spot by aged lips; no other than those of the ghost-lady's daughter; herself artistic and poetic—a story I repeat as one more proof how such legends may be "well authenticated by eye witnesses," yet be the varied outcomes of ignorance, cowardice, and superstition.

CINDERELLA'S ANCESTOR.

By EMMA BREWER.



IF we desire to trace our well-known fairy tale of Cinderella back to its home and origin, we must turn our steps towards Egypt, that land of wonders, that treasure-house of ancient wisdom and civilisation from which Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans alike drew their learning and culture.

We must turn back the leaves of the past nearly five thousand years, to a time when Rome and Greece had no existence, when England and Germany were thick tangled forests, the abode

of wild beasts, if we would find the great great grandmother of Cinderella.

Even at so early a period of the world's history Egypt was a highly civilised country, and it is not strange that as new nations gradually spread themselves over the face of the earth they should take the ancient Egyptians as models, and become imbued with their learning and romance; and it is not difficult to imagine that Cinderella, who fascinated us when we were children, and who fascinates us even now, should, although under another name, have fascinated an Egyptian prince nearly five thousand years ago.

This is what she is said to have done, and the account of her doings and sayings—in fact, the story of her life—forms part of the history of ancient Egypt.

The story as here given deals only with one part of our Cinderella, viz., that the girl owes her fortune to the slipper or sandal, the unkind sisters forming no part of it.

There is, however, a separate tale in the ancient records, dealing only with the sisters, which no doubt became grafted on to that of Cinderella.

The story goes that more than four thousand years ago there dwelt in the island of Samos a merchant, with his wife and little daughter Nitakert. He had been very unfortunate in business, and resolved to settle in Egypt in order to redeem his position. What his occupation had been in Samos the record does not state, but in Egypt he opened an inn, such a one as we read of in Genesis, partly a caravanserai and partly a wine-shop.

His life in the new country was none too smooth for him, for the Egyptians were not kind to strangers, and as we know from Bible history they would not even take food at the same table with them.

The merchant's only joy amid his incessant cares and troubles was his little daughter Nitakert. She was good and beautiful, and even the Egyptians who came to the shop for their daily portions of wine were charmed out of their reserve.

As the years went on the fame of her beauty spread gradually over the whole town, and customers and travellers came from far and near to behold the rare beauty of the girl. The business increased daily, and he, the poor unknown stranger, was rapidly becoming a rich and respected merchant. His daughter was busy from morning till night, for all the customers desired to be served by her—indeed, the best in the shop gave no pleasure except she handed it.

Thus it happened that Nitakert had very little leisure; she was kept on the alert all day long; but this never made her cross or peevish; on the contrary, she was always kind and amiable. As gay as a lark she flitted hither and thither, and knew how to please everyone.

If there were by chance a quiet morning, she hastened out to the Nile, attended by a maid-servant, and diving into its clear waters acquired new freshness, power, and love of life, doing much the same as Pharaoh's daughter on the morning she found Moses in the cradle of rushes.

Daily baths were necessary to the Egyptians on account of the great heat and their extraordinary love of cleanliness, a love which could be easily satisfied, as all towns were built by the river or on a wide canal. The bath, too, was surrounded by less of ceremony than with us. The dress to be thrown off was but a single light garment, and a yellow striped cloth bound round the head. Sandals were used only by women and the high born. The undressing, therefore, was but the work of a moment, and almost before the bath was over the sun had dried the bather, and the garments were on again.

One morning Nitakert hurried out with her maid to refresh herself in the waters of the Nile. While still delighting in the bath, the servant, who was already out of the water and dressed, was walking up and down the bank, plucking and making up into a posy the magnificent white lotus flowers which grew in masses on the bank.

These flowers were special favourites with the ladies of ancient Egypt. One scarcely ever saw them, whether out walking, or in society, or on a water excursion without a bunch of them in their hands.

Thus employed, the girl was sauntering to and fro, when suddenly she cried in a loud, excited voice, "Nitakert, Nitakert!" and Nitakert looking up from the water beheld a monster vulture making wide circles over her in the air, and coming ever nearer and nearer. Fear took possession of both the girls; they screamed aloud for help, but there was no one near to aid them. The bird was now exactly over them, and it shot down like an arrow. The girls in terror covered both eyes with their hands. A moment later the wings of the mighty vulture rustled again, and mistress and maid, venturing to look up, saw the bird mounting higher and higher, till it vanished from their sight.

Nitakert sprang out of the water, and fell weeping on the neck of her companion. Her great desire was now to get home, and in dressing discovered what the vulture had done—it had robbed her of one of her sandals. This was no great misfortune; she walked home barefoot, and related the adventure, preserving the remaining sandal in memory of it.

Some little time after this it happened that the King of Egypt journeyed out of his capital into the open country, there to sit in judgment, with his council. At the time of which we are speaking affairs were not judged in courts of justice by special judges, according to written laws; that came into force later on; but the king gave judgment publicly before everybody in the open air, aided by the advice of his Ministers.

The petitioners drew near, laid before him their pleas, received judgment and departed, glad or sorry, according to the tenor of the king's decision.

On the occasion of which we speak, the attention of the council and pleaders was disturbed. First one and then another looked up, pointing towards heaven, and giving vent to cries of surprise.

The king himself raised his head, which had been bent in thought, and beheld!—there, high in the air, hovering over the assembled crowd, was a large vulture. The judgments were forgotten, the proceedings interrupted, and everyone's attention was fixed on the stately bird, who cut the air with his wings, describing first larger and then smaller circles, approaching ever nearer to the assembly of people.

All gazed with breathless expectation, for the vulture (although the two girl-bathers did not know it) was in Egypt an omen of victory and happiness.

At this moment it hovered perpendicularly over the king, and opening one of its claws let something fall. A cry of astonishment issued from a thousand throats at once. Swift as an arrow the vulture shot off, and had soon vanished from all eyes; but in the king's lap lay a tiny sandal.

The king sat speechless, amazement appeared on the faces of the assembled multitude, no one knew what to make of the occurrence. At length the king, breaking silence, asked, "Who will interpret this to me?" One and another nodded their heads thoughtfully, without, however, being able to solve the mystery. At length an old experienced priest stepped forward, and bowing low, said, "Thou, Son of the Sun, hast asked, and thy servant answereth. It is the foot covering of a little maiden which the blessed bird has delivered to thee from the heights of heaven. Up, then, and seek her who has been brought to thy notice in such an extraordinary manner. She will be thy consort and our queen."

All had listened to the words of the sage with attention, and there arose a loud storm of applause.

"Up, up," rang from all sides; "search for the queen."

In triumphal procession the king was conducted back to the town amid the sound of trumpets and the joyful acclamations of the people.

In the city the event of the day was known from individuals who had hurried forward, and soon heralds traversed the capital and made known, amidst the noise of trumpets and drums, that the owner of the sandal was invited to come before the king.

For a wonder the day passed and no one announced herself, yet certainly there was no girl but would gladly have accepted the invitation of the Son of the Sun.

What was to be done? The king had carefully preserved the sandal, and whoever claimed it must not only exactly describe it, but be able to produce its fellow and show that they fitted her feet. No deception was therefore possible, however gladly the Egyptian girls would have attempted it.

In the palace the surprise was great that no one should have come forward to claim it, the belief being that the vulture had not brought it from far. Again the heralds traversed the

town and proclaimed a large reward for him through whose aid the unknown maiden should be discovered, but all in vain.

The king had no rest, no pleasure, while this mystery remained unsolved.

"I will and must see her," he cried, "even if I search every hut in my kingdom."

He set off on a journey through the land from the north even to the south, making known as he went his command and desire, and thus it happened that he came to where Nitakert dwelt, and as the herald proclaimed in the open street the object of the king's journey, the answer came from many voices, "That sandal belongs to Nitakert, the lovely stranger; a vulture robbed her of it."

While the bystanders hurried off to Nitakert to communicate to her the herald's announcement, that officer flew back to the king, crying, "Hail to thee, oh king! at last we have found the maiden whom thou seekest."

In the utmost impatience the king moved forward, accompanied by his court. Nitakert had not yet recovered from her amazement when noise and tumult in the street attracted her attention, and running to the door beheld armed men advancing to the sound of cymbals and trumpets, and behind these came archers, followed by a herald, who cried with a loud voice, "Bow the head," and all the people in the street and on the roofs prostrated themselves, crying with loud voices, "Hail to our king, the Son of the Sun."

Now appeared the gilded carriage, drawn by magnificent horses, which in their turn were led by youths robed in white, and within the chariot stood the Son of the Sun, adorned with the red and white royal crown, servants walking on the right and left of him and behind him carrying long poles with fans or screens of ostrich feathers attached, which they held over his head.

The carriage stopped before the wine merchant's door, and the king entered; half an hour later the procession was again in motion, the music ringing out, and the cry of "Bow the head" penetrating the length of the street.

The people rejoiced and shouted "Happiness and blessing to our young queen," for by the king's side stood the lovely Nitakert. Flowers were strewn in the way of the royal chariot, feasts were prepared, accompanied by unfeigned signs of joy and love.

At length the queen arrived in the capital, delighted with everything she saw, but most of all she rejoiced that as time went on she possessed the love of her husband and the respect and devotion of the people. They were devoted to her, and, wrapped about as she was with the mystery of the sandal, they regarded her almost as a celestial being.

And Nitakert deserved this love. She was, in fact, the loving mother of her people; she brought comfort to the deserted, help to the poor, nursing to the sick. No house was too small, no hut too poverty-stricken for her to seek out, spreading happiness and blessing on all sides. Wherever she appeared care and anxiety fled and joy and peace entered.

Years went by, the lovely Nitakert rejoiced in the purest happiness; loving and beloved, she seemed to lack nothing, and had no idea that in all Egypt she had a single enemy.

Yet there were in the kingdom certain people who, holding fast to the ancient right of succession, had never forgiven the king for having so far forgotten what was due to Egypt as to raise a stranger to the throne, and determined to avenge this violation of the laws even at the cost of the king's life.

The secret band of malcontents bound themselves by a solemn oath, therefore, to murder the king and make Nitakert a widow. They carried out their wicked purpose, and we find the once lovely, happy Nitakert a pale, weeping woman, mourning, and wailing, and wringing her hands by the coffin of her

beloved husband, with whom she would gladly have been buried. With tears she made the preparations for his burial. All imaginable signs of love and fidelity were lavished on the dead until, on the seventy-second day of mourning, the hour of burial arrived.

When a king of Egypt died the land mourned for seven weeks of ten days each, beside the day of the death and the day of the burial. During these weeks no sacrifice was made to the gods, no music was heard, no festival was kept, no meat eaten, no grapes or wine taken.

As the embalmed corpse was deposited in the western mountains, and the tomb closed, the sorrowing queen leaned on the walled-up door for a long time, praying and weeping. "Sleep well, my beloved," she murmured. "There is but little left for me to do. I will build my grave, and I will avenge thee. Then, and then only, will I come to thee."

Here, properly speaking, we should leave Cinderella's ancestor, for the tragedy and strong-mindedness which mark the end of Nitakert have no counterpart in our dainty little Cinderella, who is to look pretty and be happy ever after. Yet as there is something more to be told of the Egyptian queen, it would not be right to leave it unsaid.

The funeral over, the queen appeared quite changed. She ordered the master builder to come to her, and directed him to build a pyramid, which should contain a tomb for herself, and a subterranean chamber suitable for festal banquets. In the land of Egypt it was customary to seek shelter from the heat in underground rooms, therefore this was no startling direction.

When the plans for both had been discussed and decided on, Nitakert dismissed the master builder with the command that he was to spare nothing in order to finish the work as quickly as possible. Then she devoted herself to State affairs, and did all that came to her hands with such zeal and judgment, that the Egyptians scarcely missed their king.

With the exception of the secret band of murderers, the whole people were attached to her. Young and old, rich and poor, plebeian and aristocrat, had a deep personal love for her, and great respect for her judgment and power. Later generations bear record of her that she was, with the exception of Isis, the noblest and loveliest lady that ever shared the throne with the Son of the Sun.

But her beauty was no longer the same as before her husband's death; laughter never now lighted up her pale suffering features, a jest or joyous word never now passed her lips, and in her quiet moments her heart and thoughts seemed far distant.

Her favourite occupation when the business of the State had been attended to was to go out and inspect her pyramid. This was not

being built of yellow lime or sandstone, as was the custom, but of granite, which was obtained far away on the southern borders of Egypt.

The whole year through thousands of workmen were occupied in breaking the stone, in hewing it, and conveying it down the Nile, and then with it forming the mighty monument. With the same zeal the workmen got on with the subterranean room, and when it was complete Nitakert decorated it with royal magnificence. Its inauguration was, however, still put off until the pyramid was finished.

At length, after six years of incessant labour and longing expectation, both works were complete. In the interior of the proudly soaring pyramid was the little burial chamber containing the granite coffin silently awaiting its dead, and the stones for building up the narrow entrance when the coffin should have received its burden.

No one knew, no one in the least suspected, what plan the unhappy Nitakert had hidden in her heart. For some time after the evil deed had been committed the murderers had feared detection and the vengeance of the queen, but time went by and they were still untouched, nay, more, they were left in possession of their offices and dignities. They had not hoped to have thus escaped, and now, after six long years, not one of them dreamed of any danger, the bitterness of death was passed.

It was at this moment, the works complete, the murderers secure, that the queen invited them to a grand banquet in the subterranean room to celebrate the completion of the pyramid. No individual guest knew who beside himself shared the honour of partaking of the royal feast, and when they were assembled they did not observe that of all those who six years before had sworn the king's death not one was absent. Nor were they aware that a wide canal had been constructed under the earth from the Nile to the pyramid, and was kept in bounds by a sluice or dyke outside the door of the ante-room of the very hall wherein they were sitting.

The adornments of the hall were splendid and costly, and hundreds of lights illuminated it. No one could have suspected the ruin to them all lurking behind the walls. The rarest wine sparkled in golden cups, the costliest viands appeared in priceless dishes. Everything which could rejoice the heart was provided in abundance. Gay music and dancing girls were there, and the guests agreed that it was the most splendid feast they had ever partaken of.

With bright eyes the queen glanced at the number of her guests and heard their demonstrations of joy with delight.

Towards the end of the banquet, when the pleasure was at its height, the pale lady suddenly glided out of the hall. She remained a moment standing in the outer room, while she

cast a glance at her guests, and then with a steady hand drew back the bar of the sluice and darted up the steps.

Suddenly there sounded a thundering, rushing, and roaring; the folding door of the hall sprang open, and with frightful force the death-bringing stream pressed in.

Speechless with fright, motionless with horror, each one regarded the other. No scream was heard, no word spoken, no effort made to escape; he who stood remained standing, he who lay on the soft cushions did not rise, destruction came too swift and sure. Death came to them in a few seconds, the brimming cups still in their hands.

This was the vengeance of the woman from whom they had taken her dearest, her greatest treasure. As she had been robbed six years before of her whole happiness unexpectedly and unprepared, so should destruction come with lightning rapidity upon those who had dealt her this blow. She determined that they should lose their life just when it was sweetest to them, and *before* death overtook them that they should see it in all its grimness.

Nitakert in the meantime hurried to a neighbouring building, where for some hours a large fire had been burning; the floor was covered with burning coals, and the flames licked the walls. Here she sought and found death.

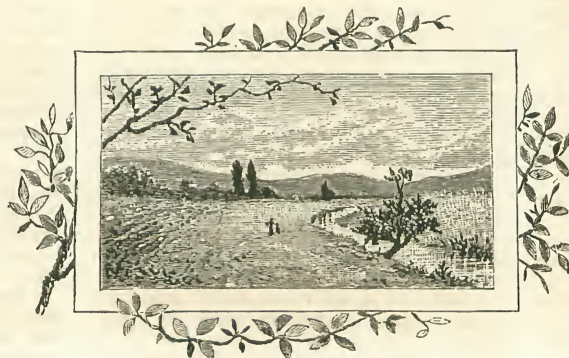
On the seventy-second day afterwards a long funeral procession moved towards the pyramid. As was the custom, the Egyptians sat in judgment on the dead queen and pronounced her worthy of honourable burial.

The people never forgot her, but cherished her memory and handed it down to their children and children's children with love and blessings.

More than four thousand years have passed since Cinderella's ancestor was laid to rest in her granite coffin within the pyramid she had built for herself, yet the guide of to-day points it out to the visitor, and tells a strange legend concerning it, which is easy to recognise. He also relates that sometimes in the clear star-lit nights a bright shimmer floods the pyramids, and a lovely woman is seen gliding round the small granite monument in which she was laid to rest, with a smile so intensely sorrowful that once seen can never be forgotten.

It is difficult to say where in this legend truth ends and fiction begins, but it assures us of one thing, that our Cinderella is of ancient lineage and of royal descent, and that the prince who marries her need have no fear of a *mésalliance*.

That we know anything definite about Cinderella's ancestor is due to the learning and research of Dr. Karl Oppel, who, by diving into old records and hieroglyphics, has made clear to us much that was unknown concerning ancient Egypt, its learning, its customs, its origin, and its history.



THE WRONG COLOUR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By LUKE LOVART, Author of "Too Fat," etc.

CHAPTER I.



IT was a fortnight before Christmas, and the weather was what is called seasonable. That is to say, the cold was intense, the sky was like lead, and the air was thick with snow-flakes.

People were waiting in the afternoon for the up express on the platform of the Swindon station. The platform was crowded, so was the refreshment-room, memorable as the scene of so many victories won by scalding soup over hurried passengers.

Amongst the travellers walking up and down on the platform were two young men, clad in ulsters, like the majority of their fellow travellers. They were about the same age, three or four and twenty, and might both be considered good-looking. One of them, however—the darker of the two—had such a quiet demure manner, and smiled so seldom, that he did not attract so much attention as his friend. The latter, with his laughing blue eyes, and fair curly hair, and slender yet athletic frame, looked the very type and model of a young Englishman of the better class. The cold and gloom of the weather seemed powerless to affect him; he laughed and chatted incessantly, as if in the highest spirits.

"It's great luck our meeting like this, Daventry," he said. "I never expected any thing less than to see you here."

"Still, people do meet at junctions, you know," said his friend, drily.

"Oh, of course! Still, you generally meet just the people you don't want to see—your tailor, for instance, who has just written for the tenth time to remind you that his 'little account'—no tailor ever yet had a big account against anyone—is much overdue, and an immediate settlement would be esteemed a favour. Now you, on the contrary, are just the fellow I did want to meet."

"Why?"

"First, because it's always a treat to have a chat with an old chum like you."

"I'm glad I'm of some use in the world," said Daventry. "But what's your second reason?"

"Secondly, because I've something particular to tell you."

"Well, what is it?"

"I'm to be married off hand. It's an awful joke."

"I should have thought it was exactly the reverse."

"Of course I'm not going to let it be done. I intend to preserve my independence."

"Bravo! But how is it menaced?"

"In this way. You have often heard me speak of my uncle—Uncle Jim. In fact, but for Uncle Jim we should never have known each other, as he sent me to Oxford. Well, Uncle Jim has a niece, who is supposed to be rolling in wealth, and he has taken it into his head that I ought to marry her."

"H'm. It seems to me, Cecil, that there is something to be said, after all, for Uncle Jim's plan."

"Looked at superficially, there is a good deal to be said for it, my dear fellow. In the matrimonial state one partner is supposed to supply what the other lacks. What I lack is money; she would supply it. Then, too, it seems the proper thing to keep it in the family. I suppose I shall be Uncle Jim's heir, but I don't know, and, in any case, he is a dear old fellow, though very obstinate, and I couldn't bear the idea of waiting for him to quit the scene. So, as I say, there is much to be said for the matrimonial scheme."

"Well? For I know you don't mean to stop there."

"Unfortunately, there's a great deal more to be said against it. To begin with, the young lady is a West Indian; she hails from Jamaica."

"You don't mean that she's black?"

"How am I to tell? I have never seen her, neither has Uncle Jim."

"Still, I suppose his sister was white."

"Well, you see, the girl's mother isn't quite his sister."

"Not quite his sister! I don't understand these delicate shades of relationship."

"The thing happened in this way. Uncle Jim's brother went out to the West Indies very young, and married a West Indian lady, whether white or coloured no one exactly knows. But he died early without leaving any family, and his widow married again. Of course, the second marriage was so entirely her own business that Uncle Jim never inquired about her second husband. He may have been a regular nigger for anything we know. Well, this second husband is gone now, leaving one child—the heiress—my cousin, as I call her. To his great astonishment, Uncle Jim got a letter the other day from the widow, saying that she intended to settle in England—would he receive her for a little while on her arrival? Of course, he wrote back at once to say how pleased he should be to see them, and since then he has got this idea that I should marry the girl so firmly in his head that I can't get it out again. But it is too preposterous."

"You would naturally like to know her colour first."

"Just so. But, whatever her colour, it doesn't follow that she would suit me. Besides, I don't want to marry. I've seen many nice girls, but not one nice enough to make me willing to give up my independence."

"And you will either marry for love or not at all?"

"Certainly, I won't marry for money."

"You forget that you are living in the nineteenth century."

"I don't see what that has to do with it. It doesn't make me nineteen hundred years old. I'm only twenty-three."

"Still, you should live up to the principles of your time. Nowadays money is everything."

"Well, money would never make me marry

her, and I know you would be the last fellow to advise it."

"You seem to take it for granted that the young lady will at once accept anyone who offers."

"I don't know. Uncle Jim thinks she'd be sure to accept me."

"It is very wrong of him to foster your conceit in that way."

"Perhaps," said Cecil, more slowly, as if pondering on a new idea, "she might object to me. That would be a very simple way out of the difficulty, and Uncle Jim couldn't blame me then. You see, he has set his heart upon it, and I shall be sorry to disappoint him, as he's been awfully good to me. But one can't sell oneself body and soul to oblige even a pet uncle."

"Of course you'll have to meet the girl?"

"Exactly. That's what I'm scheming about now."

"How not to do it?"

"Well now, to cut it as short as possible. The two mulattos are expected at Grayhurst, my uncle's place in Kent, almost immediately, and my uncle wanted me to spend the next fortnight with them there. He knew I was idling away my time in the country, so I am going up to Oxford again, that I may be able to postpone my visit with a better grace. I don't intend to go down there till Christmas Eve. I shall only stay just over Christmas, so I shan't see much of them. But it's put a stop to my shooting, which is a nuisance. Hullo! here's my train at last. How late it is! Good-bye, old fellow; I wish you were coming with me."

"You must write and tell me how the comedy—or shall I say, tragedy? progresses."

"Certainly; but it's all a farce, you know. Good-bye."

CHAPTER II.

THE express laboured into the station over the snow-covered lines. There was a rush for the carriages, which were already pretty full. When Cecil had shaken hands with his friend, he found he was already too late to secure such a place as he wanted. In fact, all the carriages were full except one, which was avoided for a very evident and sufficient reason. At the window was a baby, which was taking advantage of the occasion to exercise its lungs to the fullest extent.

Cecil passed and repassed this carriage, but shirked it every time. He wanted to be quiet, and he didn't like babies. He was good-natured enough, and could make himself on occasion very popular with children. But a baby was a different thing. In his eyes it was a mere kind of elastic contrivance for making hideous noises, and otherwise rendering life a burden. At last, however, he had to come to a decision. The train was so late that the customary ten minutes were reduced to three, and the scalding soup defended itself against the passengers with even greater success than usual. He was just going to open the door and jump in when he heard a harsh, croaking voice from inside the carriage say, "Keep the child at the window; we don't want anyone else in here."

Cecil would have withdrawn, but it was too late.

"Jump in, sir, if you're going," cried the guard, and in he jumped, past the howling little dragon that guarded the entrance. Much discomfited, he threw himself back in a corner

and glanced at his fellow-passengers. In front of him was the child, still squalling. It had been squalling before, because it had not been taken out of the carriage; it was squalling now, because it was not allowed to put its head out of the window, which the mother had already closed. The mother herself was a more attractive object. She was very young, and becomingly dressed in a dark travelling costume trimmed with fur. Her complexion was pale but exquisitely delicate, and there was something in the contrast between this pallor and the sparkling, roguish eyes that struck Cecil as being distinctly fascinating. As for the elderly lady at the other end of the carriage, she was such a mass of furs and shawls and railway rugs that he could not make much out of her. He had the impression, however, that she was by nature thin, not to say skinny, and that she had a nose with a very high bridge to it, which might indicate aristocratic descent. It was clear that she regarded his entrance into the carriage as a distinct intrusion. After a little preliminary sniffing, for which her nose seemed well adapted, she proceeded to formulate a kind of visible protest against his presence by building up a fortification of books and bags and bonnet-boxes between herself and him. There was ample room for this upon the seat, and it seemed to gratify the old lady. When her parallels were complete and she felt herself adequately entrenched, she began to talk to the younger lady in a way which seemed to Cecil the reverse of exhilarating. Her first remark was—

"We're a pair of idiots!"

The young lady smiled, revealing as she did so a set of the most dainty little teeth.

"I have never professed to be anything else," she said; "but why do you include yourself, aunt?"

"Because anyone with a grain of sense would have stayed at home on a day like this, instead of travelling. The cold is perfectly frightful. I believe the foot-warmer is frozen."

"Won't you wrap a rug round your feet?"

"Don't you see that I have a rug round them already? But it's of no use at all."

"I am very sorry. What is to be done?"

"If Gulcher was here, she would be able to do something for me. I never will travel without my maid again."

"But she is to meet you at Paddington, is she not?"

"Paddington! Yes; but that doesn't help me now."

"Can't I do anything for you? I wish I could."

"Dr. Brandison said I must never have cold feet."

"What a pity he didn't say how you were to help having them. That would have been more to the purpose, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, but he did say. He's not at all the sort of man to leave anything in a state of vagueness. He was most clear and decided."

"Still, it's no good, if you haven't the remedy with you, aunt."

"I have it with me, child—that's what makes it so provoking."

"I really can't understand you."

"Of course not. Everything must be put in black and white for an unsympathetic nature. But I don't choose to be so explicit before strangers. If we were alone it would be different."

Cecil felt more uncomfortable than ever. It was clear that the old lady's last remark was levelled at him.

"I am very sorry that my presence should inconvenience you in any way," he said mildly.

The old lady sniffed more vehemently than ever.

"I am not aware, sir, that I said it did," she remarked, in her most disagreeable manner.

If the old lady had been a man, Cecil would have fired up. As it was, he preserved his temper, and said, with a smile—

"I did my best to leave you the carriage to yourselves."

"A very pretty compliment!" exclaimed the old lady. "You hear that, my dear?"

"But," continued Cecil, "the train was so full that I was forced to intrude upon you. However, I will get out at the next station."

"We don't stop till we get to Didcot," remarked the old lady in a despairing tone.

"Well, I really can't get out of an express train when it's going at full speed. You can hardly expect that."

"I expect nothing, sir, from the present generation."

Cecil was staggered by the far-reaching pessimism of the remark, but he felt grateful that nothing had been added about "vipers." Still bent on conciliation, if that were possible, he now said—

"Meanwhile, I wish you would regard me as not being here at all. I will try to go to sleep, and, in any case, I promise you not to open my eyes."

"That's ridiculous!" said the old lady. "You can't neutralise your presence merely by closing your eyes."

"What else am I to do, then?" asked Cecil, growing desperate. It seemed quite impossible to mollify this she-dragon.

"I have not asked you to do anything," said the old lady. "And if I die of cold feet, of course it will make no difference to you."

Cecil did not answer. He even thought for one moment that he could have attended her funeral without requiring more than one pocket-handkerchief, she was so very disagreeable; but he dismissed the unworthy thought as soon as it presented itself, and glanced at the young lady opposite him. Unless he was greatly mistaken, there was an expression of amusement on her delicate features. Her baby was asleep, and as he looked at her she bent forward a little and whispered to him—

"I hope you will excuse my aunt; she is not very well, and the journey this cold day has upset her."

"I am only so sorry to inconvenience her."

"Pray do not mention it."

During this long colloquy the old lady had turned her back upon them, and was apparently engaged in unfastening some travelling-bag, for shortly afterwards there was heard from that corner a kind of gurgling fugue, in which the main theme was adhered to with surprising tenacity through a vast number of variations. When this melody at last came to an end, the old lady looked round with an air of such lamb-like innocence that it would have taken in a Bow Street magistrate but for the somewhat unnatural warmth that now suffused her countenance.

"I hope your feet are a little warmer, aunt," said her niece, demurely.

The old lady was certainly better; for she answered quite graciously—

"Thank you, I think they are a little. Dr. Brandison is really a most able man. It is quite astonishing to me the pitch of perfection to which the art of medicine has been brought nowadays. A good doctor seems to know exactly what will cure even the most obscure complaints. Take cold feet, for example. How are you to get at them? Foot-warmers are all very well, when they're warm, but, even then, they only warm the feet superficially. But if you go to a good doctor he can warm them internally—isn't it wonderful?"

Her niece hastened to agree with her. She did not add that Dr. Brandison was even more wonderful than her aunt represented him to be, inasmuch as he was in the habit of curing a whole number of complaints with the same

medicine. In the present case the effect was so satisfactory that ere long the old lady fell asleep. Then Cecil looked again at the niece.

At this moment she dropped her right-hand glove, which she had just taken off. Cecil hastened to pick it up. As he did so, a letter fell out of his breast pocket on to the lady's lap.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as she handed it to him.

The lady murmured something by way of thanking him for her glove. Then she seemed to hesitate a moment before taking off her left-hand glove. Finally, instead of taking it off, she put on the right-hand one again.

There was a long pause, and then Cecil ventured to say—

"We seem to be travelling very slowly."

"Yes; but it doesn't matter so much now, as my aunt and the baby are both asleep."

"I was afraid you might find it tedious."

"Not particularly. By the way, I hope you won't think of getting out at Didcot on our account."

"I have to change there in any case," said Cecil, "as I am going to Oxford."

"I am sorry my aunt was in such a bad temper just now; but she doesn't mean all she says. She is really very good-hearted."

"Oh, indeed!" said Cecil, not without a trace of surprise in his tone.

"For instance, it is very good of her to take me up to town, as she is doing now."

The young lady looked so pretty as she said this that Cecil felt really grateful to her aunt for having given him, however unwillingly, the opportunity of seeing her. Of course, as a married lady, she could be nothing to him except a pleasant travelling companion, but that she certainly was. She seemed to have no objection to chat with him, and became, in fact, quite communicative.

"We have been to Bristol to meet a friend of my aunt's who comes from the West Indies," she said.

"Indeed," answered Cecil, with increased interest. "I am expecting to meet a lady from the same quarter very soon."

"Really! The lady I am speaking of comes from Jamaica."

"So does mine."

"You don't say so? It can't possibly be the same lady—Mrs. Matthews?"

"It is, though," said Cecil. "If she has a daughter named Kate."

"Precisely; there's a daughter of that name—the only one."

"How very odd!" said Cecil. "Do you know them well?"

"Yes, very well. Don't you?"

"Not in the least. I didn't know they'd ever been in England before. Is the young lady very beautiful?"

At this question Cecil's companion was unable to restrain a laugh, which seemed to imply that there was something eminently ludicrous in the idea of Kate Matthews being a beauty.

"Well, I mustn't say too much," she said.

"Still (with another laugh at the grotesqueness of the idea), no one, I think, would call her beautiful."

"Do tell me a little about her," asked Cecil, eagerly. "You see I don't know her in the least. She's absolutely nothing to me."

"Well, what do you want to know about her?"

"Of course she's white?" asked Cecil, dubiously.

"Ah, I see you know nothing about her. She isn't, of course, quite black, and she doesn't open every conversation with 'Yah! Yah!' But she's certainly very strange-looking. After all, it's a mere matter of taste, and some people rather like the negro features—there's a richness and fulness about

them which you don't find in a European face."

"No, indeed," said Cecil, thankfully.

"She is considered very lively," continued the lady, "and has quite a fund of merriment."

"A sort of female Christy minstrel," thought Cecil.

"You don't know how she laughs about a cousin of hers, a young fellow fresh from Oxford. It seems he's dying with love for her, though he's never seen her."

"If he had seen her, it would have been still stranger."

"You are too severe. However, as a matter of fact, it is pretty well understood that her cousin is not so much in love with her as with her money, for I believe she is rich."

"It's a disgraceful falsehood!" exclaimed Cecil, indignantly.

"Dear me! What very strong language. Is he a friend of yours that you speak so decidedly?"

"Well," said Cecil, in some embarrassment, "I imagine I must be the cousin whom Miss Matthews judges so charitably."

"Indeed! I am sure I beg your pardon. I thought you said she was merely an acquaintance."

"I don't know what she is," said Cecil, pettishly. "She's not an acquaintance, for I've never seen her; and she isn't a cousin, for her father is no connection of mine; but it is quite clear that she is a most disagreeable and objectionable person, to be avoided as much as possible."

"You mustn't be too hard on her. After all, almost everyone marries for money nowadays."

"Well, I won't," said Cecil. "If I can't marry for love, I won't marry at all. I think it a most odious imputation, and Miss Matthews ought to be ashamed of herself for making it."

"Shall I tell her so?"

"I wish you would. It would save trouble

in the end. If she already knows my opinion of her when we meet, she won't expect so much attention from me."

The conversation took another turn, and lasted until the train reached Didcot. Cecil found his companion very entertaining, and was more and more taken with her delicate beauty. Altogether, he was quite sorry when the train stopped and the time came for him to take his leave. Both the aunt and the baby had slept the whole time, to Cecil's great satisfaction. Now they both awoke simultaneously, the one with a cry, the other with a gasp.

"Are we there?" asked the old lady.

"Where, aunt?"

"Why, Paddington, of course."

"No. This is Didcot."

"Oh, dear, my feet are colder than ever. Does this gentleman get out here?"

"Yes," said Cecil; "I change here for Oxford."

He bowed to the old lady, or rather to her back, for she had already turned round in search of Dr. Brandison's famous panacea, wished the niece good-bye, patted the baby on the cheek, and left the carriage with more than a transient feeling of regret.

Arrived at his rooms at Oxford, he wrote the following letter:—

"My dear Daventry,

"Just a few lines to tell you of a curious coincidence. I travelled to Didcot with a most charming lady, who knows my cousin very well, and who confirmed all my worst fears about her. The best that can be said of her is that she is not absolutely black; and she has a most spiteful and malicious temper. And yet I find here a letter from my uncle pressing me to come to Grayhurst at once, and assuring me that I shall like her very much. I am afraid the poor fellow must be getting into his dotage if he thinks I can fall in love with a mulatto. But perhaps he has not seen her himself yet. Anyhow, I shall stay here till Christmas Eve. Dull as it is, I am thankful to be at a safe distance from the Jamaica beauty.

"Ever yours,

"CECIL WILSON."

CHAPTER III.

CECIL kept his resolution. For a fortnight he remained at Oxford, reading law and boring himself terribly. Then, in the afternoon of

Christmas Eve, he started for Grayhurst. He timed his hansom to arrive there in good time to dress for dinner, and, as his uncle was out, he went up straight to his room. When he had dressed, he came down to the drawing-room, which he found tenanted by one lady only. To his astonishment and delight, it was the lady with whom he had travelled to Didcot.

"I'm so glad you're here!" he exclaimed. "I was afraid there was no one but the mulatto and her mother."

"She is certainly here," said the young lady, demurely.

"And how's the baby?" he asked, with a smile. "Quite well, I hope?"

"I believe it is; but I have not seen it since the journey."

Cecil looked at her in astonishment. For a mother she seemed to take but a very limited interest in the child.

"It was all a chapter of accidents that day," said the lady. "I had to be in London on some legal business, but my mother was too poorly to take me up, so my aunt very kindly took me instead. But she didn't much like the expedition, as you saw. Then, to make matters worse, we had to take up her little granddaughter to her mother in London; and, to crown it all, my aunt's maid couldn't accompany us, for she was already in London, and mine had to stop with my mother."

Cecil did not take much interest in these details. The one thing that did interest him—and he was surprised to find how very much it did so—was that the young lady was not married after all. He glanced involuntarily at her left hand. No; of course there was no wedding-ring upon it. Then he glanced again at her face. Yes; she was certainly very pretty, and the special refinement and delicacy of her beauty fascinated him more than ever. It was uncommon; it was not the pink and white of ordinary beauty. In a moment, with the impetuosity of his age and character, he formed a resolution. He would make desperate love to this girl. If she accepted him, well and good; she was the first he had ever met for whose sake he felt that he would be willing to sacrifice his independence. And even if she declined him, it would serve to protect him from the mulatto, and to convince his uncle that that scheme at any rate was hopeless.

It seemed to him that he made immense progress in a very short time. Every moment he felt was precious; for might not his cousin



"HE TIMED HIS HANSON TO ARRIVE THERE IN GOOD TIME."

descend upon him? However, she did not come.

Presently his uncle entered the room and welcomed him with his usual cordiality.

"Ah," he said, with a beaming smile, "I see there is no need to introduce you."

At this moment a number of guests were announced and his uncle had only just time to whisper, "You will take her into dinner, Cecil," before he advanced to receive them.

There was a large party, and the conversation throughout the dinner was general. Still, Cecil managed to get a little confidential talk with his neighbour.

"By the way," he said, "though we didn't exactly need an introduction, I don't think I know your name."

"I promised Miss Matthews not to tell you."

"What a tiresome person that Miss Matthews seems to be! I suppose this is her revenge for my message to her. By-the-bye, where is she?"

"I don't see her anywhere. Her mother, I know, is not very well and is keeping her room."

"Oh, then I suppose the daughter is with her. What a mercy!"

His companion said nothing in reply, but began to speak on another topic. Everything she said had its own special charm for Cecil. He was already really in love with her.

After the party had separated for the night, Cecil received a visit in his own room from his uncle.

"The first moment I've had for a quiet word with you, Cecil," he said, throwing himself into an armchair. "Well, there's no need to ask you how you like the girl. You seem quite gone already."

"You're right, uncle. I'm afraid it isn't quite what you would like; but really I can't help myself."

"It is exactly what I like. Surely you know that."

Cecil stared.

"I thought you wanted me to marry the mulatto."

Uncle Jim burst into a fit of laughter.

"I don't know whom you mean by the mulatto; but this girl's your cousin."

Cecil started to his feet.

"You don't mean it really, uncle!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly; there's no doubt about it—Kate Matthews."

"Oh! She wouldn't tell me her name."

"So she has been mystifying you, has she? She's full of mischief, as playful as a kitten; but a dear good girl."

"Indeed she is," said Cecil, ardently, "and the prettiest I've ever seen. But I'm afraid she isn't a bit in love with me."

"You haven't given her time. Why didn't you come a fortnight ago, as I wanted you to do?"

"I wish I had!"

However, though one fortnight had been

"Well, I knew you didn't want me for that, Cecil. That point was cleared up long ago in the train, and I was very glad of it. You see, I had the advantage of you there, for I knew you and you didn't know me."

"How did you know me? I can't imagine."

"You forget the letter you dropped on to my lap."

"Oh, I remember now. But I did not think you had noticed the name."

"But I did, Cecil. Girls are sharper than you think. Do you know, I had quite a prejudice against you at that time."

"When you knew nothing of me! Surely that was rather cruel."

"I had been warned against you. I had been told that you were very handsome."

"Well, there's no great harm in that, is there? Only, unluckily, it isn't true in my case."

"No, that wasn't the worst," continued Kate. "I was told that you were very conceited."

"I wonder if that's true," said Cecil.

"Oh, there's something in it, you may be sure," said Kate, archly. "But the thing that really prejudiced me against you, was that everybody said that you were going to snap me up."

"Well, so I have," said Cecil, with an air of great satisfaction. "I think that shows my good taste."

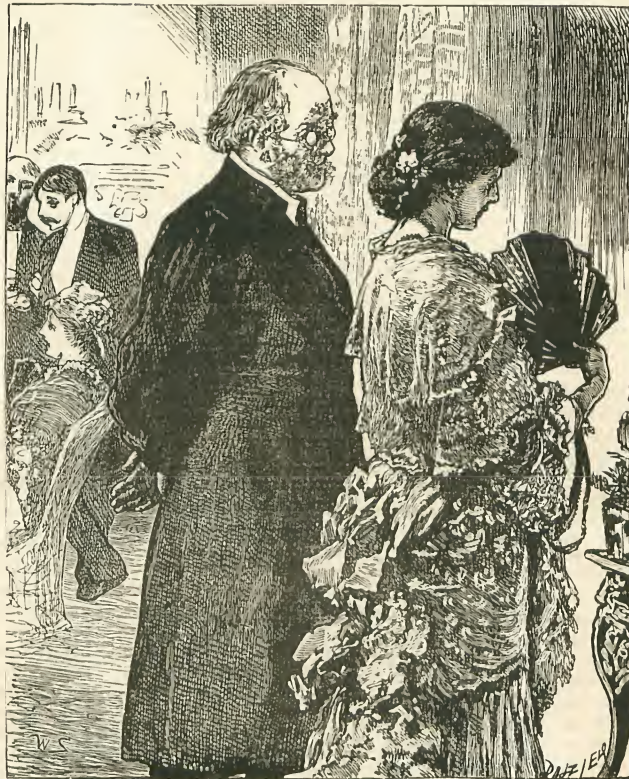
"You don't understand. I have always had such a dread that, because I am rich, I should never be quite sure that I was really loved for myself alone. Well, you spoke out clearly enough about that in the train, and I began to like you even then."

"Well, you haven't any doubt now, dearest?"

Kate did not answer this question in words, but she nestled a little closer to Cecil, and they had been by no means far apart before. Then, all at once, she flew out of his arms and began to examine a palm-leaf with a minuteness of observation that would have done credit to Sir Joseph Hooker.

Cecil looked up in much astonishment and saw the explanation of the mystery. His uncle was advancing towards them.

"Yes," said his uncle, with what he fancied infinite tact and humour; "that is a date palm, and it forms an excellent setting for what is never out of date."



"THERE WAS A LARGE PARTY."

lost, another was found, and even a third, and by the end of that time things had got so far that Cecil ventured to propose. The event took place in the hothouse, beneath a palm which bent caressingly over the young couple. When what may be called the essentials were over, they indulged in one or two reminiscences.

"To think that after all you should care for the mulatto," said Kate, smiling.

"My only difficulty was your money, darling," said Cecil.

VARIETIES.

A COOKERY SCHOLAR.

"And so," said George, "you are really attending a cookery school, Miss Clara?"

"Yes," answered she, brightly, "and it is such fun."

"I suppose you can make nice bread already?"

"No," said she, "I have nothing to do with making bread; but I can make lovely angel cake. I am only taking the classical course."

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.—Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial.—*Addison.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

A man who was very sad once heard two boys laughing. He asked them—

"What makes you so happy?"

"Happy?" said the elder, "why, I makes Jim glad and gets glad myself."

This is the true secret of a happy life; to live so that by our example, our kind words and deeds, we may help someone else. It makes life happier here, and Heaven will be happier for the company of those we have, by God's help, brought there.

SPEAKING OF FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of it loses its real name and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation.

THE HAPPY FIRESIDE.—If people wish to live well together they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason every morning all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

WELL EDUCATED.—When you have learned to listen you have already acquired the rudiments of a good education.

DISHES FOR A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.



r this festive season, when so many people are on hospitable deeds intent, it is satisfactory to be able to add to

our list of approved sweet dishes. It is hoped that the following suggestions and recipes will be acceptable.

Punch Torte.—Take half or three-quarters of a pound of Savoy finger biscuits—the quantity used must be determined by the size of the dish required. Make a syrup by boiling three or four lumps of sugar in half a teacupful of water, and adding the strained juice of a lemon. The amount of sugar needed will depend upon the acidity of the lemon. The syrup should be pleasantly acid and pleasantly sweet. Dip the finger biscuits into the syrup while it is hot, so that they may quickly soak through, and arrange them at once in a pyramid on the glass dish in which the *torte* is to be sent to table. The higher the pyramid the better, so long as it is not lop-sided. After the biscuits are in position, the syrup which drains from them should be taken up with a teaspoon and poured over the top, so that they may be thoroughly basted. Take the yolks of six fresh eggs, three wineglassfuls of sherry, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Put the yolks of eggs into a double pan, or if this is not at hand, into a jar which can be placed in a saucepan with boiling water round it. Pour the sherry over the eggs, and mix them a little, then add the sugar. There will not seem to be very much sauce, but before it is finished it will increase to three or four times its bulk. Put the saucepan on the fire, and whisk the mixture with an egg-whisk while the water boils round it, until it rises in a froth and begins to get thick and smooth. Take it off at once when it reaches this point, and let it go cold. A few minutes before the dish is served, pour the sauce by tablespoonfuls over and around the biscuits. Whisk the whites of the eggs to froth, sweeten them slightly, colour to a light pink with cochineal, and pile upon the preparation as a garnish. If more convenient, the biscuits may be soaked, and the sauce made some hours or even a day before the *torte* is wanted; but the sauce must not be poured over the biscuits until the last thing. Also, if preferred and for the sake of economy, good raisin wine may be used instead of sherry, as the process of boiling somewhat robs the wine of its distinctive flavour. This dish is very simple, very delicious, and not expensive when compared with preparations of a similar character, because no cream enters into its composition. The sauce was invented by Carême, the most celebrated cook of the present century, of whom it was once said that “if one were under the necessity of eating up either an elephant or our grandfather, it would be well that Carême should prepare the sauce.” Some people think that this sauce was one of Carême’s happiest efforts.

Bavarois.—(Half a dozen recipes in one.)—Blanch and bruise six bitter almonds, and put them, with the very thin rind of a fresh lemon,

into a pint of milk. Let them infuse for a while until the flavour is well drawn out; then bring the milk to the boil. Sweeten it with five ounces of sugar, and pour it boiling upon the yolks of three eggs. Return the mixture to the jar or double pan, set it on the fire again and stir it till it is thick and smooth. Let it cool, then put with it one ounce of gelatine which has been soaked and dissolved, and half a pint of cream which has been whipped till firm. Put the preparation into a mould which has been rinsed first in hot, and afterwards in cold water: turn out and serve upon a glass dish.

The preparation now produced may be made into half a dozen sweets, according to the way in which it is finished, and flavoured, for the flavour may be varied in many ways. Vanilla and brandy, coffee, tea, fruit syrup, or what not, may be used instead of almonds and lemons; or two ounces of candied cherries and two ounces of candied citron cut small, or three ounces of preserved ginger, and one ounce of pistachio kernels blanched and chopped, can be stirred in when the cream is on the point of setting. Here we have variations of the Bavarois, every one of which is so unlike the other in taste, that no one would think they were made from the same recipe. The garnish also may be varied, because in no instance should the cream be put by itself into a mould; that would be a painful waste of good material. The cream will look very pretty if light coloured jelly, which will occupy space to the depth of about an inch, be allowed to set before the Bavarois (as the preparation of custard and cream is called) is poured in. It will look still prettier if the mould is completely lined with jelly before the Bavarois is placed within it. An easy way of doing this, and one which can be managed without ice, is to place a mould of a rather smaller size inside the mould that is to be used, and to fill the space between the two with liquid jelly. When this is set the smaller mould may be taken out, and the cream, which should be just on the point of setting, put in its stead.

When girls have a party on their minds, and intend to make a number of dishes of the sort described, it is an advantage to be able to calculate exactly how much material will be needed so that there may be no waste. If we get a clear idea of what we are aiming at before we commence proceedings, we shall save both time, labour, and money. Some girls would make each mould separately, but this would be a very wearisome business. Others would follow the recipe exactly, and take the chance of the quantities being right. The consequence would be either that their moulds would not be filled, which would be disappointing, or they would not contain all the cream which was made, which would involve loss. What they have to do, therefore, is to endeavour to make the exact quantity which will fill the moulds they have at command. To do this they must make their calculations from their moulds, which will, of course, vary in size and number in every household.

Collect the moulds that are to be used, therefore, in the first instance, no matter what their number, shape, and size may be. Half fill them with milk, then empty all the milk into one measure and measure it. It is to be used to make the custard, which will be the basis of each Bavarois. Next prepare the moulds, rinse them well first in boiling water, then in cold water, and remember they are to be left wet. Now decorate them in any approved

way. The decoration ought to be done early, because it will need time to set. If coloured jelly is used it should have time to get firm before the cream is added; if any special decoration, such as preserved fruits, sliced pistachios, angelica, or silver or gold leaf is to be set in jelly, it should be placed in position, and then liquid jelly should be put gently over it with a spoon, so as to cover it entirely, and keep it from moving. This is a secret of successful decoration, to cover the garnish lightly with jelly, and to let the garnish become quite firm before the cream is placed upon it.

Measure the milk, and for each pint allow three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine in warm weather, and one ounce of gelatine in cold weather. Allow also for each pint of milk three eggs and half a pint of cream, and a tablespoonful of sugar for each egg. Put the gelatine to soak in good time. When giving recipes we are accustomed to say soak the gelatine for ten minutes; this is quite correct, as ten minutes will do for it; still, an hour is better, because the gelatine dissolves in a minute or two when it is thoroughly well soaked.

One way of saving time and trouble is to let the milk boil before pouring it on the eggs in making the custard. Many girls are afraid to do this. They think that it will make the eggs curdle. But if the milk is sweet and the eggs are good, there will be no fear of curdling, and if the ingredients are not good we should be fortunate if we discovered the fact now, before further mischief is done. The eggs should be lightly beaten and the boiling milk poured upon them, off the fire, and the two should be mixed very thoroughly before anything else is done. Also, after the eggs and milk are mixed, the custard should be thickened over the fire, but it should not on any account be allowed to reach the boiling point. If it did, it would curdle without doubt. To prevent this, it should be put into a double pan, or into a jug placed in a saucepan of boiling water, and stirred without ceasing until it becomes thick and coats the spoon. Then it should be taken off the fire at once, because if left it would become lumpy. Now every one who is accustomed to make custard knows that if milk and eggs are put when cool into a jug, and set in a saucepan of water to be stirred till thick, they are a long time before they become thick and smooth; indeed, they are so long, that oftener than not the individual who has to stand over the saucepan and stir, grows weary of her task, comes to the conclusion that the game is not worth the candle, and after a time in desperation pours the contents of the jug into an ordinary saucepan, sets it on the fire, and gets it burnt or curdled straight away. There is, however, no occasion for all this worry. If the milk is poured boiling over the eggs, and if the mixture is at once put into the double pan with boiling water round it, a few minutes will be sufficient to thicken it; and there will be no fear of spoiling it either, because being surrounded with boiling water it cannot boil, and custard spoils through being boiled. All we need to do is to be careful to keep the water boiling round it, and to keep on stirring it, making the spoon touch the bottom of the pan with every turn of the arm; then the custard will be everything that could be wished with no trouble at all. In making custard, as in many other of the more delicate operations of cooking, girls might avoid many an accident if they would but realise that no food can be brought up to the boiling point in a pan or jar that is surrounded

with boiling water. This fact it is which makes a double saucepan so valuable.

Where a double saucepan is not available, however, and a jug has to be used instead, there is a danger ahead against which we need to be on our guard. It is this: the jug into which the hot custard is put must itself have been heated gradually, or it will be liable to crack and come in two pieces when put into the hot water. An accident of this kind is most annoying. When we have taken pains to make some excellent custard, we do not want to dilute it with a large quantity of hot water. More than once have I known this mischance to occur; and on one occasion the poor girl who had the custard in charge burst into a flood of bitter tears, wept long and loud, and refused to be comforted. One way to prevent the accident is to put the jug or jar which is to contain the custard, to get hot with the water which surrounds it; then it is hot enough to allow of hot custard being poured into it. A better way even than this is to provide ourselves with a porridge pan, or double pan. The inner pan of the utensil being made of white china, is so thoroughly sweet and clean that it is a satisfaction to use it, whilst it soon saves its price in preventing food being spoilt.

The custard being made, it may be left till cool; yet not left entirely, for it must be stirred every now and again to keep it from skimming on the top. The cream is the next consideration. I have before now spoken in detail of whipping cream, therefore the remarks made need not be repeated. It is, however, worth while to mention that when economy is a consideration, or when the richness of a large quantity of cream is considered objectionable, half the measure of cream may be taken, and white of egg used instead of the remainder. As the yolks only of eggs are needed for custard, whites of eggs are sure to be available. Of course, both the whites of eggs and the cream must be whisked till firm.

The order of making up the different creams is the same. The custard should first be flavoured. If brandy is to be introduced,

a tablespoonful of the spirit will be sufficient for a pint of custard. If liqueurs are preferred, a wineglassful may be allowed. The custard must be cool, and the gelatine must be cool before the two are mixed; but neither must be cold, or they will not "come together" properly. The cream and white of egg should be added last of all, and the Bavaiois should not be moulded until it is on the point of setting.

When preserved ginger is to be used as a flavourer, it should be cut into very thin slices and stewed for a few minutes in its own syrup, then allowed to cool before it is stirred into the cool custard. Ginger syrup is usually served with this cream as a sort of sauce.

Rice Cream is a very simple preparation, but it is much liked by those who know it. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in cold water to cover it. Put three tablespoonfuls of Carolina rice into a saucepan with a pint of cold water. Let it boil up, then drain away the hot water and wash the rice in cold water. Drain it again, and boil it very gently with a pint of milk, till the milk is absorbed. Sweeten it pleasantly, and flavour it as approved. Boil a quarter of a pint of milk, pour it upon the beaten yolk of one egg, and stir the custard over the fire in the usual way till it thickens. Add this with the gelatine dissolved, to the rice, and last of all add one gill of whipped cream. Set a gallipot with a weight in it in the centre of a plain round mould, and arrange the rice around. Turn it out when cold, and fill the space occupied by the gallipot either with cream, which has been whisked till firm and coloured pink, or with stewed fruit of some kind.

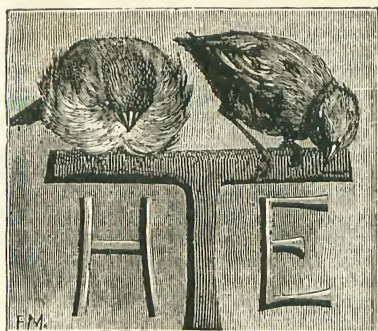
Apple Cream.—One or two very excellent though simple sweet dishes may be made with apples, and these are generally liked because they are refreshing to the palate. It is important, however, that the apples chosen should be of a fine flavour. Some people have an idea that baking-apples are simply apples not good enough for dessert apples. This is

a mistake. The fact is that it is much easier to choose a good dessert apple than it is to choose a good baking apple, and when there is any doubt about the quality of those which are offered to us, it is much the best to take a known "dessert" variety, such as Blenheim, Flanders, or Ribston pippins, rather than to take apples simply because they will fall. To make the cream, pare and core the apples, and cut them into quarters, then weigh them. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in as much water as will cover it. Put the apples into a jar with the rind and juice of a small lemon, and a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar. Cover the jar closely, set it in a saucepan of boiling water, and steam the apples till they fall. Take out the lemon rind and beat the apple pulp in a basin. Mix thoroughly with it the gelatine which has been melted over the fire, and when nearly cool add half a pint of cream which has been whisked till firm. A few drops of cochineal may also be added for the sake of colour. Put the preparation into a mould which has been rinsed in hot and afterwards in cold water and left wet, and turn out when stiff. When wine is not objectionable, it makes a change of flavour to put a glass of port into the apples while they are steaming.

Oranges and Cream.—Peel six or eight St. Michael's oranges, and carefully divide them into sections, freeing them entirely from pith. Put the strained juice and very thin rind of one lemon, also a little of the orange rind, into an enamelled saucepan with a cupful of water, and a cupful of loaf sugar. Boil to a clear syrup, then put in the orange sections and let them boil a few minutes. Take the oranges out, and let the syrup boil a little longer till thick, and if approved put a teaspoonful of brandy into it. Let the sections become quite cold, then place them in layers in a glass dish; sprinkle desiccated cocoanut over each layer, and moisten with the syrup. Pile whipped cream on the top. The cream should be arranged last thing before serving, but the syrup should be poured over the cocoanut a little while before the dish is required.

THREE FLOWERS.

A NEW YEAR PARABLE.



New Year stood at the World's threshold as the midnight bells died away into silence. In his hand he held three buds, white flowerbuds, folded tightly in their fresh green leaves. And in the hush that fell upon the sleeping city, a sound of heavenly music trembled through the air.

The New Year stepped very softly to a casement whence shone one little light, burning brightly through the darkness like a star.

A maiden was watching behind her

mother's sick bed, and she rose and opened the window to greet the new comer.

"What will he bring, this strange New Year?" she said to herself as she looked out upon the night.

"I have brought you flowers from the garden of God," said the New Year, whispering among the ivy-leaves. "Take care of them, and when you see them open their petals, know that your Father is going to give you, and those you love, His greatest blessings, more than you can ask or think."

And when she looked upon the sill there lay three buds, the infant flowers of the snowdrop, the violet, and the rose.

So she took them reverently, and waited with patience till they should bloom.

The days passed, one by one, on their way up to God, and pale spring sunshine fell, like His smile, upon the frozen earth, but the maiden could scarcely rejoice that the winter was growing old; for the mother she loved so dearly seemed fading away as the snow-drifts faded, and the shadow of death lay upon the house.

"Oh! take her not away," prayed the maiden. "Spare her to me a little longer; let it be Thy will that she should live."

And as she wept, her tears fell upon the snowdrop that the New Year had brought her, and its petals stirred a little in their green sheath.

"His blessing is coming," said the maiden, awe-struck; "God's blessing, more than we can ask or think! What will it be?"

And all night long she watched beside her mother, till at the dawning the summons came.

The snowdrop opened wide its petals, and trembled with a new-born joy, and the tired soul, like a bird set free, soared up into the Infinite!

So God had given His servant "the blessing of peace!"

But the shadows deepened round the maiden, and her sorrow overwhelmed her. Lonely and anguish-stricken, she refused to be comforted.

"Is this His blessing?" she cried in her misery. "Oh, would I had never lived to see this New Year enter with such a gift!"

* * * * *

Presently, Spring reigned over the earth, and the sky was full of the glory of her presence. The trees that had stood so bare and patient in the winter storms grew radiant

with their new foliage, and thrushes sang among the orchard blossoms.

Something in the balmy breezes that stole across the meadows brought a whisper of comfort to the mourner's heart.

"It is always sunshine and gladness where she is," thought the maiden; "can I dare to wish her back again? Oh, Father, make me contented to resign her; make me fit to meet her once again; forgive my murmurings."

And even as she prayed a subtle fragrance filled the air, and she saw that the violet had opened wide its dewy leaves, showing its heart of gold.

Then she knew that another of God's blessings had come to her—the blessing of resignation and the fragrant of patience. So she arose from the selfishness of her first sorrow, and began to live again.

It was not much she could do; she was but a poor and powerless girl, but she resolved, for her dead mother's sake, to do every day some

deed of love and charity to those around her.

There was always somebody in trouble, some little sobbing child to be kissed, some hard-worked mother to be helped, some weary traveller to be refreshed and comforted, and in bearing the burdens of others she almost forgot the weight of her own.

But once (it was summer, a very hot and sultry day) she could not find any deed of love to do. All that she tried to accomplish she failed in; hard, impatient words rebuffed her, nobody seemed to want her pity or her help, and the twilight came and found her lonely and sorrowful.

"I have failed, my Father," she sobbed, "I have failed. Wilt Thou not let me work for Thee? Am I not fit even to do this?" A tiny breeze from the west caressed her cheek, and, looking up, she saw in the red sunset light that the rosebud had opened. There it shone, pure and beautiful, fold after fold

of snowy whiteness veiling the sweetness of its heart.

And a voice, unearthly in its tenderness, came to her wondering ear.

"My child," it said, "the year has brought thee three blessings: flowers from my garden, peace and everlasting gladness for the beloved, patience and resignation for thyself. Now, this night behold I give thee what shall make glad thy heart, and the lives of all around thee; I give thee charity, the pure and perfect love without which thy life is lived in vain. Heed not the world's indifference or neglect. I have seen thy strivings, thy failings, thy risings again. Behold, I love thee, and in My presence thou shalt find the fulness of joy." So the rose blooms for ever in the maiden's chamber, and the years that come and go can never dim its purity. The flowers that come from the garden of God know no winter, for they are everlasting!

FLORENCE LESLIE HENDERSON.



THE LADIES OF THE OLDEN TIMES.



T has been justly remarked that "a woman's work is never done," if she be the mistress of a household, even in these days, when provisions are so easily attainable, articles of clothing sold ready made, and shops and mar-

kets often within a stone's throw. From the hour she rises till the lights are extinguished at night, domestic duties must occupy her thoughts and hands, in common with those outside the homestead, where, amongst her neighbouring associates, her relatives, and her pensioners, there are extra claims on her time and thoughts.

But if under circumstances so conducive to the furtherance of her work and her prospective arrangements she find her hands so full from morning till night, imagine what the pressure of her duties must have been, and what the tax of her powers of forethought and judgment in the olden times of this once "merrie England"!

Let us take a retrospect of what house-keeping was, as carried on in our great houses, in the Middle Ages.

No railroad nor coach communications lent

their timely aid; no express office nor parcels post conveyed her household supplies; no shops nor markets invited a weekly visit, within a few miles' drive of her own door, unless, indeed, her domain chanced to be situate in or near the metropolis, or one of the great cities of those times, which were "few and far between."

Yet, circumstanced like this, consider the far wider range of a lady's field of work compared with the limits assigned to her now!

The great independent middle class, with which our country is now crowded, I may almost affirm did not exist in the times of which I write.

The population was mainly divided into the titled and untitled aristocracy and their retainers. Certain merchants and professional men were to be found in the chief cities, and ecclesiastics both regular and secular; the former living in large communities, as did the "religious" of our own sex. But all the same, the vast multitudes of independent respectable people, who have inherited the fruits of their own or their ancestors' industry or speculations, or who have not yet retired from professional or commercial business, and hold a special and honourable place of their own, in a country "whose merchants are princes"—this middle class exists nowhere else in Europe in such stupendous proportions, and was almost unknown in England in the Middle Ages.

The great castles of the nobility contained on an average some forty or fifty persons each, not to speak of the retainers and poorer folks immediately attached to them, in the small dwellings that were grouped together under their shadow. So also in the old country seats and halls of the untitled gentry the several households consisted of some thirty or forty persons, both male and female.

Imagine, therefore, what it must have been to provide for all these when a twelvemonths' stores had to be laid in. Meat had to be procured and salted at Martinmas; salt fish of various kinds in considerable quantities, barley and oatmeal likewise; baking for the whole community being then accomplished at home. They had no sugar, so honey was stored in lieu of it; and no coal, so firewood had to be cut down, chopped up, and piled ready for use; carpets being unknown for many centuries in these feudal halls, rushes were in great requisition, and had to be gathered and dried in great quantities, as the spacious floors needed a continual renewal of this primitive covering.

It was the practice in those times to observe many days in commemoration of various sacred or traditional events, to which certain viands, as well as curious customs, were consecrated. Thus the important cake for Twelfth Night needed almonds and raisins; the Christmas posset, cinnamon, ginger, and



IN THE DAYS OF YORE.

nutmegs; Sheer Monday its furmety; Palm Sunday its figs; All Hallows Eve its nuts; Good Friday, spices and currants for the hot cross buns, and many other days their respective commemorative esculents.

All these things had to be remembered, and provided for in suitable quantities, and in so doing not merely was the great household to be counted head by head, but the poor were never forgotten. The very title "lady," derived from the Saxon *Heaflian*, or *l'af-dig*, from *Laf* or *Hlaf*, a loaf, and *dian*, to serve, explains her title by her benevolent office of bread-server, it being the custom of ladies not only to carve for their family and guests, but to distribute food to the poor at their doors at stated periods.

Over and above all this there were no gin palaces and beer breweries supplying the country at large; but the mistress of each such mansion or castle had a still-room of her own, and manufactured the wines and cordials, as well as the herb teas, balsams, and perfumes, and brewed all the beer which served for every meal, and which has since been substituted by tea, coffee, chocolate, and cocoa. Of course the calculations necessary for procuring the component parts of all the above-named productions of the still-room required for such a multitude of persons, and then the superintendence of their manufacture, and the giving out day by day of the quantities necessary, must have increased the work and responsibilities of her who was indeed the guide of the house.

The paragon housewife described by Solomon in a period of the world's history far more remote very correctly as well as graphically describes the arduous and most extensive nature of the duties devolving on our own English ladies till within some two hundred years ago; for those which have been enumerated by no means filled up the sum total of all that devolved upon them. The clothing of the enormous household demanded the consideration of the mistress of the house from first to last. Beginning with the selection of the several qualities of yarn, and calculation of quantities to the completion of each garment—all devolved on her. She purchased the flax and the wool (cotton yarn was not manufactured in this country till about the year 1772, although calico was imported from India in 1631); and the carding, spinning, and weaving, the cutting out and making into every description of male and female attire, all had to be begun and completed at home. With the exception of the very costly articles, which could be purchased ready-made, if not always convenient to embroider them with her own and her maidens' hands, the whole community located in and around these feudal mansions were clothed in homespun, in the literal sense of the term.

Nor were the labours of the lady-in-chief completed with making a provision for some thirty or forty persons in the matter of food and clothing; for at least during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and throughout that of Elizabeth, the castles of the nobility and gentry were academies for the youthful sons and daughters of families of gentle birth. The study of the dead languages, which was at one time confined to the ecclesiastics, spread among the nobility and gentry, and as young girls were placed in these baronial halls with the view to their obtaining a liberal education, as well as an introduction into the highest society in the land, the necessary supervision of their studies, their dress, manners, and introductions, constituted no trifling item amongst the duties of the lady of the house.

These young people were expected to learn and occupy themselves with the daily avocations of their patroness, assisting and attending upon her like daughters; and many of them

remained permanently attached to those families. Languages, both modern and dead, music, including harp and lute, "siferinge," "wrightinge," "drawinge," tapestry work and all kinds of decorative stitchery, as well as spinning and plain-sewing, were all taught them freely in these ancient mansions during the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries; besides all the mysteries of the kitchen, still-room, and other extensive offices.

Thus the great ladies of those primitive times were models for their successors. If living in an age of much superstition, at least we trace in every letter of theirs, or other record of their sentiments, that God's good providence was ever acknowledged; their faith was simple, and unclouded with the materialism and scepticism of modern days; and they proved themselves indeed the nursing mothers of their country.

Before dismissing the subject of education, perhaps I should anticipate the inquiry of some reader as to how it was carried on at a still earlier period than the centuries specified during the three reigns before named.

In those still more remote periods the work was carried on in the great convents, which were subsequently assisted, and still later substituted, in the work by the great patrician houses. These conventual establishments were very different institutions from those at present existing, although respectively varying at that time in importance and wealth.

Here again on the lady-in-chief the great responsibilities of a large community of men and women devolved, over whom she ruled with little less than sovereign power. You will the better realise this when I tell you that an abbess presiding over one of these conventual houses exercised manorial jurisdiction, held a manorial court, and had a seat in Parliament. She had seneschals, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, and (excepting the archers and other men-at-arms) she had the complete establishment of a baronial castle. As regards her women, she had nuns, lay sisters, an infirmareress (who was a medical practitioner and spiritual adviser), a cellareress who acted as steward, a precentrix, who not only led the choir, but united with this office that of librarian. There were also ladies who resided in the convent as boarders, all the scholars before-named, and servants both male and female.

As these great conventual establishments grew up all over the kingdom from the time of the mission of Augustine, they became, like the monasteries of the monks, the great seats of learning, the convent colleges for ladies being sometimes called "Shee Schools." The education given was of an extensive and very superior kind; and as the institutions were well endowed, no charge was made for it. The teachers were women of the highest reputation, and looked up to with extreme respect. One of the distinguishing characteristics of the ecclesiastical institutions was the fact, to which a passing allusion was made, that not only could scholars come and go freely, but there was no rule constraining ladies who desired an asylum within their walls to take religious vows. Thus, multitudes took refuge under the powerful protection of the abbesses, in those lawless and stormy days, to escape from undesirable marriages, the hands of unscrupulous enemies, or for the luxury of a quiet retreat in times of great affliction, where seclusion might be enjoyed at will.

These convent colleges gave place, more or less gradually, to the private academies into which our great ancestral mansions were constituted, as I have already described; and well was the work carried on till after the days of Elizabeth. Then ornamental needlework declined. Here and there it was practised, but it ceased to be an essential part of education. Time passed on, and a deterioration commenced, till in the early part of the eighteenth century idleness, frivolity, extra-

vagance, and worse evils in their train, including profanity, characterised for a time the debased descendants of their virtuous, God-fearing, industrious, and learned predecessors.

In confirmation of what I say I need only bid you look at the pictures of the head-dresses of the eighteenth century, to show how utterly frivolous and useless members of society were a vast proportion of the ladies, and no less so the men, of that degraded period. More than this, I may remind you of the fact that an appeal was made to the editor of the *Spectator* to encourage greater industry amongst the girls of that deteriorated generation, which resulted in a recommendation that no girl should receive a man's addresses till she could appear in a suit of her own embroidery; nor be married until she had worked her pillows, and had made a child's mantle with her own fingers.

Happily there were those amongst them that rose superior to the times in which they lived, and a great alteration for the better was ushered in by the nineteenth century. A remarkable change has likewise gradually developed in the growth of the enormous independent middle class of society, of the schools and colleges, and the comparative poverty of the collateral branches of the nobility and gentry. This latter fact has greatly changed the style of housekeeping, and the power of the mistress of each reduced household is limited to providing for her own children and two or three servants. Nor has she assistants to aid her in the accomplishment of duties more extensive than those that Providence has laid upon her shoulders under the modern régime. Art in economising is one which in these latter days she has to learn: and a hard and painful lesson it is. And although her jurisdiction over a household is of a comparatively limited character, viewed in connection with that exercised by the great ladies of bygone times, a woman's work even now, if thoroughly done, is "never over," from morning till night.

For a summary of this work I would direct your attention to the article entitled "The Duties of Wives and Mothers."

Many of my readers are doubtless well acquainted with the foregoing facts, culled from our ancient records; so I must ask their indulgence for the sake of others less privileged than themselves.

With clearer religious light, stricter laws for personal protection, clothing and food ready prepared for use at their doors, and facilities of communication that decrease all a modern housekeeper's difficulties—the position of a matron of the higher classes in the present day is not without its due proportion of compensations.

The heavy tax which a free benevolence imposed on the ladies of olden times, in behalf of their poor retainers and others, is succeeded now by national poor rates; and the small subscriptions of a vast multitude of persons to charitable institutions of every description relieves the much impoverished gentry of a certain amount of pressure without the walls of their private dwellings.

We have, therefore, one and all, much cause for thankfulness to Him who appointed the little niche for us each; nor is a lady's condition so very inferior in comfort now, though the times be so greatly changed, as would at first sight appear. Our duties, whether married or single, are sufficiently numerous and onerous; and the wise amongst us would scarcely aspire to heavier responsibilities; and whatever our social position may be, may it be ours some day to hear those ineffably joy-giving words, "Thou hast been faithful in a few things . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFIELD.

READING.

By THE HON. MRS. ROBERT BUTLER.

READING is the basis of all knowledge. Like the tree planted in the Garden of Eden, it opens our eyes to discern good from evil. It is unlimited in its capacities as well as in its effects, and has undoubtedly more influence over our life and character than any faculty we possess.

In the present day of compulsory education, the mechanical part of reading is moulded into the little plastic brain as soon as the eye can distinguish one letter from another; but how few reflect that, in teaching the child to connect certain sounds with certain letters, they are furnishing it with a talent which must influence its character, and may altogether regulate its future life.

My young readers,

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

Let me entreat you to ponder over this stupendous power for good or ill with which you have been endowed. You cannot free yourself from the responsibility it lays upon you. Your mind is like a field. Reading is the seed which has been sown into it, and the cultivation of that seed rests entirely with you. You have three courses open to you: You may nourish your seed with wholesome learning, and it will become your greatest blessing; you may poison it with pernicious food, and it will become your greatest curse; or you may suffer it to remain untilld, and it will become like the pound laid up in a napkin by the unprofitable servant, bringing you condemnation instead of commendation. In the great day of reckoning, amongst all the talents God has given to man, He will look for the richest fruits from the mind made in His own image, and the wilful inaction or perversion of that mighty gift will be considered the worst of suicides.

Nature endows us with aspirations after all that is good and great, and education strengthens and invigorates those aspirations; but when the education of girls is nominally finished (I allude to those who are exempted by circumstances from working for their living), they are often taken from the school-room, and plunged suddenly into a vortex of society and excitement which, unless they shield themselves with very potent safeguards, will completely ruin all their intellectual tastes. Custom is cruel to them. It teaches them at their most susceptible age that their profession is to look pretty, to dress well, and to chatter merrily. It teaches them that they should shine in society, where "Poverty strives for riches, wealth sighs for rank;"

that their aim should be the acquisition of worldly advantages which they do not themselves possess, and that their final goal should be a brilliant marriage. And yet these victims of custom are destined to be wives and mothers; they are called to exercise their influence over the rulers of the land; their duty in later life is to become their children's guide and their husband's stay. Can we wonder that the whole foundation of the world is out of course? Oh, that girls would not be corrupted by custom! Oh, that they would realise that there is more happiness in being loved than in being admired, that their vocation in life is to promote "domestic happiness, the only bliss of Paradise which has survived the fall," and that their duty from earliest girlhood is to cherish those gifts and graces which will make them shine in the sanctity of home, and render their lives there true and useful.

"Happy, happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow,

She that makes the humblest heart
Lovely but to one on earth."

My young friends, your character is now being moulded. You are forming habits and imbibing ideas from which you will never be free. As La Fontaine says—

"Certain age accompli
Le vase est imbibé, l'étoffe a pris son pli."
So now is the time for you to cultivate industry and diligence, and for you to resolve to direct your faculty of reading for your own good, and for the good of those with whom you may be connected.

With this view I would have you form a plan for reading. I would have you study some poet or historian, or philosopher, some writer that will guide your reason, ballast your will, wage war with your passions, and lift you into a higher moral atmosphere.

Literary advantages never abounded as they do at present. Early in this century books were very scarce, and even newspapers, which we would not blame our housemaid for leaving on the drawing-room table a day old, were then so prized that they used often to go the round of a whole country village. But in the present day there is mental food in which all can indulge.

You should choose your author as you would choose a friend—for the sympathy that exists between you; and his having written on a subject about which you wish to learn shows that you have tastes and interests in common.

"No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en,
In brief, Sir, study what you most effect."

Having chosen your author, you should take a dictionary, and any other book of reference which would be likely to supply your subject with further information, and retire to some room, away from the bustle and noise of life, for a certain time daily.

You must be very weak-willed or unfortunately circumstanced if, by a little effort, you cannot appropriate to yourself such a retreat for regular reading. With these helpful surroundings you should proceed to make a friend, not an acquaintance merely, of your author. Concentrate your thoughts entirely upon his thoughts, and hold mental conversation with him. He will be very jealous. He will only bestow his good gifts where he has undivided possession of the heart and mind. Castles in the air and dreamy reveries are apt to intrude upon his dominion, and they are his mortal foes; but it is you, not he, who must exert your powers to drive them away, and the profit and pleasure he will shower upon you will be just in proportion to the effort you make to attend to him. If you do not understand any of his ideas at first, read the passage over again, as if you were attending to him explaining them to you, and you will soon experience that mind can commune with mind, in thought and silence, as powerfully and eloquently as in spoken language, and his ideas will become as clear to you as though they originated in your brain instead of his. You must never pass a word to which you cannot give its full meaning, or the name of a place or a person with which you are only vaguely acquainted. If such words or names present themselves, consult your books of reference before proceeding any further, and do not shut them up until you have obtained the required information. You may be tempted to postpone the investigation to a more convenient season, but that season, like a mirage in the desert, will never come, and the habit of slurring over words which you cannot wholly grasp is a fatal destroyer to all profitable reading.

In addition to your books of reference, I would advise you always to have an MS. book by your side in which to copy down any event that you wish specially to remember, or any thoughts which have specially appealed to you as being true and strengthening to your higher nature. That MS. book will be to you through life one of your most precious possessions, and in prosperity or in adversity, or in the great crises of your life, if you open it, you will find

"Such words have power to quiet

The restless pulse of care,

And come like the benediction

That follows after prayer."

And this regular reading I am urging you to undertake is no displeasing task. The acquiring of knowledge is pleasure, just as truly as the possession of knowledge is power. Intellectual enjoyment is more conducive to our happiness than any other enjoyment, but, in conformity to the law of nature, its capacity is progressive or retrogressive. The strongest man would soon become stiff and powerless without exercise, and a Shakespeare or a Newton would not have blessed the world with their talents without industry and application. Industry and application mean a certain struggle with our lower nature, but let us always remember that in the most trivial well-directed exertion we have a strong angel by our side, helping us, encouraging us, and crowning us with heaven's best gift, the crown of peace. And think of the reward in later years to those who have in their youth cultivated a taste for books. Great men and women have considered the power of holding unspoken intercourse with the minds of others their most valuable solace in all the vicissitudes of life. Macaulay calls books his "comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and poverty, in glory and obscurity." An old English divine says, "Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. When we are weary of the living we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation." Montesquieu, whose life was as calm as the unfortunate Madame Roland's was tempestuous, says he "never had an *ennui* which an hour's reading could not dissipate." And great thinkers have always been great readers from their early years.

Therefore, I would earnestly urge you to commence this systematic reading without delay. I cannot promise you that it will increase your appetite for excitement or amusement, but I can promise you it will do something better. It will give weight to your character and strength to your mind; it will shed over you an indefinable charm and attraction, and when sufferings come, as they must sometimes come in the brightest of lives, the power of being able to withdraw yourself temporarily from outward circumstances into the presence of the mighty minds, who being dead yet speak, will comfort you like angels' whispers.

And this habit may become twice blessed. One thought leads to another. Thoughts are all linked into one great chain. As Byron says, "Words are things, and a small drop of ink

Falling like dew upon a thought, produces

That which makes *fœcunds*, perhaps millions, think."

So that, by thus holding communion with great and wise minds, your own ideas and powers of expressing them may become so enriched that you in your turn may be enabled to leave your thoughts on the sands of time, and future generations may rise up and call you blessed.



CLARA'S CHRISTKIND.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER I.



CLARA STEINMETZ—Clärchen as she was always called—lived with her widowed mother in one room behind the apothecary's shop at the corner of Obst and Baum Streets, in the beautiful quaint old city of Nuremberg.

Herr Braun might have let his room with more profit to himself, but he was a kind, tender-hearted man, and he had become interested in Clärchen and her mother

during poor Johann Steinmetz's long last illness; and still more so when he found that poor little Clärchen had also become a confirmed invalid, who needed tonics and a nourishing diet, which it tasked her mother's strength to the utmost to provide for. So when Fräulein von Sturmer, the rising artist, quitted one of the rooms in his house to go to larger apartments, he offered it to Mrs. Steinmetz.

"It is roomy, and has a cheerful outlook, and your little one will be more cheerful there when you are away from her," he added.

"But, dear sir, where in the world could I earn the money to pay the rent?"

"We will not quarrel about that; a high family of large means have just taken the two floors above; and they are paying so good a rent that I can afford to let this one room cheaply."

"Dear, good Herr Braun!" said Clärchen, when her mother took home the pleasant news, along with the malt extract and the oil. "Is he a handsome-looking man, mother? I mean has he a noble, kind sort of face?"

"He has a kind, open, cheery face, Clärchen; and when he sells you a bottle of physic he gives you a pleasant, benevolent smile, which seems to go as a blessing with the medicine; as though he would say, 'And I pray it may do you good.'"

"I thought so. I always picture to myself the faces of the people you see and tell me about. I shall watch for a sight of him when you go in and out, mother; and I will carve my Joseph for the Holy Family so that it shall be as like him as I can make it."

For Clärchen was always confined to her little bed now. The doctor, who came about once a week to see her, said her spine was very weak, and that she might have to lie on her back for a year or more. Happily she had, as she said to cheer her mother, a trade in her ten fingers—an art and genius, her mother

always said; mothers are apt to be partial, and all love's geese are swans, you know.

Before Mrs. Steinmetz went to her daily work she always arranged Clärchen's bits of wood, carving tools, and one or two illustrated books on a table beside her bed, where she could easily reach everything. The mother went out to sew in well-to-do families. The money she received was little, still it was rather more than was usually given to daily seamstresses, for she could repair every kind of lace so beautifully that she was invaluable to many of the fine ladies of Nuremberg. As a special favour, too, she was allowed half an hour in the middle of the day to run home and give her daughter her midday meal, after eating her own dinner where she worked.

Sometimes a lady who had an invalid child of her own, and knew the needs and delicate appetites of such, would send with her a daintily-prepared little dish; but generally Frau Steinmetz got up early and prepared as nourishing a bouillon or stew as their means allowed, and left it in winter to cook slowly on the stove. When it was too warm to have a fire all the day, the meal was cooked early, and heated again over a little spirit lamp.

A lonely life for a girl of Clärchen's age—about fifteen years—to lead, six days of the week alone most of the day; had it not been for her wood-carving she often thought it would have been unbearable. But that proved an endless resource, and in time, as Herr Goldschmidt, the dealer, said, she would be able to make enough money to support herself—perhaps even to help her mother in paying for rent and fuel. Had he not been a greedy, grasping man, one of those who grow rich by the sweat of the brow of the poor and the needy, never paying a fair wage when he could get things for less, Clärchen would have been able to do that at the time our story begins. Her father had been an artist, and she had inherited his love for and sympathy with the beautiful, with a greater faculty for its embodiment, if she could only have the necessary education in her art.

"Johann Steinmetz's ideas and sketches are excellent, almost an inspiration at times," old Grauber, the art critic, used to say, "but his finished pictures are utter failures."

Clärchen would have liked to paint, but she found wood-carving more practicable, as requiring fewer appliances; and then it was cleaner work, and gave the mother less trouble about their room.

"Ah, that is heavenly, thou dear mother!" she cried, when she was moved on to her little bed in their new apartment. "And I can see the great house opposite as I lie here, the window is so large and high. And there are some pigeons—some doves, too! Ah, how

good it was of Herr Braun to let us come and live in this beautiful room!"

Then she began to look about to see where the mother had placed all their little household treasures. A neighbour had invited Clärchen into her room whilst the removal had been effected, so it was all a sudden surprise and joy to the girl when she was carried in, and laid on her own little bed again. That bedstead was one of their treasures, for it was made of pearwood from an old tree that grew in her grandfather's orchard at Berndorf. He was dead now, and the small sum of money which had been her mother's portion had been exhausted during Herr Steinmetz's long illness.

On the wall opposite Clärchen, on each side of the window, two things she valued much were hung. One was what the Germans call a Christliches Hausgegen—"A Christian house blessing." This is found in many houses where the inmates are God-fearing people. The words are:—

"Where there is faith there is hope;
Where there is hope, love is;
Where love is, there is God;
Where God is, no want."

It was beautifully illuminated; the father had spent much time and pains over it. The picture that formed the pendant to this was a sketch in crayon, the last work the poor artist had ever done. Though only a slight sketch, it was his masterpiece. It represented the Lord Jesus taking the dead daughter of Jairus by the hand as He bade her "Arise!" I cannot tell you all the beautiful thoughts that picture had suggested to the poor girl lying opposite to it on her couch, nor how much help and comfort Clärchen had drawn from the story it told. In it the poor father had left a rich legacy to his child. Perhaps the consciousness that he must so soon leave his wife in the hands of the God who, whilst calling him away, said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me," had inspired the artist when he drew that Divine face and that form, so full of power and dignity and love, as He bent over the sleeping maiden. Johann Steinmetz had drawn it the day he died, in those few hours of ease and rest from pain that often come when the end is near.

"I have had a heavenly dream, dear wife," he said, on waking that morning; "I seemed to see the Lord Jesus enter at the door there, and walk up to little Clärchen's bed; then I awoke. Give me a new canvas and my chalks; I feel so well to-day, and I think I could make a sketch for a picture. Perhaps I am going to get better again, after all."

He sketched rapidly for a while. When the outline was completed he turned the



CHRISTMAS EVE.

canvas towards his wife. "Annchen," he said, "it will be the best picture I have painted. I am tired now, and will sleep awhile."

The wife left him to go out for something that was needed; little Clärchen sat near her father, with her doll, and some beads she was threading for it. When her mother returned the child said softly, "Little mother, the father is sleeping so gently."

He was sleeping gently, indeed, for it was the sleep that knows no waking to care or want or sorrow. It was the sleep He gives His beloved! Two hands folded over the breast, a sweet smile on the lips, no other change; no sign of pain or struggle was there.

For some weeks life went on smoothly and pleasantly in the new home. Clärchen worked at her little figures with fresh inspiration and energy. She had only planned to carve Joseph and Mary and the infant Jesus, just one little group that she thought would sell easily at Christmas; but the pigeons and doves, as they flew to and fro, with their pleasant cooings which reached her when the window was open in the early morning, suggested other images; and soon she was covering her table with small blocks that were to be carved into oxen, an ass and her foal, sheep and two shepherds. She would have even the three wise men and their camels laden with offerings, if time permitted, before the booths in the market-place round the beautiful St. Sebaldus church displayed their Christmas stock.

Frau Braun, the apothecary's wife, who lived at the top of the house with her husband, little fat Karl, and her baby, brought the infant down for Clärchen to study its rounded little limbs and baby features. It seemed to the grateful girl and her mother as though the pilgrimage of life had suddenly led them into pleasant pastures and still waters; the hard, stony road was behind them, and no difficulties were in their way, no clouds on the beautiful blue sky overhead.

But one day Clärchen waited in vain for the mother to come and prepare her dinner. At half-past twelve she usually appeared, but that day one o'clock, two o'clock, all the hours up to five, sounded; the great bell of the church near seemed at each hour more full of sad omen than the last; and Frau Steinmetz had not yet come. The bouillon had wasted down and grown cold; the wood fire in the stove was burnt out, and Clärchen, at first faint with hunger, was now worn out with anxiety and distress.

At half-past twelve Frau Steinmetz had left the house of the kindest of her employers. This lady gave her a bowl of strong soup to take home for Clärchen, a very pleasant burden, but not easy to carry in the form it was. In crossing one of the streets a rough schoolboy ran up against the poor woman, causing her to spill some of the soup. Distressed by this, she did not notice a carriage that was being driven rapidly round a corner. A sudden flash across her eyes—a sharp pain in her head, and Frau Steinmetz was conscious of nothing further, until she came to herself, some hours later, in one of the wards of a large infirmary. It was late that evening before any news of her mother reached Clärchen.

In another room on the ground floor of the Apotheker's house two young Englishwomen were living. They became orphans when they were children, both their parents having died abroad; and after the expense of their education had been met, very little remained. Mary Graham, the elder of the two, was an artist; Helen, the sister, was a musician of great promise. To further Mary's studies they had

come to Nuremberg for twelve months, and Helen had been so successful as to secure the appointment of English governess to the family of a wealthy hop merchant in the city. Only her mornings were engaged; in the afternoon she worked hard at her piano; and it had been a great joy to Clärchen in her lonely hours to listen to the sounds that reached her from her neighbour's room.

The afternoon of Mrs. Steinmetz's accident, Mary, the artist, had left for Rupprechtstegen, where she was to spend a week in order to make some sketches of the picturesque masses of rock and the fine trees in the Ankathal. Helen had practised longer than usual, being alone, and then, having eaten her evening meal, she sat down to enjoy a new book which had just arrived from England, but was soon disturbed by the sounds of sobbing coming from the room opposite to their own. At first she tried to read on, not liking to intrude on strangers. She knew a seamstress lived there, she had seen her come and go often, but she knew nothing of Clärchen. Her sister's life and her own were so full that she had not cared to make any acquaintances in the house where they lived.

At last she could not bear to listen any longer without trying to comfort, and she went out into the corridor and paced up and down a few seconds, until she had summoned courage to tap on the door of the room whence the sounds came. A voice, choked by weeping, bade her enter, and then she saw poor Clärchen lying in helpless misery on her little bed.

"What is the matter?" asked Helen, gently—she spoke German well—"Do tell me if I can help you in any way."

"Oh, my mother, my dear, dear mother!" was all Clärchen could bring out for some time. At last Helen drew from her that she had been alone all day, without food or fire, and, what was worse still, without any idea what could have become of her mother; something terrible, she was sure, must have happened to her.

Helen tried to comfort her, but in vain. As she sat by the bed with her arm thrown round the weeping girl, Frau Braun came in with the account of the accident. Leaving her with Clärchen, the Englishwoman, practical like most of her people, ran into her own room, brought wood and made a fire, then prepared some coffee quickly, and soon she had persuaded the poor child to swallow some and to eat a small roll, which revived her so much that she could relieve herself a little by talking of her mother and their life together to this new friend.

"I felt sure it was too bright and beautiful to last—this happy life that we have had since August, when we came into the house."

"But your mother will soon be well and at home again, I trust."

"I have never slept one night away from her; and it is terrible to think she is suffering away from me; she will fret so much thinking of me."

"I will go to the infirmary and ask if I may see her; and I will tell her that I am going to take care of you for her until she gets well again, and will bring back news of her for you before you go to sleep."

"How good you are, dear Fräulein; but it is too much for you to do, to take care of me; only if you would help me a little and tell mother you will, it will comfort her. Frau Braun is very kind, too, and she will help me, I know. Ah, how sad it is to lie here when the mother needs me."

"Now be good and say no more, little one. I must give a good report of you, you know, so as to ease the mother's heart. I will soon be back again. Auf Wiedersehen!"

In about an hour's time Helen returned bearing the good news that no very serious

mischief had been done; but the doctor who had charge of Frau Steinmetz's case said she would probably have to remain for three weeks in the infirmary.

"And now, little one," said Clärchen's new friend, "Frau Braun and I are going to move you into my room. I am quite alone, and should really be glad of your company."

The thought of this almost took away Clärchen's breath; but Helen gave her no chance of declining, for she had already fetched the apothecary's wife downstairs again, and with the help of that lady's stout maid of all work Clärchen was lifted on her mattress and feather-bed and placed on that of Mary Graham, beside Helen's bed. Soon exhausted with the afternoon's anxiety and weeping, the little wood-carver was fast asleep, and Helen, well-pleased with the service she had been able to render, sat down again to her book to read for an hour before going to rest.

She could not concentrate her thoughts, however; so after watching the sleeper for a little, she began to examine Clärchen's work which the maid had brought in with her table.

"The figures are life-like, full of genius," she said to herself. "If only the Baron von Stockhausen could see them and this poor little invalid, what a great thing it might be for her and her poor mother. This little Christkind is positively marvellous."

But the Baron von Stockhausen was far away, and his friends did not expect him back in Nuremberg until after the New Year.

Instead of "Santa Klaus brought me this or that gift" at Christmas time, many German children say "the Christkind gave it me"; and among Clärchen's figures was one carved which represented this with great life and spirit. The Apotheker's lively little Karl, as he looked when he ran into the room with some small present for her, had suggested it. Clärchen always made her studies from life when it was possible. That was why the mother of the infant Jesus looked somewhat older than she need; but the expression of love and tender care on her face was perfect.

At first Clärchen slept very soundly amongst her new surroundings; but long before it was light she was awake, and this new trial of her mother's accident filled her with grief and anxiety. How could they possibly make up the week's rent? and for her food she must be a burden to her new friends.

Have you slept all through the night, little one?" asked Helen, as soon as she woke. The Grahams had also only one room, but it was a very large one, and a cleverly-devised curtain separated the end where the beds were from the rest of the room.

"I woke early. I cannot help thinking about the mother. I know she will not have slept well, either; being laid aside will cause her such grief."

"You must not give way to sad thoughts, child. There is nothing to trouble you to-day, and the future is in God's hands. Your mother's accident will probably only cause temporary suffering, and it has brought you a new friend, little one, who will do her best to help you both."

Tears, not from sorrow, sprang into Clärchen's eyes: she could only answer with the pressure of her thin little hands.

The woman who came daily to clean and dust and light the fire knocked at the door, and Helen had to jump up to let her in. Then she dressed herself quickly, and got breakfast ready—*café au lait* and new sweet milk rolls and butter.

"It is good," cried Clärchen. "I have not tasted milk roll since I was quite a little girl. I know it must seem very ungrateful to you to talk of our troubles just now."

"No, no, child; it will relieve you. I have

half an hour perfectly free before I must begin my morning's work, so tell me all you like."

Clärchen heaved a long sigh.

"Well, dear Fräulein, it often makes me depressed, and I murmur because the dear mother, and father too, who was so good and patient, should have so many trials; and I also, who would like to work and help the mother, must lie here, and can only earn so few pence in a whole week."

"Ah, that is because the wretch to whom you send your figures pays you badly, then. Wait a while, and I will get someone I know, who deals more fairly, to give you some orders. But now as to your life having been full of difficulties and trials. My sister and I have had many troubles, too, and I have not always been able to trust as I ought; but one day a dear old music-master I had in London preached me a little sermon, which often helps me. As a child, I was supposed to have a great turn for music, and I delighted in playing from ear the pretty songs and tunes I heard. When I was older and had a very good master, he kept me constantly at work on scales and exercises, drilling me only in these. Not a single piece of music such as I had before delighted in, not even a sonata of Mozart's or Beethoven's, would he allow me to play. I cried bitterly over it some times, he seemed to have robbed me of a great joy. Well, one day I could not stand it any longer, and I gave vent to my dissatisfaction. 'Why may I not have a few pleasant pieces, such as my friends would enjoy as well as myself?' I cried, one day."

"Child," he said, gravely, 'you have the making of a true artist in you, that is why I keep you to these exercises, which are distasteful to you now. These fingers must be trained, that by-and-by they may beat out the divine music that will touch the soul as well as delight the ear. And the Great Master above deals so with us in the lesson of life, child, until He perfects us for the fuller life and joy that shall be hereafter.' I often think of his words, Clärchen."

Four weeks had passed away. Both mother and daughter had been well cared for; and now they were together again in their pleasant room. Frau Steinmetz was actually the stronger for her accident, for it had compelled her to have perfect rest and good food, and her mind had been kept easy about Clärchen, through Helen Graham's frequent visits. Helen delighted the mother with prophecies as to Clärchen's future. A great physician had been sent by the rich hop merchant to see and examine her thoroughly; and he had declared that there was nothing to prevent her growing quite a strong woman.

She was now fifteen years old: in two more years he hoped she would be capable of felling a tree as well as carving an image, he said, jokingly.

How happy his words made Clärchen! "Then I can go into the church of St. Sebaldus, where the dear father loved to be, Fräulein Helen! And I can copy the wonderful figures of the twelve apostles, and the infant Jesus, and the five wise and five foolish virgins on each side of the bride's door—"

"And, in fact, little one, you will soon become woodcarver-in-chief to the Imperial family," said her friend.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Herr Braun—the jolly apothecary, Helen always called him, and she declared she never knew one before who did not look thin and dried up—was coming through the place round about the church, which was filled with the booths and stalls of the dealers in firs for Christmas trees, gingerbreads, toys, and figures of all sorts, in metal and wood, and even chocolate. He had ordered a tree, and Karl was bearing home in glee the royal figure which was to be fixed on its highest tip. On their way they passed a fine-looking man with a beautiful woman at his side. It was the rich Baron von Stockhausen—"Otto the noble," the two English girls always called him. Many a young artist had cause to thank and love him. Holding his cap in one hand and his long pipe in the other, Herr Braun approached the pair.

"Will your Excellency and your gracious wife look at a group of small figures carved in wood, which are in Peter Gutgesinnt's booth?" he said.

"I have heard of them already, Herr Braun, and have promised to have a look at them this evening. Just now we are pressed; we only returned home last night."

The good apothecary went on and smiled to himself as he thought of the fine tree they would have in their living room that night. He had actually bought Clärchen's Holy Family himself, with all the animals, the three wise men and their camels; and the two young English ladies whom he had learned to know well through Clärchen, had been so kind as to promise to come with Clara and her mother, and play and sing "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," as it was the custom every Christmas Eve at the Brauns. But he would leave the figures in the booth till evening, so that the Herr Baron could see them.

As soon as it began to grow dusk the place about the church was brilliantly lit up with the lamps of the dealers. Light also streamed from the beautiful Gothic windows of the parsonage opposite the church. The Baron's young wife, who was not German, was

delighted with the gay scene as she walked from booth to booth with her husband. It was her first winter in Germany.

"Ah, here are the figures Miss Helen talked so much about! And in truth they are wonderful. Do look at this mother and child, Hilda; the soul in the woman's face and the perfect baby face of the infant. And yet there is also something of the Divine look of the child in the San Sisto Madonna. How much are they, Herr Gutgesinnt?"

"They are sold already, Herr Baron."

"All of them?"

"All but the little Christkind here, Herr Baron; but that, to my thinking, is the best of all."

"So it is, my friend. And what's the price?"

"Three marks, Herr Baron."

"Three marks! Poor little woodcarver! It ought to be three gold pieces, Hilda; but here is the money, Herr Gutgesinnt; we will give her the rest to-night."

That evening, a few hours later, just when a happy group gathered about a little representation of Bethlehem, in which Clärchen's figures had been artistically arranged after the pleasant German fashion, with miniature oxen, stalls, trees, a desert of sand, an oasis of palm trees, and pool made of looking-glass, by which the camels and the three wise men were stalking gravely, and whilst they sang to Helen's accompaniment the last verse of "Stilly Night"—

"Holy night! heralding dawn,

Far and near breaks the morn;

Breaks the day when the Saviour of men;

Bringing pardon and healing again;

'Holy, harmless and undefiled,'

Cometh a little child!"

—a loud knock sounded on the door, and when the maid opened it she saw a tall man's figure standing there muffled up to the eyes, past all recognition, and a deep bass voice gave a Christmas greeting as he handed her a small parcel.

"For whom?" she asked. She was a sensible stolid young woman of few words.

"The little woodcarver."

"From whom?"

"Her Christkind."

That little parcel contained three beautiful gold pieces. They were the first of many more she received from the same purse. Clärchen is now studying art with the help of her kind patron. If she continues to grow strong, of which there is every human probability, she will soon be one of the first women artists in the world.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

AT this season we are asked in every direction to give relief to the poor and needy, and it is generally found that at Christmas-time there is a greater willingness among Christian people to share their own comforts with those who are without any than at other times. For those who wish to help, there are plenty of societies and agencies to direct our charitable efforts, but there is one nation who till lately never applied to us for relief. "Our girls" will remember that an appeal was made in these pages, some years ago, on behalf of the distressed Jewish refugees, by the society formed for their relief after the terrible atrocities in Russia in 1881. This work has steadily been carried on ever since, and has in a quiet

way dealt with large numbers of destitute people, who have been helped to go away where work was to be had, and with the chronic distress in Jerusalem, where about 20,000 Jews live in a terrible state of poverty and distress. This year there has been a serious drought in Jerusalem, and, as usual, the Jews have been the greatest sufferers, through their dilapidated dwellings and unrepaid cisterns. In reply to a letter sending three pounds, given specially for relief of this trouble, the appalling fact is stated that this year nine hundred little Jewish children in Jerusalem have died of want.

Will "our girls" help to make this Christmas a happier one for these poor people, and

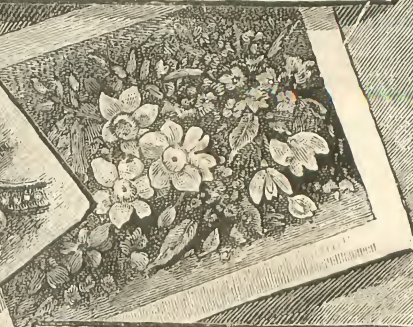
teach them by deeds of kindness that all Christians are not like those who have so cruelly treated and robbed them? They are a most grateful people, who never live on the bread of idleness if work and wages are to be had, and who never apply for relief till they have exhausted all means of obtaining a livelihood, however scanty. Want of space prevents further most interesting details being given, but information will be gladly afforded, and the smallest contribution thankfully received by

The Secretary,

"Society for Relief of Persecuted Jews,"

41, Parliament Street,

London, S.W.



THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes
From the frozen Labrador;
From the icy bridge or the northern seas,
Which the white bear wanders o'er;
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
And the luckless forms below,
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere,
Into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
And the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath,
And ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken
rocks,
Or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain,
And in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlour fire
His evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round,
When that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend,
As his sounding wing goes by!

Whittier.



MISS ANGEL'S LAST CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I.

"And I spent my life
In living those golden dreams
Of things that might never be."



MISS ANGEL sat in the tiny parlour of her small house in a dingy street leading out of one of our busy London thoroughfares. The room was scantily furnished, and all of it looked worn and threadbare and colourless; "pretty nearly worn out," like its owner, one might say.

Very small was the fire before which the old lady sat this bitterly cold Christmas Eve; for Miss Angel's means were limited, and this season had been a special drain on them; when everything she could possibly spare from her own comfort had been bestowed on those in even poorer circumstances than her own—"to help to make a little Christmas for them," thought Miss Angel, as she glanced round her empty larder and almost empty wardrobe.

As long as she could make others happy Miss Angel was content to live, though for long years—specially since the death of her only sister Merilina, who had died nearly thirty years before—her life had been a lonely one. And year by year as it passed seemed to make it more lonely; for one by one old friends and acquaintances left the neighbourhood, or were called away to the unseen world beyond earth's changing scenes, leaving her almost like a stranded vessel on the shore.

Life had been a very chequered one to Miss Angel. Poor always, as a governess's life too often is, and poorer still in her old age, as her savings gradually dwindled and dwindled, till at last she had nothing left but a very small annuity.

Sad and lonely the lady felt as she sat thinking over the fire, for it would be the last Christmas she would enjoy in a home of her own. Her slender means could no longer support her, and she had been obliged, with the assistance of friends, to find admittance in a poor governesses' home at some distance on the other side of London.

Already she had given her landlord notice to quit, and was to leave the little house which had been her home for many a day, the last day of the old year. Yet as Miss Angel sat over the fire this Christmas Eve it was not so much of the present she was thinking as of the past. Her memory was very busy going over the days that had gone by, with all their varied lights and shadows, though, perhaps, for her the shadows had preponderated.

Once only had a gleam of brightness, bringing with it the promise of a happy earthly home, come to vary the monotony of her early-orphaned life. But one heavy cloud had eclipsed that brightness from her, and shadowed all her future with its felt darkness. That one cloud, for her at least, seemed to have no silver lining. What of that? Had not the Lord willed it so for her, and she had never rebelled against that will, though she had often wished it otherwise.

And now as she sat over her fire she was going over that one event in her life which had been its dividing line, only the latter half was so much the longest. Once more she was sitting by Ewan McReady, listening to his earnest words of love and entreaty. "Magdalene, dearest, do not let a trifle part us."

And she was answering, "It is no trifle to

me, Ewan dear. You do not know what it costs me to say 'no.' But I dare not say 'yes' when God's express command is, 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' Oh, Ewan! if you love me, do not tempt me to disobey the Divine command!"

And so he had left her, and she had never seen him since, or heard of him through all the weary years that followed.

Stung almost to madness by her refusal, Ewan McReady had thrown up his appointment in the army and taken to a roving life, and gone to the gold-diggings. But what he gained there did not enrich him. In the bitterness of his soul he took almost a pleasure in working desperately to help any less successful comrade, and he left the diggings even poorer than he went to them to seek more congenial, or rather less unbearable, employment elsewhere.

But Magdalene Angel never heard of him; and whether he was alive or dead she did not know. For years and years she had prayed for him, and looked for his return; but he never came; and though she still went on praying for him, she had ceased to expect any answer in this world. And now old age was creeping on her apace, and she was sadly lonely. There was nothing for her to look forward to but drearier and darker days than even those that pressed on her now. Yet she never regretted the path she had taken, for there was One whom she loved even more than Ewan McReady, and His love had never failed her through all those sorrowful years. And after all no one could be to her what the Lord Christ was, for no one else understood her, and felt for her, and cared for her like He did. And His presence, realised and delighted in, did satisfy the nameless cravings of her soul.

What if life were solitary and dreary, the better part of it was yet to come, and she looked for that—

"What care the saints of God if they
Through pain and grief are called away
To their reward?
What matters this short life of tears
That ushers in the countless years
With their dear Lord?"

Her reflections were suddenly interrupted by a ring at the bell, and presently Phillis, the little maid-of-all work, came up to say that it was "Mrs. Foster come to see her, and was waiting in the hall."

Mrs. Foster had been one of Miss Angel's Sunday-school class many years ago; and had married and gone to live on the other side of London. She seldom came to see Miss Angel unless driven to abject distress and starvation by her drunkard husband, and she was, probably, in such a plight now, or she would hardly have come all the way across London on Christmas Eve.

"Show her up," said Miss Angel, rather annoyed at the arrival of this unwelcome guest. But she squeezed down the unworthy thought, as words of Holy Writ came floating through her brain. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me;" and she knew that each opportunity of doing came but once, and if not used, would slip away for ever.

"I always thank God for giving me opportunities," she was wont to say when she heard people grumbling at the "many calls made on their charity." And so when Mrs. Foster appeared, all thought of annoyance at having her quiet time over the fire interrupted had gone.

The poor woman's haggard and sorrowful face told its own story, even before Miss Angel

had got it out of her piecemeal. Her husband had been taken up at last in a drunken row and gone to gaol, leaving her and her five little children penniless. And the two small rooms she had furnished with the intention of letting had been vacant for months. No lodger would stay in a house where the landlord was in the habit of coming home in the middle of the night the worse for drink.

For a moment Miss Angel was at a loss what to do. Already her charitable resources had been taxed to the utmost. She had not a shilling left, save the one she had reserved for the Christmas offertory.

"You must have some tea," she said, in order to give herself time to think. And she led the way down to the kitchen, where she instructed Phillis to give the poor woman a comfortable meal; and then seized a moment, when her maid was busy with the boiling kettle, to abstract, unnoticed from the larder, a piece of steak and small Christmas plum-pudding, which had been prepared and laid aside for her own dinner next day. Phillis was to spend Christmas with her parents, so there would be no one to notice if she had not Christmas fare herself.

Then she returned upstairs, and carefully stowed away what she had collected in a small basket.

"This will at least keep them from starving on Christmas Day," said Miss Angel to herself; "and I must write to the vicar of her parish to get her more substantial help." And then she slipped in under the lid of the basket, though not without some reluctance, the shilling she had laid aside for the Christmas collection, carefully folded away in an old envelope long before, to ensure its not being spent before the day.

"Perhaps this is the way the Lord would have me spend it," thought Miss Angel; "and if I give only a penny in the plate to-morrow, He will see the shilling behind it."

With a lightened heart Mrs. Foster was dismissed, and Miss Angel had barely settled herself once more in her comfortable arm-chair by the fire, when another ring at the bell came to disturb her anticipated "afternoon's rest!" This time it was Miss Symes, one of the most indefatigable district visitors in the parish. Miss Symes was the "right hand" of the vicar, and few good works went on in his parish without her aid or superintendence. From morning to night she might be seen visiting the poor, or at the soup kitchen, or working clubs; and no kindlier heart ever beat under a somewhat plain exterior. But Miss Symes had one weakness among her many good qualities, and that was that she was always in a hurry. She never had time, or at least she never thought she had, to enjoy her work, and this perpetual haste marred much of the true kindness of her charities.

She now came into Miss Angel's little drawing-room with a rush, a well filled basket on her arm, and some sprays of holly in her hand.

A quick glance round the apartment satisfied her that Miss Angel had not indulged in the luxury of any Christmas decorations.

"Ah," she said, kindly, "I thought that very likely you would not have any holly, so I have brought you some. The berries are splendid this year. I always think people ought to have a sprig up in their rooms to remind them to be thankful for Christmas blessings." She had no idea how very little of what the world considers Christmas blessings fell to the lot of poor Miss Angel.

"No! I can't sit down," she continued, as Miss Angel asked her to be seated; "I really

have not a minute to spare; not a moment, I might say. For all these Christmas dinner-tickets have to be distributed" (she disclosed a handful), "and also this basketful of grocery packets for the old folks at the almshouses. I really have so much to do this afternoon that I don't know how I am to get through it all! Good-bye, and a merry Christmas to you!"

And with that somewhat irrelevant wish she was gone, almost before Miss Angel realised her entrance.

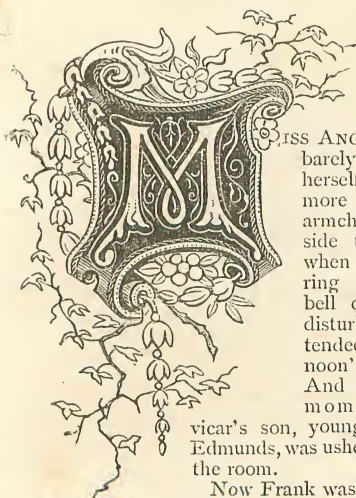
The old lady stood motionless for awhile; then she began arranging the beautiful bright sprays, but without any definite idea how to place them. If only Miss Symes had added to her kindness by sharing five minutes out of her busy afternoon to place them in the mantelpiece vases, and over two or three of the pictures that hung on the wall, she would have enhanced the value of her gift a hundredfold. But she never thought of such a thing, or how a few kindly words would have cheered the old lady's solitary afternoon; so she rushed off to do fresh kindnesses, leaving each incomplete from the sense of haste that always pressed on her.

Miss Angel took long to arrange those few sprays of brilliant green and scarlet berries. How the sharp leaves pricked her fingers! The berries swam before her eyes, and only appeared a blurred mass of crimson through the tears that came welling up from some hidden fount of feeling. Her thoughts had flown to that wonderful story of long ago, which began on Christmas night when Christ was born. The holly's prickly leaves seemed but to remind her of the piercing thorns that formed His only crown on earth, and the deep-hued berries the red drops shed on Calvary.

Miss Angel sighed many times as she placed those few Christmas tokens of festivity round the room; "For surely," she said to herself, "the story of the Cross began at Bethlehem."

Oh! how often had she told the thrilling record of that wondrous tale to the children of her class, almost melted to tears herself as she tried to make it real to them; only to meet careless, indifferent looks, or, worse still, irreverent remarks from her listeners. And yet, if she had failed to benefit those she wished to reach, she had done good to her own soul the while, for every repetition of that wondrous story brought the child Christ nearer to her, till His presence filled all the place, and she knew and felt that she loved none else in comparison with Him.

CHAPTER II.



MISS ANGEL had barely settled herself once more in her armchair beside the fire when another ring at the bell came to disturb her intended afternoon's rest. And the next moment the vicar's son, young Frank Edmunds, was ushered into the room.

Now Frank was a great favourite with the old lady, and a strange kind of friendship had sprung up between the wild-spirited boy and herself, for which it would have been difficult

to account. He was always welcome in Miss Angel's parlour whenever he chose to come (which was not seldom), and he generally made it a place of resort whenever he had had any tiff with his brothers and sisters, or got into disgrace with his father for unprepared lessons, and consequently a bad report from school. Such misdemeanours were, alas! of frequent occurrence.

But this afternoon all Miss Angel's usual remedies to soothe him into a better temper were fruitless, though she exerted herself to the utmost. Something was evidently weighing on the boy's mind beyond the unsatisfactory report from his schoolmaster for "idleness and mischief."

"Is anything the matter?" she ventured to ask at last, after the twentieth dead pause in the conversation.

"Matter enough," jerked out the lad, who had been longing for an opportunity to tell out all that was weighing on his mind. "I'm off to sea; and I have only come to—to wish you 'good-bye.' I did not like to go without that."

"Going to sea!" exclaimed Miss Angel; "and on Christmas Eve, too; impossible!"

"It's a fact," said Frank, doggedly. "I've had enough of being at home, and so I'm off." And then, bit by bit, the story came out. "It all came of that wretched school report. Father was in an awful temper about it, and says I shall never be anything but a disgrace to him. So I am not going to trouble him with my presence any longer."

"But you cannot mean—you do not intend to run away from home!" The words seemed to choke Miss Angel.

"That is just what I do mean," replied Frank. "I am off now to get a berth in the first vessel that leaves the London Docks. I'd work my way as cabin boy or anything across the world for nothing, and when I am once there I'll find something to do, never fear."

It was useless to argue with him in his present mood, and yet Miss Angel could not bear that he should run away like this in a mere fit of temper.

A loud ring at the bell rather startled them both. They looked at one another in mutual alarm.

"What if it is my father," said Frank, who was ready to leap out of the window, or make any violent exit to avoid his angered parent.

Miss Angel went to the door, where she met Phillis hurrying to answer the bell.

"If it is any visitor," she said, "show them up to the drawing-room, and light the candles there, and say I'll be up directly."

Then she closed the dining-room door, and they both listened intently.

Yes; it was the vicar! There was no mistaking his loud, trumpet-like voice. The runaway quaked in his shoes. And Miss Angel kept her hand on the handle of the door. Suddenly it received a violent push from the other side.

"Oh, please, ma'am, it's only Mr. Edmunds," explained Phillis, from without.

"Show him up to the drawing-room, and say I will join him in a minute," answered Miss Angel, from within. No one would have guessed from the tone of her voice how agitated she really was.

"Now I'm off!" cried Frank, as soon as he had satisfied himself that his parent was safe in the room overhead.

"Oh, Frank, don't go," pleaded the old lady, putting a detaining hand on his arm. "Do not do a hasty action which you will regret all your life."

"I tell you I will not stay at home to be lectured," cried Frank. "He is sure to have found out that I am here—and—and—I will not see him."

"It is simply ridiculous your trying to get

work on the very eve of Christmas, and a Bank Holiday," replied Miss Angel, unable to keep him any longer. "You will only be wandering the streets. I will not let you go unless you promise me to return, and tell me what you have done."

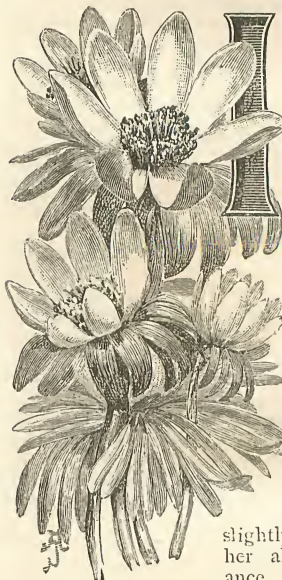
"You won't betray me to my father, or any of my people?" he asked.

"I shall not need to do so," she answered, earnestly. "When you have quietly considered matters you will not wish to act like a foolish child, but like a man. And, oh! Frank," she added, "do seek Divine guidance; that, and only that, will lead you right."

And then she hastened upstairs, not daring to keep the vicar longer waiting, but dreading what the refractory lad would do during her enforced absence.

But Miss Angel was quite wrong in supposing that the vicar had come to her in quest of his runaway son. Mr. Edmunds was not even aware that his boy had left his own roof, having little idea how his hasty words had stung the lad's proud spirit. He came forward to meet Miss Angel with his usual affability, and no one to see him thus would have guessed how angry he had been scarcely an hour before. Alas! many a storm that as quickly passes leaves its devastating results behind.

CHAPTER III.



HAVE come on rather important business," said the vicar, as soon as he had exchanged greetings with Miss Angel.

"I am sorry—very sorry," began the poor lady, not knowing what to say, and dreading a scene under her own roof.

Mr. Edmunds was slightly surprised at her alarmed appearance.

"When I said my business was important, I might have added it was pleasant also," he said, thoroughly enjoying being the bearer of good news, and wishing to arouse the old lady's curiosity.

But Miss Angel showed no signs of interest. She was too pre-occupied with the thought of Frank to take in any other subject just then. The vicar saw that she was in no mood to be amused, and changed his tone immediately.

"I have just received a letter from a man of business—a lawyer unknown to me—asking if I can furnish him with your address, as some distant relative or connection of yours has died intestate, and you are the next-of-kin," and he held out the legal document to her.

She took it mechanically, her mind in a perfect whirl, and attempted to read it; but she could not see well without her spectacles, which she had left downstairs, and, besides, the phraseology of the letter was quite beyond her comprehension.

"I cannot understand it!" she said, quietly handing him back the paper. "I think there must be some mistake."

"No mistake whatever!" cried the vicar,

cheerfully. "I should not have come here to raise your expectations merely to have them disappointed. You see from this paper that Mr. Thawless, of Grimthorpe, has died suddenly without leaving a will, and, after due investigation, the lawyer has found out that you are next-of-kin."

Miss Angel looked mystified.

"Mr. Thawless—of Grimthorpe. Ah! he was the gentleman in whose family my poor sister Merilina was governess long ago. She died there, poor thing, quite suddenly, and they were all so very kind about it, and sympathising. But that was thirty years ago, and they were so very distantly connected with us that we never counted them as relatives at all."

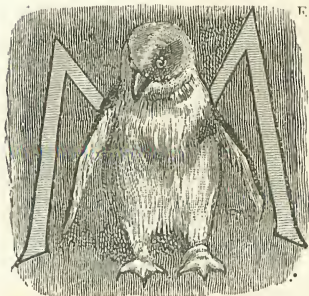
"Well, his family must have died off," said the vicar, "or you would not have come in for his neat little fortune. I congratulate you, Miss Angel; and I don't think the money could have come into better hands."

Miss Angel did not answer. She seemed dazed at the suddenness of the news. She pressed her hand to her head, and tried to collect her thoughts, feeling very much as if she was in a kind of nightmare, and would awake to find it was all a strange dream.

Mr. Edmunds rose to go, thinking she might "come to herself" more easily if left alone. She saw him to the door, and rang the bell for the maid, and then went slowly back to her seat.

"There must be some mistake!" she kept slowly saying to herself. She had grown so accustomed to get bad news, or disappointing notes, that she could not realise that anything good had really come to her.

CHAPTER IV.



WHILE the object of Miss Angel's anxious solicitude was passing through new and unexpected experiences.

On hurrying off from her door in fear of being stopped by his father, he had got into the first omnibus he met going into the City, taking his seat inside to avoid the possibility of being recognised by any of his companions in the street; and also for the sake of the warmth, for the wind outside was keen and bitter, besides a sprinkling of snow, which had begun to fall from the leaden-looking sky.

He glanced askance at his fellow-passengers, and was glad to find no one there whom he knew, so he huddled himself up in the further corner, where he remained till the omnibus reached its destination, when he alighted, and hastened to pursue the rest of his journey to the docks on foot.

Half running, half walking, he hastened on, anxious to secure some berth for himself before the short afternoon had quite faded. As it was he barely reached the dock before the gates were closed. However, he managed to get in unnoticed among the number of men and boys loitering about, and proceeded at once to a small merchant vessel that was lying in the basin—either just arrived from foreign parts, or on the point of starting on a fresh voyage. Frank's inexperienced eye could not tell which.

An elderly gentleman, in a heavy great-coat, and hat jammed over his eyes, was

coming slowly up the companion ladder from the cabin below, and crossed the single plank that served as a bridge to the shore.

Edmunds made up his mind that this was the captain, and accosted him.

"Do you want an able lad as cabin boy?" he asked with some hesitation, despite his effort to appear free and easy.

The stranger paused in his hurried walk, and gave him a quick scrutinising glance.

"I'm not the captain," he said, "and I don't know where you will find him, for he has gone off to spend Christmas with his family." And the stranger was about to pass on, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him.

"You are running away from home, my lad," he said, looking Frank keenly in the face as he stood fidgeting before him. "You are running away from home. Take my advice, and don't do it."

"It's no business of yours," said Frank, doggedly. "If I've a mind to go to sea, why shouldn't I?"

"For the sake of the mother you leave behind," said the stranger. "Don't break her heart."

"I'd not have left home if she was there," answered the boy, with a sudden change of tone.

"Aye, but is there no one there to miss you, and long for you, and weep bitter tears over your running away? I knew a man once who acted very much as I fear you are acting now; he could not get his way in the Old Country, so he ran off to the New, and the first thing he saw when he reached the other side of the globe was a stray copy of an English newspaper, in which he read the death of the one being in the world whom he loved, and whom he had recklessly run away from in a fit of ungoverned petulance. I can tell you that for thirty years that man just knocked about, and toiled like a slave, merely to try and drive away thought, and now a dreary old age of loneliness lies before him. Ah, my lad, don't run yourself into thirty years of fruitless remorse by the foolish action of a moment."

But the idea of going home again after having run away was simply unbearable to Frank.

"I know my own business best," he said, turning coldly away. Very hot and rebellious was the heart beating under his double-breasted jacket at that moment; and he resented any interference of a stranger.

So he walked off down the dock, leaving the stranger looking pityingly after him. "Fine lad, that! A pity he should wreck his life on the angry impulse of a moment. *Verbum sap.*! but, alas, there is not much wisdom in hot-headed youth!"

And so Frank went up and down the wharf many times, but he could not find either the captain or mates of the vessel he had taken a fancy to; or, indeed, anyone to give him some trustworthy information about the outward bound ships in the docks. The only men and boys about the place were rough "hands," finishing off odd jobs in all haste before Christmas Day; and they had no time or inclination to answer his questions.

He grew weary and disheartened with wandering about. The place was strange to him, and in the dim light of the fast closing day looked weird and unprepossessing. More than once he fell over logs and coils of rope that he did not see in the semi-darkness. The wind was bitterly keen, and blew right on him across the river, so there was no possibility of getting out of it, whichever way he walked.

More than once he thought regretfully of the home he had left, and which had never before seemed so warm and inviting as it did now, when he felt that he had quitted it for ever. More than once he wished that he had heeded

the stranger's words, and gone back to the home which he ought never to have quitted. If he had done so at once, his people need never have known that he had actually started from home to run away.

He turned back again in his aimless walk, and found the place deserted! All the workmen must have gone off at the ringing of the bell he had heard a short time since, but disregarded.

In his present mood he could not bear to be alone. He hurried to the dock gates—they were closed and locked, and no one answered his knocking on them.

This was indeed being shut up like a rat in a trap! Yet how was he to get out? The gates were far too high for him to scale, and the surrounding sheds and outhouses were an insurmountable barrier. What was he to do?

Wearily he sank at last on a heap of timber, and gave himself up to his own bitter reflections. What would his father say when he found that he had run away, and all because he would not listen to reproofs, which his conscience now told him were well-deserved? What would poor Bertha be thinking of his non-appearance? Patient, long-suffering Bertha, who had so often got herself into scrapes in trying to shield him! How ill he was requiring her constant love and goodness to him! And last, not least—what would poor Miss Angel be doing when she found that he had taken advantage of her being called away, to depart without a word of good-bye or thanks for all her kindness?

The snow was beginning to fall in large, heavy flakes; the evening air grew more damp and chilly, the darkness deepened till he could see little more than the dim outlines of his surroundings. He shifted his seat to a more sheltered position, turned up the collar of his coat, and drew his hat over his eyes. This was the result of his ebullient temper, and he would brave it out.

CHAPTER V.



INE-LOOKING lad that! and unmistakably the gentleman," thought the stranger, as he watched Frank's retreating figure. "I wonder where he comes from! A pity he should go off as an extra hand to sea. He'll regret it before he's been out a week. Anyhow, there'll be no getting any work to-night; and a few

hours in the docks on this bitter evening will likely bring him to his senses before morning." And with that consolatory thought he went on his way.

Where that way led appeared rather doubtful; for he walked up one street and down another till he found himself exactly at the same place from which he had started.

"This will never do," he said to himself. "I must get a lodging somewhere for to-night. Alas! that I have no one in all the Old Country to welcome me back after these thirty years of absence."

He started on afresh; up one little dingy street, and mechanically turned to the right into another even more gloomy. One or two windows, however, had tickets in them, bearing the inscription, "Lodgings for a single gentleman," and he investigated them as he passed along. But they were not very inviting (to judge from the outside). "I should like something better my first night back in Old England," he said to himself as he passed from one to another.

He came at last to the end of the row of un-

inviting dwellings, and was about to retrace his steps, when a very worn and sorrowful-looking woman came up to the door close to him, and proceeded to open it with a latch-key.

The stranger inadvertently watched her (he always had a special feeling of pity for any woman in distress—he best knew why), and then raised his eye to the card in the window. "Lodgings for a single gentleman." Then he took a step forward.

"Do you keep lodgings?" he asked, addressing the woman with the sorrowful face.

"Yes," she answered, in a despondent tone.

"I would like to look at them," he said.

"Oh! I am afraid they would not suit you; they are so poor and plain; and I have had to part with some of the furniture to pay my rent," she replied, in the same hopeless tone.

"Oh, I don't want anything very grand," he answered; "just a bedroom where I can put up for a night or two, and a sitting-room."

She silently led the way through the nearly dark passage, up a narrow stair to the room above, the door of which she threw open and allowed her visitor to enter.

Certainly it was not a very inviting room. Everything was dingy and shabby, from the threadbare carpet to the olive green curtains; and the dim light of the candle which the poor woman proceeded to light only made the place appear more gloomy. A round table filled the centre of the apartment; and two or three chairs stood stiffly up against the wall at intervals. The small bedroom adjoining felt musty from disuse, and the stranger was on the point of saying that the apartments would not do, when the dejected face and attitude of the landlady made him change his mind. After all, he had often put up with far rougher fare, and been thankful for it.

"The rooms will do well enough," he said, "if you can cook me something soon, for I've had no dinner to-day and am hungry."

Yes, she could cook, but—and again she paused.

"Oh! I suppose you want part payment in advance," said the stranger, divining the cause of her hesitation; and diving his hand in his pocket, he brought thence sundry pieces of silver and copper coin. "There," he added, pushing the money across the table to her; "go and get coals and candles, for I hate being in the dark, and I want a good big fire to warm me. And let me have a hot supper as soon as you can, my good woman."

Off she went, leaving him the greasy candlestick with the tallow dip in it, which but served to "make darkness visible in that dreary place." He sauntered to the window, and stood gazing out into the street; but his thoughts were far away, and he did not notice the landlady's return with sticks, paper, and coals, with which she proceeded to light the fire in the rusty grate. But it had evidently not been used for long, and was damp; and the draught came down the chimney instead of going up it, so that the room was soon filled with smoke.

However, after throwing open the window, and much coaxing of the refractory coals and wet firewood, a fire was kindled at last, and gave promise of burning up in time.

"That will do," said the stranger, who objected to see the poor woman on her knees, doing the work of a pair of bellows till her throat must have been filled with dust. "Now get supper, and be quick."

After she had left the room to prepare the meal, the stranger still sat gazing into the uncertain flames. This was, indeed, a dreary home-coming! No one to expect him! No one to welcome him! No one to care what became of him! He almost wished he had remained at the Antipodes; where, at least, there would be no thought of home to mock

the emptiness of his Christmas Eve. He had never taken into account the utter desolation of returning to a place where his very existence was forgotten.

Presently savoury odours of cooking came creeping up into the room from below, and with that the thought of the lad he had met on the wharf. He wondered if the boy had gone back to his home, or if he was still wandering about in the spirit of rebellion against parental authority. This night might alter the destiny of his whole life, as a night thirty years ago had altered his own life; and he would fain save another from what he had himself endured—aye, was enduring now, and would yet endure till death shadowed all things.

Acting on the thought, he rose, took up his hat, and went downstairs, and passed out once more into the bitter evening air.

A few minutes' smart walk brought him to the dock gates, but they were closed, and the crowd of loiterers that had been standing there when he passed through before had dispersed, and not a sign of anyone was near. For a minute or two he was uncertain what to do, and almost determined to go back to his lodging without pursuing his quest any further, when he observed a bell-chain evidently belonging to the dock gate. Perhaps there might be some night porter to guard within.

He pulled the iron chain, and a loud, discordant bell sounded through the stillness, but no one answered the summons, and he had to repeat it twice ere the watchman in charge came to the gate.

In answer to the stranger's inquiry whether he had seen a lad loitering about on the premises, he answered in the negative, adding that no one was likely to stay in the docks that night, as they were closed till after Christmas Day. However, on seeing the gentleman's evident disappointment, he offered to look round the place; "for may be," he said to himself, "he is the lad's father, only he doesn't like to say so, else why should he give me a shilling." And he clutched the coin which the stranger had thrust into his hand to quicken his wits and his movements. But though they searched every corner, the missing boy could not be found, and they were just about to give up the hunt as useless, when they observed some dark object lying beside an empty cask (which they had previously taken to be a coil of rope), but which on closer inspection turned out to be the runaway asleep, or pretending to be so.

"Come, come," said the stranger, laying a kind but firm hand on his shoulder, and giving him a shake; "this is not a night for you to make your bed in the open air."

Frank stood up sulkily, hardly knowing whether to be pleased at being thus released from his unwelcome detention in that weird place, or angry at being interfered with. He muttered something, but his captors took no heed; and he was marched off through the yard and dock gates before he was well aware of what was happening, till he found himself and the stranger alone in the miserable street beyond.

"You'll come with me to-night," the stranger was saying, "and we'll see in the morning what is to be done. No; you need not struggle like that," he added, as Frank became restive under his grip. "I could hold a lad twice your size as easily as I hold you now. There is no use your trying to get away, for I won't let you. You will just come and have supper and a bed with me to-night; you'll like it better than starving out in this sharp wind if you are as hungry as I am."

There was no withstanding this appeal, so Frank allowed himself to be led off, and very glad he was when he found himself seated beside a comfortable fire opposite his unknown friend

Soon the landlady appeared with a tray of hot viands, which she proceeded to arrange on the table, which was still lighted by the one solitary "dip" which she had first used.

"Let us have more light," said the stranger, drawing his chair to the table, and motioning to Frank to do the same.

The landlady hastened to comply, but the gas burners overhead had not been used for some time, and would not ignite. Match after match was lighted in vain, till the poor woman became almost flurried in her endeavours, while the stranger watched her with a strange kind of fascination. There was something in her face which attracted him, the patient look of one accustomed to suffer, and to suffer uncomplainingly. All unbidden, his thoughts had flown to another suffering face, one whose last appealing glance he had left unanswered, but which always stood before him when any case of distress presented itself to him. People had often wondered at so much pitiful tenderness in the rough Englishman; but that was because they knew nothing of the bitter memories that called it forth.

"Never mind about the gas," he said, at last; "another candle will do very well."

But the poor woman would not give up her efforts, for the credit of her lodgings; and, with many apologies for the delay, drew an old envelope from her pocket, which she tore in two, in a last attempt to produce a flame.

This time she was successful, and a blaze of light filled the room, and gave it almost a cheerful aspect. At the moment the stranger's eye fell on the remaining half of the torn envelope lying on the table, with the address on it turned towards him. He read it inadvertently, and started violently and changed colour; and the hand that rested on the back of his chair actually trembled.

The landlady saw him glance at the scrap of paper, and was about to remove it, having no idea of the shock it had brought to him, but he prevented her.

"Did you know the lady whose address is there?" he asked, as soon as he could steady his voice to speak, and retaining the paper in his hand.

Mrs. Foster—for it was she—had to come near and look at the paper, for she had not been aware that anything was written on the envelope in which Miss Angel had wrapped up the shilling she had given her that afternoon. It was an official-looking envelope, with Miss Angel's name in full, and "On Her Majesty's Service" printed on the top.

"Miss Magdalene Angel," she read, aloud. "Oh, she's a very good, kind lady! I was in her Sunday class long ago, and she has taken an interest in me ever since."

The stranger looked bewildered, gazing fixedly on the name on the scrap of paper before him. And after waiting a minute or two, not knowing whether to go or stay, Mrs. Foster raised the cover from the smoking steak, and withdrew.

This aroused the stranger to the remembrance that he had a guest to look after; but when he had helped Frank liberally, he relapsed into silence again, forgetting to help himself. Whatever appetite he had had was gone; he sat gazing into vacancy. Once or twice Frank ventured to make some remark, but the stranger did not appear to hear, so he pursued his meal in silence.

Suddenly the stranger roused up.

"What did you say?" he said, pushing his plate away and going back to the fire. Then, without waiting for an answer, he took up the candle and retired to the adjoining room. But presently he looked in again to say, "Mrs. Foster will give you a bedroom to-night, and we will talk over matters in the morning," leaving Frank in no small surprise at his sudden disappearance.

CHAPTER VI.



UT Frank was in no mood to spend the night as suggested,

with the prospect of being walked off to his people on the morrow by this unknown stranger. He had not noticed the little episode about the old envelope, being engrossed at the moment in making out an old print on the wall representing the death of Nelson, and so was at a loss to imagine what had made his host so suddenly grave and silent. The boy grew restless, and wandered about the room in an aimless way, unable to fix his thoughts on anything. Suddenly he remembered Miss Angel, and a pang of self-reproach darted through him as he thought of the way he had parted from her. She would be sure to expect him back, and would very likely be sitting up for him. He made up his mind that he must go back to her just to say a proper "good-bye," for there would be no fear of meeting his father now. So he only waited long enough to make quite sure that his host had gone to bed, and then crept into the passage, and down the creaky stair, and after fumbling at the door for a short time found the fastening, opened it, and passed out into the street. Oh, how piercingly cold it was after coming from that warm room upstairs! Frank involuntarily shivered from head to foot, and felt thankful that he had not had to spend the night in the open dock-yard.

Fearful of his departure being discovered, he hurried along without any definite idea which direction he was going in, till he suddenly found himself by Westminster Bridge instead of Clerkenwell.

He quickly retraced his steps; running whenever he could do so without fear of exciting attention. But despite all his efforts, it was past twelve o'clock when he hurried up Pentonville Hill, and found himself once more in Percy Street.

Yes, there was her window with the shutter open. He had felt so sure she would be sitting up for him. However, there was no sign of her at the window, so he came to a sudden standstill, as he did not like to ring the bell, for fear of arousing the maid. Then a happy

thought struck him. He had a supply of peas and his peashooter in his pocket, and he put them in requisition at once.

Miss Angel was enjoying a quiet dose over the fire, and the noise soon roused her.

"Ah, it's hailing!" she said to herself, slightly shivering, and drawing her shawl closer round her. "There it is again! What a sharp shower; and that poor, self-willed boy out in it. I wish I had locked him up in the dining-room, and not given him a chance of keeping me up like this. I wish I had told his father, and taken the responsibility off my own shoulders."

Another shower of peas at her window brought her to her feet with a heavy sigh.

"What a dreadful night! The hail seems positively pelting," she said to herself, as she went to the window. But when she drew the venetian aside and peered out, there was no sign of hail, but the figure of a boy gesticulating to her in the middle of the street, and with a sense of extreme relief she recognised the vicar's son.

Down she hurried (after snuffing the overgrown wick of her candle) to the hall; for Phillis had been dismissed to bed long ago, and everything was locked up for the night.

"Is it you, Frank?" she asked, before opening the door, and listening anxiously for the answer.

"Yes, Miss Angel, it is me." And the next minute he was safe in the hall, and being led into the dining-room by Miss Angel.

"What have you been doing, you bad boy?" she said. "Keeping me up at this time of night."

Frank briefly explained. "Indeed, I should not have been back here to-night," he concluded, "if a benevolent old gentleman, whom I met in the docks, had not taken it into his head that I was running away from home. He came and ferreted me out of my hiding-place, took me to his lodging, and gave me a hot supper and good advice."

"And he sent you home? How truly good; how kind!" said Miss Angel.

"Oh, no!" said Frank, with a laugh. "He thinks me safe in bed at his place! I only waited to make sure that he was asleep before I made my way here. I should have been back long ago, only I mistook the way, and lost myself in a perfect labyrinth of streets."

"Well, you must stay the night here, now," said Miss Angel. "There is the sofa in the back room, which is the only bed I can offer you, unless—" and she hesitated—"you mean to return to your home at once; I think you ought."

But Frank was in no mood of penitence, and would not listen to any suggestion about going back to his father. He was quite content to stay the night where he was, but it was with no thought of being the returning prodigal on the morrow. So Miss Angel did not press the point, and left him to come to himself, only taking care to lock the front door and carry off the key, so that there might be no chance of her unexpected guest running off in the morning before she was down. The poor lady's mind was quite in a flutter. How was she to account to Phillis for having the vicar's son sleeping in her house?

However, her ingenuity was not put to the test, for her little maid was in such a hurry to be off in the morning, that she quite forgot to open the sitting-room shutters. And Frank was so tired after the excitement and fatigues of the preceding day that he did not wake up till nearly mid-day; and when, at last he made his appearance, it was to find Miss Angel waiting for him, as she had been doing for the last two hours, at the breakfast table.

CHAPTER VII.



was a great disappointment to Miss Angel not to get to the Christmas morning service. But she could not leave Frank alone, especially as he was still in the same rebellious temper of the night before. So she busied

herself with making what preparations lay in her power for dinner, spending most of the time in going in and out of the dining-room, alternately scolding, coaxing, and advising her refractory guest. Frank was cross and sulky, and would not be pleased; the liberty and fun he had promised himself on running away from home had dwindled into a set of unpleasant memories, and he could not make up his mind what to do.

"Go back to your father," suggested Miss Angel.

No, his temper would not let him.

"Why not go to church, and at least hear the sweet Christmas hymns?"

"What! go and be recognised by everybody! and have a regular scene before my father's parishioners?"

"Your father's church is not the only one," retorted the almost exasperated lady. "It is very irreligious of you wasting Christmas Day like this, and making me do so too. I do not know that I am right in letting you do it."

"Oh, if I am in your way I will go at once," he said, rising. "I thought you cared to have me. But I see I am mistaken," and off he went in a huff.

It was well for him that the hall door was still locked, and that the key was in Miss Angel's pocket. She heard him fumbling at the lock with a feeling almost akin to exultation.

Presently she went out to him.

"Frank," she said, her voice quivering a little, "show yourself a man, and don't act like a petulant boy. After I have put you up all last night, I am surprised at your even wishing to leave me with angry words on your lips."

The sentence had hardly slipped from her, when it vividly brought back another scene in her life; when *another* had parted from her with hasty words, and left her desolate ever since. The memory was too much for her at that moment, and she suddenly burst into tears.

Frank was surprised and shocked. He could not understand her distress, not knowing the cause.

"Dear Miss Angel, I beg your pardon! I never meant to vex you—indeed, I did not. I am not worth crying about," and he led her back to the dining-room and placed her gently in her chair.

She soon recovered herself, and looked up and smiled.

"If you are really sorry," she said, "you will go to church with me." She had such faith in the beautiful words of the service softening his obduracy. "You have prevented my going this morning, but I wish to go this afternoon, and you will go with me. Not to your church," she added, as he began to rebel; "there are lots of churches that have services in the afternoon—we will go to one of them." And so presently they set off together, going by all sorts of out-of-the-way

byways for fear of meeting anyone they knew.

They had no exact idea where they were going, only "they would go into the first church they came to where there was an afternoon service." They had to walk some way to find one: and Miss Angel felt sadly knocked up and weary, and was nearly saying she could go no further. It did not seem a bit like Christmas Day to be trudging along she knew not whither, with this naughty, self-willed boy. But words of Divine command came floating through her brain. "As we have opportunity let us do good unto all men," and this was an opportunity which she dared not thrust aside. Oh! for wisdom to use it rightly, so that this young life beside her might not be lost as that other one had been!

Very fervent was the unspoken prayer that went up from her weary and heavy-laden heart that afternoon.

Presently they came to a small church of very unpretending appearance, in the midst of a very poor district, whose solitary bell was summoning worshippers to enter its folding doors. A few people were turning in, and Miss Angel proposed to her companion that they should do the same. She felt too tired to go further. Frank gloomily assented, and they walked in.

The building seemed nearly empty, and the pew-opener showed them into a pew in the centre aisle, where they awaited the commencement of the service.

Now it so happened that the vicar of the church had been suddenly taken ill that morning, and had written to Frank's father (who had two curates) to send him some assistance; and in the midst of his trouble and anxiety about his boy, Mr. Edmunds felt it to be a relief to have an excuse for not appearing in his own church, and had gone himself.

So the first thing Frank saw was his own father standing in the reading desk.

He would have rushed out of church at once. But Miss Angel was next the pew door, and he could not get out without passing her. So he made the best of his position by standing as nearly under the gas lamp as possible, so that a shadow might fall on his face and partially conceal it.

Quite unaware of his son's presence, Mr. Edmunds went through the service, his eye on the book before him, and his thoughts busied in anxious surmises as to where Frank might be. He had spent every available hour in searching for his boy at the various railway stations, but without finding the faintest clue as to his whereabouts. And when he got into the pulpit, he found that through some mistake he had not got the sermon he meant to have taken, but one about the prodigal son; and more than one of his congregation thought he had done it for some special reason when he gave out his text.

CHAPTER VIII.



was empty, though the breakfast things were neatly spread in readiness.

Ewan McReady rang the bell and desired Mrs. Foster to summon his young *protégé*, only to be told, to his complete surprise, that the lad had gone off the evening before.

"I was just getting his room ready," she said, "when I heard the hall door shut, and saw him hurrying down the street."

The stranger made no reply, but he mentally thought that the lad had in all probability gone home to his friends. In silence and abstraction he sat down to his meal, and after a good deal of time spent in doing nothing, sallied out into the street. He had not trusted himself to ask his landlady any further news of Miss Angel, but he had some idea of finding her somehow, somewhere, as he remembered the address on the envelope. So he sauntered off in the direction of Clerkenwell. But he did not know his way, and found himself hopelessly lost more than once. So that he was hours traversing unknown streets; and church bells were ringing for afternoon service when he was still a good way off from his destination.

He was passing a small church when he was attracted by two figures entering it: an elderly lady (on whom he scarcely bestowed a glance), and a young lad, whom he felt sure was the runaway of the previous evening. Curiosity led him to pause, and even to go two or three steps towards the door by which they had entered. Then the sudden stopping of the bell warned him that the service was about to commence.

Strange that in the wild chaos of his thoughts he had almost forgotten that it was Christmas Day. Now he remembered it, and determined to attend the service. It was so long ago since he had been at church on Christmas Day, and the idea was pleasant of once more seeing the house of prayer decked for the Christian festival. He had thought of it all so often in the far country, and learnt there to long for the privileges of worship which he had prized so little while he had them.

Very simple and unpretending was the service, and with a strange familiarity the old words came back to him. He forgot all about his guest of the night before, almost forgot other things far dearer to his heart, in the thrill that that simple service brought to him, and though when he knelt he hardly knew what he prayed for, yet one voiceless plea went up for pardon for the past, and grace to live a better future. And when the hymn was given out, despite the tune being somewhat new to him, he joined in it with a strength and vigour which made more than one of his fellow-worshippers look round at him.

"I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful;
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me
Because He loved me so."

Miss Angel, who was sitting only a few pews in front of him, heard the sonorous voice, full and deep, and trembled from head to foot. Only once before had she ever heard a voice like that, and that was so long ago, when she was hardly more than a girl, and now she was middle-aged. She could hardly wait for the service to end before turning to see the singer. Frank, however, had no such scruples, and glancing back he recognised at once the kind stranger of the night before. But his father was mounting the pulpit, and soon his thoughts were riveted by the sermon.

He heard of the ungrateful son running away to the far country, and staying there till cruel distress at last made him think of coming back to the home which he ought never to

have quitted. He listened to the wonderful sequel to the story, of the father's love, despite the son's disgrace; of the welcome which greeted the wanderer, when in pitiful guise he came back to that outraged parent. "No doubt that yearning love would not suffer the father to rest without his boy, and he was on the look-out for him when he saw him a great way off," said the preacher, and Frank thought he saw his father's eyes bent on him.

But Mr. Edmunds had not seen his son. Only in that moment of supreme emotion he poured forth the fulness of a parent's God-given love to a rebellious child, in words which sank deepest into the very heart he least thought of reaching.

Miss Angel listened, too, and thought of the wanderer she had never ceased to pray for these thirty years.

Ewan McReady listened, too, and felt himself to be the wayward son described.

Not till Mr. Edmunds was leaving the pulpit did he observe his son seated next Miss Angel. The next moment he was striding up the church to his boy, and reached him as he was mingling in the little crowd passing out down the aisle.

No one noticed the meeting, for just then Miss Angel raised her timid eyes to see who had been singing that beautiful Christmas hymn behind her, and found his kind eyes bent on her with a never-to-be-forgotten expression of eager expectation and joy.

"Ewan!"

"Magdalene!"

The two familiar names burst from their lips simultaneously as hand clasped hand in mutual recognition.

Miss Angel took the unexpected meeting far more quietly than her long lost friend. Her small, gloved hand lay in the tight clasp of both his large, brown, weather-beaten ones, while he jerked out a few words of glad surprise, till they suddenly became aware that the church was empty, and the pew-opener waiting their departure to put out the gas.

Then they glanced round, and found the vicar and his son mutually reconciled.

Frank was the first to speak.

"Oh, father," he said, seizing his father's hand, and drawing him forwards to where Ewan McReady and Miss Angel were standing, "these are the two to whom you really owe my returning to you at all. Miss Angel would keep me all night, and—and—this kind gentleman found me far away in the dockyard and brought me back, though he was quite a stranger."

"A stranger no longer," murmured Miss Angel, while Ewan introduced himself to the vicar.

"An old friend of Miss Angel's!" cried the vicar, heartily. "I am glad, very glad, to meet you. Perhaps you have come to explain to her the good fortune I told her of last night, but which she would not believe."

"I had forgotten all about it," said Miss Angel, softly.

"Well, come home with me," said the vicar, "and you shall hear." And soon the little party were walking two and two back to Clerkenwell, Frank and his father in front, and Ewan McReady and Miss Angel in an ever-increasing distance behind.

"How did you find me out?" she was saying, hardly knowing what she was doing in the flutter of sudden and unexpected joy.

"Why, I learnt it from the landlady with whom I happened to put up last night. She dropped an envelope with your name on it, and I found she knew you well. Her name is Mrs. Foster," continued Ewan, as his listener looked puzzled, "and she said you had wrapped up some present for her in that very envelope I happened to notice."

"How little I thought what it would come

to when I gave that shilling so unwillingly," thought Miss Angel; but she said aloud—"Tell me where you have been all these years."

"Almost everywhere," he answered.

"And you never thought of writing to or coming back to your old friends all these years?" she asked, with a touch almost of reproach in her voice.

He made no answer, and she looked up timidly into his face.

"Don't think that I reproach you," she said, "I had no right to expect it; but somehow I thought I might have heard."

"And what did you think of my silence?" he asked at last.

"That you had found new interests in a new life beyond the seas. Had you wished me to know, I knew you could have written."

"Shall I tell you why I didn't write?" he asked, slowly, and half pausing, and looking full at her.

His manner was so very grave, and there was something in his tone that almost startled her.

She withdrew her hand from his arm, and became white to the lips, as she tried to hurry after the vicar and his boy. A thousand thoughts rushed through her brain as she vainly strove to think what she ought to say. Perhaps he had a wife and children in that far-off land; or had brought them with him to see the old country. At last she said—

"I hope you did not think that I expected you to write; but I think you knew me well

enough to know that I should be interested in anything that concerned you."

"What I was going to say concerned you," he said, slowly.

"Me!" she answered.

"Yes; in the papers I saw that which I do not care to name."

She guessed what he meant, but guessed quite wrongly. "And you believed it?" she asked, sadly.

"I could hardly do otherwise," he answered.

And drawing from his pocket a worn letter-case, he took from one of its recesses a small cutting from a newspaper and handed it to her.

She trembled so that she could hardly read it, and the tiny scrap was worn and rubbed with age and use. Yet there it was—the announcement of her own death some thirty years before.

"I cannot understand it," she said, pressing her hand to her brow to try and gather her thoughts. "It must have been when my only sister died, and her name was Merilina."

Ewan's eyes were bent on the paper. "It was a cruel mistake to have substituted your name for hers, even if it was through carelessness," he said at last.

They were interrupted by Frank running back to them with a message from the vicar—

"Father says he hopes you will come and have dinner with us," said the boy, breathlessly. "You know," he added in half a whisper to Miss Angel, "that they could not enjoy the feast without me, so they put pud-

ding, and snap-dragon, and all the rest of it aside. But now, you must come; and you, too," he said, turning to Mr. McReady; "and we will all be happy together." And without waiting for an answer he darted off, leaving the two standing where he had found them.

It was Miss Angel's turn to be disconcerted now. There were a thousand questions she longed to ask her companion, but she did not know how to begin. How could she with the bitter memory of their last parting before her, and all the subsequent years of loneliness (which need not have been loneliness) for his sake? Ewan McReady saw her embarrassment, and hastened to relieve it.

"You asked me," he said, slowly, "what brought me home? I answer, a Divine Providence; and a Divine Providence not only gave me your address in a most unlikely way, but led me to enter the church where you were. Magdalene, dear, the old wall of separation is broken down between us. As a repentant wanderer I have come back to you, and now, will you not let me make up to you for all the thirty years of pain and loneliness that I have caused you?"

He paused from extreme emotion, and stooped to listen for her answer; and certainly she did not say "no" this time.

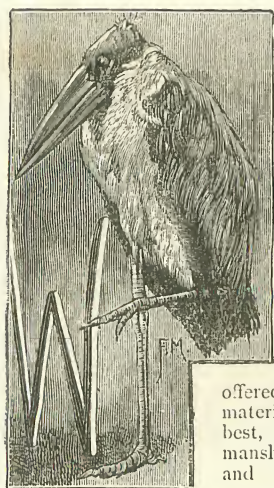
* * * * *

That was Miss Angel's last Christmas. I leave my readers to imagine what her next one will be.

[THE END.]



HOW THE WORLD IS PROVIDED WITH SWEETS AND BONBONS.



It may be sure that if any article of necessity or of luxury has obtained a world wide reputation, it has not been reached without many a struggle.

To gain the world's good opinion it is necessary to prove first the excellence of that which is offered, then that the materials used are the best, that the workmanship is perfect, and that the character of those who

offer it can bear scrutiny.

Step by step must this position be reached; rarely is it effected by what is called a lucky stroke.

Competition is so great, and society's demand for the best of everything so urgent, that it is useless to enter the battlefield unprepared for the fulfilment of these conditions.

One has only to visit any large manufactory to see the giant efforts which are made to

obtain and keep a footing on the world's platform. The expenditure of brain power, of money, and of labour is appalling.

When all this is put into operation to supply us with the necessities of life we are not so astounded, but when it is to provide the world with what are known as sweets and bonbons, it is marvellous that it can pay, and yet there is no doubt that it does so.

I will simply place on paper what I saw at my visit to Stollwerck's, in Cologne, the largest manufacturers of sweets in the world, in order to show that to supply the universe with certain articles, no matter what they be, requires giant strength, giant capital, giant brains, and giant reputation, and that it requires all these to work well together if the supply is not to fail either in quality or quantity.

The world, as I have said, is careful in placing suppliers on a pedestal, but when once there it is the suppliers' own fault if they do not retain their position.

Chocolates, bonbons, sweets of all kinds have become articles of commerce. The amount consumed in a year, the number of people occupied in their manufacture, the vast machines employed, the amount of sugar, of cacao, of fruits worked up, the branch trades employed—such as printing, paper making, casting of moulds, illustrating, and packing—the duty paid on the sweets consumed, the number of clerks employed to keep the accounts of such a consumption, would each and

all form subjects of most interesting papers, and cause no little surprise at their vast proportions.

It was as a great favour we were permitted to see over this manufactory, which is a Gothic building near one of the gates of Cologne, and close to the Rhine. It occupies an immense space, and is altogether stately and imposing.

The outer door through which we entered was of stained glass, with the mottoes engraved in various colours on it: "Zeit* ist Geld" and "Eile mit Weile."

Through this we gained admittance into a gorgeous office, with handsome mahogany desks and brass rails, pillars supporting the roof, curtains of rich-looking stuffs and stained glass windows, where sixty-seven clerks were zealously writing or moving to and fro with quiet haste.

We noticed that the heavy account books were arranged upon shelves peculiarly constructed, which drop and form both drawers and desks—an invention of the firm.

So many books are daily in use that a truck is kept for the purpose of moving them about. While waiting in this office till one of the Brothers Stollwerck could speak with us, our attention was attracted by an enormous eagle on a pedestal. It is made of pure chocolate, and weighs about three cwt.; it measures four feet across its wings, and stands seven feet high.

We were shown into a small, round room

* Time is money. Haste with forethought.

opening out of the office, whose walls were hung, as we thought at first, with tapestry, but we found that it was cunningly painted, and was in fact a fresco.

The large stained glass window, with the trade mark wrought in glass, was, however, a reality, so were the velvet chairs, the parquetté floor, and the motto over the portal, "Vor beginnen wohl besinnen, lässt gewinnen." *

In a few minutes we were introduced to a Mr. Schilling, who undertook to guide us through this vast domain of sweets and bonbons.

Following him out of the office, we came into the immense courtyard, the air of which was laden with the perfume of chocolate.

This was no ordinary courtyard. It was so full of interest that we could not hurry through it. In it was the chemist's laboratory, the engineer's and draughtsmen's office, the gas works, and the engine room, with its tiled floor and monster engines, one of which is the largest in the world.

These machines are automatically fed with fuel by a device of the firm's own invention. A machine brings the coal up from the cellars—a hundred-weight at a time—and disperses it through the various channels, and then drops down again for another load, acting with perfect regularity through the long hours.

The engines so supplied were made on the premises, and work the three hundred machines in operation in various parts of the factory.

From this engine-room there is electric communication with at least fifty parts of the building, and in case of accident these monster engines can be stopped in a moment. This was done while we stood there in order to make it clear to us.

Last, not least, there is a splendid restaurant for the employés, two hundred of whom on an average daily make use of it. Coffee, soup, meat, and vegetables are served at a very small sum, and in an appetising manner, and a really good dinner can be had for fivepence or sixpence. This is found to be an immense boon to the workpeople, and would prove so equally in England if our great firms would adopt it.

Our first visit is to an immense room, to which the cacao nuts or beans are brought in sacks to be cleansed and roasted. These nuts are brown, somewhat greasy, and about as big as cherries, only a little longer. They are the fruit of a tree growing in the tropical parts of America, and are found twenty or thirty together within a fleshy pod, something like a cucumber in shape.

From time immemorial they have been employed as money in various parts of America, and were first made into chocolate in Mexico. The room to which these are brought is full of wonderful machinery. The process of cleansing is done by a giant cleanser in perfect silence, and the roasters, which are simply enormous, also perform their work in quiet.

We pass on from this to the room where the famous *Brust* bonbons or cough lozenges are made. It was the manufacture of these, by the father of the present proprietors in

1839, which first established the reputation of this firm. They are well known in all parts of the world, wrapped up as they formerly were in an old-fashioned yellow paper covering.

The machine by which they are made is extremely clever and intricate in its construction, and yet when seen at work looks so easy and simple that one thinks a child could work it. It is supplied with little round hollows, and a sheet of clear amber citron and sugar being put in at one end whole, comes out at the other in the form of round bonbons all slightly connected one with the other, but easily detached.

We are next taken to another large room, scrupulously clean and mosaic-tiled, where the cacao beans having been cleansed and roasted below, are here being crushed to powder and mixed with sugar at the rate of five tons a day. It is called the first chocolate room.

The cacao and the sugar fall into the machine through shoots from the ceiling without being touched by the hand.

All the machines, hydraulic presses, rollers, and mixers in this room, as elsewhere, are of the firm's own invention.

We pass on to where the chocolate is made and formed into a variety of shapes, and placed on marble slabs to cool and harden.

Five tons a day is the average amount made by means of the excellent machines, and from beginning to end the hand touches the material but once.

Some of the devices are most artistic; there were elegant antique vases, busts of famous men on pedestals, eggs for Easter beautifully painted and stencilled by artists, and containing all kinds of charming surprises.

Here, too, you might have fancied yourself in a toy factory; there were children's tea-sets, railway trains, little animals for Noah's arks, bundles of cigarettes, and a variety of games, all made of chocolate, and presenting a perfect fairyland to children if they only had a chance of entering there.

As soon as these articles were cold they were trimmed with a penknife in order to give them a smooth and polished appearance.

One thing particularly struck us in passing through the chocolate rooms—viz., that there was just as much trouble taken to make the peasant a good cup of chocolate as to provide the tables of the rich with dainties. The same good cacao and sugar are the foundation of both, and are worked in the machines in exactly the same way, the difference in the price arising from the mixture of vanilla and the elegance of the packing.

The cheapest chocolate costs 1s. 2½d. a pound, and makes sixteen cups, costing therefore three farthings a cup.

Vanille chocolate varies from 1s. 7d. to 5s. The last is known as Princess chocolate; a pound makes twelve cups, and costs therefore 5d. a cup.

A new kind of tonic chocolate was being made by the introduction of a decoction of acorns into the cacao and sugar.

English peppermint lozenges are made here in immense numbers, and are so called because they are manufactured of Mitcham peppermint.

At the end of the room where these are made stand two rows of huge cauldrons which

turn round incessantly, making as they do so sugar almonds and caramels, or what children call "hundreds and thousands."

Another room was devoted to the making of ice wafers, and a peculiar kind of bonbons of which by some wonderful machinery a man and two girls can make 40,000 a day.

The next department we enter is the packing room, occupied almost entirely by girls, under the superintendence of forewomen, whose business it is to put the bonbons and chocolates into various bright-coloured papers with pictures and mottoes on the outside.

There were five hundred bright-looking, earnest German girls in this room working in sets of twelve at a table, each set with its own particular part of the packing.

We watched the sealing of all these packages with great interest, as it was by a process quite new, and enabled the girls to do it with the utmost rapidity and efficiency.

Room after room we passed through, seeing the boiling of the sugar, the making of biscuits, preserving fruit, extracting the syrup, manufacturing sparkling bonbons for making various drinks, till we were overwhelmed with the vastness of the work.

Nor was this all. There were the printer's rooms, where they turn out 300,000 labels a day, the carpenters' shops, the store rooms of papers and boxes, the pattern-making room, and many others. And yet the utmost order pervades the whole factory—no hurry, no confusion anywhere.

Owing to the number of self-acting machines in use, the Brothers Stollwerck are able to carry on this immense business with about 814 workpeople, a large number of whom are girls between the ages of thirteen and twenty, all under the care of staid, trustworthy women.

The sum paid in wages varies between £700 and £900 a week, and the weight of cacao and sugar used annually amounts to several million kilogrammes.

The duty alone paid on articles exported amounts on an average to £11,450 a year, which will give some idea of the enormous mass sent out into the world.

There is an ambulance corps attached to the factory, and composed of the operatives themselves, directed by a surgeon. The factory chemist is always on the spot to give aid in case of accident, which, however, is not frequent. Such as do happen arise generally from carelessness, and consist mostly of fractures of the arms, or loss of fingers. Three or four a year happen, rarely more. A chemist's shop is on the premises, so that no time is lost.

There is a home industry connected with this firm which employs many hundreds of people in the Black Forest and Thuringia, in the making of paper boxes.

This is but a rapid glance at the immense and complicated machinery employed in order to provide us with what are called sweets and bonbons. There are hundreds of points of interest connected with it which I am unable to touch upon, and which go towards making a result such as we have seen. If it call attention, however, to the fact that whatever is to be done in the world with success must be performed with every power we have, something will have been gained.

* To consider well before beginning ensures success.



FOUND IN THE FOREST.
A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

By LILY WATSON.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

It was not in spring nor early summer that the cry was heard. The snow was on the ground; it hung heavily on the branches of the trees, and the skies were dark with the

threatening of more to come. Even the roomy cottage interior where the cuckoo's note sounded forth was not so cosy and warm as usual. It was a pleasant place, with boards uncarpeted but spotlessly clean, and old oaken

furniture free from dust. Round the walls hung many cuckoo clocks, and as they were set regardless of accuracy or uniformity, ever and anon the doors would fly open, and a bird would hop out to utter his monotonous note.



"UNTIL THEY WERE WARM AGAIN."

The sole occupants of the room were a mother and daughter. The mother was a young German woman, who had evidently in her time been pretty, with a doll-like prettiness that had now given place to a washed-out peevish aspect. Her fair plaits were carelessly braided, and her gown of dark blue homespun was covered with a crumpled apron. She was leaning back in a rocking-chair with her handkerchief pressed against her eyes, while the log fire on the hearth sank low and smouldered.

"Christmas Eve! Ah, Bertha, never, never did I think it would have been my lot to pass such a time. In my father's house, what gaiety and feasting! The Christmas tree, the Christ-child, the gifts for old and young! I have told thee, have I not, how many servants my father kept? Ah, now my parents are dead and gone. Little did they think their daughter was to come to poverty. When I was unmarried, then things were different, indeed. I was the belle of the neighbourhood. I cannot think," interrupted the mother, discontentedly, breaking off her reminiscences and fixing her eyes on the homely countenance of her child—"I cannot think, Bertha, how it is thou art not in the very least like thy mother."

It was true. The little square-set girl who stood humbly by her mother's chair was not at all like the fair, peevish young woman. She had no pretence in her features or bearing of being anything but a peasant child. Her shoulders were broad, her figure was short and sturdy, her hands and feet were large and capable, and her face was round, with a *retroussé* nose, large grey eyes, and a pleasant mouth. Homely and quaint was the little Teuton maiden, yet there was something touching in her humility of mien, something very lovable in her tender, anxious look bent upon her mother.

"Dear mother, do not fret," she responded. "We shall be rich by-and-by, never fear. Nobody can make cuckoo clocks as well as father." Here the speaker was interrupted by the whirr and bursting forth of one of the imprisoned birds, hoarsely crying, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" followed by three solemn strokes. "The bird hears us and wishes to comfort thee, little mother," echoed Bertha, cheerfully. "Father is sure to sell plenty of his wares at Nuremberg, and will come home with good news."

"Don't speak of thy father," snappishly rejoined her mother. "He has left us here alone for Christmas, and no one is to know when he will be home. No Christmas present for thee, Bertha! He is so unpractical, he did not even get in wood enough to last us till his return—and nothing to keep Christmas with. There, there! I have no patience with the cuckoo clocks. Their cuckooing goes through my head."

"Father is so clever with his inventions," timidly suggested Bertha; "only see the beautiful nightingale and the musical box."

On a dresser at the upper end of the room was a large cage, in which a wooden nightingale stood stiffly on a perch. This was a *chef d'œuvre* of the absent father, the wood-carver, Ulrich Meyer. He was a man of considerable invention and powers of wood-carving, but he was unworldly and unpractical, and was not adroit in getting a market for his wares. The absence which his wife so bitterly deplored was for the purpose of trying to sell some of his handiwork at Nuremberg. This plan had been suggested to him by the Baron Gerhardt, the great man of the village, and he felt it was to be tried without delay, although the long journey would take him away from his wife and child at Christmas time.

Seeing her mother was still despondent, Bertha trotted to the further end of the room, took up with deep reverence the cage contain-

ing the wooden nightingale, placed it noiselessly on the table beside her mother, and turned a little key in the floor of the cage. The creature opened its beak and gave vent to a sudden shrill torrent of notes, that produced an effect directly contrary to what poor Bertha had expected. Frau Meyer leapt up, and with an angry exclamation sent the cage flying on to the floor. The nightingale uttered a most unmelodious croak, then whirled noisily and was silent, while with a look of horror Bertha rushed to pick up the treasure. Fortunately it was not injured, and the loyal little daughter breathed again.

"I have a great mind to burn the foolish creature and its cage!" cried Frau Meyer, passionately. "Thy father will never sell it! and scarcely any other fuel has he left us; the faggots are low in the outhouse. See what a miserable fire for Christmas time."

Bertha's loving nature was sorely hurt by these fretful complainings and reflections on the absent father. She could not help having a dim perception that in her mother's place, she, Bertha, would have bustled about to make things a little more cheery for the season, and have tried to take pleasure in the wonderful singing nightingale, that certainly, some day, would secure the fortunes of the family. But she was accustomed unconsciously to argue that her mother, born and bred in the comparative luxury of a wealthy farmer's home, could not be expected to adapt herself as peasant people did to their surroundings; it was the plebeian daughter's task to make things pleasant and comfortable.

"I will soon get some dried wood, dear mother," she said, coaxingly; "but thou wilt not burn the pretty nightingale while I am out? It would be a sinful shame, for it is precious. Some day it will, perhaps, go to some great foreign exhibition, and the emperors, kings, and queens will see it, and father will get a great deal of gold."

"Silly child! thy father has turned thy brain," responded the mother, a little more good-humouredly. "I shall not touch the ridiculous nightingale if thou art not here to make it sing and worry me."

This was sacrilege to Bertha. But without more ado she prepared to go into the forest that sloped up the hillside outside the village to get wood for firing. A knock came at the door as she was fastening up her gown over the stout petticoat, and the good-humoured countenance of a neighbour made its appearance.

"Good evening, Mistress Meyer. A happy Christmas to you and Bertha. Have you heard the news?"

"What news, Frau Hausmann?" demanded the other, rather haughtily. She held herself a little aloof from the neighbours, on account of her supposed superiority of birth and early surroundings.

The neighbour was not to be daunted.

"About the Baron's sister; her, you know, who married so badly and went to live in France, and her husband cut her off from all her friends, and turned out such a *Taugenichts*" (worthless fellow).

Frau Meyer's interest was roused at once, for this *mésalliance* of Baron Gerhardt's sister, gossiped about as all local news must be in a remote village community, had always seemed to her on a kind of parallel with her own experience in stooping to wed a man poorer than herself. Here the resemblance ended, but the silly vain woman liked to draw comparisons and sigh over her own hard lot "like that of the Baron's sister."

"She is dead, poor thing, and whether she has left children or not, no one knows," continued the informant. "The Baron is in a fine way about it. He talks of going to France to see, but he is awaiting letters."

Much chatter followed; Frau Hausmann

expatiated as far as her limited stock of information would allow her, Frau Meyer sighed over the hardships of disparity in marriage.

"Have you heard that Ulrich, for instance, has gone to Nuremberg and left us alone? No Christmas tree! No presents for Bertha and for me!"

Bertha did not linger to hear the oft-repeated tale of her mother's imaginary woes. She fetched from an outhouse beside the cottage the little sledge, on which wood was collected, harnessed it by a rope round her stout waist, and set off.

It was a painful errand for the child. The ground was like iron; the snow, though not deep, was crisp, and gave no prospect of a thaw; the wind was biting. She could not help shivering as she stepped out of the warm room and looked at the snowy forest-clad hillsides rising above the quaint gabled village houses. Up yonder must she toil to fill her sledge. But it would mean warmth and cheerfulness for her mother; and would not her father be pleased when he came home to see the goodly store of firewood? Clad in her panoply of unselfishness, little peasant Bertha faced the cold and climbed the steep pathway to the wood.

Along the hillside through the midst of the forest ran the high road; but the child knew there was small probability of any one travelling on Christmas Eve up this secluded valley. It took a little away from the feeling of loneliness to know that there was a highway within reach, although there was no public conveyance to traverse it. Twilight was not far off, and as Bertha entered the solemn forest, with its shroud of snow, the tall bare trees standing gaunt and grim, she could not repress a shudder of awe.

She set busily to work to pick up all the dead boughs she could find, trying to forget that her fingers were blue with the cold. These faggots she arranged upon the sledge, and when at last she had a load as heavy as she could drag, she bound them into a bundle with the superfluous length of her rope. Then she gave a sigh of relief, as she thought that at last she might trudge home and warm her poor benumbed little body at the fire fed by her efforts.

Was it fancy, or did she hear a child's cry, pitiful, wailing, forsaken?

How should a child be alone in the forest at that hour? "It must be fancy," thought Bertha; and she was just starting downhill with her heavy load, when again she heard it from the dim recesses of the wood.

The kind-hearted girl, late as it was growing, bitter chill as was the night, left her bundle of faggots and ran into the forest in the direction from which the cry came. Guided by its sound, she hurried on, more and more certain it came from a child, and that the child was alone. Strange legends assailed her fancy, of wayfarers misled in the forest, and lured to death by mocking spirits. Perhaps this was one of the elves of whom she had read, trying to entice her into some pitfall? But Bertha hastened on.

No! it was no goblin, but a veritable child. Dressed in warm coarse clothing, a hood over its fair hair, its cheeks reddened by cold and crying, there it stood in the snow, a piteous, wailing little girl. When she saw Bertha, the little creature ran towards her, crying out something she could by no means understand.

"Perhaps it is a goblin after all, and the gibberish is a charm," thought ignorant Bertha; but she received the poor, shivering, frightened little soul into her honest arms, kissed its tear-stained icy cheeks, and staggered along under the weight of the child to the place where she had left her sledge.

What was to be done?

The child could not be left there, that was clear. Bertha could not understand a word

she said, not even whether the "Justine! Justine!" she repeated was a name or not.

There seemed nothing for it but for Bertha to mount her upon the load, already so heavy, and draw her to the village. Then what would her mother say? She felt sorely perplexed; but a warm protecting tenderness was springing up within her heart for the little foundling. As she placed the child, pacified and quiet now, upon the faggots, the little creature held up its hands in piteous entreaty. Bertha took off its thick gloves, found the hands within were frozen, held them in her own, and breathed on them until they were warm again. Then she replaced the gloves, and nodding kindly to the child she started to drag her heavy load over the snow.

What hard work it was! Poor Bertha's red cheeks grew redder, her chest heaved and panted, she stopped many times in great distress.

But the little girl mounted on the faggots laughed and nodded, and the sight gave her courage. Sometimes she fancied the child was growing heavier, and remembered weird stories of fairy changelings, but when they reached the village the foundling was still the same, sitting triumphantly aloft.

"See there, Bertha Meyer!" cried one to another in great astonishment. "On this bitter cold evening she has been to the forest, and what brings she there? Whose child is that?"

Nobody could answer the question. Bertha had meanwhile in her simple little heart been revolving a plan of breaking the news to her mother. When the cottage door was reached at last, she cried to the astonished Frau Meyer—

"See, dear mother, the Christ-child has after all sent us a Christmas present. See the dear lamb I have found in the forest all alone and forsaken. I thought it was an elf, but now I know it is meant as our Christmas gift."

"Art thou crazy, Bertha?" cried the astonished woman. "Have I more in the house than will feed thee and me, that thou shouldst bring a stranger brat home on Christmas Eve? A pretty house, truly, to take in a charity child! I will have none of her."

"Oh, mother, but she is so sweet," pleaded Bertha, her honest eyes filling with tears, as she pointed to the little wanderer. "I could not leave her up in the wood to starve. Let her sleep in my bed, and have my supper; I will look after her and tend her."

The child had slipped down in front of the fire, and was regarding the blaze with sleepy eyes.

Frau Meyer did not feel it was part of her duty to say what Bertha should have done under the circumstances. She was only quite clear upon the negative side of the question, that her daughter had no business to saddle her with the responsibility of some unknown infant, that could not even speak good honest German. Was it not hard enough that a child of hers should have to go to the forest for faggots on Christmas Eve without that child bringing home a foundling to care for?

So she stormed and raged about the room, and then, as weak people do, fell into fretful, peevish complainings. "For at least two days here was another mouth to feed—as if she had not troubles and trials enough already," and so forth. Poor Bertha was in sad distress. But a diversion occurred, as one of the cuckoo-clocks uttered its familiar note.

The child, roused from her sleepy state, uttered a cry of delight, and trotted off to inspect the fresh wonder. She looked so bonny and so animated as she stood beneath the clock with upturned gaze, that even Frau Meyer's heart was softened towards her.

"Cou-cou!" cried she, and stretched up her little arms.

"After all she may be a Christian child," said the mother, grudgingly; "she knows what the clock says." But the height of joy was shown by the baby stranger when Bertha wound up the nightingale. She danced and jumped in ecstasy, and could scarcely be enticed away from the marvellous bird.

There was not much space in Bertha's little bed, but it was the kindly girl's first care to see that the stranger child was comfortably stowed away. The large eyes were closed as soon as the flaxen head touched the pillow. Both children slumbered soundly, but Bertha was up in the dark morning, very early, to light the fire, sweep the room, and dust the precious cuckoo clocks, before her mother stirred.

Then she had to wash and dress her stranger charge, who smiled and chatted and lifted her rosy lips to be kissed without any speech that Bertha could interpret.

"It is a pity she cannot understand," moralised the peasant girl, "or I might tell her about the dear Christ-child who came on this day to earth. I am sure He would be glad I brought home His little lost lamb from the dark forest. But I do not know what we must do if no one comes to claim her. Perhaps if I worked harder, and earned some money, mother would let me keep her to be my little sister. Oh! I would not mind what I did, she is so pretty and so dear."

As Frau Meyer sat at breakfast while the unwelcome guest played on the floor, and chattered to herself, she grumbled that she had never known, or expected to know, such a Christmas. It was to prove true in a sense that she had never dreamed of. For a sudden knocking came at the door, and in rushed Frau Hausmann with more news.

"Have you heard? Have you heard?" she demanded, breathless.

"What now?" inquired Frau Meyer. "You told us about the Baron's sister last night, you remember."

"There is a wicked attempt to extract money from the Baron. Late last night there came a flighty Frenchwoman to the castle with the strangest tale. She pretends she comes from the sister who died, and is the nurse to her only child. That when the poor lady lay a-dying, she said, 'When I am gone, take Adèle to my brother, the Baron Gerhardt. Her father does not care for her, and will never want her. My brother will be kind, and take her in and train her as a Christian child. You will get there about Christmas, and then even if he were angry with me his heart would be softened by the blessed season, and he will take in my baby and forgive all the past, and provide for you.' So the woman says she set forth, and in the forest yonder one of the traces broke in the harness of her carriage. She screamed and fainted and there was a great commotion, and when she came to her senses the child was gone. The driver was too busy attending to the carriage to notice what had become of her. Now, I ask you, Frau Meyer," concluded Frau Hausmann, "is any one likely to believe such a tale as that? No child to show for it! It is a mere trick to extract money. The Frenchwoman has come to the wrong man, and she will find herself in gaol before long, that I can tell her!"

"What was the Frenchwoman's name?" breathlessly asked Bertha.

"Justine, I think; and she can barely speak any German, and they say she is so hysterical she can hardly get out two reasonable words."

"Justine! That is the very name. We have the child here!" cried Bertha, clapping her hands in wild eagerness. "There she sits behind the rocking chair. I found her in the forest yesterday, wandering all alone. She must have run away while the driver was busy attending to the harness. And she is such a little darling. It is all quite true."

It would be in vain to try to describe the amazement of the two women as this explanation was gradually borne in upon their minds, nor how Bertha, from being a blundering stupid creature, suddenly became, in their estimation, a paragon of sagacity, good sense, and wisdom. The next thing to be done was obviously to take the child up to the castle and see if the surmise was correct. So, trembling with eagerness, Bertha dressed herself in her best, and carried off the little Adèle, who instantly responded to her name in a way that confirmed the story.

When I was travelling in the Black Forest last summer, I was resting beside a well in one of the wooded valleys that run up among the mountains when a young woman came to draw water. She was evidently not a native of the place, and as she lingered and seemed disposed to talk I addressed her in French.

"Madame is right, I am not a native of the village," she volubly rejoined. "Madame would perhaps wonder to hear that I came hither in charge of the little niece of Baron Gerhardt at the castle yonder! The child of his only sister, madame, a poor lady who died in exile. Ah! it was a difficult journey; snow on the ground, see you, and the horrible forest to traverse. It was on Christmas Eve, madame, and a fearful accident befel the carriage on the road. Figure to yourself the situation! I screamed and fainted, of course! When I recovered the child had disappeared. Nowhere could she be found. And conceive to yourself the stupid, brutal driver, who said he was too busy mending the trace to see after children, that the accident was slight, and that it was my business to keep my senses about me. Ah, *quelle horreur!* The snow on the ground, and for aught I knew, the pretty babe devoured by wolves!"

By the excited way in which this story was told I had little doubt that Mademoiselle Justine was of a highly emotional disposition, and not at all fitted to act rationally in any small emergency.

"The Baron would not believe me because I brought no child," continued she, "and said I was in league with the driver to get money from him. Imagine to yourself, then, madame, our joy when the dear babe was found safe and sound in the cottage of a woodcarver, whose daughter, in gathering sticks, had found her roaming in the forest far away from the high road. A mere accident! But so grateful is the Baron to this woodcarver's daughter that he must needs have her continually at the castle as companion to my sweet Adèle. And I, who was her trusted nurse, who brought her from France, was told I might stay as a housemaid, but was not fit to have the care of the little one. A governess, forsooth, must be had in my place. Nothing the Baron can do is too good for the Meyers. A frightful singing nightingale worth that!" and she snapped her fingers derisively, "he must needs buy for a hundred florins, and cuckoo clocks without end. The whole castle is noisy with them, day and night. Ah! but it is terrible. The fortune of those Meyers is made. Well for them, for the father could sell none of his rubbishy carvings at Nuremberg at Christmas. That shows how much they were worth. But the daughter is made much of and petted, forsooth, because, says the Baron, she saved Adèle in the time of need."

The Frenchwoman's black eyes flashed so angrily, and such spite was in her tone, that I hastily tried to divert her from the subject.

"Are you in the castle now?" I inquired.

"No, madame. I married one of the Baron's gardeners in the spring. I have now my own cottage, and I am glad to say I am independent. But I see my little lady often. Why, here she comes!"

A light pony carriage appeared driving



"SHE WAS EVIDENTLY NOT A NATIVE OF THE PLACE."

rapidly along the road as she spoke. In the round, beaming face of a girl about twelve years of age I had little difficulty in recognising the peasant Bertha, and nestling beside her was a sweet little chubby child, whose dress proclaimed her the Baron's niece. They

nodded and waved to Justine, who responded by a salute in which affection and jealousy were oddly mingled.

I was so much interested in the story that I called upon Frau Meyer, and found that Justine's version was substantially correct.

Ulrich was kept supplied with work and customers, the future of his wife and daughter was provided for, and it was no idle fancy which had prompted Bertha on that Christmas Eve to think the stranger maiden was a gift from Heaven.

"AWS WELL DAT ENS WELL."

(AN OLD SUSSEX MAN'S TALE, TAKEN DOWN IN SHORTHAND BY ANOTHER "NATIVE.")



O I sez to meself as I was a-setten in de front gar'n, fur de ole ooman was a-brishin aboutinside, den I az to turn out; I sez to meself, sez I, "Dis want doo, Mahs Mart'n; I can't git at it no'ow, an I be sure ders summut wrong; but it want doo,

doan't ye know, to say nuthin to my missus, cuzen 'er clapper doo goo so, sure-li, do she be purty long in de 'ed too, otherwhile." Well, I sez to meself, "I'll go an ax de doctor 'bout de Christmas peal. Ye see, our doctor 'e be de churchward'n; decent sort o' chap doo, but 'e ahn't never got 'itched (married) some'ow, lives jest away down yender gin de church'us. So, as I was a-sayin, I'd goo an ax 'im 'bout de peal, den I'd up an tell 'im all I knowed. So I 'ollers out to our Sue to bring me my bootlegs an de switch; I likes to 'ave me switch, cuzen (because) dares some monstus queer folks 'bout otherwhile. So I puts on me bootlegs, an sings out to de ole ooman dat I be gwine down to de doctor's, an I 'ollers out for Spider—dat's my 'treever as what de Squire 'isself gi' me two year agoo come tan-flawin'—an way I goos.

Well, let me see; dis was of a Friday, the Friday afore Christmas as Christmas come of a Sunday, an 'twas just gettin' dizzy like, an de doctor was jest come in; so 'e sez, "Come in, Martin," sez 'e, "an 'ave a glass beer, an I'll 'ave me dinner, an den we'll see 'bout business." So den pres'ny (presently) I axes 'im if we was to 'ave de Christmas peal, cuzen bein' of a Sunday I didn't jesly know, an den wen we'd settled dat, den I ups an tells 'im me business. Sez I, "Muster Bennet," I sez, "it's jes like dis 'eer. Dis mornin' I goos into de Oak, fur ole Smith was gwine to kill a pig, an we was gwine to 'ave a shillin raffle, cuzen we alveys 'as a raffle every Christmas, an de ole man alveys 'as some purty stuff to kill, den we engs it up de chimley wen we gets any, an it dries purty well time we wants it t' eat. Well, as I was a-sayin, I went in to pay 'im dis eer shillin, cuzen we alveys likes to pay as we goos, an me ole ooman is 'em tickler (very particular) 'bout dat, sure-li; well, when I goos in I sees a mighty fine sort o' chap a-settin on de settle, an I sez to myself, "Who be you den?" cuz dem sort o' chaps doan't goo down to ole Smith's not alveys, leastwise, mebbe dey gets one otherwhile. Well, 'e was 'avin summut 'ot, an 'is 'at was on de teable; howsomdever, drackly 'e sees me 'e claps it on 'is 'ed an pulls it a bit forard. So I sez, "Never you mind nawn (nothing) 'bout me," I sez; "I be on'y gwine to pay ole Smith fur ees raffle as comes off to-mor' night." So 'e looks sorter side at me an axes ef I'd 'ave a glass beer, and I sez "Thinkce," fur ole Smith 'e drahs (draws) some lamentable good beer 'bout Christmas.

So I sets down, an pres'ny 'e sez to me, sez 'e, "Be you gwine down to de park to-night?" an' I sez, "No;" I sez, "I be jest gwine 'ome soon's I've paid fur dis eer raffle. I on'y goos up de Rough, jest side ole Roggy's, dat's 'im what keeps de public side de ole mill." So den 'e axes me 'ow fur 'tis down to de park, an if Squire Wilson was dare still, an' if ees son was tome. "Son," sez I, "e ahn't got no son, ees ony got two gals—dat's Miss Wilson, as we calls 'er, an' Miss Eny." "O!" sez 'e, "Edith you means." "No I doan't," sez I, "dey calls 'er Eny, cuz 'er mother, as what's dead an gone dis eighteen year agoo de 24th dis next March, 'er name was de same." "O," sez 'e, "den de son's dead too," an' 'e looks at me queer like so es I didn't feel jestly cumf'ble. So I sez, "But dare want no son. Dare was Miss Wilson was de fust, an den Miss Eny was born de next year; an 'er poor mother, I 'members 'er. Ah! she was a nice lady as ever was—good to de poor, an never said nawn (nothing) 'bout it like some folks, as ony be good cuz folks should talk an talk 'bout it. Well, as I was a-sayin, 'er poor mother died purty close after wards, an de Squire's bin purty quiet ever sen (since) an doan't git 'bout like 'e did." Den de chap sez, "Doan't de Squire never goo out den?" An 'e seem mighty 'tickler to know all 'bout de Squire, an so I sez to meself, "What's yer leetle game? I bea'n't gwine to tell ye much, I can tell ye, 'bout de Squire, nit (nor yet) 'bout nobody else, not if I knows it, cuzen 'taint no business o' yourn." So den 'e axes me if 'e ever went after de dogs, an I sez, "E doan't goo after no dogs now, but ony jess gits out like in de af'noon jess fur a turn roun de parish mebbe, or up to de 'all, an ees alveys back afore dark;" an I drinks up me beer an out I goos, oodout payin fur de raffle, fur I was gettin purty riled; but it want doo to say nuthin 'bout de raffle to my ole ooman, cuz she be lamentable mad sure-li if I doan't alveys pay as I goo."

So de doctor set still, an' I set still; den 'e lights 'is pipe an axes me what sorter chap 'e was, an I told 'im all I knowed. So pres'ny 'e sez, "All right, Mart'n," sez 'e, "I be glad you told me, but doan't say nawn 'bout it not to nobody, cuzen if dey 'eers an it down at de park it'll put the ladies out, mebbe, an p'raps fur nuthin at all. But," sez 'e, "you git Bob Hallett de keeper, an meet me in de rockery at de park to-mor', dats Sat'dy, 'bout two, when de Squire's gone for ees drive." So I sez "Good night, sir, an thinkce" (thank you). Well, nex day I goos down to de hutches ood ole Spider, an Bob 'e gits 'is gun an we goos off down to de park, an de doctor 'e was a-awaitin. 'E 'adn't sin nobody nor nawn, so, sez 'e, "Mart'n," 'e sez, "you goo down de coach road, an Bob goo up de glasshouses, an den if dares en-thing, jess whistle—'em good whistle Bob 'as got ood ees fingers, sure-li—an den we'll all meet. An if dare bea'n't nawn, we ken all goo 'ome, an dare want be no call (occasion, cause) to tell nobody nawn 'bout it." So way we goos, an af' a bit de Squire 'isself come along; ee'd bin fur ees drive, an was all

right. "Well, Mart'n," sez 'e, "ready fur Christmas?" "Yes, sir," sez I, "an I wish ye many an 'em, Squire." "Thinkce, Mart'n," sez 'e; "dare'll be a pickin' for ye in de kitchen as dare alveys is." "Thinkce kindly, sir," sez I; an den 'e went off, an I goos back to de doctor, an 'e said dare want nuthin to stop for as 'e could find out, an we'd better goo 'ome. Well, we was jess a-gwine up de 'ill be de church, when we see sumb'dy a-'ossback a-tarin down de 'ill like mad, an when 'e see de doctor, Jim, 'e 'ollered out, cuzen 'twas Jim de pos'boy up at de rectory—Jim a-'ollers out, fur 'e was all out o' breath a-goin so 'ard, sez 'e, "Please, sir," 'e sez, "dey be gone, an we doant know which way," an de gurt grummut 'e could'n say no more.

So den, to goo back like, de doctor 'e lives be 'isself sep at Christmas; den ees niece, Edith 'Anson, alveys comes down jess to make 'is puddins an make 'im a bit cumf'ble like, jess to cheer 'im up a bit, cuzen 'e be a bit lonesome. So den dis Miss 'Anson 'ad come down dat mornin', an cuz de doctor was a-gwine out—fur to goo long ood us down de park—she thought mebbe she'd goo up to de church an 'elp de ladies put up de 'olly an sich, an de young ladies from de park was dare, an dey knowed one an tother an-em (each other), so dat was all right. Well, pres'ny young Dick Mart'n, dats my brother's booy, 'e runs in de church an sez, "Please, Miss Edith," sez 'e, "dare a lady as what wants to speak ood ye." So she never thought no 'arm, purty creetur, an out she goes, cuzen she thought mebbe 'twas de pahson's wife, fur 'er sister want well, and so she couldn't goo to de church. Well, pres'ny it cum dark, an de ladies was a-gwine 'ome, an dey cawd, an dey cawd, but dey couldn't eer nawn. 'bout Miss Edith, an Miss Wilson she thought dat Miss 'Anson was 'avin a bit o' fun an was a-hidin, but dey waited ev'slong, an 'unted all over de church, but 'twant no manner o' good, an so dey went 'ome, fur young Dick said she went up to talk to sum lady as what 'ad sent 'im arter 'er, an dey went down to de rect'ry jess fur to make sartin like. Well, jess den up come de new chap in de gar'ns (gardens) an said dare was a 'oss an shay a-gwine like mad, an de driver 'e 'adn't got no manner o' 'olt of de 'oss ony jess fur't turn ees ed up Sandy 'Oller (Hollow). Well, dare want nob'dy knowed nawn 'bout de shay, an 'twas soon gone. Well, de church an de tower was sarched, for Mistus Morris—dats de pahson's wife—she 'adn't sin Miss 'Anson, an de doctor 'e was jess like mad. Well, nex day was a Sunday an Christmas Day, too, but dare want no peal, fur nob'dy'd got de 'art for 't, an der want nob'dy at de sarvice on'y pahson issell an ole Bates de clerk, an de river was dragged, but 'twant no good; an de women folks was all a-cryin, an some de men want much better, fur ev'body tuk to Miss 'Anson, an de Christmasin was a'most all forgot.

Well, Dick Osborne de p'leece (policeman), 'e 'unted all over de place, an all 'e knowed was dat a 'oss an shay a-drivin like mad was sin be Will Vinall an 'is missus a-goin pass de Cinder Farm, way on de Lewes road, an den sum'dy

else see um way xp de North Common as ef dey was a-goin up de Forest, ur Crowbor mebbe, ur some other furrin parts. So Will Brooks 'e took de best 'oss in ees father's stable, an swore eed never come back dout Miss 'Anson, an off ee goos. Christmas went tejus slow, so did all de wile, an der want no dancin nor nawn, an all de folks was mighty glum, an Brooks ee come back an said de oss an shay 'ad stopped at Crowbor Gate dat night, an a lady got out an't an got some water fur sum'dy in de shay as what want well, but dey druv off 'gin drackly, nob'dy knowed where, an dey went tejus fast up de 'ill.

Well, Sat'dy night, as was New Year's Eve, de doctor, de pahson an ees wife, de Squire an both ees gals, an some more folks was a-settin at supper at doctor's house, an 'twas latish; mebbe bout one clock, fur dey'd all come to kip de doctor comp'ny cuzen ee was em bad an mis'ble, an de singers an de ringers was jess gone, when der come a rap at de door, an 'fore dey could git dere it opened, an in come Miss 'Anson, ood a big shaw' all over 'er purty 'ed, an 'er poor face looking dat bad sure-li; an she come in, she did, an she goos right slap down on de carpet at de doctor's fit. Dey picks 'er up, an puts 'er in de big chair what's alveys in de chimley carner, an dey rubs 'er 'ans; but she want no ways cold, on'y faint like, an' dey give 'er a drop o' sperrits, an' den she 'gin to look em-an-all better an come too, an fust she cried, an den she laughed, den she cried agin, till af' bit (after a bit; time) she seem to git straight like, but she did look lamentéable purty sure-li.

Well, dey makes up a biggish fire, an' all an 'em drawed roun', an when dey'd made 'er 'ave a bit an sup, den she ups an' tells 'em all 'bout it. It sims like, dat she was in de church when young Dick tells 'er a lady wants to 'ave a word ood 'er. So out she goos, fur she thought mebbe 'twas pahson's wife, an' de lady she was a-gwine a bit slow way up de track, cuz 'twas tejus cold, an so den she got axin 'er a lot o' queshtins, no 'count like (no importance); but 'twant de pahson's wife, nit nob'dy she knowed, an she kep all on a-wawkin an a-wawkin, den pres'ny dey gits to de top de road, where jess at de carner der was a shay an de door open, an den all of a minute, 'fore she knowed what was a-gwine on, a big shaw' was whipped all roun 'er 'ed an she was shoved right in de shay an 'way dey goos jess like de win, but she di't know which way, cuz it was so em dark sure-li, an der want no moon nuther. Den de shaw' was took off, an dey tied up 'er mouth cuzen she shouldn't 'oller; but law bless ye! she want 'urt in no manner o' ways, on'y tejus frountened, an de ooman never said nawn, an' she thought 'e was a man cuzen 'e was monstus strong, sure-li. Well, dey on'y stopped jess once, when de ooman got out an soon come back gin, an off dey goos agin.

Af' bit dey druv up to a big dark 'ouse, an she was took out an didn't 'member no more till de mornin, an she was in bed in de most purtiest leetle room she ever see, an der was a tejus nice-lookin gal side de bed, but she

said she want to tell nuthin nit answer no queshtins. Well, when oze gal goos out in goos nother, an dey gives 'er de most beautifullest stuff fur't eat an drink, but bless you 'twant no manner o' use, leastwise not at fust, 'er 'art was all in 'er mouth like; but bunbye (by-and-by) she gets a leetle bit peckish an' jess 'ad what she wanted, an dare was ev' thing of de best an plenty an it, but she want no ways 'appy, an wanted to git away, but de plaguey gals ood never say nawn; an den de days goo one af' tother, an Friday come, an af' dinner dere was a rap at de door, an de gal sez, sez she, "'Tis me master," an out she goos, 'E was a likely-looking chap, but she never takes no count o' dat, an ups an at 'im; but it want no good what-somdever: 'e jess never opened ees mouth, leastwise not till she was purty nigh beat, an 'e never goos near dan de door. Den 'e sez, "Miss Wilson," sez 'e, so pleasant like. So she looks up quick like, and sez she, "I beant Miss Wilson," she sez. Den 'e turns jess as white, and looked dat bad, sure-li, and 'e sez, sez 'e, "Who be you den, if you beant Miss Wilson?" Den she sez she be de doctor's nicce, and den 'e sez, quite perlite like, dat 'e was mighty sorry der 'ad been a mistake, an bowed, an out 'e goos, an de gal goos in agin. So den pres'ny in comes nuther gal an sez, "Will de lady please be ready to goo 'ome to-mor"—dats Sat'dy, at nine clock, fur dey was gwine to send 'er 'ome; an den 'er 'eart goos jess like a gurt drum, an she was glad, sure-li, an mighty queer too, fur ye see she'd bin away from 'er frens sen Sat'dy, and was purty muchly worried.

Well, she gets ready 'fore de time, an den in comes the same ooman as what run off ood 'er, an de shaw' was put all over 'er 'ed, so she never see nuthin same as 'twas afore, an dey puts 'er in de shay, an a genlman sez, sez 'e, "Be werry gentle ood de lady, an werry careful," an 'way dey goos.

Af' bit de shay pulls up an she gets out, an der was a livery chap on a spare oss as 'a come behind, an she was put on de saddle afore 'im, an wrapped up careful so she din't get no cold, and dey trots on gentle an de shay goos back. Den pres'ny de oss stops, an de groom 'e begs 'er pard'n so perlite an puts 'er down, an 'fore she could git out de shaw' 'e was gone in de dark. Den she stans a minute 'fore she knows where dey've put 'er. Den she sees de lamp side de surgery door, an she jess flowed up to de 'ouse, an den dey knowed all de rest. Den she cries agin fur joy, an puts 'er 'an in 'er pocket fur 'er anksher (handkerchief) an 'twant dare; but dare was a leetle box ood de purtiest ring an necklace dat ever you clapped eyes an, an on de packet it said, "Ood sincere 'grets an 'polgies," an de shaw'—well, dat was jess de most beautifullest thing as ever was.

Well, dey never went out dat room to goo to bed till 'ard on four clock, an de nex day 'ow de bells did ring, sure-li, an ev'body was dat glad, an de Squire 'e kep open 'ouse all dat day an de nex, an de best an't was Miss 'Anson want none de wuss, on'y shook like.

Den after dun-a-many years it turns out dat a young feller at de college w'ere de Squire was too, 'e was a bit of a sneak, an de Squire 'e give 'im a thrashin, an de feller said 'eed make 'im suffer for't some day nuther. So den 'e never forgot nawn 'bout it, an meant to run off ood Miss Eny, dats de Squire's youngest gal, and den de ooman what come in de shay she knowed de ladies was at de church, an she axes young Dick Mart'n for Miss Edith, cuzen she didn't know jessly 'bout de names, an den she gets de wrong one. De Squire 'e was lamentéable mad, sure-li. He said 'twant de best way dat feller ever come in ees way, cuzen 'ee'd never forgit it if 'e did. Dats all 'bout dat, sir, an thinkee kindly; an 'ere's a 'appy new year to ye, sir, an many an 'em, an yer werry good 'elth.

Mahs—Master; Muster—Mr., is given to one in a higher social position. The Sussex native makes no use of the aspirate. See M. A. Lower on "Sussex Manners and Customs."

Don't, bean't, table, road, have peculiar vowel sounds, and in the case of road is not unlike that in the French word *froide*. Don't is decidedly of two syllables—doo-ahnt. So also "same, name," almost like "sa-um, na-um." A is prefixed thus: a-walking, a-going, a-brushing (brishin), a-saying. Boot-legs—big leather leggings reaching to the top of the leg.

Cuz, cuzen—because. Em, em-en-all—has no meaning specially. A sick wife may be "em bad sure-li"; a place may be a "em of a way off." So with "tejus" and "lamentable," and applied to good or evil. A thing may be "tejus good" or "tejus bad," "la-men-téable good" or "bad." Lamentable has equal accent throughout, each syllable being distinctly uttered, and the "téable" like "weighable." Surely is sure-li, —plain i. Put is like nut. Ood—with. Verbs rarely of past tense.

Grummut, like sneg (snail), dick (ditch), &c., is probably a fragment left by former invaders, French, Dutch, etc., who found Sussex and the South-Coast generally a "happy hunting-ground."

Two gals—no term of disrespect nor familiarity; so also "ole" (old).

Gurt—great. Gurt grummut—stupid fellow. Betsy telling her lover to go, will probably say, "Git out, yer gurt grummut."

After wards—afterwards, but not connected, and pronounced like ward of a hospital.

Nit—neither, nor. "No cheese, nit no butter, nit no bacon, nit nawn, not night; leastwise regon mus 'ave some bakker," says Mrs. Hodge to her grocer. Negatives are a prolific family.

Furrin parts. Before the introduction of railways, and even now in really country places, the natives are averse to going beyond a few miles from home, and a town, even a few miles away, may be considered as "foreign parts." See M. A. Lower for some good illustrations of this.

Glum—gloomy, long-faced. An em—of them; so also "an it"—of it. Dun-a-many—don't know how many.



CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

By MEDICUS.

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

THAT is, I believe, the old couplet complete, though there are many versions of it. These differ somewhat in diction, but the inference from all is similar. Plenty of eating and drinking, "high jinks," and general jollity—these are what we are advised to lay ourselves out for at this season, because "Christmas comes but once a year."

For the time being common sense is to be thrown to the winds, prudence shown to the door, and discretion shut up in a band-box. There is a species of glorious recklessness about this advice, which would be simply amusing if it were not positively mischievous.

"At Christmas play." No matter whether you feel disposed to play or not, play you must. You must manufacture merriment for the occasion. Mirth must be assumed if it makes no signs of bubbling up spontaneously. Your face must be wreathed in ready-made smiles while you are putting the finishing touches to your toilet, and they must be worn all the evening. A real smile, remember, is as much the effect of reflex action from a tickled brain or mind, as a real sneeze is the result of a tickled nose. Well, we are not expected to manufacture sneezes in English society, but I sojourned once among a tribe of savages where, at the king's court, it was considered the height of good breeding for one lady to sneeze when introduced to another, or to sneeze over and over again when someone said a good thing, and the more a lady sneezed the more polished was she considered in manners. When the king strutted in, arrayed in peacock's feathers and a spear, all the court fell a-sneezing, and each lady tried to outdo her neighbour in the number and grace of her stérnutations. The king was a comical old fellow; he cocked his head to one side and watched to see that no lady took snuff of any sort, or rubbed her nose, and finally marched off to dinner with the sable beauty who had "sneezed the handsomest." The whole scene was very funny, and very ridiculous, but after all perhaps there is no more reason to be ashamed of a ready-made sneeze than a ready-made smile. Commend me to the genuine article in either case.

The French say the English take their pleasures sadly. The English may retaliate by saying the French take theirs madly, and both assertions are as nearly correct as possible. There are differences, however, in our islands. Had the Frenchman stated that the British take their pleasures sadly, he would have shot considerably wide of the mark. John Bull is the individual whom the shoe fits, and neither Sandy, Paddy, nor Taffy can wear it. And the reason is not far to seek. John Bull is notably a sitting bull, as the Sioux would say; his pleasures are proverbially and truly those of the table; supple, athletic, and even agile when very young, he, as a rule, develops a figure before he is forty, that, to say the least, is hardly fitted for the floor. Your true Celt, wherever found, is a bird of quite another feather. He is far more merry and mercurial; he is not born to squat; mentally and corporeally, he must be ever on the move. Sitting is not his favourite position, nor is eating his favourite pastime. John Bull likes to sit still and hear a song, Sandy must join the chorus; John Bull likes to sit and look at dancing, Sandy must join the dance, and foot it, as right well he can, on the light fantastic toe, and if the music be to his taste, only the suasion of a double barrelled gun could prevent him. See him on the wide green links at golf in summer, or on the lake in winter playing "the roaring game" on the ice, you would say, "Here is a man who does not take his pleasures sadly." And after a day's "play" is over, though he might well be expected to be tired, the dinner that follows is, in his estimation, only a secondary matter; the dance, and that alone, is the correct conclusion of a day's enjoyment.

Now I believe I bear the character among my readers of being rather a pleasant sort of an individual than otherwise, and in this festive number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER I certainly have no desire to belie my good name. I would rather be condemned to stand for a given time on one leg, in a corner, than be considered the death's-head at the feast, the ghost at the banquet. Figuratively speaking, you will not find your Medicus going to an evening party with a bucket of cold water to dash over mirth and merriment, a box of blue pills in his waistcoat pocket, and a bottle

of black draught bulging out his dress coat tails. No, "that's not me," as the little old woman said. Nevertheless, I know I will be doing right and not offending anyone if I give a few words of advice concerning what is called Christmas cheer. I will be doing right, and I will probably be doing good too, because a large number of our girls, both those who are young and those who are no longer young,

MOONLIGHT ON CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

By ANNE BEALE.



THE moon is up behind the castle walls;
Aslant the ivied keep her pale light falls,
Like glance of pitying angel on the cheek
Of death. In full-orbed beauty, grandly meek,
She looks upon the ruin in its gloom
As heretofore on yonder prison-room,
Where an ill-fated monarch sighed alone—
Nobler in sorrow than on England's throne.

Say, Queen of Night, untroubled in thy reign
By rival courtiers or the restless train
Of envious subjects—didst thou, pitying, shed
Thy beams as tears upon the disrowned head
Of him who dwelt, a captive, in the hold
Of this, a whilom fortress, stern and cold?

Say, when our martyr-king surveyed the sky,
And prayed for strength to live or faith to die—
Didst thou allure his worn and wearied soul
Up yonder, where th' untiring planets roll,
And suns and systems multiply, and stand
Or move in mystic round, at God's command—
Thence to the eternal Throne where Christ doth lead
Alike for king and peasant in their need?

Oh, Moon! if thus to thee the charm was given
To raise his lonely heart from earth to heaven,
Thy calm and spiritual light we bless,
And thank and love thee for thy tenderness.

will have an opportunity of reading this paper before Christmas actually comes.

You will, I flatter myself, believe me sincere when I say I wish you all a happy Christmas and a merry New Year. What I mean is this: that I wish you to be quietly happy and perfectly temperate in every way, on and about the 25th, so that you may begin the coming year full of health and hope, and therefore as merry as the larks that soar and sing in cloud-land. Could I wish you anything better? I do not think so.

If at this present moment I feel inclined to rail at anything, it is the adjective "merry" applied to qualify the hallowed and gracious substantive "Christmas." We cannot be gay to order; manufactured merriment is like a cork leg, elastic enough, perhaps, but only a very poor substitute for the genuine article. Besides, that species of happiness and jollity which depends upon a good dinner for its actual birth, is as sure to be followed by a relapse and by depression as day is followed by darkness. If the Christmas merriness has been very artificial, if we have really made too free with the good cheer with which the table groaned, then most assuredly we ourselves will have to groan next, and the week that precedes the New Year will be the dulllest week of all the fifty-two.

Very serious accidents used to occur in the olden times by the upsetting of the coaches which conveyed our forefathers to scenes of Christmas conviviality; but in these modern days the upsetting of one's digestion may prove quite as serious a business for some. Many and many a lingering and painful illness dates back to Christmas Day, and no further; but for all that, excess at table during what is called the "festive season" is the rule with young and old rather than the exception. Well, the young being possessed of more vitality, get somewhat easily over the results of indiscretion at table, but the aged do not. To them such indiscretion means nothing more nor less than a cruel shock to the whole system, nervous and muscular, with debility of every organ. At any other time of the year this would be bad enough, but in winter, with the wild, cold, and uncertain spring of this country still to be got over, it is dangerous in the extreme.

By indiscretion I do not wish you to understand errors in quantity so much as in quality, though indigestion, with all its attendant horrors, may spring from either or both.

The young, on the other hand, who, to put it very plainly, make a somewhat hearty dinner, place themselves at a very great disadvantage compared to their sisters who have been abstemious. Physiologically speaking, the brain is deprived for a time of a due allowance of well-oxygenated blood, and the possessor of such a brain is dull, weary, and a little wee bit stupid. She does not feel her own bright, clever active self; her spirits have to be forced, and this makes matters worse. A restless night or a heavy lethargic night is sure to follow, and she will awake unrefreshed and wrinkled. Now, mark this, please: I am not referring to wrinkles about the eyes; these do not grow in a night. There are wrinkles that may come and go, according to the state of health, which are no more visible at a short distance than are the lines in a fine engraving; but which, like these lines, determine light or shade, and, therefore, beauty. These are the real wrinkles young ladies should be afraid of, and a slight attack of indigestion or a single restless night may produce a

very fine crop of them indeed, and the general effect, the *tout ensemble*, is hardly to be hidden by art. I do not mention the word "art" here in a sarcastic way. There are arts and arts, and for my own part I think a girl is not only quite justified in looking her very best for her own sake, but for the sake of those she mixes with in every-day life. In the matter of tight-lacing I am not even straight-laced. Support the figure by all means, but do not do so to the extent of displacing the liver and interfering with the action of the lungs, heart, and other vital organs; if you do so the health will speedily be deteriorated. And this deterioration will be first discernible in the complexion—the skin suffers; it becomes nerveless and starved, and as destitute of beauty of surface as a cake of hard dry soap; the eye becomes fishy, and gums and lips pale. Will art aid this state of matters? Well, cosmetics are tried, but they are nearly all poisonous, and eventually do harm that cannot be repaired. It has come to a pretty pass with any girl when she has to depend for her beauty on cosmetics. A little face-powder, however, is justifiable enough to protect the skin from atmospheric effects, such as frost or excessive sunshine, or even to hide natural defects, but certainly not to give false effect or to cover imperfections that attention to the health and fair play to the digestive organs would speedily remove. Dress well then, I say, by all means, and look well; a "dowd" cannot be perfectly happy unless she be deficient in self-respect; but on the other hand neither can a girl who depends entirely upon art or "get-up" for her personal appearance, for she must feel that she is—a—well, slightly succedaneous, so to speak.

Few of my readers, perhaps, have any adequate notion how much complete ease of mind has to do with female beauty. Self-consciousness means ruin to the nervous system, and if a girl cannot conduct her toilet in such a way as to be able to move in society without this haunting horror she had better stay at home for all the impression she is likely to make. But beautification means beatification to thousands, I am sorry to say, and in company the little morsels of minds such possess are centred all in self. If a man worth the name finds himself seated next one of these at a Christmas party, he will soon find out what she is. There she sits—every smile artificial, every action studied—as cold as a clay Samuel, as soulless as a draper's dummy, and he won't feel sorry when supper is over. "Christmas comes but once a year." Why, if he, poor fellow, is to have no better luck than this, he will hardly care if it doesn't come oftener than once in ten.

I give it as my opinion, then, that we will all enjoy our Christmas cheer much better if we are natural in dress and manners and all the rest of it, and if we determine to seek to please others more than to be pleased ourselves, I do not mind a bit that our girls should have quite a gay time of it before Christmas comes, in getting ready their dresses and in shopping, etc., but they must not forget the health. It is just before Christmas we should begin to take extra care of ourselves. The cold weather has just begun, and moderate, temperate living, with reasonably warm clothing and plenty of exercise, are the *sine quâ non* of comfort and happiness to come. What we desire specially to avoid is a chill. Of course the matutinal bath is the one and only prophylactic against colds. It braces the nerves, hardens the muscles, softens the skin, and

makes the mind as *lightsome* and happy as that of the lark. But every girl cannot stand such wholesome ablution, and others *think* they cannot and so don't try; but abstemiousness in eating often works wonders upon the health and spirits, and if a girl can only manage to be hungry twice a day and eat in moderation afterwards, it is surprising what sweet sleep will be her guard, and how light and refreshed she will feel in the morning.

As to the actual food-cheer with which tables are said to groan about Christmas-time, it is generally good, but there is only one way of enjoying it, and that is by being abstemious at table. Here is a hint all should remember: no one is likely to over eat who eats slowly. Indeed, you can hardly eat too slowly. The Christmas dinner should, above all other dinners, be a feast of reason and a flow of soul, and just enough food should be taken to enable the body to sustain this exhilarating flow.

Our appetites and tastes will naturally be the best guides as to how much and what to eat during the festive season, but at the same time the digestibility or indigestibility of certain viands should be borne in mind by those who wish to keep bright and well.

Well-cooked, rather underdone roast beef, if not cut too thick nor flooded with gravy, is exceedingly suitable for Christmas in England. It should be tender, long-kept beef, however, and not too much fat should be used.

Turkey and goose—avoid the fat—are very digestible and nutritious. Apple sauce and stuffing of all kinds are bad for the delicate, or those who wish to retain a nice complexion.

Pork is dear at any price; gross, and often unwholesome. Game is excellent, excepting hare that has been long kept.

Too much fluid should be avoided, wines especially; for even in moderation they delay digestion. Vegetables should be eaten but sparingly; particularly the larger-leaved sorts.

Pastry and cheese and fruit go all in the same catalogue. The wise will simply trifle with them.

What about plum-pudding, so called? Why, it is simply a huge, ungainly ball of indigestibility. A remnant of barbarism that has been handed down to us from the days when people could breakfast well on a cold boar's head and a flagon of sour ale. Of course, Englishmen will hang on for many years to come to the raisined roll of flour and fat, with all the tenacity of the bulldog. It is an institution which the bit of holly and the drop of blazing brandy tend to foster, so they stick to it; and in nine cases out of ten it sticks to them.

The plum-pudding is not an intellectual viand; it never gave rise to a single brilliant thought or bright idea; but it has been the occasion of many a nightmare, and laid a solid foundation for many an attack of dyspepsia. But I need say no more, for sensible people only partake of the thing sparingly, and for fashion's sake, and few, I dare say, would be sorry were it superannuated and relegated to the workhouse. Our editor comes quietly in as I write. He has read my last sentences. He has sighed.

"Medicus," he says, "you're a bolder man than I took you for. Your intrepidity knows no bounds. You have actually levelled a lance at Christmas-pudding. Heigho!"

Well, I trust, readers, that, nevertheless, my paper will be none the less welcome, for if I am a bold man, I trust I am also a good one. *Adios!*





CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

"WHAT shall we choose," we say, "for Christmas gifts?"
As the blest day comes round;
While wintry sunlight gilds the snowy drifts
That wrap the frozen ground.

"What shall we give to our beloved?" we say;
"What offering that shall be
Remembrance meet for this most holy day,
Which made us blest and free?"

Christ gave Himself to be our sacrifice,
That Christmas long ago,
When first He opened His unconscious eyes
In Bethlehem's manger low.

He gave Himself, when unto us He brought
Goodwill, and peace, and love;
When by His life on earth, for us He bought
Eternal life above.

Hath He not taught us what to give to all
Whom He called brethren here?
Ah, now, while holy joy and gladness fall
Upon the closing year,

Let us, too, give ourselves, our work, our love,
To make their burdens less,
Who tread the path that leads to rest above,
In pain and loneliness.

My friends, God give you all good gifts, I pray—
While angels never cease
To sing in Heaven above their Christmas lay—
God give you Christmas peace.

"IN VESTURE WHITE."

A SONG AND CHORALE FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Words by REV. RICHARD WILTON.

Music by MYLES B. FOSTER.

Andante tranquillo. *pp*

PIANO.

p *mp* *poco rit.*

The piano introduction is in G major, 9/8 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The bass line is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. The tempo is marked 'Andante tranquillo' and the dynamics are 'pp' (pianissimo).

p dolce.

A tempo tranquillo. *pp*

R.H. *poco cres.*

In ves - ture white.... th' E - ter - nal Child lay..... On His

The vocal entry is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. The tempo is marked 'A tempo tranquillo' and the dynamics are 'pp' (pianissimo).

p *rit.* *Mo-ther's lap, and smiled;* *In ves - ture white!....*

colla voce. *pp* *mp* *dim. e rit.*

The vocal entry is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. The tempo is marked 'rit.' (ritardando) and the dynamics are 'pp' (pianissimo).

Poco più moto ed accel. *L'istesso tempo.*

cres. ed accel. poco a poco. *cres.*

The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. The tempo is marked 'Poco più moto ed accel.' (poco più moto ed accelerando) and the dynamics are 'cres. ed accel. poco a poco.' (crescendo ed accelerando poco a poco).

ff *sf* *mf con espress.*

What joy..... to see that longed-for sight,.... Her spot-less Li - ly,

al f *dim.* *cres - cen - do.* *cres. f*

The vocal entry is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. The tempo is marked 'L'istesso tempo.' (lo stesso tempo) and the dynamics are 'cres.' (crescendo).

f rit. con gran. espress. meno. f mp

Her Li - ly of de - light ! Her Love !..... Her Dove !.... Her

rit. colla voce. mf

p dolce. Agitato. mf

Love !..... Her Un - de - filed ! Her

p dim. al agitato. p cres.

sempre cres. ff larg. sf

Li - ly ! Her spot - - less Li - - ly ! What joy.....

sempre cres. f larg. ff

mf con espress. mf dolce. 2

..... to see that long'd-for sight !..... Her spot-less Li - ly, Her spot-less

p cres. f p

2

Li - ly of.... de - light !.....

f dim. marcato. p perdendosi.

Poco adagio. *pp* *p*

She recked not, She recked not of the

ppp *pp*

poco cres. *mp* *con molto espress.*

an - - - guish wild, the an - - - guish wild, The sor - row up - on

poco cres.

Mysterioso. *dim.*

sor - row piled ! Sor - row up - on sor - row piled ! His dead form swathed— one aw-ful

pp

L'istesso tempo.

night— In ves - ture white !

pp *R.H.* *L.H.* *poco cres.*

ppp

p

tempo rmo. *molto rall. e dim. al pp tranquillo.*

In ves-ture white..... th'E-ter-nal

R.H.

Child lay..... On His Mo-ther's lap,... and smiled.

rall. *p*

poco cres. *colla voce.* *pp* *sempre pp*

Ped. Ped.

Andante religioso e poco piu lento. CHORUS. CHORALE. *pp*

SOPRANO. O let our hearts, this Birth-day bright, The sor-row

ALTO. O let our hearts, this Birth-day bright, The sor-row

TENOR. O let our hearts, this Birth-day bright, The sor-row

BASS. O let our hearts, this Birth-day bright, The sor-row

Andante religioso e poco piu lento. *pp*

Ped.

poco cres. *mf* *piu cres.*

and the joy u-nite; While, by the grace be-guiled, The two-fold grace of

poco cres. *mf* *piu cres.*

and the joy u-nite; While, by the grace be-guiled, The two-fold grace of

poco cres. *mf* *piu cres.*

and the joy u-nite; While, by the grace be-guiled, The two-fold grace of

poco cres. *mf* *piu cres.*

and the joy u-nite; While, by the grace be-guiled, The two-fold grace of

suf - f'ring Man, and In - - - fant mild, We walk..... with Him, on
 suf - f'ring Man, and In - - - fant mild, We walk..... with Him, on
 suf - f'ring Man, and In - - - fant mild, We walk..... with Him, on
 suf - f'ring Man, and In - - - fant mild, We walk..... with Him, on

SOLO. *Contemplando. Tempo più lento.*

Faith's calm height, In ves - ture white! In ves - ture white!....
 Faith's calm height, In ves - ture white! We walk with
 Faith's calm height, In ves - ture white! We walk with
 Faith's calm height, In ves - ture white! We walk with
 Faith's calm height, In ves - ture white! We walk with

Con anima. In ves - - ture white!..... We walk, We.....
SOLO. *f* *cres.*

Him,..... On Faith's calm height.... we walk, we
cres. *f*

Him,..... On Faith's calm height.... we walk, we
cres. *f*

Him,..... On Faith's calm height.... we walk,.... we
cres. *f*

Him,..... On Faith's calm height.... we walk,.... we
cres. *f*

cres. *fz* *f* *cres.*

8ves.

walk.... with Him!

walk with Him! A - - - - men....

walk.... with Him! A - - - - men....

walk with Him! A - - - - men....

walk with Him! A - - - - men....

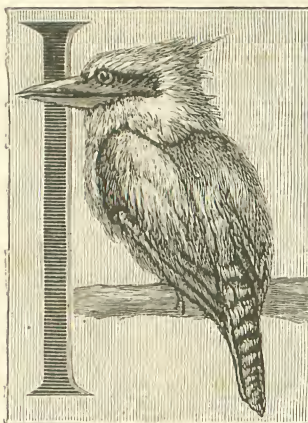
rit. colla voce. *ff* *Marcato.*

ff *Ped.* *2.* *

Ped. *

"MAGGIE BAG O' BONES."

By S. L. GIBBS, Author of "How Timothy Trotter Turned the Corner," "Honora Spencer's Mistake," etc., etc.



DON'T believe Maggie's real name was Bag o' Bones! Indeed, I don't see how it possibly could be so, as her mother was always addressed as Mrs. Brown, and her brother was known as Jim Brown; but the girl had

answered to her strange name so long that she almost forgot she had another.

Of course Maggie was thin, very thin, with sharp features, and a wizened old woman's expression. The only good points she possessed were her eyes, big brown ones, with long curling lashes which she had a trick of lowering and looking through when spoken to.

She was not a bad girl, but she was most emphatically a "caution." The mischief she would do and help others to do, all the while looking so meek and innocent that, till people understood her little ways, she very seldom was blamed; but when folks did comprehend her, she frequently got the credit of things she did not do.

Maggie was one of those who are always restless because they have not found the work fitted for them. At present she tired of everything; she was thirteen, and she found school life a weariness, and determined on leaving it, so sought everywhere for a situation.

At last, after many fruitless attempts, she saw in the window of an old-fashioned bookseller's shop the announcement—"Girl wanted."

Maggie tumbled down the two or three steps to the dark little shop, where an elderly man, with spectacles on his nose, sat reading.

He looked up at her noisy entrance.

"Well, what is it?" he said, crossly. She did not look like a customer, and he had just reached a thrilling passage in his newspaper.

"You want a girl, and I want a place," said Maggie, abruptly.

The man gazed at her. "Well I never! I'm sure we don't want you; you'd never suit!"

"Oh, yes, I should!" replied Maggie, not rudely, but as a simple statement of fact. "I'm not particular, and you'd do nicely for me, I'm sure; I'm awfully handy, I am."

She folded her arms on the counter, and waited placidly for a reply.

Mr. Maver's feelings were too deep for utterance. He gasped once or twice, but no words came.

"You'd better think it over. If it's to mind children, I'm a dabster at that! Your good lady might leave them for ever with me, I'm that fond of 'em!"

The good man almost choked with indignation. Children! when he was an old bachelor, and almost hated the sight of a child.

Maggie would have found herself in the street in another moment, but that an elderly lady who had heard this brief conversation from the shop parlour came up, and laying her

hand on her brother's shoulder, said quietly to the girl—

"My child, you have a very long tongue. Have you never been told that 'a still tongue shows a wise head?'"

"Lor! ma'am, what would be the good of my having a still tongue just now? I want a place, and if I don't tell you how clever I am, however are you going to know, I'm sure!"

This was a self-evident fact; there might be truth in the remark. Maggie saw her advantage, and proceeded to give her reasons for thinking herself suitable. Her remarks did not err on the side of humility. According to her own account, if they lost the chance of obtaining her services they would regret it as long as their lives might last.

The two elderly folks exchanged glances. Certainly the child was an original; but with all her odd ways she evidently did not intend to be rude. Far from it, she only thought it business-like to act as she was doing.

"I want a girl to help me in the house; she will have to sit in the shop sometimes, but I must have one I could thoroughly trust," said Miss Maver. "I should never think of engaging any girl without a character."

"Oh, that's all right! My governess'll give me a character; she'll be only too glad to get rid of me! I'll go to her and get it, and come back and let you know. That's all right, miss; I shan't be long."

She was out of the shop as quickly as she had entered it, and, rapidly traversing the streets of the little town, she entered the small ivy-clad schoolroom, where so many of her young days had been spent.

Miss Taylor sat alone writing. Maggie went up to her desk and exclaimed, "Please, governess, I've got a place, and I want a character!"

"Why, Maggie," said the astonished mistress, "this is very sudden!"

"Yes, I'm sure, but it's all right. I am going to work at a shop, only the lady said I must have a character. I told her I knew you'd give me one—you'd be only too glad to get rid of me!"

"Did you tell the lady that?" said the amused mistress. "What did she say?"

"I don't know, miss; I came away to you."

Miss Taylor shook her head gravely. "I am afraid, Maggie, that you have been such a naughty girl that the character I should have to give you would do you little good."

"Oh, don't worry about that, governess. They know I'm 'a caution,' but you could say I wouldn't steal anything—that's the sort of thing she wants; you could say that, miss, couldn't you?" Maggie's big eyes opened imploringly.

Miss Taylor assented gladly, and wrote:—"Maggie Brown is perfectly honest and truthful."

She gave this to the child with some good advice, which I am afraid Maggie hardly heard.

"Thank you, miss. Good-bye," she said, and was gone.

Quicker still she returned to the shop. "Here you are, miss. Now, please, when shall I come?"

The brother and sister had been talking the matter over, and had decided, though not without many misgivings, to give her a trial.

Maggie was told this, and with many expressions of joy she went home, to return the following Monday, as she said, "for good."

Maggie Bag o' Bones, three years later, was still very thin, but not quite so lean as she formerly had been; she had changed in other ways, too, during the time.

Nearly as abrupt still, but not rude, she had become deeply attached to her master and mistress, and they to her.

She had well sustained her character for honesty and truthfulness, and, indeed, had improved in all respects. She was still fearless, and would have accepted any danger gladly for the sake of Mr. and Miss Maver.

She seldom saw her own family. Her mother had married again. They had never agreed very well, and now Maggie said, "She rubbed her up the wrong way." Jim was in London and doing well. The new baby did not seem to belong to her, so the affection she would have had for her mother was devoted to Miss Maver, who, old maid and old maidish though she might be, had more influence over her for good than her mother ever had.

Maggie was always hoping for some grand opportunity of doing them a service. No such thing had yet arisen. If it came, would she be ready? We shall see.

It was a fine summer's evening. The little town was quieter than ever. It was not the season for visitors, and the waves beat on the pebbly beach without being disturbed by the little ones throwing stones into them.

But the bookseller's household was to be disturbed before night. A telegraph boy entered the shop with a message for Mr. Maver—the first telegram Maggie had seen. It was bad news, as such messages usually are—a summons from a married sister in London asking them to come at once, as she was in great trouble.

Maggie knew that Mrs. Bryant's life was a very unhappy one, though she did not understand what the exact difficulty was; so she hastened to assure the anxious couple that she could manage all right alone.

They could close early and get to London that night; the next day was Sunday, and one or both could easily return on the Monday in time to re-open the business.

This plan fell in with their views. The only drawback was leaving Maggie alone in the roomy, old-fashioned house, especially as the old man had received his rents that day too late to pay into the bank. They felt the girl was too young to bear such a responsibility.

Maggie scouted the idea with scorn, and declared, truthfully, that she did not feel the slightest fear. In the end her strong will prevailed, and she saw the old couple off, then turned into the house, shutting and fastening the street door after them.

The house did seem very quiet—the big clock certainly ticked louder than usual, and even Maggie gave a little jump when something moved against her legs, though it was only Tibbie, the black cat.

Laughing at herself, Maggie descended to the lower regions, fastening the doors securely, had her supper, and was preparing to go up to bed, when she heard a rap at the private door.

Visitors at such an hour were very unusual things, and Maggie, with a beating heart, prepared to answer the summons.

The door stood in a dark entry by the side of the house, and was not easily seen from the street. She took the precaution to put up the chain, and then opened the door.

An elderly man with a black bag in his hand, and in a very excited state, stood outside.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Mr. Maver," was the reply.

"He's not in just now," answered the girl. "When—when will he be in?"

"Don't know; I'm sure."

"But I must see him at once. I'm his brother-in-law, Mr. Bryant; my dear wife's dangerously ill and longs to see him. I must take him back with me—even now I may be too late!"

Maggie's suspicions were disarmed, and she told him of the summons to London and their departure.

Mr. Bryant expressed his deep thankfulness to think they were already on the way to his dear, dear Annie; and exclaiming that he must hurry or he would lose the last London train, he hastened away.

Maggie fastened the door again and once more prepared for rest. She was too excited for sleep; she wondered whether he would catch the train or not, and whether the old people would be in time to see their sister alive.

Half an hour passed and another knock came. It was, as she expected, Mr. Bryant who had lost the train.

He said he was half distracted about his poor Annie, and asked her to let him sleep on the sofa that night.

The girl knew the sister's name was Annie, and when he showed her some envelopes addressed to Mr. J. Bryant, Bowden Street, London, she no longer hesitated, but asked him to walk in, and she would make him as comfortable as possible.

He stepped inside, and Maggie led the way to the kitchen, where the gas was still burning; gave him some bread and cheese and beer, and left him to get the spare room ready.

He said he felt much too anxious to eat, and buried his face in his hands as she left the room.

Maggie had been trained to be very quick and quiet in her movements, and she had no intention of moving softly when she returned to the basement floor in search of some soap for the washstand.

As she passed along the passage in the dark she glanced into the kitchen and started as though she had been shot—for the anxious husband was sitting enjoying his supper, rubbing his hands gently together, while a look of pleasure and intense cunning was on his face. The black bag stood on the table by his side; a large bunch of keys, evidently just taken from it, laid by the side of his plate.

Maggie had the presence of mind to pass on without attracting attention. In the dark wash-house she stopped to think. "What was she to do?" She felt sure he was a thief. She did not doubt his being Annie's husband, but hadn't she heard somehow that he was a disgrace to the family? How could she have been mad enough to let him in? What if he knew of the money and meant to steal it? "Not if I know it," said Maggie to herself, decidedly.

She forgot all about the soap, and returned to the kitchen.

If she had needed anything to confirm her suspicions, the man's conduct would have done it—the bag was closed, and he was resting his head in his hands in deep grief, but the food was eaten and the beer drunk.

"The spare room is quite ready, sir," she said.

He raised his head. Were his eyes full of tears?

"My good girl, I should be afraid to sleep in the spare room; the bed would certainly be damp. No, don't take any trouble for me; I must be up to catch the first train; my brother's bed will do for me!"

Mr. Maver's room, where the safe with all that money was! He should not sleep there if she could prevent it!

"Don't think master would like any one in his room," she remarked.

"I think he would," he said, decidedly. "At all events I mean to sleep there." He looked threateningly but still smilingly at the girl.

A bright thought struck her. She hesitated for a little, then said—

"You won't let me get blamed for letting you sleep there?"

"No, no, my girl, I'll see to that!"

Now for her bold stroke. Did he know where her master slept?

"But it's right up at the top of the house," she said, sulkily. "Master likes the top 'cause it's airy, and he can see the sea."

She waited in suspense for his reply.

"Oh, I don't mind that a bit! Bill always was fond of the sea."

Maggie could have jumped for joy. He did not know the arrangements of the house. If only she could act well enough not to rouse his suspicions.

"Very well, sir, if you don't mind I'm sure it don't matter to me! Will you come up now? It's awful late."

Maggie lit a candle, turned out the gas, and led the way. Up and up she went, with the man behind her, till she reached the top floor.

Doors stood on the right and left of the landing, and preparing to open the one on the right, the girl turned to light Mr. Bryant up the few top stairs.

The rapid ascent had taken away his breath, and as he stepped on the landing, and turned to enter the opened door, stooping as he went, Maggie knocked against his arm and sent candle and candlestick flying to the bottom of the stairs.

"Now you've done it, clumsy!" she said, rudely. "Whatever possessed you to knock my arm? Now I shall have to go all the way down again for another candle! Here," she continued, crossly, "that's your door! You'll find candle and matches on the mantelpiece right in front of you."

Without further parley Maggie clattered noisily downstairs, grumbling as she went.

She clattered down two flights, slipped off her shoes, and crept up again. Oh! would he go in, or follow her?

Mr. Bryant certainly was not a good-tempered person—cursing her, the light, the door against which he stumbled, the chair or something over which he fell, he groped his way toward the fireplace.

When Maggie heard the chair fall she felt safer, and praying for help and quickness, she flew up the remaining stairs, reached the door, and felt in the dark for the handle.

If he turned she must be discovered; but another curse reassured her, for he had tumbled over something else. She found the handle, drew the heavy door towards her, shut it and

locked it. Then she tumbled down on the floor exhausted.

A loud hammering inside the room effectually aroused her. The man was alarmed and trying to find the door; her work was only half done. She remembered the bunch of keys; he must be more securely caged.

The house was an old one, very securely built, and the lumber room in which she had confined her visitor could be fastened outside by a bolt, but that would not be enough. She did not dare to call in any aid, for fear they might be confederates of the imprisoned thief; no, she must manage by herself alone.

She ran to her own room, got a light and matches, then went back and securely bolted the door.

"What are you up to, do you think?" raved the man.

"I'll tell you what I am up to pretty quick! I've locked you in, and there you'll stop till master comes home! You'll do very well till then—hope you'll enjoy yourself."

"Let me out—let me out!"

"Couldn't think of it at any price! You'd better have had the spare room; you'd have been more comfortable."

Mr. Bryant answered by kicking, cursing, and swearing what he would do when he got hold of her.

"Yes, sir, no doubt, sir, when you do catch me! Good-night!"

She went downstairs, fastening the oak door at the foot of the stairs leading to the top floor. The man was securely caged.

To say that Maggie did not feel very frightened now would not be true, but she bravely determined to wait without asking any outside help, at all events till the time was past at which she might expect her master.

Fortunately her endurance was not to be tried for so long, for about eight o'clock she heard another knocking.

Not to be again deceived, Maggie inquired who was there? Great was her joy to hear Mr. Maver's voice, and opening the door she admitted Mr. and Miss Maver.

They were very anxious to hear Maggie's adventures, for the telegram was a false one.

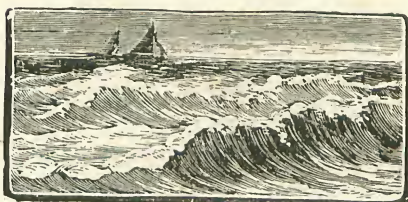
On arriving at their sister's, they found that she was quite well, and had not lived with her husband for some months, though she had been too ashamed to let them know of her troubles.

Mr. Bryant's conduct had been so bad that she had been compelled to go to a magistrate for protection, and now he was not allowed to molest his unfortunate wife, who was much better off without him.

They hastened back home full of alarm, and were delighted to hear of Maggie's cleverness.

Very soon two policemen appeared on the scene, and Maggie had the pleasure of seeing the man who had so frightened her taken away in custody, to answer for his misdeeds, which were many.

For some time Maggie felt very shaken by her adventure, but Miss Maver took her away into the country for a holiday, from which she returned so rosy and well that no one would recognise in Miss Margaret Brown, the adopted daughter of the old couple, our old friend Maggie Bag o' Bones.

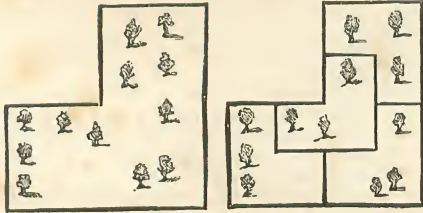


WINTER WORRIES FOR OUR GIRLS.

By C. L. MATEAUX.



Draw this figure without removing the pencil once or returning over the same line.



A lady wished to divide this piece of land among her four little girls, so that each should own a garden of the same size and shape, with three rose-trees thereon. How did she manage it?



The latest thing seen in babies' dresses?—The nightdress.



Why is this nosegay like the "Pilgrim's Progress"?—Because it's a fine "book-ey?" When is it like a fish?—When it's "smelt."



A LITTLE PICKLE.

"Though we have no mouth, his tongue we have bitten."



Why is the Whooping Cough like this young lady? Because it's catching (s-ketching).

THE JESTER'S "SPELL."



What one English word is here? Disproportionableness.



Why is this dog like Ruskin? Because it's a great thin-cur.



Where do the little London birds fly to in the cherry season?—They fly to Peck'em.



I mentioned as I hurried by, A Scandinavian deity. O-din.

A THING TO BE AVOIDED.

STANDING



A little Miss Under-standing between us.



A man of awl work.—The Cobbler.

What would the boatman's children rather see than feel?—Smacks.



A PROVERB.

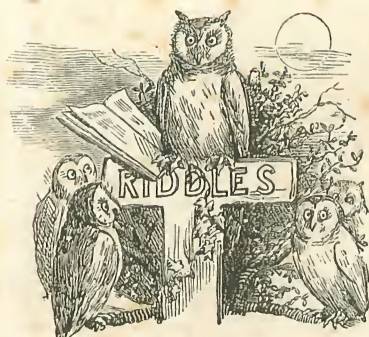
Charity begins a-tome.

I carry myself when I go out to fight.—Ensign.

My face is smooth—hard cuts and blows I bear; Yet fret not for me, I'm no longer there.—Ice.



We remain "Ewers" truly.



AND

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

What would any child find in nine thumps?
Punishment.

When a husband promises his wife a new
blue silk dress, what can she find to grumble
about?—That it's not to be sat-in.

TRANSPPOSED WORDS.

Great helps.
Lo I reign.
Go nurse.
No more stars.

Telegraphs, Religion, Surgeon, Astro-
nomers.

When may a young woman be excused for
dyeing her hair?
When she is quite light-headed.

My name, methinks, will not long be a-missing,
When I tell I'm for fighting, for wearing, for
kissing.
A ring.

Tell me true, 'twixt you and me,
Whisper, love, what is to be?
'Tis a verb.

TRANSPPOSITION.

I took one off my bed, shook it about,
dropped it out of window, and saw it scamper
off to the sea.
Bolster, lobster.

Sam, arise—arm—remain near me—earn a
name, sir—I am a miner—a man in a snare.
Out of what one word of seven letters can
you make this and many more sentences?
Remains.

Why do some young ladies object to singing
by themselves?—They say it's so-lo-w.

Make up twelve sentences out of "Select
new events."
They are the same letters.

A rhyme showing how many times the word
that may be sensibly used:—

Five *thats* may follow closely one another,
For be it known that we may safely write
Or say—that that *that* that that writ was
right.
Nay, e'en that that *that* that that that has
followed
Through *six* repeats, the grammar's rule is
hallowed;
And that that that (that *that* that that
began)
Repeated seven times, is right—deny 't who
can!

LOGIC.

Prove the relationship of the steam engine
to a quartern loaf.

Allowing that a steam engine be an inven-
tion and that bread be a necessity, therefore
as "Necessity is the mother of invention,"
bread must be the mother to a steam engine.

Why should a little girl not complain of
having a Roman nose?

Because she might get a *snub*.

We work together,
Many a one,
For should we differ
We are undone.
To-day we are here,
To-morrow afar,
When our breath fails us
We rest where we are.

Railway train.

When is a winter fire like a goddess of
old?—When it's a roarer—Aurora.

ENGLISH COUNTIES.

1. Tramp—tin shoe-horn.
2. Horrid foxes.
3. "Eggs or ham—Nil"; (or) "I am Hon.
Slerry, R.A."
4. Tired horses.
5. Dish before Dr. E.
6. H. Hire big Ned's.
7. Order fish fast; (or)
Dose Frith, R.A., F.S.

1. Northamptonshire.—2. Oxfordshire.—
3. Glamorganshire.—4. Dorsetshire.—5. Bed-
fordshire.—6. Denbighshire.—7. Staffordshire.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Some vow they ne'er have known this ugly
first,
While to a goose they'll say the next un-
daunted;
Unto this third I once a Roland gave,
And famous Gib.'s a number four much
vaunted.
Look down, you'll see an English town of
fame,
And plainly spell its old and modern name.

E n v Y
B o O
O l i v e r
R o c K

Ebor—York.

OLD MOTTO OF THE HARISONS.

"*Humus sumus.*"

Write this as below, and it may be read and
multiplied 810 several ways, viz.: *Humus* 9,
sumus 90; 9 times 90 = 810.

S
S U S
H U M U S
S U S
S

Take the heads and the tails of three donkeys
at play,
Take one-fourth of a fowl, a white one or grey,
Take the end of a pig, be it little or big,
And the last of a dancer who's finished a jig.
Shake all these together, and then you'll see
plain
The name of a battle that happened in Spain.
Saragossa.

QUEER FACTS.

Take two letters from money, and only one
remains; but take money from any number of
letters and it will make no alteration in them.

"Write" we know is written right
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written right,
We know it is not written right.
For write, to have it written write,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write—for so 'tis written right.

That the first thing in a boot is the last.

In what word do we find that La is the
middle, is the beginning, and the end?
Is-la-and.

A donkey back, a donkey back, a donkey
back they'll go,
Away to see the country sports, a long way
off, you throw.
Fred mounted, and Fred hurried off; Joe
cried, "This is unkind!"
But then his donkey came so late, he's just
an hour behind.
Besides, Fred found a shorter way, by four
miles nearer, quite,
Than that Joe travels; somehow Joe is never
in the right;
And yet it haps they reach the place, to-
gether trotting in
To see the fun or hear the shouts of those
who lose or win,
To marvel at the roundabouts, the clatter,
and the din.
Then as the clock strikes, home they start,
agreeing now that Joe
Shall travel by the shortest route, the one
that Fred did go,
While Fred shall take the other way, the
four miles further ride.
He vows he will be home the first, if no ill
luck betide.
Each hurries off at smartest space, yet Fred
trots in with glee
Six minutes clear ere Joe comes up—all out
of breath is he;
Though ready for a sharp debate ere they
sit down to tea.
How far the fair by nearest way? at what
pace each did go;
And what the difference per hour? yet neither
seemed to know.
Fred says 'tis thus, Joe swears 'tis that. Dear
reader—hat say you?
Pray reckon up for Fred and Joe, and give
the answer true.

Fred, 10 miles an hour.
Joe, 8 miles an hour.
Fair, 20 miles away.

DOUBLE HISTORIC ACROSTIC.

A queen who reigned in troubled days;
A ruler that most men now praise;
A warrior king from foreign shore;
A princess in whose reign was war.
Three of this name our throne have sat in,
"Divide and govern"—'tis in Latin.
The warrior chief who shared the glory
Of this great day in England's glory.

H e n r i e t t a
O l i v e r
W i l l i a m
A n n a
R i c h a r d

Divide et Impera
Howard—Armada.

THREE POSERS FOR OUR FRENCH SCHOLARS.

Quiconque atteint d'une faim dévorante
Ôserait confier au sort de mon premier.
L'espoir de faire un bon entier
Risquerait bien souvent, trompé dans son
attente
D'être contraint à faire mon dernier?
Dé-jéuner.

Mon premier, tige chancelante serpente.
Mon dernier s'enfuit et se perd dans l'air.
Mon entier court et vagabonde sous l'onde.
Pois-son.

Savoir deux fois répéter mon premier
Est de l'enfant la première science.
Savoir en tout répéter mon dernier
Est pour l'acteur d'une haute importance.
Un orateur qui perdrait mon entier
Perdrait aussi tout droit à l'indulgence.
Pa-role.



TWO HIDDEN PROVERBS.

Up rose a loud shrill-spoken miss. Much sharp advice she uttered
On this and that; they would not list, and some among them muttered.
Others would have her to sit down, and styled her "Mrs. Chatter."
The more they frowned, the more she talked—'twas waste, but then no matter;
They might not want to hearken, but they would not run away,
For tea and toast would ready be when she had said her say.
"Much would have more."
"Waste not, want not."

Query, to be asked and answered in a hurry.
If ten hens and one henpen cost tenpence,

and ten henpens without any hens cost tenpence, what would be the cost of ten hens without any henpens for the hens?

Elevenpence.

PENNIES AND CAKES.

Two country lassies, on a day,
Quite wearied out with making hay,
Decide 'tis time to dine.
So each brings out her little store
Of home-baked cakes and nothing more.
One maid has five—the other three—
They spread them out for all to see,
And quite contented seem to be,
Nor think their meal is scanty.
First fetching water from the spring,
They to enjoy themselves begin—
When a third maid comes nigh.

"A weary wanderer you see,
To help the hungry pray agree,"
She said, and sat beside them.
"I do not beg, as pence I own,
Yet naught can buy in place so lone.
Eight pence have I—nor less nor more—
Divide with me your tempting store,
And I'll divide my money."
She spreads her pennies near the cakes
As equal shares from each lot she takes
Of the five, and the three outspread.

They all gossip, and eat, and laugh aloud,
Ere the two go back to the haymaking crowd,
And the stranger resumes her way.
Yet, now comes the puzzle—how shall she pay
For the cakes they have eaten—it's plain to see
That nothing remains of the five and the three.
Eight pennies—dear me—how divide them quite fair,
That neither may get any more than her share?
They reckon and jangle and count up again,
Till the schoolmistress passing, the matter's made plain.

Each girl received the third of eight cakes—that is $2\frac{2}{3}$ of the cakes.
The first having contributed— $2\frac{1}{3}$ of cakes.
Second $\frac{1}{3}$ of cakes— $2\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{3}$ —as 9 to 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"Walk up! Walk up!" the showman cries,
"Herein the strangest sights will greet your eyes!"

This you may try, if you're lost in a wood,
Though if nobody hears, it will do little good.

He stares at the stars, and he looks very wise,
Yet what does he know of this world in the skies?

The pretty wild thing bounds in frolicsome play,
And ere harm can reach it, has bounded away.

She reads the fine poem, with smile and with sigh,
Then goes into these, though she scarcely knows why.

The summer is going when this bird flits by;
You do me each day of your life—or you die.

On horseback they met, and together did play
At a sport that delighted them all the long day.

'Twas a thing to be swallowed, a cure for each harm,
In the days when advertisement lent not its charm.

Nor form, nor size, nor colour, yet 'tis found
Where size and form and colour most abound.

Seen in our London streets, or felt at sea,
'Tis what no reader of this rhyme should be.

Two names are here, unrivalled their renown;
None more deserve the poet's deathless crown.

S h o W
H a l l o O
A s t r o l o g e R
K i D
E c t a s i e S
S w a l l o W
P o l O
E l i x i R
A r T
R o u g H

Shakespeare—Wordsworth.